

473

74



THE BISHOPS COMMITTED TO THE TOWER.—AN EPISODE IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

[See

EPOCHS AND EPISODES

HISTORY.

A BOOK OF

Memorable Days and Notable Events.

1/2492 a By Henry Wm. Dutcher

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW YORK;
W. H. STELLE & COMPANY.
697 BROADWAY

EPOCHS AND EPISODES

OF

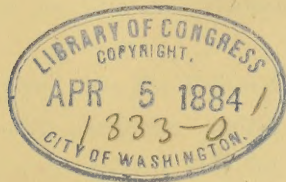
HISTORY.

A BOOK OF

Memorable Days and Notable Events.

*1/2442 a By Henry Wm. Dulcken
editor.*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW YORK:
W. H. STELLE & COMPANY,
697 BROADWAY

COPYRIGHT, 1883.
By H. C. SANDIFER.

2102
D. 11



P R E F A C E .

THE popular narratives embodied in this volume are brief but complete descriptions of the most important events in the history of our own and other countries in later times. No hard and fast line has been followed in the arrangement of these sketches, which are of uniform length and of a most catholic character.

The EPOCHS OF HISTORY include many stirring scenes and peaceful records. The successes of arms, the records of political events, the triumphs of industry in the lives of warriors and statesmen of modern times, will be found faithfully recorded and picturesquely treated. Each event has been treated completely in connection with its causes and its consequences, the long succession of word-pictures being studied from separate standpoints, until the best combination of the collected series has been attained.

Thus it will be perceived that the Editor has not arrived at producing a volume of history of any particular period, nor has he followed any sequence of events, while each episode will be found linked with its predecessors and followers by an almost imperceptible thread of narrative, which completes the value of the collection. From Free Trade to the Temperance Movement—from the Forty-five to the struggle in the Crimea—from the Elizabethan Age to the era of Penny Newspapers and the

Penny Post, the various events of European and American history will be easily traced amid the varied episodes narrated in this volume.

The usefulness of such a work as this can scarcely be over-estimated as a book of reference and a historical record of most of the great events in the history of the civilized world in later times. Written in a cheerful narrative form, with careful references to recognized authorities, and without any of the dry character of mere historical compilation, the Epochs and Episodes which follow will, in their collected form, no doubt find favour with the public.

The illustrations and portraits have been carefully selected, so as to add to the attraction and usefulness of the volume.

THE EDITOR.



CONTENTS.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION

A Field-Night in the Commons—Important Question—Rumoured change of Policy—Repeated Surprises—A Lion in the Path—Protection in England—The Corn Laws and their Introduction—Remonstrances of the People; How Received—Protection to British Sailors and Shipping: How it Worked—Scarcity and its Effects—First Efforts against the Corn Laws—Establishment of the Anti-Corn-Law League—The Free Traders in and out of Parliament—The Penny Post an Auxiliary to Free Trade—A Pair of Friends—Richard Cobden and his Career—Mr. John Bright—The Melbourne Government; Its Apathy and its Fall—Erection of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester—Indications of Change—The Queen's Speech of 1841 and its Forecast—Sir Robert Peel—Lord George Bentinck and the "Stable Mind"—Peel's Reservation of Freedom of Action concerning the Corn Laws—Lord John Russell—Enlarged Operations of the League; The first Free Trade Bazaar; Its Brilliant Success—Deputations of Free Traders to Parliament; The Question pressed upon the House of Commons—Cobden's Appeal to the Prime Minister—Dismay of the Protectionists—The Heat of the Battle—Zeal and Activity of the League—Important Recruits to the Free Trade Ranks—The Condition of the British Labourer—Remedies Proposed—Mr. Bright's Description of the Peasant's Lot—The Irish Famine—Triumph of Free Trade—Famine forcing Peel's Hand—Summary and Conclusion.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The Crusaders in Sight of Jerusalem—Cruelties Inflicted on Pilgrims to the Holy Land—Appeal of Peter the Hermit—Europe Roused to a Crusade—Capture of Antioch and Massacre by the Crusaders—Siege and Storming of Jerusalem—Horrible Slaughter by Godfrey of Bouillon and his Followers—Worshipping in the Church of the Sepulchre—The Latin Kingdom—Origin of the Hospitalers and Templars—The Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon—Institution of the Order of the Knights Templars, and Rules drawn up by Bernard—Visit of the First Grand Master to England—Rapid development and Enormous Possessions of the Order—Battles in Palestine—Noureddin and Saladin—The Last Crusade—The Siege of Acre—Persecutions in England and France—Tortures and Executions—Heroic Conduct of the Knights—Horrible Accusations—Suppression of the Order and Confiscation of the Possessions.

INDIA'S AGONY.

A Terrible Example—The "Company's" India; Conquest and Misrule—Shaking the Pagoda-tree—Mutinies of the Last Century—A Danger Disregarded—Sir Charles Napier's Opinion—A Policy of Annexation—The First Outbreak—The Greased Cartridges—Meerut—Delhi and the Great Mogul—Spread of the Mutiny—Prompt Action of Lord Canning—The Two Lawrences and Outram—Mean Meer—General Anson—Successive Commanders—Delhi Retaken—Hodson and the Family of the Mogul—Nana Sahib of Bithoor—Cawnpore—The Massacre on the Ganges—The Turn of the Tide—Vengeance of Nana Sahib—Struggle in Oudh—Havelock and Outram—Lucknow—Sir Colin Campbell—Slaughter of the Rebels—"Lucknow" Kavanagh—Final Throes of the Mutiny—Bareilly—Transfer of India to the English Government—End of the East India Company.

PAGE
1

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

A Typical Life—A Cambridge Fellow—Black Joan—Result of a Supper Party—An Aged Martyr—Origin of the Revolution—Langland and the Lollards—Burning of Cobham—Printing Press—Dean Colet—The New Learning—The Christian Brethren—Squire Tracy's Will—Passion and Pope—Wolsey's Fall and Prophecy—Its Progress—Henry's Divorce—A Married Priest as Archbishop—Sir Thomas More—England governed by a Blacksmith's Son—A Memorable Parliament—Head of the English Church—The Black Book—Fall of the Monasteries—Captain Cobbler—Pilgrimage of Grace—John Frith, the Genuine Martyr—The First English Confessions of Faith—English Bible in the Churches—Whip of Six Strings—Martyrdom of Lambert and Anne Askew—Progress of Edward's Reign—Book of Common Prayer—Catholic Reaction—The Inquisition—Sir John Cheke—The Martyrs—Rogers, Hooper, Latimer, etc.—Smithfield—Protestant Recovery—Cecil and Parker—Catholic Attempts—The Thirty-nine Articles.

PAGE
49

OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE

The Stuarts at St. Germain's and in Italy—The "Old Pretender" in Italy—His Matrimonial Difficulties—"My Dear Clementina"—The so-called Prince of Wales and Duke of York—Their Love of Music—Prince Charles Edward at the Siege of Gaeta—French Encouragement to an Expedition—Collection of a Force at Dunkirk—The Condition of the Scottish Highlands—Paying for Peace—The Clan Act—Jacobite Agents—Departure of the Prince for France, and Narrow Escape—In Hiding at Gravelines—The Expedition to Scotland—Reception by the Highlanders—Personal Influence—"Bonnie Prince Charlie"—At Athol, Linlithgow, and Holyrood—The Battle of Prestonpans—Over the Border—To Derby and Back Again—Fatal Culoden—"The Butcher Cumberland"—A Fugitive—Flora Macdonald—Escape to France—Incognito Visits to England—Death at Florence.

WILKES AND LIBERTY.

A Great Diplomatist and an Important Meeting—John Wilkes, the Best-abused Public Man of his Time—State of Affairs at the Death of George II.—The New King; His Ideas of Royal Prerogative—A King's Favourite; A Singular Prime Minister—A Lesson to Royalty—The Minister and his Novel Policy—A Government Press—The *Briton* and the *Auditor*—Wilkes and his Early Career; The Medmenham Monks—*The North Briton*; The Famous Forty-fifth Number—General Warrant—Wilkes committed to the Tower—Liberation of Wilkes; His First Triumph—Churchill—Lord Temple—Successful Actions—Personal Animosity of the King; Prosecution for a Profligate Book—Culprit and Accusers—"Jemmy Twitchee"—A Duel—Expulsion from Parliament—Public Agitation—Rockingham Administration—Middlesex Elections—Wilkes a Popular Hero—Persecution and its Consequences—Important Question—Freedom of Election—Release of Wilkes—His Return and Triumphs—His Last Years—Conclusion.

THROUGH SLAUGHTER TO A THRONE.

An Important Day—The President's Ride through Paris—A Delusion Dispelled—At the Elysée—Who was responsible for the *Coup d'Etat*?—The Strasburg Enterprise—The Bologne Expedition and its Consequences—Escape from Ham—Residence in London;

65

81

97

17

32

Return to Paris in 1848—Louis Napoleon, President—The Oath—"The Nephew of his Uncle"—Bidding for Popularity—De Morny, Maupas, Persigny, Fleury, St. Arnaud—Preparations for Striking the Blow; the Army—The Proclamation of December 2nd—Seizure of Political Chiefs—The Army in Paris—Forcible Closing of the Assembly—Arrest of Members—Closing of the High Court of Justice—The Assembly carried away Captive—State of Paris; Discouragement; Committee of Resistance—Failure of the Struggle—Proceedings of the Government—The Cavalry Charge—The Massacre on the Boulevards—Details—Slaughter of Non-Combatants—Success of the *Coup d'Etat*—Plebiscite—Testimony of an Impartial Witness—Public Feeling in England.

METHODISM

Great Movements and Reaction—England under George II.—Pioneers of the Revival—The Holy Club at Oxford—George Whitfield's Early Days—Whitfield becomes a Preacher—Whitfield in London—The Countess of Huntingdon—The Wesleys—The Wesleys become Itinerants—Spread of Methodism, Lay Preachers, Provincial Mobs—Illustrious Allies—Ireland, Scotland, Wales—Methodist Denominations—General Results—Conclusion.

FROM ALMA TO SEBASTOPOL

Russia in 1852—The Emperor Nicholas; His Power and Prosperity—The Czar and Sir Hamilton Seymour—Taking an Observation—Montenegro—The Czar's Protectorate—Mentschikoff's Mission—War between Russia and Turkey—Anglo-French Alliance for the Protection of the Porte—Omar Pasha and Olenitzka—Sinope—Commencement of the Crimean War—The Allied Forces and their Commanders: Raglan, St. Arnaud, Dundas, Lyons—Defeat of Russians on the Danube—Silistria and Giurgevo—The English, French, and Turkish Armies at Gallipoli and Varna—Invasion of the Crimea—Landing at Eupatoria—March towards Sebastopol—The Battle of the Alma—March upon Balaklava—First Attack on Sebastopol—Battle of Balaklava—Charge of the Light Brigade—Newspaper Correspondents—Mr. Russell of "The Times"—Battle of Inkermann—Soldiership and Generalship—A Terrible Winter—An unexpected Event—The Baltic Fleet—Bomarsund and Hango—The Black Sea Fleet—Yenikale—Operations of 1855—The 18th of June—Renewed Efforts, and Fall of Sebastopol—Conclusion.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

How the Bubble Rose—The South Sea Company—The Bait held out—John Law in France—The Mississippi Scheme—Excitement in Paris—Excesses and Speculations—Failure of the Mississippi Scheme—Fate of Law—Reverses—Plan to Pay the English National Debt—The Bank and the South Sea Company—Passing of the Bill—The Race for Wealth—A Cloud of Bubbles—The South Sea Scheme in *excelsis*—The Beginning of the End—Fraud—A Falling off—Ruin and Retribution—Nemesis.

WHAT CAME OF A "NO POPERY" CRY

A Vast Meeting in St. George's Fields—Lord George Gordon—Other "Trojans"—Catholic Relief Bill, 1778—The London Protestant Association—Coachmaker's Hall—The Mob in Palace Yard; Their Behaviour—Peers and Bishops Assaulted—Scenes in the Commons—Gordon Threatened—"Friday Night"—Chapels Attacked—Saturday's Grim Repose—Probable Influence of the Weather—Sunday—Riot in Moorfields—Monday—Three Divisions of the Mob—Savile House Gouted—Edmund Burke the Statesman—Tuesday—Scenes at the House—"Jimmy Twitcher"—Burning of Newgate—Richard Hyde and Barnaby Rudge—Burning of Mansfield's House—Clerkenwell Prison—Black Wednesday—Flight of Catholics—Dr. Johnson's Stroll—Langdale's Distillery Burned—The Prisons Fired—Attacks on the Bank—London under Martial Law—Edward Dennis *alias* Jack Ketch—Thursday—After the Carnival—Trial of Lord George Gordon.

SCOTLAND'S SORROW

A Troublesome Period—King David and Edward Balliol—The Douglas Family—Accession of the Stuarts; Chevy Chase—James I., the Royal Poet—James II.; A Turbulent Vassal—James III.; Archibald Bell-the-Cat—James IV.; Happy Auspices Unfulfilled—The Barton Family—A Gallant Fight—Causes of Quarrel between England and Scotland—Vigorous Measures of the Scottish King—A Mediæval Story—How James IV. prepared for War—Obstinacy of the King; The War Continued—The Opponent of James—Position of the Armies—Letter of Surrender to King James—The Plan of the Battle—The Battle of Flodden—The Decisive Moment; Death of the King—Disastrous Nature of the Defeat—Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrews; Scotland's Day of Sorrow—Conclusion.

THE PENNY NEWSPAPER

The Most Wonderful Pennyworth in the World—How did our Ancestors Exist when Newspapers were Few?—London News in the Country Parts—The Father of English Journalism—Nathaniel Butter Laughed at by Ben Jonson and Fletcher—Royalist and Parliamentary "Mercuries"—Origin of the *London Gazette*—Addison Reproving News-mongery—An Unintended Prediction—Present Number of Local Papers—Imposition of a Stamp Duty—The Oldest Existing Journals—Birth and Growth of the *Times*—A Taxed and Dear Press—A Time of Poverty and Discontent—Defying and Evading the Law—Carpenter and Hetherington—Prosecutions and Imprisonments—"Pelham" to the Rescue—A Suggestion of Cheap Postage—Parliamentary Work—Mr. Ewart, Mr. Milner, Mr. Gibson, and the Select Committee—Resolute Attacks on "the Taxes on Knowledge"—Opposition to the Publication of the Stamp Returns—*Chambers' Historical Newspaper*, and Dickens's *Household Narrative*—The Railway Mania and Mushroom Journalism—Total Abolition of the Imposts—First Appearance of the *Daily Telegraph*—The Penny and Halfpenny Press.

FROM ELBA TO WATERLOO

Napoleon I. becomes Ruler of Elba—Description of the Island—A great King and a Small Empire—Activity and Prosperity in the Island—The Emperor's Plans of Improvement—Want of Good Faith towards him—His Pension—Errors of the Bourbon Government in France—Demands of the *Emigrés*—Priestcraft and Intolerance—The Emperor's Return to France—Flight of the Imperial Eagle to Paris and the Tuileries—The Government and the Army—Attachment of the Troops to Napoleon—Flight of the Bourbons—Plan of the Campaign of 1815—The Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher—Active Operations—The Historical Ball at Brussels—Battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras—Retreat and New Position South of Waterloo—The Great Battle—Incidents of the Day—A Defensive Position—The Issue of the Conflict—End of the Vanquished Conqueror's Career.

SCOTLAND'S GREAT VICTORY

Introduction—Britons, English, Picts, Scots.—Scotland, Edinburgh—A Glance at the early Scottish Kings—The English Connection begins—Want of Unity of Races in Scotland—Wars with England, Battle of the Standard—The King of Scotland becomes the King of England's Vassal—Progress in Wealth—A Heavy Trouble begins—The Trouble Thickens—England the Arbitrator—Humiliation—Scotland Arises, but is Trampled down—Wallace to the Rescue—Still Unconquered—Robert Bruce—King Edward's Vow of Vengeance—The Avenger laid low—Adventures of the Fugitives, etc.—Brighter Days begin—King Edward II.—Frivolity takes the place of Fierceness—The Siege of Stirling Castle—A Battle imminent—Site of the Battle—The Battle—Flight of King Edward—Bruce's Nobleness in Triumph—Results of the Battle.

THE PENNY POST

PAGE
241

The Old Posts and Posting—Ancient Carriers—Historical Sketch of the Penny Post of London—The Postboy considered—Dangers of "Riders"—The Cross-Post instituted—Ralph Allen—Mr. Palmer and Mail Coaches—The Old Mail to Bath—Rowland Hill: His Investigations; His Pamphlet upon Postal Reform—Up-hill Work—Suggestions for Reform—Reception of Mr. Hill's Scheme—Parliamentary Opposition—Efforts in Hill's favour—Evidence on behalf of the Scheme produced—Results of the Committee's Enquiry—The Postal Reform Bill Passed—Guarded Proceedings—The Grand Result—Sir Rowland Hill—Post Office Work—Some Curious Facts—The Parcel Post—Conclusion.

HAMPDEN AND SHIPMONEY

257

A Momentous Question—English Liberty in the Olden Time—The Parliament and its Power—Henry IV. and Parliamentary Privileges—Tudors and Stuarts: Their Attitude towards the Parliament and People—Henry VIII. and the Contributions—Queen Elizabeth: Her Dependence on the People—James I.—A New State of Things—Charles I. working out his Father's Theory—John Hampden, Member for Wendover—The Despotical Period—An Arbitrary Government—The "Thorough" and Ship Money—The Trial of the Question—The Collapse of "Thorough"—The Short Parliament—The Long Parliament—Breaking out of the Civil War—Death of Hampden—Conclusion.

FROM THE BLACK HOLE TO PLASSEY

273

A Memorial of a Great Event—India under Aurungzebe and his Successors—The East India Companies and their Rivalries—The Dutch in India; their Arrogance—England and France in the Carnatic—Dupleix and his Schemes of Dominion—Robert Clive—The Defence of Arcot—Supremacy of the British in Hindostan—Suraj-ud-Dowla and the English in Calcutta—Capture of Calcutta—The Massacre of the Black Hole—Mr. Holwell's Account of the Transaction—The Expedition from Madras; Victory and Revenge—The Conspiracy to dethrone the Suba; Omichund and his Treachery—"Diamond cut Diamond;" Clive's Device—Opinions of Mill and Macaulay on his Conduct—The War against the Nabob; Clive in Command—Question of risking a General Engagement—The Battle of Plassey and its Consequences—Meer Jaffer, Ruler of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar—Pecuniary Transactions of Clive with Meer Jaffer—Further Victories—Rewards and Honours; Return of Clive to England—The Company's Rule in India; Grievances and Calamities—"Ringing the Changes on Subahs"—Meer Cossim and his Successors—Further Proceedings of the Company—Clive's Third Visit to India—How he applied the Remedy—The Result—Conclusion.

CÆSARISM IN ROME

289

A Roman Holiday—The Ides of March—Regal Rome—Republican Rome—The Commencement of a Memorable Epoch—The Oppressions of the Aristocracy—Cato the Censor—Tiberius Gracchus and his Law for the Amelioration of the Condition of the People—Caius Gracchus—The Story of Jugurtha—Marius, Sulla, and the Social War—The Mithridatic War and the First Civil War—The Roman Reign of Terror—Julius Cæsar—The Second Civil War—The Catiline Conspiracy—The Greatest Crisis in the History of Rome—The First Triumvirate—The Contest between Cæsar and Pompey—Cæsar crosses the Rubicon—The Beginning of the End—Cæsar's Laws and Policy—The Second Triumvirate—Proscriptions and Assassinations—Augustus Emperor—Influence of Cæsarism on the World.

STRONGBOW AND KING DERMOT

305

The Land of Continual War—The Holy Angel's Communication and St. Bridget—The Native Kings of Ireland—Hungry Looks from England—Henry the Second's Scheme, and Appeal to the Pope—The Irish Church—King Dermot and the Lady Devorgoil—

Giraldus Cambrensis and his Opinion of Women—A Papal Bull—Flight of King Dermot to England—Strongbow and other Soldiers of Fortune—Siege of Wexford—A Kingly Cannibal—Normans and Natives—Massacre and Marriage—King Roderic and the Invaders—Strongbow, King of Leinster—King Henry interferes—A Royal Visit—"More Irish than the Irish"—Appeal to the Bruces of Scotland—The Statutes of Kilkenny—Poyning's Law and "the Pale"—Rule of the Tudors—Terrible Condition of the Native Irish—Absenteeism—Projects for Reforming the Irish Church—A Reign of Terror—The Plantation of Ulster—The Irish Society of London—The Curse of Cromwell—Boyne Water and the Siege of Limerick—The Treaty of Limerick—A Policy of Oppression.

FEDERALS AND CONFEDERATES

321

The Missouri Compromise—John Brown—The Breach—Mutterings of the Storm—Fort Sumter—Bull Run—Progress of the War—Numerous Battles—The Trent Affair—Campaign of 1862—Capture of New Orleans—The *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*—The Struggle at Shiloh—Fighting in 1863 and 1864—On the Chickahominy—Lee in Virginia—Great Losses—Conclusion of the Civil War.

THE REFORM BILL OF 1832

337

Popular Expression of National Feeling—John Gilpin and his Runaway Horse—"Reform"—Political Celebrities of 1831—Early Reform of the Representation—The Long Parliament—Cromwell—Clarendon's Opinion—Motion for Reform in 1745—The Elder Pitt on Reform—Rotten Boroughs and Pocket Boroughs; Seats held as Family Property—The Younger Pitt; his Efforts for Reform—Opposition of Burke and Others—The Friends of the People and Charles Grey—Their Petition in 1793—Hard Facts temperately put—The French Revolution and its Effects—Long Delay of Reform Measures—After the War; Reform Agitation; its Supporters and Opponents—Government Coercion—The Peterloo Massacre—Lord John Russell's Reform Proposition in 1819—Lord Castlereagh—George Canning—The Wellington Administration; Catholic Emancipation; Changes—Sir Robert Peel and his Influence—A New Reign and a New Ministry; New Prospects of Reform—Lord John Russell introduces the Bill; its Provisions, Disfranchisement, Enfranchisement, and Redistribution—Various Speeches—Second Reading and Explanations—Dissolution and General Election—Reintroduction of the Reform Bill—Battle Royal—The Bill passes the Commons—Debate in the Lords—The Bill rejected—General Excitement—Birmingham Meeting—Bristol Riots—The Bill again in the Commons—Battle in the Lords—Resignation of the Ministry—Return of Lord Grey—The Bill passed—Conclusion.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

353

Death of Queen Mary—Proclamation in London—Elizabeth, at Hatfield, receives the Intelligence of her Accession to the Crown—Political and Doctrinal Protestantism—The Learned Ladies of the Time—"Now all the Youth of England are afire"—The Maritime Supremacy and Wealth of Spain—Condition of England—A poor Aristocracy and a Moneyed Middle Class—An impoverished Exchequer and Debased Coinage—Cecil and Gresham to the Rescue—Ecclesiastical Changes—Papal Bishops lose their Sees—Social Condition of the People—Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars—The Gallows in "Merrie England"—Mercantile Enterprise—Maritime Adventures—Drake sails round the World, and brings home Treasure—Seeking a North-West Passage—Trade with India—Shattering the Great Armada—Splendid Literary Development—Shakespeare the Mirror "of the Age and Body of the Time."

THE FIGHT AT FONTENOY

369

European Affairs—Maria Theresa—Frederick the Second of Prussia—The Beginning of the War of Succession—Battle of Mollwitz—Affairs in England—State of Europe—Progress of the War—The British Cabinet—The King in Germany—Battle of Dettingen

—Defeat of the French—Incidents of the Battle—
 Marshal Saxe and the Invasion of England—The
 Campaign of 1744—The English Alliance—The
 Campaign in Flanders—The Siege of Tournai—Battle
 of Fontenoy—British Bravery—The French Repulsed
 —English Hard Pressed—Defection of the Dutch
 Troops—The Result—Foreign Opinions of the Fight
 at Fontenoy—Conclusion.

THE MUTINIES AT SPITHEAD AND THE NORE 385

A Woman's Love—Digging up the Body of a Mutineer
 —The Panics of 1797—The Glory of the English
 Fleet—First Unheeded Murmurs of the Tars—Black
 Dick, the Sailor's Friend—Outbreak at Spithead—
 The Yard Ropes—Splendid Temper of the Mutineers
 —Their Tale of Woe—The Jolly Tar a Century Ago
 —The Sweets of Liberty—The Press-gang—The
 Admiralty at Portsmouth—Dangerous Higgling of
 the Commissioners—The Bloody flag hoisted—The
 Settlement—Fresh Outbreak at St. Helen's—Another
 Blunder—The First Bloodshed—Triumph of the Sea-
 men and the Sailor's Friend—The Rising at the Nore
 —Frolics of the Delegates—Proposal of the Mutineers
 —Escape of the *Clyde*—Blockade of the Thames—
 Piracy of the Mutineers—Some more Barbarities—
 Hanging Pitt—Parker's Washerwoman—Break up of
 the Mutiny—Terrific Scenes in the Fleet—The Last
 of "President" Parker.

BRITISH CHARTERS OF LIBERTY 401

The Barons and their Dependents—Royalty and the
 Barons—The early Charter of William and Henry I.
 —Constitutions of Clarendon—The Assize of North-
 ampton—King John and the Barons—The Conference
 at St. Albans—The Meeting in the Temple—The
 Tryst at Runymede—Magna Charta—Its Clauses
 explained—Rage of John—The Confirmations of the
 Charter—Parliamentary Influence—Petition of Right
 —Charles and the Parliament—The Revolution—
 William and Mary—Bill of Rights—Declaration of
 Rights—The Act of Settlement—Modern Measures
 —The Chartists—The Kennington Scare—Conclusion.

PLAGUE AND FIRE 417

The Seeds of Death—The First Victims—Former
 Plagues—The Portent of the Blazing Star—Spread of
 the Plague during May—The Prescription of the
 College of Physicians—The Quacks—Increase of
 Mortality during June—Multitudes leave the Town
 —The Lord Mayor's Regulations—The Dreadful
 Days of July—The Plague Fits—The Horrors of
 August—The Death-fires of September—The Pest-
 houses—Abatement of the Plague—The Number of
 Deaths—What was the Plague?—Fire! Fire!—No
 Water to be Obtained—Efforts to Preserve Property
 —A Walk through the Ruins—The Rebuilding of the
 City.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS 433

National Outbreaks and their Effects—The "Roman
 Empire" of the Germans—Italy in the Middle Ages—
 Her Municipal Institutions—The Hohenstauffen Em-
 perors and the Popes—Guelphs and Ghibelines—Sicily
 under the Saracen and the Norman Rule—Frederick
 Barbarossa and his Successors—Policy of the Popes
 —Supremacy of Rome—Manfred the Swabian Hero;
 and Conradin the Last of the Hohenstauffen—Papal
 design to establish a King in Sicily—Charles of Anjou
 and Manfred—Battle of Benevento—Conradin's in-
 vasion of Italy—Tagliacozzo—Death of Conradin—
 Vengeance of Charles of Anjou—Feudal Oppressions
 Condition of Sicily and Apulia—Peter of Aragon and
 John of Procida—The Massacre of March 31st, 1282
 —Its Results—Conclusion.

FROM TORBAY TO ST. JAMES'S 449

Torbay—An Eventful Week—James's Early Designs—
 His First Parliament—Revenge on Titus Oates—The
 Insurrections in the North and West—The Battle of
 Sedgemoor—The "Bloody Assizes"—Persecution of
 the Nonconformists—The Dispensing Power—Trial
 of Sir Edward Hales—James coerces the Universities

—The First Declaration of Indulgence—The Child of
 Prayer—The Second Declaration of Indulgence—The
 Prayer of the Prelates—The Trial of the Seven
 Bishops—For Parliament and Protestantism—
 William enters Exeter—Marches on Salisbury—
 Defections from James—The King escapes, is cap-
 tured, and again flies—William enters St. James's
 Palace—Conclusion.

A DARK DEED OF CRUELTY 465

Battle of Killiecrankie—The Chief of Glencoe—Fall of
 Dundee—King James's Gift of Brandy—Tarbat and
 Dalrymple—The Burning Questions of Scotland—
 Estimate of Highland Loyalty—Treachery of the
 Aborigines—Letters of Fire and Sword—Projected
 Massacre by James VI.—Tarbat's Golden Bait—The
 Earl of Breadalbane—A Pious Colonel—Loses his
 Patience—Castle of Achallader—A Strange Armistice
 Glencoe's Quarrel—Brutalities of his Clan—Friends
 of Rob Roy—Dalrymple's Objects in "rooting out"
 the Thieves—The Royal Indemnity—Dalrymple's
 "Mauling Scheme"—Maclean of Glencoe takes the
 Oath—Military Preparations—Dalrymple's Letters—
 The Campbells in Glencoe—Merry-makings in the
 Glen—Orders of the Officers—Maclean Slain—Details
 of the Massacre.

THE VENGEANCE OF '89 481

The Mud-Town—The Merovingian Kings—the Carlo-
 vingians—The Capets—Paris under the Capets—The
 House of Valois—Troubles in the Jacquerie—Founda-
 tion of the Bastille—Growth of the Bastille—The
 Bourbon Kings—The Bastille and the Absolute
 Monarchy—A Poet's Indignant Denunciation—An
 Escape from the Bastille—The Beginning of the
 Revolution—"To Arms!"—"To the Bastille!"—
 Taken—The Sequel.

LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS 497

A Great Inheritance and an Unworthy Heir—Charles V.,
 his Work and his Abdication—The Great Inheritance
 of Philip II.—Power and Importance of Spain in the
 16th Century—The Netherlands, and how Charles
 and Philip ruled there—The Harshness of Charles V.
 in the Netherlands tempered by Policy—The Great
 Cities—Ghent and its Power—"Roland," the Bell of
 Ghent—Character of Philip II.—His System of Rule
 by Terror and Coercion—The Inquisition; its Estab-
 lishment in Spain, and Development under Philip II.
 —William of Orange Nassau, the Liberator of his
 Country—Lamorel, Count Egmont—Margaret of
 Parma, the Regent of Flanders—Cardinal Granvela
 and his Influence—How William of Orange incurred
 the Hatred of Philip II.—Discontent in the Nether-
 lands—The Compromise and its Object—How the
 Great Petition was Presented to Margaret of Parma
 —"Long Live the Beggars! Vivent les Gueux!"—
 The Protestant Preachers and the Image Breakers
 —King Philip and his Councillors—Alva—The Storm
 bursts forth at last.

GUY FAWKES 513

A Scene in the Tower—Guy Fawkes—His Examina-
 tion and Hearing—The King's Questions—English
 Catholics—Origin of the Plot—The Family of Fawkes
 —Meeting in St. Clement's Danes—Vinegar House—
 The Mine—The Conspirators—Frank Tresham—The
 Warning—Check by the King—Checkmate—The
 Springing of the Mine—Arrest of Guy Fawkes—Run
 to Earth—The Executions—Search for the Priests—
 End of the Jesuits—Garner's last Efforts—Conclusion.

HAND IN HAND FOR ENGLAND 529

A Night of Suspense—England's Hour of Trial—The
 Growth of the Bitter Feelings between England and
 Spain—The Policy of the Vatican—"Singing the
 King of Spain's Beard"—Drake's Expeditions at
 Cadiz and Corunna—Playing at Peace-making—Hand
 in Hand for England—The Spanish Scheme—The
 First Day's Fighting—The Fight off Portland—
 Plucking the Feathers of the Spaniards one by one—

Correspondence between Medina Sidonia and Parma
—The Fire-Ships—The Action off Gravelines—The
Flight through the Straits—Home round the Orkneys!
—The Western Storms—The Return to Spain.

BIBLE AND SWORD.

The Mad, Roaring Time—A happy Martyr—Nicodemus
—The Cabbage-woman's Stool—The Covenants of
1638 and 1643—Prince Charles swallows them—Char-
acter of Archbishop Sharp—The Drunken Act—Sandy
Peden's Farewell—Tricks on the new Curates—The
greatest Drunkard of his Age—Lauderdale's shock
Head—The Scots Mile Act—A Martial Student of
Quevedo—Spotting the Absentees—Four "Honest
Men"—Turner in his Nightgown—Turning a Turner
—The Fight at Kullion Green—The Torture of the
Boots—Ephraim Macbriar at the Scaffold—The
"Honest" Hangman of Irvine—The Forty Dumb
Dogs—Cruelties of Dalziel—Act against Conventicles
—The Highland Savages brought down—Appearance
of "Bloody Clavers"—Magus Moor—Defeat of
Claverhouse at Drumclog—His Horse pitchforked—
Bothwell Bridge—A dreadful Shipwreck—The Came-
ronians—Given over to Satan—The Killing Time—
Execution of Women—The Wigtown Female Martyrs
—The True Story of John Brown—Graham's own
Confession.

DOST MAHOMED AND AKBAR KHAN

An Impressive Warning—Cabal and its Rulers—Rus-
sian Influence in Persia—General Apprehensions—
Dost Mahomed, Khan of Cabul—Various Opinions
concerning him—Lord Auckland, Governor-General
of India; His Policy—The Meeting with Shah Soojah
—Rungheet Singh, the Ally of the English—The Army
of the Indus—Shah Soojah restored to his Throne—
The Entry into Candahar—Mistaken Notions of Shah
Soojah's Popularity—The Advance to Ghuznee—Its
Fall—Flight of Dost Mahomed—The Great Douran-
nee Order distributed at Cabul—Gallant Struggles of
Dost Mahomed—Battle of Purwazy Durrah—Cabul
in Insurrection—Dost Mahomed in India—Assassina-
tion of Sir Alexander Burnes and his Brother—From
Bad to Worse—The English Army beleaguered at
Cabul—Consequences of the Insurrection—Akbar
Khan and his Doings—Murder of Sir W. Macnaghten
—Pitiable State of the Army—The Retreat from Cabul
—The Khyber Pass—Lord Auckland and Lord Ellen-
borough—Revenge—The Advance into Afghanistan
—Conclusion.

THE MEN OF THE "MAYFLOWER"

The Departure from Delfthaven—Who were the Puritans
—Rise of the Party under Henry VIII., Mary, and
Elizabeth—Commencement of the Puritan Exodus—
Departure from England—The Voyage—Landing at
Cape Cod—The First Sunday on Shore—"Welcome,
Englishmen!"—The Colonists' First Summer—More
Emigrants arrive—Disagreements with the Merchants
—Continued Emigration of the Puritans—The Dor-
chester Adventurers—Adoption of a Confession of
Faith—Civil Laws passed—Roger Williams, one of
the Noblest of the Pilgrim Fathers—Intolerance of
the Puritans—Laws against Witchcraft—Progress of
the Colonies.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO

The Centuries of Turkish Despotism—Origin and Fierce
Temper of the Revolution—The Force of Wealth and
Education—Secret Societies—Invasion of Hyspilantes
—The Sacred Battalion—Noble End of the Patriot
Georgaki—The Flag hoisted in the Morea—A Fight-
ing Bishop—"Death to the Turks!"—Bloodshed at
Patras—Massacres by Greeks—Dreadful Scenes in
Constantinople—Execution of the Patriarch—A
Canopy of Vultures—The "Hares" of the Ægean—
First Cruise of the Greek Fleet—Timid Scio—Indi-
vidual Sacrifice and National Aspiration—Why Scio
did not rise—The Island overrun—The Harems and
their Mastic—Despatch of a Turkish Force—The
Chioté Peasant and the Samians—Wretched Rivalry
of the Patriots—The Vengeance of the Turk—"Fire

Sword, Slavery"—Flight of the Samians—Dreadful
Massacres, Ruin, and Universal Plunder by Asiatic
Hordes—Slaughter of the Monks—The Slaves and
Fugitives—Sailing of the Greek Fleet—The Ven-
geance of Kanaris—The Fire-ships—Fate of two
thousand Turks—Navarino and the Independence of
Greece.

JOHN OF LEYDEN AND THE ANABAPTISTS.

Introduction—"Corruptio optimis pessima"—The Pea-
sants' War—Rise of the Anabaptists—Luther's return
to Wittenberg—Principles of the Anabaptists—John
of Leyden—Arrival of Mattys and Bockelson in
Münster—Anabaptism triumphant—The City Be-
leaguered—A Glimpse of City Life—John of Leyden
Supreme—He is made King—The Progress of the
Siege—A Failure—The King in Danger—Overthrow
—The Execution—Retrospect.

WHAT CAME OF THE BEGGARS' REVOLT

How Duke Alva superseded Margaret of Parma—Ar-
rival of Alva in Brussels—General Apprehension of
Evil—The Treacherous Calm—Arrest of Counts Eg-
mont and Horn—Escape of Hoogstraten—Trial and
Condemnation of the Two Counts—Egmont's Last
Letter to the King—The Execution in the Market-
place at Brussels—How Duke Alva ruled in the
Netherlands—The Reign of Terror—The Council of
Blood—Vargas and His Colleagues—Atrocities and
Oppression—Departure of Margaret of Parma—Wil-
liam of Orange, the Champion of Religious Liberty
—His Defeat by Alva—The Duke's Insolence and
Pride—The Statue—Taxation and Resistance—
The Resignation of Alva—Renewal of the Contest—
Beggars of the Sea—Alva's Successors—The Struggle
and the Triumph—Death of William the Silent—
Conclusion.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

A History crowded into Two Years—From the 10th of
August, 1792, to the 9th of Thermidor, 1794—What
followed the taking of the Bastille—Triumph of the
Populace; the Mob at Versailles—The King, the
Queen, and the Veto—The National Assembly—Al-
terations in the Laws—The Enemies of the Revolution;
the King's Flight—The Cordeliers and the
Jacobin Clubs—Detection and Ruin—Drouet and
Varennes—The King's Return—Foreign Powers;
The Beginning of a Long War—The Oath to the
Constitution—Meeting of the Legislative Assembly—
Events to the 10th of August—The Fall of the
Monarchy—The 20th of June, 1792.—The Mob at
the Tuileries—Down with the Veto—The Duke of
Brunswick and his Manifesto—The Insurrection of
the 10th of August—Downfall of the Monarchy—
The National Convention—France a Republic;
Transition to the Reign of Terror—The September
Massacres—Trial and Execution of the King—The
Fall of the Girondists—Dumouriez—The Terror at
its height.

GALLANT KING HENRY

The Cause of the War—The Condition of France in
1415—Henry's Preparations for War—More Attempts
at Diplomacy—Traitors in Henry's Camp—Discovery
and Punishment of the Conspirators—The Fleet sets
Sail—The Siege of Harfleur—Gallant Defence of the
French—Negotiations for the Surrender of the Town
—The Fall of Harfleur and Ceremony of giving up
the Keys—Continuance of the Campaign—The Pre-
parations of the French for a great Battle—The De-
fence of the Somme—Henry finally crosses the River
—The Sight of the French on the Plains of Agincourt
—The Night before the Battle—The Disposition of
the opposing Forces—The Attack of the Archers—
The Brilliant Charge of the Constable of France—
Defeat of the First Division of the French—Forward
Movement of the English—Defeat of the Second
Division and Flight of the Third Division of the
French—Incidents of the Battle—Henry's Return to
England.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT PAGE 673

"Adam's Ale" and Noah's Wine—Temperance of the Ancients—Old Testament Temperance—Temperance of Early Christians—Temperance in Later Ages—Spirits and Anti-Liquor Legislation—Anti-Spirit Movement, 1829-32—Development of "Teetotalism," 1832-35—Joseph Livesey's Teaching—The Rechabite Order, 1835—Abstinent Temperance League, 1835-37—Ireland and Father Mathew, 1838-40—Teetotal Life Insurance, 1840—Organization and Work, 1841-49—A Decade of Organization, 1850-60—Sunday Closing Association, 1861-63—Permissive Bill and Local Option, from .864—Temperance Public-houses, 1867—Establishment of Good Templary, 1868-72—Medical Temperance Movement, from 1873—Denominational Movements, 1873-80—Auxiliary Movements and Special Work, 1880-82—Conclusion.

THE ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS 679

Flight of the Royal Family—A Gay Scene on the Thames—The People's Kings—Incompatibility of Temper between Charles and England—The Long Parliament—The Earl of Strafford sacrificed—The Queen threatened—Charles's Scottish Trip—King Pym—A Plague-rag in the House—Dreadful Massacre in Ulster—What about the Army?—Peep at the Inside of the House of Commons in 1641—Some of the Leaders—The Grand Remonstrance—Eleven Years without a Parliament—The Policy of "Thorough"—Pillory and other Iniquities—What the Long Parliament had done already—The Great Debate—Bloodshed imminent between the Parties—What Mr. Oliver Cromwell had resolved on—Citizens fired on at Westminster—The Whitehall Guard—The Bishops sent to the Tower—The New Year opens, 1642—Impeachment of Pym and other Members—Their Chambers Sealed—The Action of the Houses—The Lord Mayor gone to Bed—King marches into the Commons—The Birds Flown—Raising of the Royal Standard.

THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR 705

Marat and Charlotte Corday—The Murder of Marat—The Effects of Marat's Death—The Law of the Suspected—The Fate of the Captive Queen—Progress of the "Terror"—How the Convention carried on the War—"Death to the Traitors!"—"Woe to the Cities of the Vanquished!"—The Republic on the Battlefield—The Fall of the Hébertists—Danton and his Followers; Their Struggle and their Extinction—The Darkest Period before the Dawn—The Ninth of Thermidor—The End of the Terror and of the Terrorists.

RIZZIO AND DARNLEY PAGE 721

Return of Queen Mary from France—Weakness of the Scottish Sovereigns—Her First Mass—Sketch of Darnley's Early Life and Character—He kisses her Hand at Wemyss Castle—Unpopularity of the Marriage—Flight of Murray and Other Nobles—The Career and Character of Rizzio—The Parties engaged in Plotting—The Judas Kiss—Murder of Rizzio—After the Murder—Darnley's Betrayal of the Bond—A Strange Supper and Talk—Midnight Flight of the Royal Couple—Darnley's Brutality—Queen's Contempt for Him—Rise of Bothwell—Some of His Adventures—Mary's Visit to the Hermitage—Getting Rid of Darnley—The Croaking of the Raven—Darnley's Murder—The Queen's Complicity—Bothwell's Sham Acquittal and Marriage with the Queen—His Flight from Scotland and Death in Draxholm Castle—His Fate.

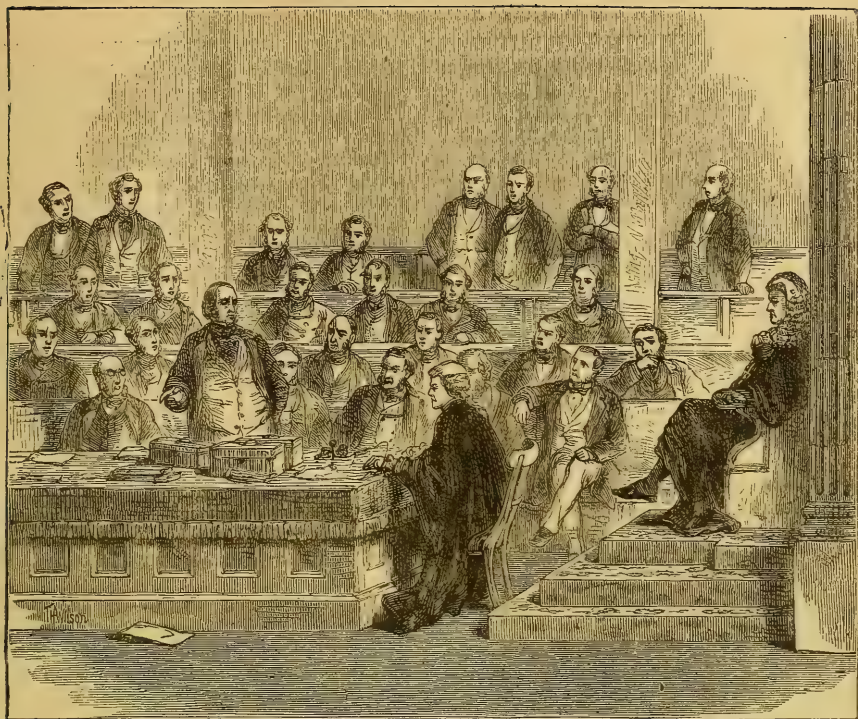
MAGELLAN'S GREAT VOYAGE 737

The Sea of Pitchy Darkness—Former Discoveries—Fernando Magalhaens—His Services declined at Lisbon—Arrival at the Spanish Court—Agreement with the King—The Expedition Sets Sail—The Brazils—The Patagonians—Mutiny at San Julian—The Straits Discovered—The Pacific Entered—The Ladrone Islands—Disputes with the Islanders—Continuation of the Voyage—Manners and Customs of the Natives—Baptism and Conversion of the People—The Dispute at Malan—Death of Magellan—The Expedition Continued—Arrival and Reception at Borneo—The Voyage Home—Run into danger at Cape Verde Islands—Escape and Arrival in Spain—Conclusion.

WYATT'S INSURRECTION 753

The National Dislike to the Spanish Marriage—An Insurrection proposed—Arrival of the Spanish Embassy—The Insurrectionists' Final Meeting—The Leaders Depart to Arouse the Country—Courtenay Fails to Meet the Carews—Their Discomfiture—Wyatt Raises his Standard of Rebellion and seizes the Ships in the Medway—Suffolk seeks refuge in a Hollow Tree; is Finally Captured—Wyatt's Fatal Delay—Marches to Deptford—Mary Addresses the Citizens of London in the Guildhall—Wyatt finds the Gates of London Bridge closed against him—Four Days of Armed Suspense—Marches to Kingston—Enters London—Is Defeated and Imprisoned—Mary's Vengeance—Wyatt is Executed—Philip comes at last, and the Marriage is Solemnized.





SIR ROBERT PEEI EXPLAINING HIS FREE TRADE POLICY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION: THE STORY OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

"I suspect that there are very few workmen or women who know how much they have gained by the change of policy of this country that took place under the Government of Sir Robert Peel in the year 1846."—Mr. BRIGHT at Rochdale, 1881

A Field-Night in the Commons—Important Question—Rumoured Change of Policy—Repeated Surprises—A Lion in the Path—Protection in England—The Corn Laws and their Introduction—Remonstrances of the People; How Received—Protection to British Sailors and Shipping; How it Worked—Scarcity and its Effects—First Efforts against the Corn Laws—Establishment of the Anti-Corn-Law League—The Free Traders in and out of Parliament—The Penny Post an Auxiliary to Free Trade—A Pair of Friends—Richard Cobden and his Career—Mr. John Bright—The Melbourne Government; Its Apathy and its Fall—Erection of the Free Trade Hall in Manchester—Indications of Change—The Queen's Speech of 1841 and its Forecast—Sir Robert Peel—Lord George Bentinck and the "Stable Mind"—Peel's Reservation of Freedom of Action concerning the Corn Laws—Lord John Russell—Enlarged Operations of the League; the First Free Trade Bazaar; Its Brilliant Success—Deputations of Free Traders to Parliament; The Question pressed upon the House of Commons—Cobden's Appeal to the Prime Minister—Dismay of the Protectionists—The Heat of the Battle—Zeal and Activity of the League—Important Recruits to the Free Trade Ranks—The Condition of the British Labourer—Remedies Proposed—Mr. Bright's Description of the Peasant's Lot—The Irish Famine—Triumph of Free Trade—Famine forcing Peel's Hand—Summary and Conclusion.

A FIELD-NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AMONG the sights that a stranger in London or a provincial visitor deems himself fortunate to be privileged to witness, may be ranked as first in importance what is known as a field-day, or, more properly speaking, a field-night, in the House of Commons; and the eagerness to view such a

spectacle is increased by the fact that, like an eruption of Mount Vesuvius or Etna, it cannot be arranged for beforehand, but the visitor must trust to fortune, and thank the propitious Fates if they should find him standing-room in Strangers' or Speaker's Gallery at such a fortunate moment; for he can then hardly fail to see and hear men and things that will give him food for reflection for many a day to come.

Especially to be envied was the stranger who, by diplomacy or any other open or occult art, had been able to provide himself with the "open sesame" to the Strangers' Gallery, and, so provided, had succeeded in effecting an entrance to the House of Commons, on the evening of the 22nd of January, 1846. For that was a field-night such as had not been beheld since the struggle over the first Reform Bill fourteen years before; and the House itself, like the outside public, was on the tiptoe of expectation. It was not only that this was the first night of a new session, the Queen having that day—as was, indeed, Her Majesty's custom in that earlier period of her reign—opened Parliament in person. There were rumours in the air of an impending surprise, of an announcement to be made, from a high and influential quarter, that should thrill one section of the community with triumphant joy, while it paralysed another with indignant wonder; and every seat in the House was taken, and even the standing-room was thickly occupied by honourable members, while the Speaker's and the Strangers' Gallery were filled to overflowing; and the one question that had been passed from mouth to mouth, during hours of expectancy, was, "What will he do?" It was asked concerning the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel, First Lord of the Treasury, and consequently Prime Minister of the Tory Government then in power.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION; A CHANGE OF POLICY RUMoured.

About six weeks previously, on the 4th of December, the *Times* had suddenly come out with the announcement that at the meeting of Parliament the Prime Minister would propose the repeal of the Corn Laws; and to the chorus of indignant denial set up by the Conservative, or as it was called the Tory press, had most explicitly reiterated the statement on the 6th. "We adhere to our original announcement," wrote the leading journal, "that Parliament will meet early in January, and that a Repeal of the Corn Laws will be proposed in one House by Sir Robert Peel, and in the other by the Duke of Wellington." The very rumour of such a contingency had been enough to make each particular hair on the country gentlemen's heads "to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and to bring about a split in the Cabinet, that had occasioned the Prime Minister to go down to Windsor and tender his resignation, which had, indeed, been accepted, and Lord John Russell, whom the irony of fate often put up as an opponent to the great Sir Robert, had been commissioned to form a Ministry. But here, as on various other occasions, before and afterwards, Lord John had verified the assertion

of the facetious *Mr. Punch* by proving too small for the place; and failed signally to bring together a Cabinet that would act with him; the point of difference being that "burning question," the repeal or retention of the Corn Laws. And as in the nursery rhyme the little dog laughed to see such sport, did the great organization that had been working incessantly for years to convert the country from the principles of Protection to those of Free Trade, watch the conflict between the statesmen, seeing in the strife the foreshadowing of its own ultimate triumph. It was the very crisis of a long and bitterly waged fight.

So Sir Robert had returned to power, summoned back to his post by the command of the Queen, and feeling, he declared, "like a man restored to life after his funeral service had been preached;"—and a note of warning had been struck, much calculated to flutter the Volscians in the Protectionist camp, by a paragraph in Her Majesty's speech that seemed to indicate a turn of the tide in the direction of Free Trade. "I have had great satisfaction," so the words run, "in giving my assent to the measures which you have presented to me from time to time calculated to extend commerce and to stimulate domestic skill and industry, by the repeal of prohibitive, and the relaxation of protective, duties. I recommend you to take into your early consideration whether the principle on which you have acted may not with advantage be yet more extensively applied." This sounded ominous, and had a flavour about it exceedingly distasteful to the country party; but still they kept up their spirits, while the formal business of proposing and seconding the address to the Crown, thanking Her Majesty for her gracious speech, was got through; and then, amid breathless silence, and somewhat contrary to the routine that on most occasions he was scrupulously exact in maintaining, the Prime Minister rose like a tower from his seat at Mr. Speaker's right hand, and the House listened in hushed expectation for the words that should verify the rumours that had been flying about so long, or set them at rest at once and for all, as the country gentlemen hoped, by a categorical denial.

Such were the anticipations of that important moment; one of those that seem to entertain the concentrated interest of years, and are remembered ever after.

AN UNMITIGATED SURPRISE; TRIUMPH AND DISCOMFITURE OF OPPOSITE PARTIES.

On this occasion the measured and somewhat old-fashioned oratory of the veteran chief was certainly not shortened. The speech was long and exhaustive, and bristling with figures and statistics; but it was enough to convince

even the most incredulous among the party who had looked upon Peel as the strong bulwark of Protection, that beneath the shadow of that fortress they could seek shelter no more. For he made it abundantly clear, even to their reluctant perception, that his opinions had undergone a change, gradual, but complete in its development, under the influence of the arguments that had been perseveringly brought before him; and with lengthening faces they listened to an exposition in favour of Free Trade from the eloquent lips of him whom they had deemed their champion against that, to them, utterly pernicious doctrine; and they gazed at each other with blank astonishment and dismay. They might almost have been pictured murmuring to each other in the words of Lord Salisbury to Falconbridge in Shakespeare's *King John*: "What think you? You have beheld—or have you read or heard? or could you think? or do you almost think, although you see that you do see? Could thought, without this object, form such another?" and so they sat disconsolate.

ANOTHER SURPRISE; A LION IN THE PATH.

The surprises of that eventful evening were not yet exhausted. When Lord John Russell had spoken a few words on his own account, there sprang up an honourable member, and, to the astonishment of the House, and the covert delight of many of the Tory representatives, began a speech bristling with sarcasm as a porcupine with quills, and full of the strongest invective against the Prime Minister. When Addison's Mr. Spectator paid that memorable visit to the Assizes with Sir Roger de Coverley, and the good knight made the famous oration that was to give him an appearance in the eyes of his guest and of the county, the country people were noticed by that acute observer to be penetrated with admiration that Sir Roger was not afraid "to speak before the judge." A similar feeling of admiration seems to have seized the country gentlemen on that January night for the member of their party who was not afraid to attack the Premier, for whom they still felt a lingering awe and admiration. No such feeling hampered the vituperative oratory of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, member for the county of Bucks. He had been nine years in Parliament, had offered his services to more than one party, and had been persistently cold-shouldered; and now his opportunity was come, and, like a clever man, he took the tide at the flood, and it led him on to fortune; for, reversing the order of Shakespeare's metaphor, until then the voyage of his Parliamentary life had to a certain extent been "bound in shallows and in miseries." He thundered against what he called the Prime

Minister's inconsistency, and roundly accused him of having betrayed his followers. "I am not one of the converts," he cried; "I am perhaps a member of a fallen party" (he had begun his parliamentary career as a Radical). "To the opinions I have expressed in this House in favour of Protection I still adhere. They sent me to this House, and if I had relinquished them, I should have relinquished my seat also." He drew a striking picture of the trust his party had reposed in Peel, and the pride and joy they had felt in seeing him raised to power in 1841. "Well do we remember," he cried, "on this side of the House—not, perhaps, without a blush—the efforts we made to raise him to the bench where he now sits. Who does not remember the sacred cause of Protection, for which sovereigns were thwarted, Parliament dissolved, and a nation taken in?" His personal sarcasm against the Premier was most galling; and he made a great hit when he likened him to a man who got up behind a carriage and then affected to be "a great whip";—and accused him of watching the atmosphere and trimming his sails according to the quarter from which the wind blew. The great statesman whom he attacked is described as sitting first in bewildered astonishment, and afterwards striving, not altogether successfully, to maintain his composure under an attack as unexpected as it was tremendous. The languid House woke up into fierce excitement; and when at last the sitting was adjourned, the two sides in the great struggle had each learned a notable truth,—the Free Traders that they had gained to their side the most astute and powerful of their opponents; the Protectionists, that they had found a tremendous Parliamentary gladiator to fight for them with a weapon more keen and trenchant than had ever been wielded in their cause during all the years the fray had lasted. We have now to describe—of necessity with brevity—the nature and progress of this battle of Free Trade against Protection.

HOW THE SYSTEM OF PROTECTION WAS ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND.

The principle of Protection, or the guarding of a certain interest from interference, by restricting foreign competition, is found in the policy of various nations from early times. In England the system may be looked upon as the outcome and the legitimate successor of those monopolies against which we find Parliament protesting, with a certain measure of success, so early as the days of Queen Elizabeth. The patent granted to the favourite Essex for the sale of sweet wine from Portugal, and withdrawn, by the way, by his angry mistress when he fell under her displeasure, on the ground that "an unruly horse must be stinted of his pro-

vender," was simply an illustration of Protection in its crudest form; the sacrifice of the general interest to the profit of the one. Protection differed from monopoly in that it substituted for the favoured individual a favoured class.

More than two hundred years ago, when Colbert, the famous French minister whose name is so closely connected with the silk manufacture of Lyons, asked the French merchants what he could do to advance the interests of commerce, their judicious reply was: "*Laissez-nous faire*,"—"Let us manage for ourselves,"—and in this answer was involved the principle of Free Trade, which allows full scope to the industry and energies of all, repudiating the interference which would put a stop to competition, and has been generally found to foster idleness and apathy. In the last century there were men who took the side of Free Trade or unrestricted competition and commercial interchange between nations, against the opinion that could only see the present advantage to the producer in receiving a higher price for what he had to sell. David Hume, among the subjects of his admirable Essays, discussed that of Free Trade. Adam Smith, in his "*Enquiry into the Origin and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*," brought a truly philosophic mind to bear upon the question; and practical Benjamin Franklin spoke out very plainly and sensibly on the maxim of "not governing too much." "It were to be wished," he says, "that commerce was as free between all the nations of the world as it is between the several counties of England; so would all, by mutual communication, obtain more enjoyments. Those counties do not ruin one another by trade; neither would the nations. No nation was ever ruined by trade, even seeming the most disadvantageous. Wherever desirable superfluities are imported, industry is excited; and, therefore, plenty is produced. Were only necessities permitted to be purchased, men would work no more than is necessary for that purpose."

THE CORN LAWS, AND THEIR INTRODUCTION.

It was on the article of corn, as the product most affecting the interests of the community at large, that the question between Protection and Free Trade was actually fought out; but the principle applies equally to all interchangeable articles.

When in 1814 the Empire of the great Napoleon was overthrown, and his vindictive continental system, that had aimed at ruining Great Britain by closing Europe against her, came to a sudden end, a complete reversal of industrial and commercial relations ensued. The ports of Europe were thrown open to the commerce of Britain, while hers

were for a time in like manner opened to the produce of foreign lands. It was soon found that in many respects England had what is familiarly termed "the pull" of her Continental competitors. Her excellent machinery and processes of manufacture enabled her to leave Continental nations far behind, in the production of articles of hardware, etc.; and thus a cry arose, first in France, and afterwards in North and South Germany, and the other European nations, for the establishment of safeguards for native industries, though it has been well observed that the term "native industry" can only be properly applied to those branches for whose cultivation the country is peculiarly fitted, and should not be made to include those that must be kept from withering by artificial aid. Thus a system of protection became generally adopted abroad; the importation of British manufactures being seriously checked by high, and in some cases almost prohibitive, duties, on the plausible principle of the encouragement of home industry. This was the more grievous for England, as her manufacturers had lost the market, that had been kept in an inflated condition, for certain articles, by the requirements of the war. Peace brought with it a cessation of a demand that had kept thousands employed; and many factories could no longer find work for their hands. The Continental nations, on the other hand, while closing their ports against English manufactures, were very ready to find in England a market for their agricultural produce, and consequently glutted the English markets with cargoes of foreign corn, until the English farmers cried out in dismay that they were being ruined, and would no longer be able to pay the rents demanded by their landlords, unless they were protected against this influx of foreign corn. The Legislature, the Upper House being composed exclusively, and the Lower very generally, of landed proprietors, took the alarm; and in 1815, a new Corn Law was passed that practically stopped the importation of grain from abroad, by the imposition of an enormous customs duty. Until home grown corn had reached the price of 80s. per quarter, there could be no supply from beyond seas; for till that figure had been touched, the ports were closed.

Thus, although plentiful and abundant supplies might be ready for the relief of want, legislation forbade those supplies to be brought to the homes where they would have been welcome.

THE REMONSTRANCES OF THE PEOPLE, AND HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED.

Naturally this artificial raising of the price of the nation's food excited great discontent. First there were earnest petitions from the

manufacturing districts, which were uniformly disregarded; then there were riots, for which men were hanged. The starving labourers turned out in desperation, and burned ricks and barns; in some instances the military had to be called out to disperse the mobs. Those were the days of repression and harshness. The expression of popular discontent was treated as a crime; and the infamous proceedings in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, the "Peterloo massacre," in which an unarmed meeting, containing a large contingent of women and children, was driven asunder by a charge of cavalry, with a result of six persons killed and some seventy wounded, was an instance of the spirit in which popular remonstrance was met.

The distress in the country was meanwhile great. It would be well for those who talk and write of the decline of national prosperity in England within the last half century to refer to authentic accounts of the period immediately succeeding the great war, and previous to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. Wages were low, and the price of bread was high. Employment was fluctuating, and the majority of the labouring population had to eke out their starvation pay with a parish dole. One of their poets well described their condition, when he wrote,—

"A blessed prospect :

To slave while there is strength—in age
the workhouse,

A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Tolled hastily for a pauper's funeral !"

In general, while the farmers, influenced by the landlords, and naturally anxious to obtain a good market for their produce, were Protectionists, the manufacturers, who found foreign markets closed against them by the Protective system, and chafed at the restriction it put upon their industry, were Free Traders; and thus it may be said that to a great extent the representatives of agriculture and trade were arrayed against each other. The artisans in the towns were keenly alive to the causes that rendered the food of their families dear and scarce; as for the labourers, they were generally conscious only of a vague feeling of hunger and misery. It was natural, therefore, that the great centres of manufacturing industry like Manchester, should be the places whence the first practical complaint and remonstrance against the existing state of things proceeded; for these towns, while they wanted cheap food, had no interest in raising, or keeping up, the price of corn.

PROTECTION TO BRITISH SAILORS AND SHIPPING; HOW THE SYSTEM WORKED.

Another remarkable development of Protective doctrines was found in the system of the Navigation Laws, which restricted the carrying of British produce to British ships,

and insisted that three-fourths of the crew of a British vessel should be Englishmen. The Americans and Continental nations were not slow to adopt the same policy; and consequently ships were continually returning in ballast after delivering their cargoes, and two voyages were made for one profit. It seems almost incredible that the voice of the people and of common sense was not more loudly heard during the period after the great war; but in those days of dear books and scanty instruction the opinion of the nation was little heard in Parliament; nor could it, indeed, be considered as in any way adequately represented. One great evil of the system that kept foreign wheat out, until the home market had risen to 80s. per quarter, was found in the extraordinary fluctuations to which it gave rise. The price of wheat at the commencement of 1817 was a 104s. per quarter; by the middle of the year it had risen to 112s. 6d. per quarter, which brought the price of the quarter loaf to 1s. 10d. Naturally at such prices foreign wheat began to pour in; but those were the days of slow postage, long passages, and no telegraphs; so that by the time the great supply arrived, and the market was thoroughly glutted with foreign wheat, a bountiful harvest brought down the price with a run, to the consternation of the farmer, who, in 1821, for instance, saw wheat go down to below 39s. per quarter, and wondered how on earth he was to pay his rent out of such prices. So that, under the system pursued, when the labourer and artisan enjoyed a cheap loaf, and could satisfy their children's hunger, the farmer was groaning and lamenting that low prices would be his ruin; and that he would never be able to raise the rent he had bound himself to his landlord to pay.

In 1822, a slight alteration in the Corn Laws was made by Lord Liverpool, who fixed 70s. instead of 80s. as the price at which English corn must stand before foreign corn was let into the market. It never had any practical effect. During the six years it remained in operation, no foreign wheat came into the market, for the English article never touched the stipulated price of 70s. The Government of the Duke of Wellington, who became Prime Minister after the death of Canning in 1827, included Mr. Huskisson and Sir Robert Peel; and an epoch was marked in the history of the Corn Laws by the introduction of the sliding scale,—an ingenious contrivance for regulating the duty on foreign corn according to the price of home grown produce; the duty on foreign corn to be highest when the price for English corn was lowest, to give the British farmer the priority of sale. Thus when English wheat was selling for less than 62s. per quarter, the duty on foreign wheat was to be 25s. 8d.; as

English wheat rose shilling by shilling in price, the duty on foreign wheat was to 'decrease in the same ratio: thus the price was always kept up, to the detriment of the community and for the benefit, not so much of the farmers, whose rents were calculated on the basis of high prices for corn, as of the landlords, the owners of the soil.

SCARCITY AND ITS EFFECTS; FIRST EFFORTS AGAINST THE CORN LAWS.

It will be easily understood that the grievance connected with the high price of corn kept increasing as the population augmented, and the productive power of the land remained the same. While harvests were tolerably abundant, the question remained in abeyance; but in 1836, when trade was in a depressed state, and the harvest failed,—when the price of wheat rose simultaneously with the fall of wages and scarcity of work—considerable agitation was felt, and the Corn Laws became again the objects of violent and adverse criticism. It was a well-known saying of Napoleon's, that most political revolutions have had their origin in famine. That great revolution in political economy that ended in substituting the principle of Free Trade for a system of Protection, certainly had its source in the feeling of the inconvenience of having the price of bread high, at a time when wages were low and work was scarce.

The first practical sign of an attempt to get partially rid of the Corn Laws was seen in the proposal of Mr. Clay in the House of Commons to substitute for the sliding scale a fixed duty on grain of 10s. per quarter. The proposal met with scanty support, and was negatived on division by 223 votes to 89; so unpromising seemed the prospect of impressing any change in this direction on a House in which, as a rule, the members cared a great deal more for the interests of land than for those of labour. But a movement began in London outside the House of Commons, and a kind of anti-corn-law association was formed, the precursor of the far more vigorous organization that, after passing through many vicissitudes, succeeded in fixing the eyes of the nation upon the cause it represented, and in carrying that cause triumphantly through.

At this time of day, when Free Trade principles have become firmly rooted in England, it is hardly possible to appreciate the amount of difficulty encountered by those who first attempted to storm the Protectionist stronghold in England.

FORMATION OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE; ITS LEADERS.

It was in 1838, not long after the accession of Queen Victoria, that the great and wide-

spread commercial distress in Lancashire, particularly in the town of Bolton-le-Moors, where thirty out of fifty factories had closed their doors, and five thousand workmen were without employment and without bread, led to the formation of the great association at Manchester, known as the Anti-Corn-Law League; with the avowed object of procuring an entire repeal of the duty on corn, and thus securing cheap bread for the English people. The immediate occasion was an animated speech of Dr., afterwards Sir John, Bowring, who, at a meeting in Manchester, through which town he happened to be passing, spoke with forcible and incisive eloquence against the Corn Laws, their principle, and their lamentable effects, as seen in the destitution around. The time for agitation had come; and the committee of the newly formed association could not have had a better text to comment on than the anomaly of an artificial barrier erected against the supply of food to a population who were starving. In October 1838, the first lists of the Provisional Committee of the new association were published; and in the first and second respectively appear the names of John Bright and Richard Cobden. Soon after, an executive committee was appointed of twelve gentlemen, six of whom remained in office throughout the whole seven years during which the League continued its labours. Among their number we read the names of Richard Cobden, the most illustrious of the members; of Archibald Prentice, to whose energetic action the formation of the League in the first instance was in a great measure due; and of Mr. George Wilson, whose enlightened views on political economy, eloquently and lucidly put forth, had a great share in ensuring its success. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce joined heartily in the objects proposed by the League; and a determination to sending a petition to Parliament praying for the abolition of the Corn Laws was adopted and carried out. It had no immediate effect; for the President of the Chamber, Mr. Wood, overawed by the temper of the House, in speaking of the state of commerce and manufacture throughout the country, blunderingly described it as very prosperous; which gave Sir Robert Peel and the Tories an opportunity of using the very obvious argument—"Then why agitate for change, if things go so well with you?" and Lord Melbourne, who was at the head of the Ministry, had an occasion of applying his favourite maxim of *quieta non movere*, or, as he familiarly and tersely put it, "Look here, can't you leave it alone?"

THE VOICE OF THE FREE TRADERS RAISED IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

When Mr. Villiers, one of the most brilliant

and useful recruits of the League at its outset, in pursuance of a resolution arrived at in one of the Association's earliest meetings, proposed in his place in Parliament that certain witnesses should be heard at the bar of the House in reference to the petition against the operation of the Corn Laws, the motion was negatived by more than two to one. It was evident that the League, if it wished to prosper, must look, in the first instance, for support outside the walls of Parliament, and must seek to move that august assembly, if it were to be moved at all, by pressure exercised from without.

To that task the members devoted themselves with an earnestness and thoroughness that were well calculated to ensure success. So soon as the Anti-Corn-Law Association had formed itself into a League, a system was

as he had already in the field; Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish agitator, who from the first gave the League his free and hearty support; and Mr. Joseph Hume, who had the reputation throughout the country of being a sound economist, and who, within the walls of Parliament was the *bête noire* of Chancellors of the Exchequer, and of all such as wanted to conjure money out of the pockets of the British nation, in the shape of taxes and imposts of any kind. Meanwhile the action of Mr. Villiers in Parliament was alike energetic and valuable.

True to Mr. Cobden's idea that the nation required to be instructed in the principles of Free Trade, the League, with admirable astuteness, made use of the services of enthusiastic and eloquent speakers, to de-



STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL AT LEEDS.

thoroughly organised for establishing similar associations in various important commercial and manufacturing centres, that gradually the whole nation might be drawn into co-operation with the central body, who had their office in Newall's Buildings, Market Street, Manchester. There the delegates from great towns met, and the programme to be carried out was discussed. The great force furnished by a powerful organisation was used to the best advantage; and the result, in gradually converting the country to the principles of Free Trade, was marvellous. Soon the chiefs of this great and peaceful crusade could boast of many eminent men attracted to their banners, and induced to co-operate heartily in their cause: Sir de Lacy Evans, the gallant officer, who was making for himself a name in politics

liver lectures in various parts of the country, explaining what Protection and Free Trade respectively meant, and pointing out the tendency of each. Such lectures were delivered by hundreds,—by Mr. Poulton and others, and by Mr. Cobden, who was the leading spirit of the movement. Deputations waited upon the members of the Ministry, who, though they received their unwelcome visitors with cold official dignity, and did not even vouchsafe to send away the delegates with “the chameleon's diet, promise crammed,” yet became aware perforce that this Corn Law question was assuming an unpleasantly prominent character, and would ultimately have to be taken in hand in some way or other; and that the longer that duty was delayed, the more unpleasant it was likely to become.

THE PENNY POST AN AUXILIARY TO
FREE TRADE.

One event of the greatest moment to the League was contributing to spread its doctrines and opinions far and wide, and to promote a national interchange of thought and opinions in the country;—the establishment, in 1839, of the system of uniform penny postage throughout the kingdom. The proposed innovation, like nearly every proposed reform, had been pitilessly sneered at; and even so good a Liberal as Sydney Smith, of the *Edinburgh Review* and “Peter Plymley,” had pooh-poohed it as “nonsensical”; while Sir Robert Peel had honoured the scheme with active and persistent opposition. It was established, nevertheless, with what results of benefit to the world it is needless to say, though at one time it actually cost the originator his place at the Post Office; and a year or two after, the facetious *Mr. Punch* was caricaturing the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, in the character of “Britannia presenting Rowland Hill with the sack.” The new postal system came just in time to be of vital use to the League, one of whose chief methods of propaganda was by thousands upon thousands of tracts and pamphlets, for whose distribution and circulation far and wide the penny post offered a ready and effectual means. The movement had its poets, too; witness the works of Ebenezer Elliott, the “Corn-law Rhymers,” who, with various others, contributed not a little by his lyric efforts to the popularity of the cause of Free Trade.

The first period of the great activity of the League was also that of the Chartist agitation, which was especially fierce and fiery in 1840 and 1841. It might have been supposed that the Chartists would be ready to work cordially with the Free Traders, and to hail them as fellow-labourers in the cause of the people. But it was not so. The demagogues were annoyed at the thoroughly peaceful manner in which the League carried on its work, and angrily denounced the Free Trade movement as an insidious and treacherous thing,—a political red-herring trailed across the track of the people’s rights, to divert the staunch hounds of democracy from the true line of the chase, and set them off on a false issue, in which it was designed to betray the cause of the working man, and play into the hands of the middle classes.

A PAIR OF FRIENDS; RICHARD COBDEN
AND HIS CAREER.

Thus the Free Trade cause not only met with no encouragement, but actually encountered fierce opposition, at the hands of the Chartists, who frequently interrupted the proceedings of public meetings with their

outcries and invectives; notably at Warrington, where it needed all the excellent temper and persuasive eloquence of Richard Cobden to restore order, and prevent an appeal to physical force.

That distinguished man and great statesman may be considered, even more than his friend and colleague, Mr. John Bright, as the very heart and soul of the Free Trade movement. The two men were bound together by community of feeling on this subject and by the hearty respect each of them entertained for the character of the other, in a friendship so close and cordial, that the two names are always associated together, and we speak of “Cobden and Bright” as of Beaumont and Fletcher, or Damon and Pythias. Both came into Parliament at the same time, and were labourers in the same great work, and rejoiced in the same triumph. But the career of Mr. Bright was destined to be longer than that of his friend and colleague, and is associated with various great questions, while Cobden’s name is connected with the cause of Free Trade and the commercial intercourse of nations as the be-all and the end-all of his political life. The son of a Sussex yeoman, he had lost his father early, and had been removed from school at fifteen to enter a house of business. He had travelled and had taken note of various sorts and conditions of people; and it has been said of him that the objects that interested him most, and called forth the energies of his acute and inquiring mind, were not ruins, or the beauties of scenery or the treasures of art, but men. With a small borrowed capital of £500 he had commenced business for himself; and but for the question of Free Trade and Protection, it might never have been his fate “the applause of listening senates to command.” For his nature was singularly retiring and modest; no man was ever less inclined to put himself forward individually, or to bid for public support or notoriety; and but that the great question called him forward, and demanded the exercise of his high ability, he might have continued to the end of his life unknown and unappreciated,—simply a partner in a Manchester cotton print firm. But when he had once embarked in the cause, his value was too marked to be open to any doubt; and his friends and colleagues acted with sound policy when they relieved him from the cares of a business he could not have continued with advantage while his time and energies were given to the strife, and by procuring him the means to enter Parliament secured the whole of his time and energy for its success. As an orator his great point was persuasiveness. His language was admirably plain and lucid, good Saxon English, with no attempt at ornament or flourish of style.

What most impressed the hearer in his speeches was his evident earnestness and sincerity, his deep and thorough belief in the cause he was advocating. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his "History of our own Times," has admirably described the kind of power by which he achieved his most brilliant victories:—"If oratory were a business and not an art,—that is, if its test were its success rather than its form,—then it might be contended reasonably enough that Mr. Cobden was one of the greatest orators England had ever known. Nothing could exceed the persuasiveness of his style. His manner was simple, sweet, and earnest. It was persuasive, but it had not the kind of persuasiveness that is only a better sort of plausibility. *It persuaded by convincing.* It was transparently sincere. The light of its convictions shone all through it. It aimed at the reason and the judgment of the listener, and seemed to be convincing him to his own interest against his prejudices. . . . He illustrated every argument by something drawn from his personal observation or from reading, and his illustrations were always striking, appropriate, and interesting. . . . Many strong opponents of Mr. Cobden's opinions confessed, even during his lifetime, that they sometimes found with dismay their most cherished opinions crumbling away beneath his flow of easy argument. . . . So long as the controversy could be settled after this fashion,—'I will show you that in such a course you are acting injuriously to your own interests,' or, 'You are doing what a fair and just man ought not to do,'—so long as argument of that kind could sway the conduct of men, there was no one who could convince as Cobden could."

MR. BRIGHT, HIS ELOQUENCE AND PERSISTENCY.

Mr. Bright, on the other hand, had undoubtedly greater gifts as an orator. Throughout his long parliamentary career there was never any danger of his speaking to empty benches. His full and rich voice, his commanding presence, his power of pathos, irony, and invective, that wonderful

sympathetic gift of enchainning the attention and stirring the hearts of multitudes that so few possess, were his in the fullest measure; and he would have been what he was, the Tribune of the people, the fearless denouncer of what appeared to him to be erroneous or wrong, the upholder of what he felt to be just and true, sternly and uncompromisingly, in the face of discouragement and opposition, even if the Free Trade question had never arisen in his time.

THE MELBOURNE GOVERNMENT; ITS APATHY AND ITS FALL.

It has been said that the Melbourne ministry opposed a kind of passive resistance to the persistent efforts of the League to obtain a trial of their scheme. The Premier

was true to his "let it alone" principle, acknowledging that there might be much truth in what the Leaguers said, and that in principle they were undoubtedly right, but that nations did not always see their true interests, and that it would be injudicious for England to be the first to give way on such a subject; that would not be the way to commence negotiations for reciprocal advantages. This was discouraging enough; and other tokens, such as the defeat, by a majority of much more than a hundred, of Mr. Villiers's motion "That this House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House,



THE RT. HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

to take into consideration the Act of George IV. regulating the importation of foreign corn," showed that whatever the League had done with the nation, the process of "instructing" the House of Commons was not yet very far advanced. But the association went on indefatigably with the work. The great banquets held at Manchester in a temporary building, where afterwards the Free Trade Hall was erected, on the very spot in St. Peter's Fields where the infamous Peterloo massacre had taken place in 1819, were entirely successful; and the campaign was carried on bravely with lectures and the distribution of pamphlets, and with public meetings all over the country, where the chiefs of the movement spoke with indefatigable zeal and persuaded many. Meanwhile

the Melbourne Ministry, with its inert and careless chief, was falling into disgrace with the nation; and at length, in the middle of 1841, a vote of want of confidence, moved by Sir Robert Peel, was just barely carried against the Government, who had no alternative but to resign or dissolve Parliament. They chose the latter alternative; and a large majority for Peel was the result of the General Election; for the Melbourne Government, and the Whigs generally, had lost many friends, and gained none. When the new Parliament met, the Queen's speech contained a distinct reference to the principles of Free Trade as against Protection, but couched in ambiguous language. Several utterances were significant of a change, as the froth on the wave shows the turn of the tide.

INDICATIONS OF CHANGE; THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AND ITS FORECAST.

Protection was now evidently no longer implicitly believed in, as a panacea for the nation's ills. In reference to various duties levied on imports, the Sovereign was made to say to the House of Commons: "It will be for you to consider whether some of these duties are not so trifling in amount as to be unproductive to revenue while they are vexatious to commerce." (This had long been an argument of the Free Traders, who had declared that, in many instances, the expenses of collection on the one hand, and the costly machinery maintained with very partial success against smuggling on the other, swallowed up more than the amount of the imposts maintained at the cost of so much obloquy.) "You may further examine whether the principle of Protection, upon which others of those duties are founded, be not carried to an extent injurious alike to the income of the State and the interests of the people." It was not the extent to which the principle was carried, but the principle, the thing itself, against which the Free Traders protested as an injustice. "Her Majesty is desirous that you should consider the laws which regulate the trade in corn. It will be for you to determine whether these laws do not aggravate the natural fluctuation of supply," etc. Of this there could be very little question, even among the staunchest of Protectionists. The faint indications of a tendency to do something else with the Corn Laws than "let them alone" was not sufficient to save the Ministry, who were left in a doleful minority in a division on an amendment to the Address, and accordingly had no choice left but to resign.

SIR ROBERT PEELE; HIS OPINIONS AND RESERVATION.

The country gentlemen and squires who

put their trust in Sir Robert Peel, who now became Prime Minister, were not well skilled at discerning the signs of the times, or they would have recognised the fact that their trusted chief was not what they would have termed "sound" and "staunch" on the subject of Protection; not what poor Lord George Bentinck, who about this time gave up to politics and the leadership of a party a portion of the time he had devoted to Newmarket and Epsom, would have termed "a man of a stable mind." At a later period they united in accusing the great statesman of "tergiversation." It was a good sounding word,—like Corporal Bardolph's famous "accommodation," a "soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command,"—and none the less welcome to the country gentlemen, perhaps, from the fact that many of them did not quite understand its meaning. It is well, therefore, to remember that upon taking office Sir Robert distinctly declined to pledge himself to the maintenance of the Corn Laws, and plainly stipulated for full freedom of private judgment on that momentous question. "If you ask me," he publicly said, on the subject of the corn duties, "whether I bind myself to the maintenance of the existing law in its detail, or if you say that this is the condition on which the agricultural interest give me their support, I say that on that condition I will not accept their support. . . . If I exercise power, it shall be upon my conception, perhaps imperfect, perhaps mistaken, but my sincere conception of public duty. That power I will not hold unless I can hold it consistently with the maintenance of my own opinions." Surely there could not be much plainer speaking than this, or language that more distinctly stipulated for freedom of opinion and action. But the country party had got into their heads that Peel would be a thick and thin supporter of the Corn Laws. "The wish was father to the thought;" and thus when Sir Robert made use, in 1846, of the right he had distinctly reserved to himself in 1841, they chose to consider themselves injured and deceived men, and cheered to the echo the vituperative speeches in which Mr. Benjamin Disraeli accused the Premier of want of consistency, when Sir Robert had only consistently exercised the right he had claimed five years before.

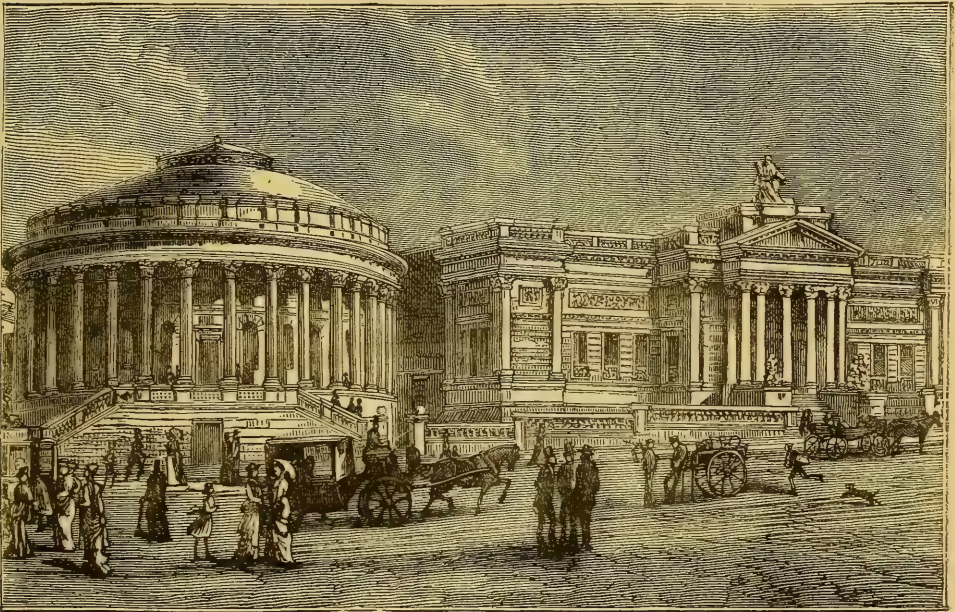
It would seem that already at this time the great statesman had some misgivings as to the principle of Protection; and his character, though cautious, deliberate, and somewhat cold, had nothing of that bigotry about it which forbids men to advance beyond a certain point, and pledges them irrevocably to one set of opinions. Even Earl Russell, or as he was then called, "Lord John," did not escape the reproach of at times advocat-

ing a policy of stagnation, and what many called anything but a masterly "inactivity"; and the epithet, "Finality John," bestowed upon him at one portion of his public career, had anything but a complimentary meaning.

ENLARGED OPERATIONS OF THE LEAGUE ;
THE FIRST FREE TRADE BAZAAR.

At any rate, the years 1841 and 1842 were not a time wherein even Lord John could have consistently counselled his followers to "rest and be thankful." The harvest of 1841 was a bad one; trade was deplorably bad; great numbers were in receipt of parochial relief in London, Nottingham, Leeds, and other important industrial centres.

in public favour, holding meetings, distributing pamphlets, bringing together delegates from various parts of the country, and enlisting a large and influential contingent of the clergy in the cause. Then also a new and most successful means for raising the necessary funds for carrying on the agitation was discovered. The first "Free Trade bazaar" was held, under the superintendence of a committee of ladies, with Mrs. Cobden for their president, in the theatre at Manchester. It was a huge "fancy fair," to which articles were contributed from the most various quarters. Financially it was a great success, bringing little short of £10,000 into the coffers of the association; and it was still more important from the publicity it gave to



PROGRESS IN LIVERPOOL; THE HOME OF SCIENCE AND ART.

"We've got no work to do," was the cry among the Spitalfields weavers, the operatives of Nottingham, and the artisans in the manufacturing districts generally. Protective duties, as the indefatigable workers of the League did not fail to point out, had not succeeded in providing a sufficient market for English goods; and on the other hand, a tax of more than 24s. per quarter made bread dear, while labour was so cheap.

All this could not fail to strengthen the hands of the League. No time is so propitious for convincing people of the injustice of a policy or principle as that during which they are suffering actual privation and want under its operation; and during this time the League accordingly made steady progress

the operations of the League by drawing attention to its labours.

Liverpool was at that time one of the most active centres of the League.

DEPUTATION TO LONDON; THE SUBJECT
OF THE CORN LAWS PRESSED ON PARLIAMENT.

As the association increased in popularity, and found itself making converts to its principles all over the country, it took a bolder and more decided tone, declaring its determination to refuse all compromise in this important matter. Just as in 1831 and 1832 the advocates of Parliamentary Reform had announced their resolution to accept only "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the

Bill," the opponents of the Corn Laws now declared for "abolition, total abolition, and nothing short of abolition." A large deputation of some 500 delegates came up to London to press their views upon the Premier, who, however, declined to receive them; whereupon they marched in a body to Palace Yard, to the door of the House of Commons, and amid the cheers of the people, raised cries of "Labour and bread!" "No Corn Law!" "No sliding scale!" Cobden publicly asked, in the House, why there should be a sliding scale for corn, when there was no sliding scale for wages? "What I supplicate for, on the part of the starving people," he said, "is that they, and not you, shall be the judges of when corn is wanted. By what right do you pretend to gauge the appetites and measure the wants of millions of people?" Sir Robert Peel himself saw that the protective tariff had been screwed up, not only to "the sticking point," but to the point at which the string was more than likely to snap, and gave a very practical proof of his opinion by the introduction of direct instead of indirect taxation; reviving Pitt's Income Tax, which he succeeded in carrying in spite of Lord John's opposition. It is a significant fact, by the way, that the Whig leader at a later period not only adopted his opponent's measure, but endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to elaborate it and derive an increased portion of the Government resources from the Income Tax. The aristocratic party saw with dismay that the popular discontent against the Corn Laws was increasing, and would presently, "like a bold flood, o'erbear." They saw with dismay that now deputations were no longer left out in the cold by the Government ministers, but were received at least with official courtesy, and dismissed with a vague promise that something should be done for the relief of the general distress; and with admirable prudence the League continued to work on strictly peaceful and legal lines, basing its hopes of ultimate success on the certainty of in time "instructing" its opponents into acquiescence. The question of the Corn Laws was kept persistently before the eyes of the public as a subject of paramount importance; and though the Ministers were still strong enough to command large majorities when the abolition of the taxes on corn was brought before the Legislature and pressed to a division, they could not get away from the subject, which was ever present, like the skeleton at an Egyptian feast. Cobden appealed directly to the Prime Minister, in whom his astuteness had already recognised a secret leaning towards the principles of Free Trade. "Would the right honourable baronet," he asked, "resist the appeals that had been made to him, or would he rather cherish the true interests

of the country, and not allow himself to be dragged down by a section of the aristocracy? He must take sides, and that instantly; and should he by so doing displease his political supporters, there was an answer ready. He might say that he found the country in distress, and he gave it prosperity; that he found the people starving, and he gave them food; that he found the large capitalists of the country paralysed, and he made them prosperous."

DISMAY OF THE PROTECTIONISTS; THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE.

The dismayed country party still clung to Peel like drowning sailors to a life buoy. He was their great hope, the one pilot to whom they trusted to weather the storm that was rising around them; and the most embarrassing circumstance of all was that the great advancing host could not be kept out by ramparts mounted with cannon and bristling with bayonets. There was not, as in the Chartist movement, anything about it that could be met by the reading of the Riot Act, and by an order to disperse, accentuated by a charge of cavalry to follow. A rising mob or a gathering of rick-burners might be encountered by calling out the military; but you could not send the soldiers into a Free Trade bazaar, and overthrow the tables as if they were barricades.

One proof of the increasing hold of the League on public opinion was soon after given in a most satisfactory and practical form. The organisation required the sinews of war for carrying on its operations. A sum of £50,000 was raised by subscriptions without any difficulty; and this was in a time of general distress.

But the Parliamentary battle had as yet scarcely begun. The compact phalanx of country gentlemen who stood together shoulder to shoulder to keep out the pernicious Free Trade doctrines, gave the Government enormous majorities in the division lobbies; and though Mr. Villiers persisted in bringing forward his annual motion for the abolition of the Corn Laws, he seemed to have as little chance of carrying it as ever. The Tory papers raved and howled against the Free Traders and all their works. Cobden, the most peaceable and kindly, if one of the most outspoken of men, was described as having risen in his place "to hurl at the heads of the Parliamentary landowners of England these calumnies and taunts which constitute the staple of his addresses to farmers."

He was fiercely denounced as a Manchester money-grubber, under whose blows the landowners of England, the representatives by blood of the Norman chivalry, the representatives by election of the industrial interests of

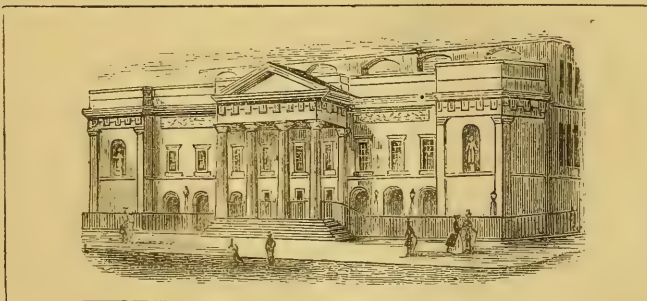
the Empire, ignominiously quailed and shrank. The basest and most selfish motives were attributed to the Manchester school; and above all, the readers of the Protectionist newspapers were entreated to remember that the squire was the father and patron of the agricultural community. Codlin the squire was the friend, not Short the manufacturer; and the endeavour to procure cheap bread for the working man was merely a cloak under which the Free Traders were concealing their nefarious design to ruin the country gentlemen of England, to overthrow the landmarks of the constitution (this was a very favourite phrase), and to pull down the fabric raised by "the wisdom of our ancestors."

IMPORTANT RECRUITS TO THE FREE TRADE RANKS.

But the inexorable logic of facts was stronger than the ravings of the *Morning Post*, or of the now long defunct *Morning Herald*, whose hysterical ejaculations were redoubled when the League, encouraged by the ready

colleagues. The advocates of Free Trade could now boast the adhesion of such men as Mr. Pattison, the Liberal member for the city of London; Mr. Jones Loyd, afterwards Lord Overstone, the great banker; and Earl FitzWilliam, a great landowner. Moreover, the meetings in Covent Garden Theatre were fully and accurately reported in the London press, whose notices, copied into the provincial papers, gave its opinions a circulation far wider than could be achieved by any distribution of pamphlets, or even by the publication of the *Economist*. "The enemy increaseth every day," was the rueful conviction that gradually forced itself upon the minds of the Protectionists. And the £100,000 was obtained for the General Purposes Fund as promptly and easily as the £50,000 had been collected the year before. Truly, 1843 was a memorable epoch for the Anti-Corn-Law League, which may then be said to have attained its majority.

During the next year the work was steadily and energetically carried on. Trade improved, and a good harvest brought down



THE COVENT GARDEN THEATRE OF THE LEAGUE MEETINGS.

response given to its appeal for money, resolved now to raise £100,000 for the expenses of the next year, and to widen and enlarge its lines of proceeding, adding to the pamphlet it was distributing a newspaper, in which the objects and arguments of the League were to be definitely set forth. Great meetings had already been held in Drury Lane Theatre, in which the Free Trade doctrines, hopes, and prospects had been explained to overflowing and enthusiastic houses. The proprietors had stepped in to prevent the lessee from opening the house to the League; but the other great theatre, Covent Garden, was at that time very much in the condition of the halls of Balclutha, so far as desolation was concerned; and the programme of the Anti-Corn-Law League included the taking of that house for thirty meetings. This was done; and the effect was beyond the most sanguine expectations of the committee. The speeches were delivered by Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, who was now also in Parliament, and by many influential and eloquent men among their

the price of bread. But here the difficulty inseparable from the Corn Laws again made itself felt. If corn was cheap, what was to become of the farmers? How were they to pay their rents? The most obvious device was to take it out of the labourers, whose wages were accordingly reduced in many districts to starvation point; and the wretched men in too many cases sought refuge from their misery in acts of violence and incendiarism. Leech's celebrated cartoon, "the home of the rick-burner," published in *Punch* at this time, made a profound impression. The pitiable serf is represented sitting brooding in sullen misery before his empty grate; his wretched children crouching in a corner; while the corpse of his wife, killed by starvation and misery, lies stretched out gaunt and stiff upon the floor; and the thoughts that are passing through the man's mind are indicated by the mocking demon who offers him a torch, the means of vengeance. But there was a better hope looming in the distance than the prospect of a wild revenge. Even the labourer

had awoke to the consciousness that men were working to procure for him and his wife and children the inestimable boon of cheap food : the gospel of Free Trade was being preached to the poor, and they heard it gladly.

THE CONDITION OF THE BRITISH LABOURER
—THE INIQUITY OF THE CORN LAWS.

This was forcibly illustrated by some remarks of Mr. Bright at one of the great meetings in Covent Garden Theatre.

After commenting on the extraordinary statement of an opponent, a landed proprietor with an income of £8,000, who had advanced the astounding declaration that were he to come again into the world, and had to choose the particular class or rank in society to which he would belong, he would select that of an agricultural labourer, Mr. Bright proceeded : " Now, what is the condition of this agricultural labourer, for whom they tell us that Protection is necessary ? He lives in a parish, whose owner, it may be, has deeply mortgaged it. The estate is let to farmers without capital, whose land grows almost as much rushes as wheat. The bad cultivation of the land provides scarcely any employment for the labourers, who become more and more numerous in the parish ; the competition which there is among these labourers for the little employment to be had bringing down the wages to the very lowest point at which their lives can be kept in them. They are heart-broken, spirit-broken, despairing men. They have been accustomed to this from their youth, and they see nothing in the future which affords a single ray of hope. We have attended meetings in those districts, and have been received with the utmost enthusiasm by those round-frocked labourers. They would have carried us from the carriage which we had travelled in to the hustings ; and if a silly squire or a foolish farmer attempted any disturbance or improper interference, these round-frocked men were all around us in an instant, ready to defend us ; and I have seen them hustle away many a powerful man from the field in which the meeting was being held. . . . But the crowning offence of the system of legislation under which we have been living is, that a law has been enacted under which it is altogether unavoidable that these industrious and deserving men should be brought down to so helpless and despairing a condition. By withdrawing the stimulus of competition, the law prevents the good cultivation of the land of our country, and therefore diminishes the supply of food which we might derive from it. It prevents at the same time the importation of foreign food from abroad, and it also prevents the growth of supplies abroad, so that when we are forced to go there for

them, they are not to be found. The law is, in fact, a law of the most malignantly ingenious character. It is fenced about in every possible way. The most demoniacal ingenuity could not have invented a scheme more calculated to bring millions of the working classes of this country to a state of pauperism, suffering, discontent, and insubordination, than the Corn Laws which we are opposing." The speaker then reminded his hearers of the national struggle made two centuries before by the English nation, when a despotic and treacherous monarch assumed to himself the right to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament and the people ; and indignantly asked if, when their ancestors refused to be the bondmen of a king, they would consent to be the born thralls of an aristocracy, or whether they would not by a manly and united expression of public opinion put an end at once and for ever to that giant wrong ?

FUTILE REMEDIES ; THE HOUR OF
TRIUMPH AT LAST.

The Protectionist cause was made worse by the remedies for agricultural famine proposed in high quarters. The Duke of Norfolk suggested curry-powder ; a reverend Dean considered that swedes and mangold wurzel would make excellent food for the labourer. On the whole, the people thought untaxed bread would be better than either. At last an event occurred which, as the writer of the " History of our Own Times " has ably expressed it, " forced Peel's hand." In 1845, the potato disease brought famine upon Ireland, and it became absolutely necessary to open the ports to foreign corn ; and then the League saw that the maintenance of the Corn Laws was henceforth impossible. Sir Robert Peel, unable to get his Cabinet to acquiesce in what he considered the necessity for immediate action, resigned on the 9th of December ; and Lord John Russell being sent for to form an administration, failed, as he had done before. Then Sir Robert returned to power, by the Queen's command ; and the impressive scene took place which has been described in the opening paragraph. In spite of the vituperation and invective lavished upon him by those who in their bitter disappointment accused him of having betrayed their confidence, the Prime Minister carried a budget, with the total repeal of the Corn Laws as its chief feature ; and with the triumphant passage of that budget through Parliament, the reason for which the Anti-Corn-Law League had been called into being ceased to exist ; and at a meeting at Manchester on the 2nd of July, 1846, it was proposed by Mr. Cobden to wind up the affairs of the association, which was accordingly done, its work having been triumphantly brought to a close.

During all his long and distinguished career as a statesman, Sir Robert Peel had never done a grander thing than the abolition of the Corn Laws; and his action in this matter was the more honourable as it was a distinct vindication of the rights of conscience against political expediency. Sir Robert was far too experienced a politician not to know thoroughly the price he might be called upon to pay for his action in this matter; how many friends he would alienate, and to what an amount of misconstruction and reproach he would lay himself open. He could, indeed, hardly have anticipated the concentrated malignity with which Mr. Disraeli pursued him to the end of the Session; or the extent to which that honourable member's tirades would be cheered by delighted country gentlemen, wondering that one small head could carry all he knew in the way of epigrammatic invective; but that he expected to be heavily censured, he openly stated in his memorable speech, when the great measure that set corn free was passed.

It was a grand speech, and worthy of the occasion on which it was delivered. The generous sentiments it expressed came with double force from the lips of a man whose oratory was generally somewhat cold and unimpassioned, more calculated to convince the reason than to rouse enthusiasm. The noble tribute paid to one of the chiefs of the Anti-Corn-Law League certainly displays no tokens of the self-glorification and pique with which the late Lord Beaconsfield charged it. On the contrary, it reads like the utterance of a great man, raised above all party considerations by the importance and solemnity of the moment.

"The name which ought to be, and which will be, associated with the success of these measures," said Peel, "is the name of the man who, acting, I believe, from pure and disinterested motives, has advocated their cause with untiring energy, and with appeals to reason, enforced by an eloquence the more to be admired because it is unaffected and unadorned,—the name of Richard Cobden." And, then, as though conscious that he was standing almost at the close of his political career, and that his tenure of power would cease and determine with the passing of the great measure with which his memory would be always identified for good or for evil, he expressed that lofty and generous hope that since has been so fully realised. "It may be," said the great statesman, "that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow,—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and

untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

Better words could not have been spoken to be associated with the memory of a great national benefit. And they were spoken in good season; for the price paid by Peel for the passing of the measure was nothing less than the Premiership itself. He had judged quite rightly when he said that he should be exposed to heavy censure for what he had done, especially by the monopolists whose interest lay in the maintenance of protection. By a coalition of some of his former partisans with his avowed opponents during the same Session, he was defeated by a majority of more than seventy on the question of the Coercion Bill, and went out of office, to be succeeded by Lord John Russell. The remainder of his career was passed in the cold shade of Opposition; and less than four years afterwards a lamentable accident deprived him of life; and the country had to bewail the loss of an upright, talented, and indefatigable public servant.

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

More than a generation has gone by since the day when the triumph of Free Trade was assured in England. The time, therefore, has been amply sufficient to test the merits of the system; and the soundness of the policy on which it is based has stood the ordeal of experience, and the inexorable trial of facts and figures.

The majority of those who took a leading part in the struggle have passed away in the course of nature; but some of them yet remain; and the foremost of the survivors, Mr. Bright, has taken the opportunity, on the occasion of a well-deserved public celebration of the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, to give a summary of the work of the great movement with which he was so brilliantly connected; and no one surely has a greater right to speak with authority on such a subject. A few extracts from his remarks will elucidate what Free Trade has done for the country.

Mr. Bright recalled what the League had done. He said: "Now, forty years ago—I must look round the room and see how many men there are who can recollect things forty years ago—the landed interest, as it was called, comprising, I suppose, land owners and tenant farmers, doubted all that we recommended, feared all that we proposed to do, and they were distinctly of opinion that our principles and our plans were wholly hostile, if not destructive, to their interests. That was the view when we began the agitation. But in 1846 the change was not very considerable, when the agitation came to a close, for at that time no doubt the bulk of the landed proprietors and

of the tenant farmers of England were opposed to the repeal of the Corn Laws, which Sir Robert Peel carried; because out of the whole of his great majority in the House of Commons, I think he only took about eighty votes, which, added to the votes of the Liberal party, enabled him to carry that Bill through Parliament. We had not converted them, therefore, in 1846; we merely vanquished them. We had created so much opinion among the various classes of the country that, aided by the terrible catastrophe of the Irish famine, the land proprietors and the tenant farmers had to succumb. The Corn Law was repealed, and the landed interest was thrown upon its own resources, and was exposed to the competition which until now it has met, I believe, without any very great suffering."

With regard to the idea that Protection could ever again become the policy of the country, the speaker quoted the words recently uttered at a meeting of the East Lothian farmers, by Mr. Harper, the president on the occasion, who said: "Now, gentlemen, I may say at once that no relief can ever be expected from the imposition of a duty on grain or cattle, or by trying to raise up by any unnatural process the price of those articles to the people of this country. The policy of Free Trade in these matters is irrevocably settled. The idea of taxing the whole community for the benefit of a class would not now be tolerated, and the Government or Parliament that could succeed in doing so, must be prepared for a revolution which would be at once short, sharp, and decisive."

The enormous increase in the prosperity of the country is strikingly given in the comparison drawn between the England of 1840, and the country at the present day. The orator said: "In the year 1840 the country was suffering a good deal from bad harvests. The people were suffering because their bread was twice as dear as it ought to have been. The farmers did not complain, for they were selling what they produced at twice as much as it was really worth. The exports from this country to foreign countries at that time of all the produce of Great Britain and Ireland was £51,000,000. I won't pretend to explain to you what fifty-one millions mean, because I don't know really myself. It is so big a sum that you can't measure it or imagine it. You can only talk about it. What are the exports

now? Instead of being fifty-one millions they amount to close upon, if not quite, two hundred millions sterling, so that the whole trade of the country, so far as its foreign trade goes, has increased fourfold within that time. And, as a matter of course, the home trade must have enormously increased at the same time, because so great an increase of foreign trade has brought such great wealth to the country that the home trade has increased during that time in quite as great proportion as the foreign trade has done.

"There is another point, which is one of extraordinary interest, and it shows, I think, that no class in this country suffered so much by the ancient policy of protection as the working classes, and that no other class in this country has gained so much as they have gained during the last forty years by the adoption of the new policy. Now, I tell you that in these days it was the commonest thing in the world for country gentlemen, members of the House of Peers, and feeble-minded folk of that day to say that nothing could be done except by way of emigration. They did not say that if you brought more loaves into the country more people could be fed. That is what we said. They said No; the people are too numerous; there is no employment for them; they ought to emigrate, and what the Government should do should be to establish colonies abroad and take the people abroad.

"Well, a good many people have emigrated from that time to this, but what does the census say of the actual state of the population? It says that in 1840 the inhabitants of Great Britain were 18,330,000. Just bear that in mind. In 1879 the population of Great Britain was estimated at 28,792,000—that is, that the increase is nearly 10,000,000. The people did not go abroad, but stayed at home, and the law was altered so that bread could come here, and a great many other things could come here, and trade extended, and the people have added more than ten millions to the population in forty years, and there has been a continual demand for labour; and I have no doubt that some of these people who forty years ago wanted a general system of emigration have got now some other nostrum or some other scheme equally absurd and equally impossible to apply to your condition."

H. W. D.



TRIAL OF THE TEMPLARS IN LONDON.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHTS.

The Crusaders in Sight of Jerusalem—Cruelties Inflicted on Pilgrims to the Holy Land—Appeal of Peter the Hermit—Europe Roused to a Crusade—Capture of Antioch and Massacre by the Crusaders—Siege and Storming of Jerusalem—Horrible Slaughter by Godfrey of Bouillon and his Followers—Worshipping in the Church of the Sepulchre—The Latin Kingdom—Origin of the Hospitallers and Templars—The Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon—Institution of the Order of the Knights Templars, and Rules drawn up by Bernard—Visit of the First Grand Master to England—Rapid Development and Enormous Possessions of the Order—Battles in Palestine—Nouredin and Saladin—The Last Crusade—The Siege of Acre—Persecutions in England and France—Tortures and Executions—Heroic Conduct of the Knights—Horrible Accusations—Suppression of the Order and Confiscation of the Possessions.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

IN the glow of a July morning, 1099, the advanced guard of the first army of the Crusaders looked upon Jerusalem. At their feet was the deep, dry ravine, through which the brook Kedron had ceased to flow, dried up by the heat of the sun. Before them were the massive walls and towers of "the city set upon a hill," and rising above them the dome of the mosque of Omar, reared by infidel hands on the site of the magnificent Temple of Solomon. In that bright light of dawn, the sun, rising beyond the Mount of Olives, made the city beautiful. The minarets of the mosque gleamed in the early sunlight; the flat-roofed houses became picturesque

with light and shade; and the cornfields and fig-trees on the slopes beyond the gates, where the Divine One had walked and talked a thousand years before, wore the beauty of the older time. It was "Jerusalem the Golden," Jerusalem the Sacred, of which dim and uncertain pictures had been presented by pilgrims who had returned to Europe from the far East—which priests and preachers had tried to see through the haze of legend.

Those who had first reached the eminence were speedily followed by others. Fatigue and suffering—and the warriors and pilgrims had endured enough of each—were forgotten now that the goal was reached. Armed knights, with battered armour, frayed plumes,

and dented shields, urged their weary steeds to a last effort; footmen, more lightly armed, pressed forward eagerly; and pilgrims, a motley host, old men, weak women, children even, toiled up the steep ascent and over the rocky ground till they reached the ridges and looked upon the city where David had reigned, and where the Divine Son of David had taught and prayed and died.

Then warriors and pilgrims, noble and baseborn,—Godfrey of Bouillon, Count Raymond of Thoulouse, Robert of Normandy (the Conqueror's eldest son), Robert of Flanders, Tancred, forty thousand knights and men-at-arms,—fell upon their knees, and "poured out their tears on the consecrated soil." Then rose the chant of the monks and priests above the subdued sobbings of suppressed emotion, and the strain floated on the air to the towers and mosques where Saracen sentries watched, and the Moslems prayed with their faces turned to Mecca.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY LAND.

Four years earlier, Western Europe was ablaze with anger and enthusiasm; for intelligence had arrived that pilgrims to the shrines so sacred to Christendom had been cruelly maltreated. For three centuries, although the Mahometan Ahashides and Fatimites had held the city, they had freely permitted Christians to visit Jerusalem, and had even with a stately courtesy set apart nearly one-fourth of the city, including the Church of the Resurrection, the Holy Sepulchre, and the great Latin convent, as a Christian quarter. There is a record, that in one year, 1064, seven thousand pilgrims, old and young, men and women and children, had visited Jerusalem, to pray at the Sepulchre and weep at Calvary. A year later, fierce Turcomans, Mahometans in creed, but very different from the cultured Arabians they displaced, had captured the sacred city, and massacred a large number of the inhabitants. The Christians were cruelly oppressed; those who escaped with life were robbed and insulted; their worship was ridiculed and interrupted, and the priests of the Church of the Sepulchre dragged by the hair of their head to dungeons, and there left to die. Pilgrims as they arrived, all unknowing of what had happened, were plundered, imprisoned, and ill-treated. Some, indeed, were allowed to visit the shrine of the Sepulchre if they could pay broad pieces of gold for the privilege; if they could not, they were driven from the city to starve in the wilderness. A few reached the coast and contrived to return to Europe, in some instances many years after they had set out on the pilgrimage, helped by the charity of ship-masters and the people of the countries through which they made their way.

PETER THE HERMIT.

Among those who had made the journey and witnessed the cruelties to which the Christians were subjected in Jerusalem, was one of those remarkable men who have now and again made their mark on history, and been raised by their marvellous power of exciting popular enthusiasm to leadership. A man of gentle birth, a native of Amiens, educated in Paris and in Italy, Peter—known to all time as Peter the Hermit, no other surname or title is on record—had been a soldier, but retired from the army, married, and had children. His wife died; and sorrow, it may be, quickening natural inclination for a life of religious contemplation and work, he became a monk, and afterwards a hermit. After a time he quitted his retreat, and, perhaps alone, living on such alms as were seldom refused to "holy men," perhaps in the company of a pilgrim band, to whom he was the spiritual guide and leader, he passed through southern Europe, and crossed the seas of the Levant to Syria; then, by the way of many a scene of sacred story, he reached Jerusalem, only to find how Christians were maltreated. His soul, once tranquil and devout, was fired with indignation and a new-born zeal to avenge the insult to his Master. Small in body, mean in aspect, this energetic man, roused to heroic ardour and almost superhuman strength, regardless of all dangers and all sufferings, holding his life as nothing in comparison with the work he had to do, returned to the Western world, made his way to Rome, and there, at the feet of Pope Urban II., told his terrible story. It was listened to; and the Pope authorized him to appeal to Christendom to form an armed confederation to rescue Sion from the spoiler, and the sacred Calvary from the cruel and insulting infidel. Thus sanctioned, Peter traversed Italy and crossed the Alps. In the market-places of towns, by the roadside, wherever he could collect an audience, the Hermit—no longer a fitting name, for he was a powerful leader, not a lonely recluse—told how Christian men and women, holy priests and pious pilgrims, were tortured and slain by the cruel followers of the accursed false Prophet. No detail, we may be sure, was spared, no incident of horror toned down. Then, with the fervour born of an enthusiasm which from continuous dwelling on one subject had become almost frantic in its excitement, and eloquence, with which he was so strangely gifted, he called upon all to aid in the great work. The noble summoned his retainers, the workman left his anvil and bench, the burghers of the busy towns took down their swords from their resting-place and girded themselves for warfare; women

wept hysterically, and beat their breasts in sympathetic anguish when the powerful appeal was made. A Frenchman by birth, an Italian by training, a wanderer in many countries, Peter spoke to all in their native language or patois; and, riding on an ass and holding aloft a cross, was followed by a mighty host shouting to be led to Jerusalem. Where was the holy city they knew not, how many leagues of land and water must be crossed they knew not, but they knew that those who worshipped Christ were being martyred by those who worshipped "Mahound," and they asked to know no more. Peter's preaching, says Milman, "appealed to every passion,—to valour and shame, to indignation and pity, to the pride of the warrior, to the compassion of the man, the religion of the Christian, to the love of the brethren, to the hatred of the unbeliever, aggravated by his insulting tyranny, to reverence for the Redeemer and the saints, to the desire of expiating sin, to the hope of eternal life."

In France especially was indignation mingled with enthusiasm. A council of the Church was held at Clermont, at which Pope Urban himself was present, and delivered a harangue well calculated to fan the flame. All Western Christendom was aroused, and an enormous host, scarcely to be called an army, so rude and undisciplined were the men, assembled from all parts of Europe. Peter himself took the command of one portion; the other had a far abler leader, in a military sense, known as Walter the Penniless, probably one of those daring, experienced soldiers of fortune who abounded in that age. Peter, however, was the ruling spirit. He led the host through Hungary; and the Hungarians were found to be ready to oppose them. Probably, in his zeal, the Hermit had overlooked the necessity of providing food for the half-savage legions who followed him; and they provided it in rough and ready fashion for themselves. The people of the countries south of the Danube objected to the invasion of the pilgrims as they might have objected to a cloud of locusts, and fighting ensued. Peter's followers were defeated at Semlin, but continued their disorderly march, and at length reached Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern Empire. The Emperor Alexis, not disposed to "welcome the coming," deemed it expedient to "speed the parting, guests." He gave Peter and his host (considerably diminished in number by desertions, death in battle, starvation, and sickness) supplies to help them on their way. They crossed the Bosphorus, and near Nice, or Nicæa (famous as the seat of two great Councils of the Church), the modern Isnek, they were encountered by a Mahometan army under Sultan Solyman, and terribly

defeated. The remnant wandered on, a mere rabble of enthusiasts, daily diminishing in number from disease, starvation, and the attacks of predatory bands. Peter himself and a few hundreds only of the many thousands who followed him in Italy and Germany, knelt with the army of the Crusaders and returned thanks for having lived to see Jerusalem.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

That army, in the ranks of which might be found the ablest warriors, the most renowned nobles of Western Europe, was an outcome of the same enthusiasm which had so wonderfully helped the Hermit; but it was an enthusiasm acting by means of military organization, and directed by statesmen and experienced leaders. Six bodies were collected and equipped, and led by some of the most distinguished warriors of the time,—Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine; Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother of King Philip of France; Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror; Count Robert of Flanders; Bohemund, Prince of Tarentum, son of the more famous Guiscard; and Count Raymond of Toulouse. The place of rendezvous for the allied armies, the first Crusaders (so named for wearing a red cross on the right shoulder), was Constantinople. Crossing into Asia Minor, they captured, on the 24th of June, 1097, Nice, the capital of Sultan Solyman; and then marched, experiencing little opposition, to Antioch, which they besieged and captured after a weary siege of seven months. The valiant Crusaders had little more respect for the quality of mercy than had the grimmest of the Mahometans they encountered; and when they entered the town as conquerors, they celebrated their victory, and revenged themselves for the toil of the long siege, by slaughtering the inhabitants without regard to age or sex.

They were scarcely satiated with their horrid work, the last shrieks of the dying had scarcely died away into silence, when the Crusaders found that they were themselves besieged, for a relieving force of 200,000 Mahometans, sent by the Sultan of Persia, arrived. Soon the Crusaders were in desperate straits. Food was scanty, the most loathsome substances were consumed, and disease broke out, arising from the foul state of the city, in which dead bodies lay in heaps putrefying in the furnace-like heat of a Syrian summer. Thousands of the more fainthearted escaped over the walls in the darkness of night, eluded the enemy, and months afterwards appeared in the great cities of Europe in rags and misery,—how they found their way thither they could scarcely tell,—and told how sorely the Crusaders, the flower of European chivalry,

were beset by the "malignant and turbaned Turks."

The knights and men who remained in Antioch were made of sterner stuff, and more worthily showed "the mettle of their pasture." They could but die, and better to fall, if it must be so, overpowered by numbers in the open field, than to die like cowards behind the walls of the beleagured city. They sallied out; and with longsword, axe, and mace, they dashed at the Mahometan hosts, drove them with great slaughter from the ground, raised their proud war-cry, "*Deus vult*," "God wills it," as they trampled on the dead and dying warriors of the Crescent, and pursued the flying remnant of the enemy till the weary and starving steeds could no longer bear the steel-clad knights.

ADVANCE TO JERUSALEM.

The way to Jerusalem was now open to the Christian army. The Crusaders marched for three hundred miles from Antioch to Jaffa, keeping near the coast for the convenience of obtaining supplies from the Italian trading vessels which touched at the ports. The strongholds were deserted by the Mahometan emirs, who fled at the approach of the invaders. From Jaffa they crossed in an easterly direction to Jerusalem. "With devout and awful curiosity," we read, "the rude warriors of Europe now traversed a region filled with places which hourly recalled some sacred association, and at length the Holy City burst upon their enraptured gaze."

So came it that twenty thousand Crusaders, with the wretched remnant of the Hermit's legions, and a camp following of pilgrims and others, knelt on the ridges near the Mount of Olives, and prayed and wept on that July day, in the last year of the eleventh century.

All the leaders of the six divisions of the great Crusade army were not there; Bohemund of Tarentum had quitted the expedition, but his most famous follower, the Tancred of the Italian poets, remained. The acknowledged leader was Godfrey of Bouillon. He had achieved a martial renown which few knights could rival; had taken part in the wars waged by the great Emperor Henry IV., in Germany and in Italy, and had slain the usurper, Rudolph of Swabia, with his own hand, in the decisive fight at Wolsheim. When the Crusade was proclaimed, Godfrey was one of the first to answer to the call. To raise money for the equipment of his contingent to the army, he mortgaged the duchy of Bouillon to the Bishop of Liege.

No time was lost in beginning the attack on Jerusalem; but the Crusaders soon found that a sudden capture was impossible, so strong was the position, and so well prepared and resolute the Moslem garrison. In vain

the knights and their followers endeavoured to force the gates and climb to the lofty ramparts. They were beaten down by showers of missiles from the walls, on which the Mahometans displayed the cross, the symbol of the Christian faith, defiled with filth. Maddened by the insult, the Crusaders again rushed to the assault, only to leave heaps of dead in the ravine at the foot of the wall. It was evident to the leaders that proper appliances for a siege must be constructed; but no timber could be obtained near the spot, and detachments of the force were sent to the beautiful wooded valley of Shechem, thirty miles distant, to procure material for the movable towers and battering rams. The large trees were dragged by main force to the camp, and, with the help of a number of Genoese sailors, collected from the vessels lying off the coast, the necessary engines were constructed.

While this work was going on, the sufferings of the besiegers and followers of the camp were intense. The scorching sun had dried up the brooks, and the garrison had filled up the wells beyond the walls. A maddening thirst was felt by all. Parties were sent off to procure water, if possible, from distant springs; and when small quantities were brought to the camp, a draught was purchased by a piece of gold. The poor wretches who had nothing to give eagerly licked up the morning dews, or dug holes in the ground that they might press their parched lips against the moist earth. The Genoese sailors, aided by the labour of the men-at-arms, worked well, and forty days after the arrival of the Crusaders, all was ready for the grand assault.

THE SIEGE AND SLAUGHTER.

Day after day they had witnessed on the wall the defiled sign of salvation; day after day they had heard the Moslems' shouts of defiance and jeers at their faith; and they were excited to an inexpressible fury. A huge tower on wheels, propelled by the force of a hundred or more strong arms, bore Godfrey, Robert of Normandy, and their companions-in-arms to the walls. At another part, the Count of Thoulouse led the attack. The garrison hurled heavy missiles, and poured out Greek fire on the devoted assailants. The war-shout of the soldiers of the Cross was answered by the wild cries of the savage Turcoman believers in the Prophet. Godfrey's tower almost touched the ramparts, a bridge was thrown across, and the brave leader and his band leapt upon the walls. A short, sharp struggle, and the footing was secure. The Moslem warriors fell in heaps beneath the blows of the axe and longsword; and in a few moments after Godfrey had rushed across the frail bridge, his banner, planted by his

own hands, swayed in the wind on the eastern rampart of Jerusalem.

On the other side, Count Raymond of Thoulouse had been equally successful in his attack. The walls were gained, the gates forced or thrown open from the inside, and the Crusaders pressed into the city. Further resistance was impossible; Jerusalem was won, and the banner of the Cross was raised, with a shout of triumph, on the battlements where for forty days the sacred symbol had been mocked at by the infidels.

Then began the terrible work of the avenger. The white banner of the Cross floated above; but the soldiers of the Cross were red-handed and red-hearted,—the blood that bespattered their armour was not only that of the Moslem warriors they had slain on the ramparts, but of the panic-stricken citizens, the old and young, the mother and child, they slaughtered in the streets. The Via Dolorosa, with its sacred memories of agonies, was again a way of weeping; and shrieks of terror, dying groans, and the shouted curses of the maddened conquerors, mingled in the narrow streets that led to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There was a wild rush of fugitives to the Mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah, the site of the temple of Solomon, where they hoped to find safety. But the assailants followed; the mounted knights (for by this time their horses had been brought in through the gates) dashed among the affrighted crowd, trampling down and slaying indiscriminately. Into the broad area surrounding the mosque, the sacred enclosure, fled the trembling crowd, pursued by the horsemen, shouting "*Deus vult!*" and at every shout a victim fell. One of the chief actors in this terrible massacre boasted in a letter to the Pope that they rode up to their horses' knees in the blood of the infidels, and that within the precincts of the mosque ten thousand fugitives were slain. Altogether, if we may believe the most moderate of the chroniclers of this terrible day, quite twenty thousand were massacred—an almost incredible number, considering the limited size of the city; but, making allowance for exaggeration, the besetting sin of mediæval (and, indeed, of many other) narrators, it is but too probable that nearly all the inhabitants were massacred. In Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*" (Fairfax's Translation) we read:—

"The victors' ire destroyed the faithless crew,
From street to street, and chased from gate to gate,
But of the sacked town the image true
Who can describe, or paint the woful state?
Or with fit words this spectacle express
Who can? or tell the city's great distress?

"Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church,
defiled,—
There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high,

There underneath th' unburied hills up-piled
Of bodies dead, the living buried lie;
There the sad mother with her tender child
Doth tear her tresses loose, complain, and fly."

That is a picture sketched by a poet who devoted his genius to the glorification of Godfrey, Tancred, and the rest of the Crusaders, and, in imitation of the older epics, in which supernatural assistance generally figured, represented the Archangel Michael as fighting with them.

As the evening of that memorable day drew near, the new masters of the sacred city, satiated with blood, thought that the time was come for devotion. To quote an able recent writer, "Duke Godfrey, after himself staining the example of heroic courage with merciless slaughter, threw aside his reeking sword, washed his bloody hands, exchanged his armour for a white linen tunic, and, with bare head and bare feet, repaired in pious humiliation to the Church of the Sepulchre, and the whole host in turn, discarding their arms and purifying their persons from the signs of recent slaughter, moved in procession to the hill of Calvary." Then they marched out of the city, and prostrated themselves on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, while Peter the Hermit uttered a terrible thanksgiving, and preached about the triumph of the Cross.

The work was not accomplished. There were yet some fugitives who had secreted themselves, some Jews who had sought safety in the synagogues, and listened, fear-stricken, behind the barred doors to the shouts and wails without. On the following morning the slaughter was renewed. Women with infants at the breast, and orphaned children, were dragged from their hiding-places, and pitilessly butchered, except a few whom the Count of Thoulouse reserved as slaves. The synagogues were burned, the Jews within perishing in the flames, and pillage went hand in hand with slaughter.

THE LATIN KINGDOM.

Eight days afterwards, Godfrey of Bouillon was selected by the leaders King of Jerusalem; and so was founded that Latin kingdom, which at first comprising little more than the city of Jerusalem, was gradually extended by conquest until it included nearly the whole of Palestine. A language resembling Norman-French was established—there were few left to speak in the tongue with which the slaughtered thousands cried for mercy; laws (known as "*the assize of Jerusalem*") in accordance with the feudal spirit of the time were drawn up, and Jerusalem became a patriarchate of the Church, and Bethlehem a bishopric. It is said that Godfrey declined to use the royal style, although it was generally accorded by others, but preferred to call

himself "Defender and Guardian of the Holy City." He refused to be crowned; for he would not "wear a crown of gold where the Saviour had worn a crown of thorns." He died (it was suspected from the action of poison) in July 1100, aged 42, and was buried on Mount Calvary.

These events have been dwelt on, for they were the prelude to that remarkable episode of history, the rise and fall of the Knights Templars, whose history is now to be sketched.

HELPING THE PILGRIMS.

When tardily—for in those days news travelled slowly—the princes and people of Europe were informed of the capture of Jerusalem, the desire to make the pilgrimage, checked for a time by the report of the danger to be encountered, revived with increased enthusiasm. Crowds of pilgrims, of both sexes, including many children, dragged their weary limbs across Europe, from England, France, Germany, and Italy, to the ports where they could obtain a passage to the Syrian coast. They hoped to find the road to the holy city open, and knew little of the dangers which awaited them. At Jerusalem, indeed, the Christians were masters; but in the highways and byeways of Palestine lurked Mussulman robbers, inflamed by a spirit of revenge, and greedy of even such wretched plunder as the poor pilgrims could yield. Bedouins, too, those sons of the desert, whose hand was and is "against every man," attacked the caravans of pilgrims, and left them naked to perish.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. JOHN.

About fifty years before the capture of Jerusalem by Godfrey, some Italian merchants who traded in the East, pitying the condition of the poor pilgrims who were permitted by the Egyptian caliphs to reside in the city, founded a hospital for their reception and entertainment, which was placed under the care of monks of the Order of St. Benedict. Another hospital was afterwards erected, and dedicated to St. John the Compassionate, who had been patriarch of Alexandria; and the brethren who ministered there adopted a peculiar organization, and wore as a distinctive dress, black mantles with a white cross on the breast. When the Turcoman tribes obtained possession of Jerusalem, the good brothers had no home there, and then they assumed a new character, and joining the Crusaders, fought bravely in their ranks, taking part in the capture of the city. It is probable they partially resumed their occupation as entertainers of the poor pilgrims; and their example appears to have stimulated at a later period, about eighteen years after the siege, two French Knights, who had also

shared in the great campaign, to undertake the duty of protecting pilgrims from the predatory Moslems and Bedouins.

ORIGIN OF THE TEMPLARS.

Hugues de Payens, or Paganès, and Geoffroi de St. Omer, were the two, and seven other French Knights united with them in the duty. It has been stated, but not on certain authority, that they had all been at one time members of the fraternity of St. John. They voluntarily made vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity, and added an engagement to fight against the infidels. Their poverty was symbolized by a device representing two knights riding on one horse; and a legend has thence arisen that Payens and St. Omer were really so poor that they could only own one horse between them. If that were the case, the animal must have been a steed of amazing powers, for certainly one armed knight was ordinarily a sufficient load. Adopting the name of the Poor Soldiers of the Holy City, the Knights made a solemn compact between themselves to aid one another in clearing the highway of robbers and in protecting and assisting pilgrims.

For six or seven years these knights unaided discharged their appointed task bravely. Many a Turk and Bedouin bit the dust before them; and many pilgrims reached Jerusalem in safety, blessing the Poor Soldiers. Then other knights joined them, and they assumed the importance of a regularly constituted body, with De Payens as Master. In 1118, Baldwin, the successor of Godfrey as King of Jerusalem, granted them a residence within the sacred enclosure of the Temple, on Mount Moriah, and in place of their former designation, they now claimed the name of the Knighthood of the Temple of Solomon. Increasing rapidly in number, they added to their duties the defence of Jerusalem, of the Eastern Church, and of all the holy places; and De Payens, the chief of the religious and warlike society, was styled Master of the Temple—a title which has remained from that day to this, and is now borne by the eminent clergyman who resides in the Temple, Fleet Street, and preaches in the old church.

RULES OF THE ORDER.

Baldwin, estimating the value of this new society, to which many of the most renowned knights in Jerusalem were attaching themselves, desired to obtain ecclesiastical sanction and control for what might prove a too powerful organization if quite independent. The most conspicuous individual figure in the Western Church at that time was Bernard of Clairvaux, the saintly ascetic afterwards canonized; and to him Baldwin sent two of the Knights of the Temple, asking him to intercede with the Pope for

the purpose of obtaining a confirmation of the establishment of the new Order, and rules for its guidance. Bernard appears to have at once interested himself in the matter, for shortly afterwards De Payens, St. Omer, and four others went to Rome, where they were treated with much honour, and invited by Pope Honorius to attend the Council at Troyes, in 1128. The result of the visit was that Bernard was entrusted by the Pope with the task of framing rules in accordance with which the Order was to be regularly constituted.

These rules were lengthy, and included a large number of details; but the most important regulations may be briefly summarized. Self-mortification, fasting, and prayer, were enjoined on the members of the Order, as well as regular devotional exercises. They were to attend matins, vespers, and all the services of the Church, in order that, "being refreshed and satisfied with heavenly food, and stablished with heavenly precepts, after the consummation of the Divine mysteries, none might be afraid of the fight, but be prepared for the crown." Silence was to be observed in the refectory and dormitory, except it should be absolutely necessary to speak. The professed Knights, both in winter and summer, were to wear, if they could be procured, white garments, "that those who have cast behind them a dark life may know that they are to commend themselves to the Creator by a pure and white life." No gold or silver, "the mark of private wealth," was to be seen on bridle, breastplate, or spear, nor should any brother buy such ornaments. If they were bestowed on them, the gold or silver was to be so coloured that "its splendour and beauty may not impart to the wearer an appearance of arrogance beyond his fellows." They were not to communicate with relations without permission of the Master, not to listen to idle or licentious talk, not to follow "the sport of catching one bird with another, not to shoot with the bow in the woods, nor halloo nor talk to a dog, nor spur a horse to catch game." There might be married brothers, if they and their wives promised solemnly to bequeath their property to the Order; but they must not appear in the white mantles worn by the other Knights. The celibate members (that is, nearly all, married Knights being rare exceptions) must not kiss "widow nor virgin, nor mother, nor sister, nor aunt, nor any other woman," and the wisdom of this rule was thus enforced,—*"Let the Knighthood of Christ shun feminine kisses, through which men have very often been drawn into danger, so that each, with a pure conscience and secure life, may be able to walk everlastingly in the sight of God."*

The social status of the Knights was to be

preserved; they ought to have lands, and men, and husbandmen, because they were Knights. But, Knights as they were, they must submit to punishment by the lawful heads of the Order; the Master, however, being advised to take heed that, in administering punishment, the sinner be not encouraged by easy lenity, nor hardened in iniquity by immoderate severity. "If any offending member will not be amended by godly admonition and earnest reasoning, but will go on more and more lifting himself up with pride, then let him be cast out; for it is necessary that the dying sheep should be removed from the society of the faithful brothers." Bernard finally thus encouraged the members of the Order: "Under Divine Providence, we do believe, this new kind of religion was introduced by you in the holy places, that is to say, the union of warfare with religion, so that religion, being armed, maketh her way by the sword, and smiteth the enemy without sin."

THE WHITE AND RED CROSS KNIGHTS.

The members of the Order of St. John, the brothers who had the charge of the hospital for the pilgrims, had before this obtained the sanction of Pope Calixtus (the predecessor of Honorius) for remodelling the Order, and thenceforth appear in history as the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, a great association rivalling and surviving the Knights Templars. The Hospitallers wore black mantles with white crosses, and Pope Honorius assigned to the Templars white mantles as their peculiar dress. A few years later, Pope Eugenius III. ordered that they should wear a red cross on the left breast. The red cross was also displayed on their banner, which was formed of cloth striped black and white, whence it was named *Beauseant*, an old French term applied to a horse marked with those colours. From this arose the war-cry, "*Beauseant!*" raised when the conflict raged fiercely by the Red Cross Knights.

THE PRIORY IN LONDON.

In 1128, De Payens visited London, and was warmly welcomed by Henry I. and the leading nobles. In pursuance of the plan proposed by the heads of the Order to establish branches (to use a modern term) in the principal cities of Europe, the Grand Master obtained permission to found a Priory of the Temple in the road leading to the Old Bourne, the stream which ran into the Fleet river. Southampton Buildings, in Holborn, now covers the site of the old priory. The journey was extended to Scotland; and in both countries De Payens was "well received by all good men," and received large donations of gold and silver for the benefit of the

Order. The chivalric and religious spirit of the age, which so curiously combined a spirit of adventure with a spirit of devotion, and was ready to derive as great pleasure from killing the Saracens as from saving the Sepulchre, seems to have been fascinated by the idea of a body of gallant Knights binding themselves by vows to support the faith by the force of arms. The Norman romances, founded on

De Payens left England, "there went with him and after him," says the writer of the events, "so great a number as never before since the days of Pope Urban," that is, since the departure of the first Crusaders. Grants of land as well as of money were made, and priors and sub-priors were appointed to manage the estates of the Order and transmit the money to Jerusalem.



PETER THE HERMIT'S CALL TO A CRUSADE.

the Arthurian legends, the traditionary exploits of doughty champions, who rode hither and thither in search of adventures, rescuing captives, helping the helpless, and slaying oppressors, had prepared the popular mind to welcome the existence of an Order the semi-religious character of which demanded reverence, while the brilliant prowess of the Knights extorted admiration. When

GIFTS TO THE ORDER.

Not only were enormous gifts and bequests made, but wealthy and enthusiastic persons appeared to suppose that a peculiar sanctity attached to the fraternity, and many distinguished persons on their death-beds took the vows, that they might be buried in the habit of the Order, and so partake of the blessings

believed to be bestowed on the souls of Templars. Sovereign princes and nobles of scarcely inferior rank enrolled themselves as members of the fraternity, and bequeathed vast estates, even entire territories, to the Master and brethren of the Temple. Bernard, whose personal influence was greater than that of any other man in Christendom, already regarded as a saint, whose canonization after

by donations of land and money. On his return to Jerusalem he was received with great honour, and for five or six years afterwards, until his death in 1136, continued to hold the office of Grand Master, and to be the leading spirit of the Knights of the Temple. His successor was Robert the Burgundian (son-in-law of William de Curbellio, Archbishop of Canterbury), who held



DOING BATTLE WITH THE INFIDELS.

death was a certainty, issued from his cell at Clairvaux a famous discourse on "The New Chivalry," and congratulated Jerusalem on the appearance of the Soldiers of Christ, in the words with which Isaiah prophesied good things for the holy city.

Not only in England, but in nearly all the Christian countries of Europe, De Payens established priories of the Order, supported

the office nearly ten years, and was followed by Everard des Barres, Prior of the Order in France, and the period of his rule was destined to be marked by great events.

NOUREDDIN THE SARACEN.

The Saracen Sultan of Egypt and Syria, the famous Zenghis, or Emod-el-Deen, "pillar of religion," and his son, the even more

famous *Nour-ed-Deen*, "light of religion," known in popular history as *Noureddin*, brave warriors animated by that fanatical zeal for propagating their creed by the sword which had subdued the north of Africa and the south-western peninsula of Europe to the sway of the Crescent, determined to attack and, if possible, destroy the Latin Kingdom in Palestine. In 1144 and the following year, *Noureddin* had made himself master of important positions in Mesopotamia and of the city of Aleppo, and pursuing his victorious course, defeated and killed *Raymond*, Prince of Antioch, in 1149, and threatened the very existence of the Christian power in Palestine. "The Latin Kingdom shook to its foundation," says one historian.

THE SECOND CRUSADE.

On the reception in Europe of the intelligence of the successes of the Saracen prince, *Bernard* exerted all his eloquence and influence to arouse the Christian Powers to a new Crusade. The Emperor *Conrad II.* and *Louis VII.* of France responded to the call. A chapter of the Order of the Templars was convened at Paris, where they were received by Pope *Eugenius III.*, the King of France, and an assembly of the most distinguished princes, prelates, and nobles from all parts of Christendom. A second Crusade was resolved on, a large army collected, the protecting rear-guard composed of Knights Templars. Having reached Jerusalem the immense force was reorganised, and then a march was made to Damascus, occupied by *Noureddin* and his brother *Saif-eddin*, "sword of the faith." The old city, the scene of so many sieges from the days of the Assyrians downwards, was once more surrounded by a hostile force. The Crusaders were attacked and defeated with tremendous slaughter by the Saracens.

Shortly afterwards *Des Barres* resigned his high office—humiliated, perhaps, at the defeat of the Christian army—and retired to the monastery of *Clairvaux*, over which *Bernard* ruled. The new Grand Master was *Bernard de Tremelay*, a member of a very distinguished family of Burgundy, and he soon had an opportunity of displaying his abilities as a military leader. The infidels had advanced, trampling down all opposition, to the very walls of Jerusalem. The banner of the Crescent waved on the Mount of Olives; the gardens and villages, so sacred in the eyes of Christian men, visited and wept over by legions of Christian pilgrims, were trampled down and occupied by the fierce legions of the power which the faithful regarded as Antichrist. If anything could have added to the religious zeal of the warriors of the Temple, if anything could have nerved their arms to strike a blow, it was the sight

of the Paynim hosts near the Garden of Gethsemane and the humble homes of Bethany. Under cover of the night the Templars and their allies passed through the gates of Jerusalem, crossed the ravine, and attacked the Saracen camp. The Moslems flew to arms, but in the confusion which prevailed were no match for the avenging Knights. They were mercilessly slaughtered; five thousand, it is said, were left dead round and about the camp, and the disorderly host of refugees, a few hours before so insolent and defiant, fled in terror beyond the Jordan.

The great patron of the Order, *Bernard of Clairvaux*, died in 1153. On his deathbed he wrote a letter, commending the Templars to the spiritual care of the patriarch of Antioch, and another letter to one of the Knights, *André de Montbard*, expressing his affectionate solicitude for the Order and asking their prayers.

The Saracens, though defeated, were not subdued, as the Templars soon found to their cost. *Noureddin* and his followers were as brave and as fanatical in their faith as the Knights were. The Mahometan leader was an ascetic as well as a warrior, renouncing the temptations of the world, fasting and praying, and devoted all his energies to the task of recovering Jerusalem from the Christians. That was the sole object for which he lived, and no disaster could lessen his enthusiasm and belief in the promise of the Prophet, "The sword is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent in arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven him."

DEFEATS OF THE TEMPLARS.

The Templars were equally eager for the contest, and desired to complete the victory on the slopes of the Mount of Olives by driving the infidels from the land they polluted by their presence. The Saracens were strongly posted at Ascalon; and that town was attacked by the Knights. But disaster awaited them. A breach in the walls was made, and through it the gallant Master, *Bernard de Tremelay*, with a band of Knights, entered the town. They were surrounded by overpowering numbers, and fell fighting as Templars always fought. Not one was left alive, and their dead bodies were exposed in triumph on the walls.

About three years afterwards another disaster occurred. The new Master, *Bertrand de Blanguefort*, a Knight of Guienne, and a large body of the Knights, accompanied by King *Baldwin* of Jerusalem, were drawn into an ambush near the Lake of Tiberias. Three hundred Templars were slain, and the Grand Master and nearly ninety others taken pri-

soners. The defeat was partially avenged by a night attack made by a small body of the Knights on the camp of Noureddin, that renowned leader only escaping death or captivity by flying, half-naked and unarmed, from the field of battle. The Grand Master soon afterwards regained his liberty by the mediation of Manuel Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople.

CONFLICTS WITH SALADIN.

The most renowned leader of the forces of the Sultan of Egypt, the Saladin of romance—the Salah-ed-deen (“integrity of religion”) of Arabic history—attacked the fortified city of Gaza, belonging to the Templars, about 1174. The Knights were at a disadvantage in respect of number, but resolute as ever. They fasted and prayed, and then made an unexpected sally on Saladin’s camp, with such success that the Saracens broke up in disorder, and hastily retreated into Egypt. A year afterwards, Saladin, who, on the death of Noureddin, had become Sultan of Egypt and Syria, invaded Palestine with 60,000 men. There was a great battle before Ascalon. The Templars attacked the enemy’s lines with such vigour that the Saracens were scattered, and the great leader himself with difficulty escaped.

In 1176 the military Orders erected a strong fort near the Jordan, at the northern limit of the Latin Kingdom. There they were attacked by Saladin, and in a hard-fought battle, the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the Christian warriors were disastrously routed. The Grand Master of the Templars fell alive into the hands of the enemy; the others retreated behind the fortifications, to which Saladin then set fire. Some of the Knights were burned, others dashed to pieces by leaping from the rocks. Some were captured and sawn in two, and others sent in chains to Aleppo as captives, unless ransomed.

INFLUENCE AND WEALTH OF THE ORDER.

While these events were taking place in far-off Palestine, the Order was rising to colossal dimensions in Europe. The priory in London had become too small for the requirements of the establishment, and another site was chosen, on the banks of the Thames. A round church—we may visit it to-day if we will—on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was consecrated, in 1185, by Heraclius, the patriarch of Jerusalem. The quadrangular portion of the edifice was not added till more than fifty years afterwards (1240).

About the time of the consecration of this church, Geoffrey, the Superior of the Order in England, caused an inquisition to be made of the possessions of the Templars in this

country; and from that and other materials we may form some estimate of the wealth and influence of the Order. Mr. Addison, the modern historian of the Templars, tells us that “the number of manors, farms, churches, advowsons, demesne lands, villages, hamlets, wind-mills and water-mills, rent of assize, right of common and free manors, and the amount of all kinds of property possessed by the Templars in England at the period of the taking of this inquisition are astonishing. Upon the great estates belonging to the Order, prioral houses had been erected, wherein dwelt the procurators or stewards charged with the management of the manors and farms in their neighbourhood, and with the collection of the rents. These prioral houses became regular monastic establishments, inhabited chiefly by sick and aged Templars, who retired to them to spend the remainder of their days, after a long period of honourable service against the infidels in Palestine. They were cells to the principal house at London. There were also under these certain smaller administrations established for the management of the farms, consisting of a Knight Templar, to whom were associated some serving brothers of the Order, and a priest, who acted as almoner. The commissions or mandates directed by the Master of the Temple to the officers at the head of these establishments were called precepts, from the commencement of them, *Præcepimus tibi* (we enjoin, or direct, you, etc.) The Knights to whom they were addressed were styled *Præceptores Templi*, or Preceptors of the Temple, and the district administered by them *Præceptoría*, or preceptories.” At that time there were three hundred Knights and serving brothers innumerable in the Temple house on Mount Moriah. The wealth of the Order exceeded that of sovereign princes. They had three great Eastern provinces—Palestine (the ruling province), Antioch, and Tripoli—forts, and fortified cities. In Sicily they had many houses, large estates, and many important privileges and immunities. Throughout Italy there were numerous preceptories of the Order, and extensive convents. The arms of the Order are still to be seen at Perugia and Bologna. In Portugal they were also wealthy and powerful, and greatly distinguished themselves in fighting against the Moors. In Aragon, the Balearic Isles, in Germany and Hungary, they were wealthy and powerful, and in Greece they possessed lands and establishments, the chief house of this province being at Constantinople. “The preceptories and houses of the Temple in France were so numerous that it would be a wearisome and endless task to repeat the names of them.” The chief house of the Order for France, and also for Holland and the Nether-

lands, was the Temple at Paris, an extensive and magnificent structure, surrounded by a wall and a ditch. It was ornamented with a great tower, flanked by four smaller towers, erected by brother Herbert, almoner to the King of France, and was one of the strongest edifices in the kingdom. The visitor to Paris may now walk along the Rue de Temple, the Boulevard du Temple, the Faubourg du Temple, the name of the great Order being preserved there, as it is in London, and in the prefix to the name of many places in England, as Temple Rothley in Leicestershire, Temple Cowley in Oxfordshire, and others.

Matthew Paris tells us that in his time (about 1240) the Templars possessed nine thousand manors in Christendom, besides a large revenue and immense riches arising from the constant charitable bequests and donations of sums of money from pious persons. The annual income of the Order in Europe has been roughly estimated at six millions sterling. Besides this amount of wealth—an amazing amount, indeed, if we compare the value of money seven centuries ago with what it is at the present time—they had in this country extraordinary legal privileges and immunities, granted not only by the Kings, but by the Popes. Sir Edward Coke, in his “Institute of the Laws of England,” says, “The Templars did so overspread throughout Christendom, and so exceedingly increased in possessions, revenues, and wealth, and specially in England, as you will wonder to read in approved histories, and withal obtained so great and large privileges, liberties, and immunities for themselves, their tenants and farmers, etc., as no other Order had the like.”

The Grand Master of the Temple ranked in Europe as a sovereign prince, and had precedence of all ambassadors and peers in the general councils of the Church. He was elected to his high office by the chapter of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, which was composed of all the Knights of the East and of the West who could manage to attend.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

In 1190, a third Crusade was arranged. The leaders were the three greatest secular potentates of Europe,—Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, Philip II. of France, and Richard I. of England, the Cœur-de-Lion of romance, the Achilles of the battles of the Cross. In the two years' campaign against the Saracens, led by the renowned Saladin, the Templars and the two other great military Orders, the Hospitallers and the Teutonic Knights (organised in this Crusade, in imitation of the older Orders), highly distinguished themselves.

So great was the reputation of the Templars

throughout Europe, that when, in 1192, Richard desired to return to England privately, he adopted, presumably with the consent of the Grand Master, the habit of the Order, and reached Europe in a vessel belonging to the fraternity.

It was while wearing that dress that he was captured by the emissaries of the Emperor of Austria, and lost to the view of Christendom until, if legend may be accepted for history, he was discovered by the minstrel Blondin. The ship in which Cœur-de-Lion had embarked was wrecked on the coast of Istria, and the King was forced to make his way as he could, with one or two attendants, to his own country, and in the course of his wanderings reached the dominion of his personal enemy, Leopold, Duke of Austria. That treacherous potentate, jealous alike of the ascendancy and personal prowess of the English King, had some intimation of his movements, but failed to obtain an exact clue.

Travelling as a poor Templar, and lodging and faring in the humblest manner, Richard escaped recognition until he reached a little village near Vienna. One of his attendants, a young page, having been sent to purchase provisions, was seen by one of Leopold's followers who had returned from the Crusade. The lad was recognized and questioned; but as he refused to give satisfactory answers, he was cruelly tortured, and in his agony told where he had left his master. Duke Leopold immediately sent a band of soldiers to the inn, and they searched the place, examining every inmate, but could find none of whom they could say, as Queen Elinor did, in Shakespeare's *King John*, “He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face.” The host was questioned and threatened; “There is no one here,” he protested, “like him whom you seek, unless it be the Templar in the kitchen, turning the fowls which are roasting for dinner.” Into the kitchen rushed the emissaries of Leopold, and there found seated a man of mighty thews and sinews, quietly engaged in turning the spit. The Austrian officer, who had served in the Crusades, knew him at once, and exclaimed, “It is he! seize him.” To seize Cœur-de-Lion was not an easy exploit. Springing to his feet, Richard, writes Bernard le Trésorier, “did battle for his liberty right valiantly, but was overpowered by numbers.”

A MOGUL INVASION.

For the next fifty years or thereabouts, the martial history of the Templars is the story of the Crusades. They shared in most of the victories and vicissitudes of the soldiers of the Cross, growing in reputation abroad and in wealth at home. Long before 1230, Richard had died, and so had the most

chivalrous of the Saracens, Saladin, as polished and graceful, but as keen and cruel, as his own scimitar. At the date named, a truce of ten years had been arranged, the Emperor Frederick II. had obtained possession of Jerusalem, and the arms of the warriors of the Temple might have rusted had not a new enemy appeared on the field.

In 1242, the Moguls, or Mongols, that race of Scythian descent who, under Genghis or Zenghis Khan, had made themselves masters of the best part of Central Asia, made their appearance in Syria. They were of the same stock as those Turcomans whose oppression of the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem and the pilgrims had roused Europe to the adventure of the first Crusade. The barbaric Moguls were led by Barbacan, a Kharizmian chief, who had a force of twenty thousand horsemen. Jerusalem was not in a condition to sustain a siege, and the Templars and the other military Orders quitted it, without leaving, it would seem,—and their conduct is inexplicable,—any protection against the cruel foe. The Kharizmian warriors entered Jerusalem, and indiscriminately massacred the inhabitants.

ALLIANCE WITH THE SARACENS.

Christian and Mahometan sanctuaries were alike outraged and pillaged, sepulchres even were violated, and the remains of the dead rifled and searched for hidden ornaments and treasure. The Christian Knights had learned in the interval of peace to live in something like friendship with the Saracens, once their deadliest foes, and now both made common cause against the fierce invaders. The Knights of Jerusalem united their forces with the Moslems of Damascus and Aleppo; and, urged by the appeal of the Patriarch, hurried rashly into the field. The event proved that they had miscalculated their own strength and undervalued the prowess of the foe, for they were defeated with terrible slaughter. The Grand Masters of the Templars and the Hospitallers were killed, and only thirty-three Templars, twenty-six Hospitallers, and three Teutonic Knights of all those engaged, survived the conflict.

Tiberias, Ascalon, and other strong places, fell into the hands of the enemy; and the remnant of the Christian chivalry took refuge in Acre, that memorable town which, fifty years before, Cœur-de-Lion had captured, after a two years' siege, at a cost of more than three hundred thousand men. Then the Saracen Sultan of Egypt came to the rescue. The barbarians were defeated; Barbacan, their leader, was killed, and the remnant of the horde driven back to the eastern deserts whence they came.

ANOTHER CRUSADE.

With the end of the common danger came

the end of the alliance. To the Christian princes and ecclesiastics of Europe, the Sultan of Egypt, although he had expelled the Moguls, was nearly as objectionable in the capacity of master of Jerusalem. The Holy Sepulchre was still in the custody of infidels; and in 1248, at a great council at Lyons, presided over by Pope Innocent IV., the seventh Crusade was arranged, the most prominent command being taken by Louis IX. (St. Louis) of France. The army reached Lower Egypt, and at the suggestion of the Count d'Artois, brother of the French King, a brave but rash and inexperienced warrior, made an attack on Mansourah, the capital. The assault was repulsed with terrible loss to the Crusaders. The King of France himself was taken prisoner, the Grand Master of the Templars was killed, and thirty thousand of the Christian force were either slain in the heat of battle, or afterwards massacred in cold blood.

DEADLY QUARREL WITH THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

A few years afterwards, the jealousy which had been long smouldering between the two great Orders broke out into open flame. Templars and Hospitallers alike believed themselves to be too renowned and powerful to brook a rival. Each Order could claim as members princes and nobles of the highest rank; each could boast of a long record of great achievements; each was enormously wealthy; and each was proud, arrogant, and defiant. Quarrels broke out in the seaports of Palestine, each Order claiming exclusive privileges and quarters; words were followed by blows, and even the sanctity of churches was violated by sanguinary struggles within the edifices. At length it was resolved to test the rival pretensions by an appeal to the ordeal of battle. The Masters of the two great Orders arranged, therefore, a formal engagement. The red cross and the white cross mingled in the fray. Knights renowned throughout Christendom for valour, who had fought side by side against the Moslems, now turned their lances against each other. The Templars fought with the valour which always distinguished the Order; but the Hospitallers prevailed, and scarcely one of the Red Cross Knights escaped with life on that fatal day.

INVASION OF THE MAMELUKES.

The excitement among the members of the Order at home was intense. From the preceptories and houses of the Temple of all parts of Europe, Knights departed to fill the places of those struck down by the grim warriors of St. John. A war of extermination would have been the result, but, fortunately for the peace of Christendom—for who could say to what principalities and powers the feud might have extended?—the Mamelukes, under Bon-

docdar, a renowned chieftain, invaded Palestine, and changed the state of affairs. The reinforced Templars and the victorious Hospitallers forgot their quarrel, and united against the infidel, setting a noble example of heroism to their allies, and indulging in rivalry only to the extent of bravely competing for the honour of bearing the banner of the Cross triumphantly into the ranks of the warriors of the Crescent.

APOSTACY OR DEATH?

In one of the battles, ninety Templars fell by treachery into the hands of Bibar, the great Mameluke chief. They had capitulated in accordance with a promise of honourable treatment; but no sooner had they quitted their stronghold, than they were surrounded and secured. Bibar offered the Knights so treacherously captured the choice of Islamism or death. To a man they chose the latter, and were at once slaughtered, meeting death as brave men should. Flushed with victory, the Mamelukes besieged and took Antioch, putting to the sword many thousands of the Christian inhabitants of that large city, and capturing, it is said, as many as a hundred thousand more, to be sold into slavery.

SIEGE OF ACRE AND END OF THE CRUSADES.

The eighth and last Crusade, under the leadership of Louis of France and Prince Edward of England, was undertaken in 1270. One of the most prominent events was the siege of Acre by the Mahometans. The city was the last refuge of the Christians, and was in a state of great internal confusion. Europeans of many nations were crowded there, and there were seventeen independent tribunals, and, of necessity, divided counsels among the leaders. When the besieging army appeared in sight, most of those who could contrive to escape fled from the city, which was left with a garrison of about twelve thousand men, nearly all belonging to the military Orders. The siege lasted thirty-three days, and then a breach was made, through which the Moslems poured into the city. Lusignan, who held the title of the King of Jerusalem, basely fled. The Hospitallers, led by their Grand Master, cut their way through the beleaguering host, and reached the coast. The Templars maintained the defence, Pierre de Beaujeau, the Grand Master, being killed by a poisoned arrow. The courage displayed by the Knights daunted the otherwise successful foe, and they were offered, and accepted, an honourable passage from the city. Directly they had quitted the fortress, however, they were attacked, and many were slain. The brave remnant cut their way through, and ultimately reached Cyprus.

That gallant band were the last of the

Crusaders, and theirs was the last effort for the defence of Palestine.

THE TEMPLARS IN ENGLAND.

In England, the Templars were at the summit of wealth and prosperity. In the reign of Henry III., Queen Berangeria, widow of Cœur-de-Lion, was unable to obtain payment of her annuity promised by King John, who had pleaded "the greatness of his adversity by reason of the wickedness of his magnates and barons," and who, indeed, would as soon have defrauded his sister-in-law as any other person. Berangeria appealed to the Pope to help her to obtain the amount due, £4,000. The Templars took up her cause, and became guaranties for the payment of the money. When Henry III. died, and was buried in the old coffin which had originally contained the corpse of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, the Knights Templars, with the consent of the widowed Queen Eleanor, undertook the care and expense of the funeral, which was very magnificent, and raised a superb monument to his memory, inlaid with precious stones brought from the Holy Land by his son Edward.

The wars in Palestine were ended; the special work of the Templars was no longer to be performed. The temple was in the hands of Mahometans, and Moslem eyes gazed irreverently on the Church of the Sepulchre. The Knights were in Europe potentates even amongst princes, lords of vast estates, masters of untold wealth. Their possessions excited the envy of kings; their power and military prestige aroused fear and jealousy. Kings wanted money, the Templars had it. These were two propositions in the great logic of events; the conclusion was soon supplied, and the syllogism completed. Edward I., who had fought by the side of the Knights in Palestine, began by seizing the funds which the Templars had collected for the use of their brethren in Cyprus, but, on the interposition of the Pope, refunded it. On his return from the campaign in Wales, being pressed for money, he sent to the Temple in London, and caused the coffers to be broken open, and £10,000 to be taken away. His son, Edward II., sent his too ready companion and favourite, Piers Gaveston, to repeat the act of spoliation, and £50,000, gold, jewels, and silver, were taken.

PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

The King of France, Philip, was also in want of money—a common want of kings in those times. He began by confiscating the property of the Jews—an action rather meritorious than otherwise, according to the prevailing code of morals; but on attempting to extend the operation to his Christian

subjects, and to pay his debts in base coin, while exacting good money in all payments of taxes by his subjects, there was a cry about "cruel injustice," and a riot broke out in Paris ; the King himself being threatened by a mob which gathered around his palace. He believed, or affected to believe, that the Templars had fermented the outbreak, and he made that supposition the excuse for a course of action, which perhaps he would not have had the courage to adopt more openly, for among the Templars (who then numbered about fifteen thousand) were members of some of the most powerful families of France.

HORRIBLE CHARGES AND TORTURE.

Philip had acquired almost unbounded influence at Rome. The Pope was a French cardinal, and many of the cardinals were also of French birth. In 1307, the King summoned the Grand Master from Cyprus, and he arrived in Paris, in company with sixty Knights. Philip secretly sent letters to all the governors of the provinces in France, accusing the Templars of profanity, infidelity, and the most horrible crimes which a depraved imagination could conceive. The only authority he adduced was the statement of an apostate Templar named De Florestan. On the night of the 13th of October, every Templar in France was arrested. Monks were appointed to preach against them in the public places, exciting the popular anger by accusing the Knights of worshipping idols ; burning the bodies of their dead brethren, making a powder from their ashes and administering it to the young Knights ; of roasting infants and anointing the idols with the fat ; of celebrating hidden rites and mysteries, and perpetrating abominable debaucheries.

After suffering an imprisonment of twelve days, the Knights were delivered over to the tender mercies of the Dominican monks, the most accomplished torturers of the time. A hundred and forty Templars were put to the torture, their feet roasted before slow fires till the flesh dropped off, and submitted to other cruelties too horrible and disgusting to be described in detail. In their agony many made so-called confessions, really dictated by the Dominicans—confessions afterwards retracted by some of the braver spirits.

EDWARD II. AND THE POPE.

Edward of England was not unwilling to avail himself of the Templars' wealth, but felt or feigned indignation at the cruelties perpetrated by his brother of France. He addressed letters to the Kings of Portugal, Castile, Aragon, and Sicily, asking them not to punish the Templars unless their guilt was legally proved ; and also to the Pope, expressing his disbelief in the horrible accusations. The Pope, however, had anticipated

him by forwarding a bull requiring the King to seize the persons of all the Templars in his dominions. Edward II. was one of the weakest of men, and abjectly complied.

On the 8th of January, 1308, the English Templars were suddenly arrested in all parts of the Kingdom. William de la More, the Master of the Temple in London, and all his Knights, were committed to close custody in Canterbury Castle, but, on the intervention of the Bishop of Durham, admitted to bail. The King began with great promptitude to apply the property of the Order to his own use ; but the Pope (who held very decided views of his own on the matter) wrote to him to the effect that his conduct in doing so "affords us no slight cause of affliction," and that fit and proper persons would be sent to England to take possession of the property and to make an inquisition concerning "the execrable excesses" the members of the Order were said to have committed.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THE ENGLISH TEMPLARS.

In September 1309, the Pope's inquisitors arrived ; they were Dieudonné, abbot of Lagny, and Sicard de Vaury, canon of Narbonne and chaplain to the Pope. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in obedience to Papal instructions, made public a bull, in which the Pope declared himself perfectly convinced of the guilt of the Templars, and threatening with excommunication all persons who should give "assistance, counsel, or kindness," to the members of the Order. That being the decision arrived at, of course the so-called trial of the accused was a mere absurdity. The tribunal, consisting of the Pope's inquisitors and the Bishop of London, assembled in the episcopal palace on the 20th of October, a year and eight months after the Templars had been arrested. Torture had been applied, and confessions, as they were called, extorted. The Master and some of his associates were brought from the Tower, and eighty-seven articles of indictment were exhibited. Among other charges were those of spitting on the cross, and offering even greater indignities to the sacred symbol ; of denying that Christ was very God ; of worshipping a cat ; of claiming for the Master the power of forgiving sins ; of worshipping an idol with three faces ; and of habitually practising abominations which cannot be described. Sitzings of the inquisitors were also held at Lincoln and York.

The witnesses were nearly all monks, Carmelites, Augustinians, and Minorites, aided by a few serving-men and apostates who had been expelled from the Order for misconduct. There was scarcely any direct evidence ; but the readiness with which the witnesses deposed to matters they had "heard of," or

"suspected" to have occurred, was remarkable. It is quite possible that the Templars had secret rites of initiation, some vague knowledge of which had reached the outer world, and so made a shadowy basis for the charges. Indeed, M. Michelet, the French historian, ventures to say, "The forms of reception into the Order were borrowed from the whimsical dramatic rites, the mysteries which the ancient Church did not dread to connect with the most sacred doctrines and objects. The candidate for admission was presented in the character of a sinner, a bad Christian, a renegade. In imitation of St. Peter, he denied Christ; the denial was pantomimically represented by spitting on the cross. The Order undertook to restore this renegade—to lift him to a height as great as the depth to which he had fallen." Worn out by torture, many of the Templars confessed all kinds of crimes, and some were permitted to make public recantation of their offences in St. Paul's and at York, and then reconciled to the Church. The Master, William de la More, died of a broken heart in a dungeon of the Tower of London, and others died in prison, where they languished loaded with chains.

On the suppression of the Order, many of the Knights who had confessed the error of their ways were received into different monasteries, living on small pensions doled out to them. The first Knights of the Order had made a vow of poverty; their successors now gradually realised it.

HORRIBLE CRUELITIES IN FRANCE, AND ABOLITION OF THE ORDER.

While these events were transpiring in England, the proceedings against the Templars in France were of a most sanguinary character. Edward of England, instigated by the Pope, was contented with a moderate amount of torture and robbery; Philip of France, whose creature Pope Clement V. was, determined that the Knights should be extirpated. Fifty-four members of the Order were burned in an open place at Paris, and many others at various places; and so revolting in its cruelty was the persecution, that the corpse of a dead Templar of renown was dragged from its grave and burned.

The Pope abolished the Order by a bull drawn up in a private consistory, and the survivors of the famous Templars were left to the mercies of the King. Edward of England offered no protection. He had joined in the spoliation, and had, moreover, married Isabella the Fair, the daughter of Philip, who was gifted with a fine dowry from the wealth of the Templars.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF THE GRAND MASTER.

On the 18th of March, 1313, Jacques de

Molay, the Grand Master, and others who had been prisoners for more than five years, appeared, loaded with chains, on a public scaffold, erected before the great church of Notre Dame, in Paris, and the citizens were summoned to hear their confessions. The papal legate called upon them to renew in the hearing of the people the avowals they had previously made of their guilt. De Molay, raising his fettered arms, advanced to the edge of the scaffold, and in a loud voice declared that to say that which was untrue was a crime in the sight of God and man. He added, "I do confess my guilt, which consists in having, to my shame and dishonour, suffered myself, through the pain of torture and the fear of death, to give utterance to falsehoods, imputing scandalous sins and iniquities to an illustrious Order which hath nobly served the cause of Christianity. I disdain to seek a wretched and disgraceful existence by engrafting another lie on the original falsehood."

He was forcibly interrupted, and taken back to prison, whence he and the Grand Preceptor, who also declared his innocence, were taken that same day, by the order of the King, and slowly burned to death over a charcoal fire on a little island of the Seine, near the spot where now stands the statue of Henry IV. A legend, long believed, asserts that De Molay, with his last breath, cited the Pope to appear within forty days, and the King within a year, before the judgment-seat of God. It is a fact that the Pope died within the period mentioned of an attack of dysentery, and that the church in which the coffin was deposited was burnt down, and the body of Clement almost entirely consumed; and that shortly afterwards Philip died of a lingering and painful disease.

A SCRAMBLE FOR THE POSSESSIONS.

In England, the King quarrelled with the Pope about the property of the Order, which was eagerly scrambled for by the Court favourites; but ultimately, yielding to papal pressure, conferred it upon the Knights of St. John, who, however, did not obtain it for some time, and then only on payment of exorbitant fees. The great house, with its church, by the river-side was afterwards granted to students of law; and when Henry VIII. abolished the Order of the Hospitallers, the lawyers became tenants of the Crown. The nine cross-legged effigies in the round church do not represent Knights-Templars, but distinguished Crusaders buried there. There is good reason to suppose that only one monumental effigy of a Templar exists, and that represents John, Count de Dreux, buried in the church of St. Yvod de Braine, near Soissons, in France.

G. R. E.



THE MEETING OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM AND GENERAL HAVELOCK.

INDIA'S AGONY.

THE STORY OF THE SEPOY MUTINY OF 1857.

"Where ev'ry prospect pleases, and only man is vile."—HEBER.

A Terrible Example—The "Company's" India; Conquest and Misrule—Shaking the Pagoda-tree—Mutinies of the Last Century—A Danger Disregarded—Sir Charles Napier's Opinion—A Policy of Annexation—The First Outbreak—The Greased Cartridges—Meerut—Delhi and the Great Mogul—Spread of the Mutiny—Prompt Action of Lord Canning—The Two Lawrences and Outram—Meen Meer—General Anson—Successive Commanders—Delhi Retaken—Hodson and the Family of the Mogul—Nana Sahib of Bithoor—Cawnpore—The Massacre on the Ganges—The Turn of the Tide—Vengeance of Nana Sahib—Struggle in Oudh—Havelock and Outram—Lucknow—Sir Colin Campbell—Slaughter of the Rebels—"Lucknow" Kavanagh—Final Throes of the Mutiny—Bareilly—Transfer of India to the English Government—End of the East India Company.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

THE time is close upon five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th of October, 1857; the place is the general parade ground of Fort George, at Bombay.

Since noon it has been known in the Government

Offices that there is to be a military execution; and the first rumours have been corroborated by the circulation, throughout the island of Bombay, of a garrison order that has come like a shock upon the whole community. For this is no ordinary military execution; the fatal paper announces that recourse is to be had to a proceeding so unusual that only a few white-bearded men can remember that similar scenes were enacted in their youth. For the garrison order sets forth that Drill Havildar Syed Hoossein, of the Marine Battalion Native Infantry, and Private Mungul Guddrea, of the 10th Regiment N.I., having been pronounced guilty at an European general court-martial of having on the night of the 3rd of



the same month attended a seditious meeting, and there made use of highly seditious language, evincing a traitorous disposition towards the Government, tending to promote rebellion against the State, and to subvert the authority of the British Government, the said Syed Hoossein and Mungul Guddrea are to suffer death by being blown away from the muzzle of a cannon.

As the time for the terrible spectacle approaches, hundreds of Europeans are seen wending their way to the parade ground; while from the alleys and lanes of the Black town thousands upon thousands of the dark-skinned population come pouring forth. The stranger is at once struck by the feature that impresses every new-comer in India,—the immense contrast between the swarming masses of natives and the mere handful of the resolute, inflexible, dominant race by whom they are held in subjection. The neighbouring city, whose inhabitants are pouring forth to the esplanade, numbers eight hundred thousand inhabitants; and the proportion of Europeans is exceedingly small,—for the sway of the East India Company is not yet a thing of the past on this October afternoon in 1857; and the system which discourages by every means the establishment of “uncovenanted” Europeans and interlopers is, with various other extraordinary rules and customs of “Company Bahadoor,” still in full operation. The prevailing expression on the dark faces is one of apathy and indifference; but who shall tell what volcanic fires of rage and hatred may be smouldering in the bosoms of those undemonstrative men, and how suddenly the flames may burst forth, and the stolid mask may be rent and blown away into atoms, like the bodies of the unhappy traitors, the hour of whose doom has come suddenly upon them?

And now the troops in garrison come marching out to take up the positions marked out for them on the parade ground. They are drawn up on the parade so as to form three sides of a hollow square; but the component parts of these sides are very different. The base consists of about five hundred men of the 95th Regiment, and the same number of sailors in the Company’s service; while at the sides are drawn up three Sepoy regiments, the 10th Native Infantry, to which the condemned culprit, Mungul Guddrea belonged, being one of them.

All this was regular enough, and according to routine, that the whole garrison should be summoned to witness so important an act as a military execution. But now came a startling and unusual detail. Besides the two guns pointed forward from the base line, and intended for the execution of the two criminals, six others were accurately planted in

the square, three being turned against each of the two opposite sides. These were served by men of the Royal Artillery, who stood by them, lighted match in hand. They were loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, and pointed full against the Sepoy regiments. At the same time the 95th Queen’s Regiment and the Company’s sailors loaded their Enfields, ready at a moment’s notice to fire into the Sepoy ranks; and then, amid a death-like silence, the two culprits were marched forward. The artillery men stripped them of their regimental jackets, bound them to the guns. Then, after an instant of terrible suspense, the word “fire” was given. A thunderous explosion shook the ground; and, amid thick wreaths of smoke, a horrible shower of crimson morsels came down like a red hail,—the remnants of the two unhappy culprits blown out of the world.

And all this while the Sepoys stood in their ranks, and moved not hand or foot. In silence they looked on while their comrades were blown to fragments; in silence they marched back to their quarters when the sweepers had collected, with brooms and baskets, the relics of the two culprits, and the tragedy was played out. And yet there was not an European present who did not breathe more freely, and feel that a crisis of supreme danger was past, when the dusky, sullen forces disappeared under the archways leading to the barracks, and the grim order of the day had been successfully carried out.

For the crime for which such swift and exemplary punishment had descended upon those two guilty men had been nothing less than an organised conspiracy, the fourth within a few months, to seize the island of Bombay, and murder every European, without distinction of age or sex; and this diabolical scheme was planned at the time when India was passing through the great agony of the mutiny that was destined to mark on the page of history, in letters of blood, the centenary of British rule in the peninsula of India.

The story of that mutiny, of the tremendous struggle it entailed, and of the manner in which British valour and endurance at last triumphed over the enormous perils and difficulties of “India’s agony,” we here purpose briefly to tell.

THE COMPANY’S INDIA; CONQUEST AND MISRULE.

The whole history of our Anglo-Indian Empire is full of surprises, and in many respects reads like a wild romance rather than like sober reality. The unexampled spectacle of a company of merchants, a trading corporation, converted within a few years into the rulers of a hundred millions of human beings, with almost irresponsible power, to

rule justly or tyrannically as their own inclination or interests prompted, was in itself sufficiently startling; but the wonder was greatly increased by the manner in which the Company was permitted, year after year, to exercise the utterly anomalous and exceptional authority with which it was invested. "It's such a long way off," is in many instances equal to "It happened such a long time ago;" and India has always been looked upon, oddly enough, as beyond the ordinary ken, and exempt from ordinary rules. One of the most graphic of our writers on India, Dr. Russell, has remarked on the indifference manifested in England on the abuse of power thousands of miles away; how, in spite of the marvellous eloquence of Burke and his colleagues, the accusations against Warren Hastings, though of the gravest kind, were received with indifference by the people because the acts referred to were perpetrated in such a far country; whereas, had they been done in the Channel Islands, in Ireland, or in Scotland, the intelligence would have been received with a general burst of indignation. "To-night I hear," says the same writer,—it is in 1858,—"that the menagerie of the King of Oude, as much his private property as his watch or turban, were sold under discreditable circumstances, and his jewels seized and impounded, though we had no more claim on them than on the Crown diamonds of Russia. Do the English people care for those things? Do they know them? The hundred millions of Hindostan know them well, and care for them too." How deeply the natives of India cared, the events of 1857 and 1858 sufficiently testified.

"SHAKING THE PAGODA-TREE"; NATIVE HATRED TO FOREIGN RULE.

With "all its glories, conquests, triumphs, spoils," the government of the East India Company in India was tainted from the very first with mighty vices; and these became more flagrant as time gave to the various abuses the impunity and even the authority derived from prescription. For generation after generation, the great aim and object of the servants of the Company, from the high civil and military functionaries downwards, was to squeeze as large as possible a fortune out of the country as quickly as might be, and to turn their backs upon it for ever, so soon as that object had been attained, and the last golden harvest had been shaken down from the pagoda tree. With perfect truth has it been said that if the native rulers chastised the people with whips, the European masters chastised them with scorpions, and that the subjugated race found the little finger of the Company thicker than the loins of the worst and most dissolute of

their native princes. Hindoos and Mahometans were sufficiently acute to submit to the inevitable, and to crouch beneath a despotism upheld by the sword, wielded in the hands of masters whom they never met in the field without a certainty of defeat and of swift and terrible punishment. But none but the wilfully blind could assert or even affect to believe that the English rule in India was popular among the inhabitants, and that anything but the conviction of the uselessness of resistance induced them to remain quiet under it, or to refrain from attempts to pull it down. Whenever the English arms received even a temporary check, the excitement and restlessness among the natives, their eager expectation of deliverance from the foreign yoke, became unmistakable; and to those capable of discerning the signs of the times, the likelihood of a tremendous outbreak sooner or later, must have now and then been present, like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast. And, indeed, the most pressing and terrible form in which danger to the foreign rule could offer itself, had been brought before them more than once, though at long intervals, and the lesson had passed unheeded. There had repeatedly been great and formidable military mutinies.

MUTINIES IN INDIA DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

Already in Clive's time, when the Company had not long emerged from the position of a trading corporation holding certain lands for which rent was paid to the native governments, there were occasional outbreaks of insubordination in the army, that threatened to overthrow the newly erected power. One of the most formidable of these occurred during Clive's third visit to India, when the conqueror of Plassy came to Calcutta as governor, with the avowed intention of putting down the great and growing evils that had taken root in the administration, "or perishing in the attempt." The Sepoys were at that time in such a state of chronic insubordination that they are described as being only kept in check by wholesale executions. But it was among the European officers that the mutiny broke out. Indignant at some restrictive regulations introduced by the Governor, they refused obedience; and a great number of them struck against him, resigning their commissions on the same day. Clive put them down with an energy and decision that astonished them into rapid and abject submission; but an evil example had been set, which was followed by the native troops. On various occasions outbreaks occurred, which should have served as warnings to the authorities, but passed unheeded.

A DANGER DISREGARDED, AND A LESSON LEFT UNREAD.

One of the most dangerous of these was the rising at Vellore, in the Madras Presidency, in 1856; where two Sepoy battalions attacked the European soldiers, murdering 113 of them, and were themselves attacked with a loss of 800 of their number by the 19th Dragoons, under Colonel Gillespie. Other outbreaks had been planned by the native soldiery; and the European officers and officials, who by their energy and foresight prevented these attempts from being carried out, received scant thanks and no reward for their services; on the contrary they were stigmatised as alarmists, and the government completely failed to realise the gravity and extent of the danger, or to note the significant fact that the immediate causes of the disaffection were to be found in regulations concerning dress, accoutrements, shaving, the wearing of marks of caste, and other matters that had to do with the religious feelings and prejudices of the native soldiery.

In 1824, at the breaking out of the Burmese war, insubordination, carried, indeed, to an outrageous extent on parade, again appeared; various regiments declaring that to cross the "Black water" would be a violation of the precepts of their religion. On one occasion it became absolutely necessary to open with a fire of artillery upon the insurgents. In 1844, there was a mutiny of Bengal regiments at Ferozepore, who refused to march to occupy the conquered territory of Scinde, unless increased allowances were granted to them. In 1849 and 1850, there were again mutinies among the 13th, 22nd, and 66th Bengal Native Infantry. Concession and remonstrance in some instances, firmness and severity in others, got over the difficulties for the time; but still the authorities refused to read the lesson that stared them in the face, or to remember that the pitcher goes to the well until it is broken. Each time the difficulty was for the moment averted, they treated it as permanently overcome; like the debtor who, on signing a bill at three months for a liability he was unable to meet, rejoicingly rubbed his hands, declaring that "*that* matter was settled."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S OPINION; CHANGED FEELING OF THE SEPOYS.

One far-seeing and sagacious man there was who read the signs of the times aright, and lifted up his voice in warning persistently, honestly, and vainly; this was the conqueror of Scinde, the gallant and good Sir Charles Napier. That strenuous and experienced officer was utterly astounded at the state in which he found the Sepoy regi-

ments, and at the want of discipline and subordination everywhere apparent. He roundly asserted that India was in danger, and declared that swift, combined, and energetic action was necessary, if the whole country were not to be lost to British rule. But his outspoken frankness drew upon him the censure of the viceroy, Lord Dalhousie, and a lamentable conflict ensued between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, until the latter threw up his office in well-grounded anger and disgust. With the volcano of disaffection rumbling beneath them, the authorities pursued the path of false security until it led them to ruin.

The feeling of the Sepoys towards the English had greatly changed since those days when, during the defence of Arcot, the native soldiers came to Clive, who was in command, not to complain of the privations they were suffering, but to propose that all the rice should be given to the European portion of the garrison, while they, who required less nourishment, would content themselves with the thin gruel that was strained from the boiled grain. The Sepoy of a hundred years later was a proud, stubborn, and obstinate being, exceedingly tenacious of what he considered his rights, and above all things punctilious on questions affecting his caste. The mutiny at Vellore had been in a great measure due to a rumour that the Sepoys were to be compelled "to wear the leather stock, supposed to have been manufactured from the hide of the contaminating hog, and to don the garb of infidels who daily indulged in the blasphemous and revolting practice of devouring the flesh of their holy cow." Among the causes of the great mutiny of 1857, religious fanaticism was certainly the chief; and it is astonishing that this danger should have been so long disregarded.

A POLICY OF ANNEXATION.

Lord Dalhousie's policy in India was one of annexation, and under his rule an immense amount of territory was added to the British possessions in India. That the transfer of authority from native princes to the English was in many respects of advantage to the native population is undeniable; but it was difficult to persuade men to look with complacency upon new masters, especially where those masters were of a foreign race, and were known to entertain a feeling of contempt for "niggers," under which contemptuous epithet they included every class of the dark-skinned race from the Brahmin to the Pariah. "These are boys, but they are going out to govern India, to be wigless judges, ædiles, and pro-consuls," writes the astute Dr. Russell in his journal on his passage to Madras, astonished at hearing the "nigger" spoken of generi-

cally in terms of the most uncompromising scorn, by a couple of beardless "griffs," over their cards and brandy pawnee.

That a keen, quick-witted race like the Hindoos should not be thoroughly aware of all this, is incredible. The same acute observer has left on record the impression made upon him by the aspect of the natives as he travelled through Bengal from Calcutta towards Lucknow; nor did he for a moment misinterpret the true meaning of the cringing salaams wherewith, as an Englishman, he was greeted, or mistake the nature of the homage "which the faint heart would fain deny but dare not." Mr. Trevelyan, in his "Cawnpore," has given, in graphic language, his idea of the opinion of the natives concerning the English. "We should not," he writes, "be far wrong if we are content to allow that we are regarded by the natives of Hindostan as a species of quaint and somewhat objectionable demons, with a rare aptitude for fighting and administration. Foul and degraded in our habits, though with reference to those habits not to be judged by the same standard as ordinary men; not altogether malevolent, but entirely wayward and unaccountable,—a race of demidevils, neither quite human nor quite supernatural; not wholly bad, yet far from perfectly good; who have been settled down in the country by the will of fate." This queer creed needed but little to transform it into active hatred; and far more than that little was supplied by the increased estrangement between the Sepoys and the white officers, consequent upon the greater communication kept up with Europe, that led the latter, "instead of identifying themselves with those under them, to seek for interests, pleasures, and society in importations from home."

Such was the state of feeling at the beginning of the eventful year 1857, the year that shook the English power in India more rudely than it had ever been shaken, since the time of Warren Hastings and Hyder Ali.

THE MYSTERIOUS CAKES.

There had long been a tradition, repeated with bated breath in many an Indian hut, that the dominion of the infidels in India should last no more than a century; and in 1857, the centenary of Clive's victory at Plassey, whereby the government of Bengal had been wrested from Surajah Dowlah and bestowed on Meer Jaffer, the puppet set up by the East India Company, the time was considered as accomplished. For many months of 1856 a strange kind of secret Freemasonry was noticed among the various stations. From village to village small cakes of bread, called chuputties, were carried to the head man of each place, who received orders to forward similar tokens to the next

village. But although this went on under the very eyes of the British functionaries, no notice was taken of it. Some, indeed, considered that these mysterious chuputties were merely distributed as a charm against impending calamity; but the very fact that they were not sent to any territory governed by native princes, but only circulated in villages under British rule, should have awakened the authorities to a sense of the danger. Amid all the doubt that still hangs over this eventful period, and amid the contrary statements of various witnesses and writers, one thing may be considered abundantly proved, namely, that there existed throughout India a vast conspiracy—a conspiracy in which Hindoo and Mussulman, forgetting their ancient feuds, were acting in concert, and that its object was utterly to subvert the rule of the foreign masters of Hindostan.

DISCONTENT OF THE ARMY.

It was in the army that the universal discontent first broke into a flame. In the five years of Lord Dalhousie's rule as Governor-General, Nagpore, Suttara, Berar Jhansi, and Oude had been annexed; and it was the avowed wish of that statesman, to whom India is indebted for many benefits in the way of cheap postage, telegraphy, railways, and increased facilities for commerce, to take all power of government out of native hands, that the English might be all in all in the peninsula. "We are lords paramount of India," he declared, "and our policy is to acquire as direct a dominion over the territories in the possession of the native princes, as we already hold over the other half of India." These annexations, necessary and justifiable no doubt in some cases, excited deep and bitter emotions in the breasts of the natives, and especially of members of the annexed states serving in the army. Hatred of foreign domination seems an inextinguishable principle in human nature, and the dissolute tyranny of their own rulers seemed to these men preferable to the juster rule imposed on them by strangers.

THE FIRST OUTBREAK; THE GREASED CARTRIDGES; MEERUT.

And now the belief in the invincibility of the English had been rudely shaken. Such disasters as the defeat of Gough at Chillianwallah lingered in the memory of men only too ready to rejoice in any check received by their masters; and the story of the disasters and blunders of the Crimean War, then just concluded,—a story narrated with wonderful frankness by English newspaper correspondents,—had increased the impression that the star of Britain was waning. "I am struck by the scowling, hostile look of the people," writes Dr. Russell shortly after this time;

"the bunniahs bow with their necks and salaam with their hands, but not with their eyes." In the army, the treatment of native officers, who were tabooed by the English, and to whom only the lowest grades were open after long service, made them more likely to side with their men than with the white officers; and their influence could rather be counted on to widen than to heal any misunderstanding that might arise.

The immediate cause of the breaking out of the mutiny was the well-known incident of the greased cartridges. The introduction of the Enfield rifle into the army had brought with it an alteration in the cartridge, which, it must be remembered, was at that time bitten open before use, and not twisted or torn with the fingers. A rumour, spreading with the marvellous rapidity with which such things spread among an ignorant and fanatical race, was borne abroad far and wide among the Sepoys, that animal fat, and especially hog's lard and cow's fat, had been used in lubricating these cartridges, and that their introduction was a trick to deprive the natives of high caste of their standing, and degrade all to a common level, by making them take the accursed thing in their mouths, and thus "break their caste." And they were furious.

Efforts made by a proclamation of the Governor-General, declaring the absence of any such material from the cartridges, and by the withdrawal of the cartridges themselves from circulation, failed to allay the ferment. At Dumdum, Barrackpore, and other places, acts of such mutinous insubordination occurred, that executions and the disbanding of various regiments had to be resorted to, to restore even the appearance of order; and the repeated refusals of the troops to receive the cartridges served out to them, and in which the lubrication did in some instances contain cow's fat, at last awakened the apprehension of the authorities; but the measures to suppress the discontent were taken too late.

On the 23rd of April, 1857, the 3rd Bengal Cavalry being drawn up on parade at Meerut, for instruction in platoon exercise, eighty-five troopers refused to receive the ammunition served out to them. They were arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. On the 9th of May the sentence was read out in the presence of the whole garrison, Europeans and native regiments, and the eighty-five prisoners were loaded with chains in the presence of their comrades, and in spite of their tears and protestations of many old soldiers among them, were marched off to a jail two miles distant. On parade the native regiments, overawed by the presence of a battalion of the 60th Rifles, the Carbineers, and men of the Royal

Artillery, had moved neither hand nor foot, but here the prisoners were left entirely in the custody of their countrymen. A rescue was accordingly planned, and speedily effected. The next day a number of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry rode over to the jail, broke into the cells, and released the prisoners, whose manacles were struck off by smiths brought with them by the rioters. Hereupon the two native infantry regiments at once rose in rebellion, seized their arms, killed Colonel Finnis, who thus became the first victim of the mutiny, and massacred a number of the English inhabitants of Meerut, being joined in this outbreak by the rabble and scum of the city. The English portion of the garrison, under General Hewett and Brigadier Wilson, opened upon the mutineers with a fire of artillery and musketry; whereupon the latter at once broke and fled, leaving the English masters of the field.

DELHI AND THE GREAT MOGUL; THE HIDDEN AND UNSUSPECTED DANGER.

And now came the event that converted a local, though dangerous, outbreak into a national revolt, that shook the English Empire in India to its very foundations, and brought the ruling people face to face with dangers such as might have appalled the iron heart of Clive himself. Driven from their cantonments, the insurgents betook themselves in headlong haste to Delhi, situate on the Ganges and the Jumna, some forty miles away.

This great city had for centuries been the capital of India, the metropolis of that mighty Mogul Empire which had retained amid a rapid internal decay the outward semblance of strength and prosperity, even under the sway of the degenerate successors of Aurungzebe, the last really great emperor of the house of Timour. At Delhi, in the precincts of the palace, there lived, in a condition of degraded and impotent dependence, an old man between eighty and ninety years of age, in receipt of a pension from the East India Company, and keeping up with his sons and grandsons the semblance and shadow of a royal state. This man was the Mogul, the descendant of Aurungzebe, whose power had long since departed, but who, in the eyes of many of the natives, was still the rightful ruler of Hindostan. A quarter of a century before, Macaulay, writing of the foundation of the British Empire in India, had mentioned how "there was still a Mogul," a pensioner of the Company, who was allowed to play at holding courts and receiving petitions within the confines of the palace of Delhi, where he might boast of possessing some of the outward attributes of royalty, but who had less power to help or to harm than the youngest official in the Com-

pany's service. The brilliant essayist little dreamt what mighty power for harm was destined to be placed in the hands of the effete old man.

The mutineers, who by an unaccountable fatality were allowed to proceed to Delhi unpursued, at once made their way to the palace, and rattled the old king out of his repose. They thronged with shouts and clamours round his palace; they insisted that he should accept their homage and services; they proclaimed him Emperor of India, and set upon the battlements of the palace of Delhi the standard of a national revolutionary war, whose object was to be nothing less than the restoration of the royal house of Tamerlane. Not a soul of the accursed race of Feringhees, "who proposed to destroy caste, and to rob the natives of India of their religion," was to remain alive. A cause and a cry and a king had all been found at once. Here was the result of allowing the mutineers of Meerut to betake themselves unpursued to Delhi: a military riot turned into a national revolt.

THE SPREAD OF THE MUTINY; MASSACRE AT DELHI.

Two centuries and a half before, that profound historian and philosopher, Lord Bacon, had remarked: "The causes and motives for sedition are innovations in religion, taxes, alterations of laws and customs, breaking of privileges, general oppression, advancement of unworthy persons, strangers, deaths, disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate, and whatever in offending people joineth and knitteth them in a common cause." Wonderfully close is the application of those words of wisdom to the events of 1857. Every one of the "causes of sedition" enumerated by the great Lord Chancellor, was at work in India in that year; and the result was "to knit men together in a common cause" to an extent undreamt of and unparalleled in India until then.

For the great city of Delhi made common cause, promptly and decidedly, with the mutineers. The regiments in garrison then rose against their officers, many of whom were at once put to death. The English bungalows in the neighbourhood of Delhi were looted and fired, a rabble of Hindoo gipsies, delighted at the opportunity for mischief and plunder, lying in wait on the roads to kill the Europeans as they fled from their burning homes. In the town itself a massacre of the white residents began; hundreds fell and the rest of the white population—merchants, officers, and officials, clergymen, and traders, men, women, and children—fled from the revolted city, many perishing by the way before they reached Meerut and other havens of refuge. The heroic resolution of Lieu-

tenant Willoughby and a few brave companions, who, by firing a magazine, deprived the rebels of at least a part of the great stores of war material piled up in Delhi, was of immense importance in this moment of supreme danger; but for the time all was lost in Delhi. About fifty prisoners, men, women, and children, were kept for five days in an underground apartment of the palace, and then ruthlessly slaughtered.

PROMPT MEASURES OF LORD CANNING; THE TWO LAWRENCES AND OUTRAM.

When the news of the calamities in the North-West Provinces reached Calcutta, the feeling was one of mingled rage and alarm. It was a most unfortunate moment for such an outbreak; for the proportion of native troops in the Company's service was out of all calculation greater than that of the English soldiers, on whom reliance could be placed—being 200,000 Sepoys as against 38,000 Europeans, the Bengal forces being composed of 118,000 natives and 22,000 Europeans. Moreover, the European troops were mostly posted either on the Afghan or the Pegu frontier; and the 1,200 miles between Calcutta and the Sutlej was occupied almost entirely by the native army. The action of Lord Canning, the Governor-General, was prompt and vigorous. With admirable decision, and an assumption of responsibility worthy of a Wellington or a Nelson, he at once wrote to Lord Elgin and Lord Ashburnham, and prevailed on them to call back the troops destined for the China expedition to the rescue of India. One very fortunate circumstance must be chronicled, in a time when almost all the chances seemed against the English in India. A war in which we had been involved with Persia had just been brought to a conclusion; and the expeditionary force, under Sir James Outram, having inflicted a crushing defeat on the Persians before it was known that the peace for which the latter sued had been signed at Paris, his army and his services were available for combating the dangers in India.

Every man whose fidelity could be relied on—every musket and bayonet that could be made available for the service—was urgently required; for the insurrection spread like a bush fire in Australia, or a conflagration on an American prairie. At Indur and at Azimghur, at Jelapore and Allahabad, there were fierce and dangerous outbreaks, the example of Meerut and Delhi being followed; and there seemed an immediate prospect of the insurrection spreading over the whole of northern India, and that it would soon embrace the Bombay and Madras Presidencies.

To the great good fortune of the British rule in India, never in such imminent peril

as at that awful moment, Lord Canning proved equal to the occasion. That statesman, a son of the great George Canning, shared with his illustrious father the disadvantage of being misunderstood during his life, and had but scant justice done to his memory after his death. Because he refused to acquiesce in the frantic demand for indiscriminate vengeance upon all the "nigger" soldiery, and heard and weighed dispassionately every piece of intelligence brought to him, reserving to himself the right of forming his own judgment and acting upon it, he was somewhat sneeringly dubbed, "Clemency Canning," and twitted by newspapers for having had more regard for the revolted Sepoys than for his massacred countrymen and their wives and children; but when the excitement and the frenzy for vengeance had given place to more moderate counsels, the man who during the crisis had never lost his head was reluctantly acknowledged by many of his former opponents to have been in the right. He at once saw the necessity of recapturing Delhi at all hazards, well knowing the moral effect the fall of the head-quarters and chief centre of the rebellion would have upon the insurgents; and accordingly took measures for the siege. One very fortunate circumstance was the presence in the newly annexed Punjab of two of the most splendid soldiers and administrators who ever wielded power in India—the brothers Sir John and Sir Henry Lawrence, the former destined to become Viceroy of the country he helped to save, the latter to die a soldier's death in the performance of his duty. By unflinching firmness he stamped out the rebellion in the Punjab before it had taken firm hold. By the holding of the Punjab by the Queen's troops, the mutiny was not only prevented from spreading to the Bombay Presidency, but was, as it were, shut in by definite barriers, until two avenging armies from opposite quarters came to crush it out.

JUDICIOUS MEASURES AT MEEAN MEER; GENERAL ANSON AND HIS COMMAND.

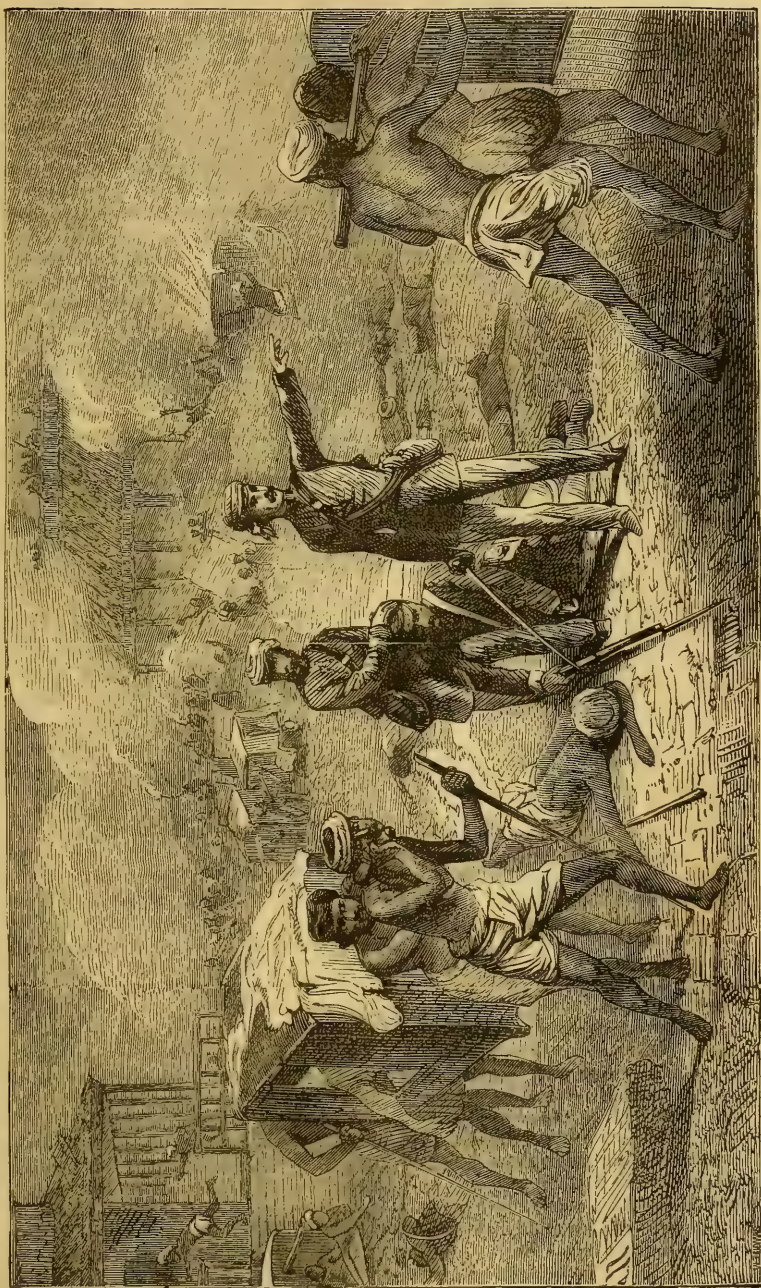
The story of the disarming of the native regiments at Meean Meer, who were on the eve of a rebellious outbreak, will give an idea of the union of astuteness and firmness with which the Lawrences and other officers, civil and military, met the danger that had so suddenly come upon them. A historian of our own day has thus summarised one of the most important events of a year of surprises:—"A parade was ordered for day-break at Meean Meer (in the Punjab), and on the parade ground an order was given for a military movement which brought the heads of four columns of the native troops in front of twelve guns charged with grape, the artillery-men, with their port-fires lighted, and

the soldiers of one of the Queen's regiments standing behind with loaded muskets. A command was given to the Sepoys to pile arms. They had immediate death before them if they disobeyed. They stood literally at the cannons' mouth. They piled their arms, which were borne away at once in carts by European soldiers, and all chances of a rebellious movement were over in that province, and the Punjab was saved." At Mooltan the native troops were disarmed in similar fashion. And not only was the Punjab preserved to British rule by having a statesman and a hero at its head, but became a basis of operations against the rebels in the revolted provinces, and a means for isolating the disaffected districts.

At the head of the forces who marched to the siege of Delhi was General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief. This General had no opportunity of trying conclusions with the rebels, for he fell a victim to cholera—one of the foes with whom the armies had to contend during that terrible year—on the 27th of May. Not unnaturally impatient for the recapture of Delhi, on which such mighty issues depended, the British public, and especially a portion of the press, were inclined to do scant justice to him. Those were the days of family influence and political jobbery, and the appointment of General Anson was severely criticised. The leading journal described the Commander-in-Chief as a holiday soldier, who had never seen service either in peace or in war, and as one whom a shameless job had sent at one step from Tattersall's and Newmarket to the command of an army in one of the Presidencies. When a vacancy occurred in the chief command of 300,000 men, the authorities at home at once recognised the claims of family and personal acquaintance in the disposal of the post.

SUCCESSIVE COMMANDERS; THE RE-TAKING OF DELHI.

General Anson appears to have done his best. Be that as it may, he died on the march; and shortly afterwards his successor, Sir Henry Barnard, followed him, his mind giving way under the strain suddenly put upon him; his very anxiety to fulfil his task hastened his end. He died of cholera early in July, after an illness of only six or seven hours,—so swiftly does that dread disease claim its victims in the burning climate of India. Captain, afterwards General, Knollys, Sir Hope Grant's aide-de-camp, who has left us a graphic account of the events of that time, tells us that, like General Anson, Barnard suffered little pain, "and had wasted away at the last, quite unconscious." After he was taken ill, his mind wandered, and he continually repeated, "Tell Grant to take



REMOVING THE SICK AND WOUNDED AT LUCKNOW FROM THE RESIDENCY TO THE DILKOOSHA, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE CITY,
BY NATIVE BEARERS, IN DHOOLIES.

out all the cavalry. Tell Reed I have sent up the 60th to support him." General Reed, who succeeded to the command, suffered so much from ill health that he had to return to the Punjaub; and to Brigadier-General Wilson, an energetic, sound-headed officer, who knew his work, was allotted the task of taking Delhi from the rebels. He accomplished it with great gallantry, but not without the loss of many brave officers and men, Brigadier Nicholson being among the slain. It was not until the middle of September that he was so far reinforced by the arrival of Sikhs and Goorkas that an assault of the enormous place, with its immense stretch of walls and its large host of desperate Sepoy defenders, fighting with ropes round their necks, became possible. The scenes at the taking of Delhi were appalling; the shrieking, yelling Sepoys, knowing they had no mercy to expect from their assailants, fought from street to street and from house to house. They numbered at least 30,000, while the attacking force could not muster 7,000. No quarter was given, and the unhappy city was deluged with blood. To such a pitch of fury were the besiegers worked up by the massacres that had taken place, of peaceful citizens, women, and children, that many were with difficulty deterred from laying Delhi even with the dust, as an expiatory offering to murdered innocence.

CAPTAIN HODSON, OF "HODSON'S HORSE," AND THE PRINCES OF DELHI.

One event so tragic in character as to stand prominently forth even in those days of horror, was numbered among the deplorable incidents of the war, when the first fury of vindictive passion had subsided. Captain Hodson, the commander of an irregular body of cavalry known as "Hodson's horse," undertook the capture of the King of Delhi and his family. The wretched old potentate, the last of the Moguls, who at nearly ninety years of age had been set up as a puppet, to give the rebellion a name and a character, had taken refuge with some followers in a place known as the Hummayoon's tomb, about five miles from Delhi. Thither Captain Hodson rode out, with a party of his Sowars, or horsemen; and imperatively ordering the natives in the courtyard to lay down their arms, a command which they, presuming from his confident manner that a considerable force was at hand, sulkily obeyed, he sent a message to the king, desiring him to surrender, and promising that his life should be spared. Accordingly the last of the Moguls came forth, and was at once placed in a small bullock waggon and conveyed to the town, where he was securely lodged as a prisoner in the palace. He remained in close captivity until his death. So far there

was nothing to be objected to in a daring and well-timed exploit that had delivered into the power of the British a feeble old man who, as a puppet in the hands of rebel chiefs, might be made dangerous. But Captain Hodson's next exploit was of a more ambitious kind. Next day, hearing that several relatives of the Mogul were still in the tombs, he rode forth again, and by means of the treacherous native he had employed to communicate with the king, two younger sons of the Mogul and a grandson, the Shah-zada, or heir-apparent, were induced to come forth and surrender themselves unconditionally. It is idle to assert that they did not do this on an implied supposition that their lives, too, would be spared. The remainder of the narrative may be given as Hodson himself told it to Sir Hope Grant, who entered it in his journal within a few hours. After long persuaion from the man sent to them, the princes came forth, and were at once driven away in a bullock gharry, or small covered coach, Hodson following them. When within a couple of miles of Delhi, "where no one could interfere," this officer in the British service halted the gharry, called forth the captives, and after reproaching them with their guilt, which they strenuously denied, declaring that they had had no hand in the massacre at Delhi, he constituted himself judge, jury, and executioner, by shooting them dead one after another; and this when they were not men captured in fight, but who had surrendered certainly with the idea that they were to be delivered into the hands of the British, to be protected at least until they could suffer lawful censure for such faults as could be proved upon them. The brave officer who took down this narrative from the lips of Sir Hope Grant, deprecates this slaying of the princes as a "sad act that was most uncalled for;" yet there were many in England who at that time were ready to laud it as a piece of good service. So much can war and passion blunt the feelings of justice and humanity. The unhappy King is described by an officer who visited him in his prison as an old man, said by one of his servants to be ninety years of age, short in stature, slight, very fair for a native, and with a high-bred, delicate-looking cast of features. All the dignity of the great Mogul had departed. "It might have been supposed that death would have been preferable to such humiliation," says the writer; "but it is wonderful how we all cling to the shreds of life. When I saw the poor old man, he was seated on a wretched charpoy, or native bed, with his legs crossed before him, and swinging his body backwards and forwards with an unconscious, dreamy look." It appears almost absurd to tax such a wreck with the atrocities of Delhi.

NANA SAHIB OF BITHOOR ; THE DARKEST
SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

We now come to the most ghastly of all the tragic events of the mutiny,—a crime that stands out in its exceptional atrocity even among the sanguinary events of the terrible chronicle of India in the fatal year 1857. The whole page of Indian history of that time is stained with blood ; but the story of Cawnpore and Nana Sahib shows a blackness of crime and treachery that marks it as infinitely more horrible than even the massacre of the Black Hole at Calcutta. The whole transaction is an illustration of the old axiom that “injured men will turn and hate ;” and Oriental hatred is of the deadly, long-enduring, sullen-kind, unmitigated by any touch of Christian feeling or pity ; lying in wait for years, if need be, but finding an opportunity to satiate itself in the blood of an enemy at last.

The great and important military station of Cawnpore, situated about fifty miles from Lucknow, on the high road to Oude, and numbering about 1,000 European and Eurasian inhabitants to a native population of some 60,000, was occupied at the breaking out of the mutiny by a garrison chiefly of native soldiers, with 300 English officers and soldiers, under the command of a veteran general, Sir Hugh Wheeler. A few miles higher up the river Ganges is situated the small town of Bithoor ; and Bithoor had been appointed years before as the residence of the Peishwa of Poonah, Bagee Rao, whose territory had been annexed by the East India Company, and to whom a considerable pension had been awarded on his deprivation. Bagee Rao, the last of a powerful Mahratta house, had adopted as his son and heir, Seereck Dhordoo Punth, who afterwards gained a tragic celebrity as the Nana Sahib of Bithoor ; and on the death of Bagee Rao, the adopted son expected, according to Oriental usage, that the pension accorded to the Peishwa would be continued to him. But the Company and Lord Dalhousie could sometimes be economical in the wrong place ; and the pension was cut off at Bagee Rao's death. Nana Sahib, aghast at such a decrease in his revenues, though he was still a wealthy man, in 1854 sent as an agent to London, to advocate his claim, a young Mahometan, originally of low birth, a certain Azimoolah Khan, who became a kind of “lion” for a season in London, like Rammun Loll in Thackeray's “Newcomes,” who, according to the description of that acute observer, Barnes Newcome, had some of the *élite* of the ladies of Vanity Fair “snuggling up to his indiarubber face.” Azimoolah Khan returned to his master unsuccessful so far as his mission was con-

cerned ; but it was the time of the Crimean war and its disasters, and he brought back highly coloured stories of the calamities the English were enduring, and of the alleged decline of their influence and power ; and appears to have inflamed the black heart of Nana Sahib with the hope of gratifying at once his ambition and his revenge. Meanwhile, however, he maintained an outward appearance of friendliness to the English, to whom, indeed, he often displayed an ostentatious and splendid hospitality ; and when the mutiny spread from Meerut to Cawnpore, and poor Sir Hugh Wheeler was in dire straits and waited in vain for reinforcements, while Sir Henry Lawrence, who, straining every nerve to hold his own against the rebels at Lucknow, could not spare him a single man, Sir Hugh turned for assistance to his good neighbour the Rajah of Bithoor ; for he had been obliged to take refuge with the Europeans in an old military hospital whose defences were in as bad a state as those of Arcot a century before, when Clive and his handful of troops undertook the defence of the place against the 10,000 assailants brought against him by Rajah Sahib. The Nana responded to the appeal ; but on his arrival the mutineers pressed him to make common cause with them ; and whatever may have been his intentions on his arrival, he acceded to their proposal, and ranged himself on the side of the foe, who swarmed round the wretched mud-wall behind which were huddled, in the direst distress, about a thousand persons, men, women, and children ; the number of combatants being under four hundred.

THE MASSACRE ON THE GANGES.

Even in this extremity the high courage and skill of the dominant race asserted itself in an unmistakable manner. An attempt to storm the place failed ; and an urgent message was sent to Sir Henry Lawrence, who, however, could do nothing. Exposed to every hardship, straitened for provisions, and only able to procure water at the direst peril, the heroic garrison still held out, though its numbers were woefully thinned ; and when a renewed assault by a large body of Oudh mutineers upon the entrenchments was repulsed, Nana Sahib's heart began to fail him, and he understood that if reinforcements arrived, he was a ruined man. Accordingly he entered into negotiations with the beleaguered garrison, promising quarter to all “who had not been implicated in the actions of Lord Dalhousie ;” and it was arranged that the garrison should evacuate the place, and be conveyed in the great thatched boats used on the Ganges to Allahabad, it being stipulated that the boats should be adequately provisioned for the

journey. There was rejoicing among the poor survivors of that dismal siege, at the prospect of relief from the horrors that had so long environed them; the women and children especially were glad to get away from Cawnpore on any terms: and a long procession moved down towards the boats, carefully leading or carrying the numerous sick and wounded. But at a given signal, the blowing of a bugle, the native rowers set fire to the thatched roofs of the boats, and then sprang overboard and made for the shore; while from the banks of the river a shower of bullets poured upon the unhappy passengers. The greater number were killed then and there; Tantia Topee, the lieutenant of Nana Sahib, superintending the work. The women and children who survived the murderous fire of musketry were relanded, and marched back, a melancholy, dismal train, to Cawnpore; the men whom the bullets had spared were put to death at once; with the exception of four who, after incredible hardships and dangers, managed to effect their escape to the English forces. The women and children, 125 in number, were confined in a small building, afterwards distinguished by a sinister celebrity as the yellow house, where they had hardly room to move. A fifth of their number were soon dead of cholera or dysentery; the rest remained from day to day with the fear of death on them.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE; THE VENGEANCE OF A BAFFLED TIGER.

Meanwhile Nana Sahib began to realise that the mutiny had failed. The defeat of the Oudh men, in spite of the favourable circumstances under which their assault was made, was a heavy blow and surprise to him; and with every fiendish propensity in his black heart intensified by the prospect of approaching retribution,—for he knew the British, under Havelock, were advancing victoriously towards the rebellious city,—he seems to have determined, at least, to enjoy the satisfaction of a complete revenge.

Accordingly it was announced to the captives that their doom was death. The manner in which that doom was inflicted has no parallel for horrors, except perhaps in the massacre of September 1792, in the days of the great French Revolution. Five men were sent one evening to the house where the unhappy prisoners were immured. Two of them were butchers by trade, two Hindoo peasants, and the fifth wore the Nana's uniform. These wretches slaughtered the English women and children, as they would have slaughtered cattle; one of them appearing at the door twice, to exchange his broken sword for a new weapon. When the last shriek from within the building had died away, and all was still in the charnel house, the

executors of the Nana's orders emerged from the horrible scene of the atrocity, locking the door behind them. Next day the bodies of the murdered victims were flung into a dry well, where they were found, a ghastly heap, when Cawnpore was taken by the English force." When the house of the massacre itself was entered, its floor and its walls told with terrible plainness of the scene they had witnessed. The plaster of the walls was scored and seamed with sword slashes low down and in the corners, as if the poor women had crouched down in their mortal fright, with some wild hope of escaping the blows. The floor was strewn with scraps of dresses, women's faded, ragged finery, frilling, underclothing, broken combs, shoes, and tresses of hair. Among the most sorrowful of these mementos were a quantity of broken toys, stained with blood. But one part of the hideous story, as at first circulated among the horror-stricken English, is happily untrue. An inscription, in which some unhappy captive is represented as calling upon her countrymen for revenge for unutterable wrong inflicted upon the prisoners, was shown to be a forgery, written up long afterwards, probably to stimulate still further the thirst for vengeance that these things naturally excited. What became of the fiendish Rajah of Bithoor was never known. When Cawnpore was taken by the English he fled first to Bithoor and then in the direction of Nepal; and though more than once the memory of these things was revived by a rumour of his capture, the rumour always proved untrue, and in this world the fate of Nana Sahib will probably always remain a mystery.

THE STRUGGLE IN OUDH; SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, "WHO ENDEAVOURED TO DO HIS DUTY."

In Oudh, Sir Henry Lawrence, the Governor, struggled against the mutineers with equal valour and judgment. The overwhelming numbers against him compelled him to retreat to the Residency at Lucknow, which he fortified to the utmost of his power, as a tower of refuge for the Europeans of the district. In this stronghold he was quickly besieged; and after a few weeks of heroic struggle, he was mortally wounded by the explosion of a shell. "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty," was the epitaph the grand, simple-hearted soldiers desired to have erected over his tomb. With him died one of the noblest men who ever drew the sword for the defence of the English in India.

Meanwhile, great efforts were being made to relieve Lucknow. General Havelock was marching to raise the siege, and in a series of engagements with the rebels, beat them

time after time under circumstances of such disadvantage as plainly showed that the days when the English in India had ceased to reckon the number of the foe had not passed away. Indeed, in the time of the mutiny, a general thought himself well off if the odds against him were not more than four or five to one.

**HENRY HAVELOCK—A CHRISTIAN HERO :
HIS EXPLOITS AND SERVICES.**

Among the great and remarkable names of that memorable year, none shines with

gayer spirits, especially as his strong character influenced many around him, and "Havelock's saints" and their camp-services became a noted feature in the army. It was quickly found, however, that as with Cromwell's pikemen and troopers two centuries before, so with Havelock's "saints," piety in no way interfered with military efficiency. If they feared God, "they undoubtedly also kept their powder dry," and fought their way through hordes of rebels with a determined persistency and a splendid valour that aroused the admiration even of



MR. KAVANAGH PREPARING TO PASS THROUGH THE REBEL ARMY AT LUCKNOW.

a purer lustre than that of Henry Havelock. A quiet, modest man, and without the advantage of influential connections, he was little known beyond his immediate circle, though his career had been long and honourable, dating from before the Burmese war of 1824. A grave, studious character, he had been known already in his boyish days at the Charterhouse School as "Old Phlos," or philosopher, while his serious and religious turn of mind—he belonged to the Baptist community—had drawn a good deal of attention, and occasionally a little satire upon him, among the wilder and

far-off Europe; and among his countrymen in England the name of Havelock became a household word during that troublous autumn.

Sir James Outram had been appointed Chief Commissioner in Oudh, and hastened to join his force to Havelock's little army. With splendid generosity he declined to take the position of commander, to which his seniority and his official rank entitled him, and declared he would appear merely in his civil capacity as Commissioner, and would place himself and his men at Havelock's disposal, for that the general who had made

such gallant and strenuous efforts to relieve Lucknow should have the honour of completing the work. It was indeed a tremendous march from Calcutta to Lucknow, through a country swarming with enemies, in the burning summer heat. After a short rest at Allahabad, Havelock had pushed on with about 1,400 men, and his brilliant victory over the rebels at Futtipoor formed an epoch in the great achievements of the year. On the 13th of July, Havelock and his men were before Cawnpore; and here it was that Nana Sahib came out against him with his whole force, only to be completely defeated, and vanish into the darkness from which he never afterwards emerged. A tremendous vengeance was wreaked on the Sepoys and on Cawnpore for the murder of the English women and children. The sight of the terrible well, and ghastly relics found in the prison-house, had for a time driven all feelings of mercy from the hearts of the British; and public opinion in England, as exhibited in the press, was all on the side of revenge, and no quarter to the enemy; until at length Mr. Disraeli asked in Parliament whether the standard of morality of Nana Sahib was to be chosen for imitation by Englishmen in India.

VENGEANCE ON THE SEPOYS; WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER AND EXECUTIONS.

What kind of retribution was exercised on the rebels who fell into the hands of the avengers of blood is shown by the report of the English General Cooper, at a period shortly subsequent to that of which we are writing. The General tells a plain, unvarnished tale of the fate of the rebel Sepoys who fell into his hands;—how he had them bound together in batches of ten, and thus shot down on the place of execution, where firing parties awaited their arrival,—how, when about 150 had been shot, one of the oldest executioners of the prison fainted away, overcome by the horrible din, the yells, shrieks, and frantic struggles of the captives, as maddened with rage and terror they were dragged to the place of execution, and a pause had perforce to be made in the proceedings,—how, the work of death being presently resumed, and when 237 corpses lay stretched upon the plain, it was reported that the prisoners refused to quit their prison, whereupon orders were given to burst open the door; and then it was found that the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta had been repeated, and forty-five corpses of suffocated men were dragged from the loathsome dungeon,—how the corpses of the suffocated men, and of those who had been shot, were flung by the sweepers into a common pit,—how forty fugitive Sepoys, captured on the road to Lahore, were blown away from the

muzzles of cannons at one time, in the presence of disaffected native regiments,—and how 500 were thus speedily despatched. It is a gruesome report, that of General Cooper, and hardly seems to belong to civilization and the nineteenth century.

HELP IN NEED; ARRIVAL OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL; OUTRAM AND HAVELOCK AT LUCKNOW.

With an energy taxed to the utmost by the consciousness that the lives of the garrison of Lucknow depended upon speedy succour, and that a second Cawnpore massacre would but too probably be the termination of the defence unless they arrived in time, Havelock and his men pressed on, in spite of hardship, want, and disease, towards the gates of Lucknow. After beating the enemy in nine battles, Havelock at length reached Lucknow towards the end of September. But even with the reinforcement of Outram, the army amounted only to 5,600 men; while the enemy numbered 50,000. It was not without heavy loss that they fought their way through the rebels into the citadel, where they were received by their countrymen with transports of joy and thankfulness.

But Havelock's force, combined with that of Colonel Inglis, on whom the defence of Lucknow had devolved after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, was too feeble to transport the sick and wounded, with the women and children, to Cawnpore, as had been intended. In the hard fighting between the 19th and the 25th of September, 535 men had been lost—more than a fifth of the whole army; all that could be done, therefore, was to reinforce the exhausted garrison, and wait until fresh help should come; the enemy meanwhile resuming the siege with renewed vigour, swarming in their thousands around the beleaguered city, and harassing the besieged day and night; while scarcity of provisions increased their woes by the imminent prospect of famine. Help was sorely needed, and it was coming in the most effectual shape. General Sir Colin Campbell, the Hero of the Alma, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the troops in India, and ordered to proceed at once from London to the seat of his command. On the very next day the stout old soldier was already on his way to the East. Napoleon's officers were accustomed to say that they could scent the Emperor's approach in the air, and the same might almost be said of Sir Colin Campbell. His arrival gave fresh courage to the sorely tried troops; and from the day of his landing in India with his gallant little army, it was seen that the fate of the mutiny was sealed. Sir Colin reached Lucknow on the 14th of November, and relieved the little garrison of Alum Bagh, a cluster of buildings with an enclosed garden

to the south of Lucknow, where Havelock on his arrival at Lucknow had established 400 men with his sick and wounded, not anticipating that he himself would be shut up within the city. Sir Colin's force now numbered some 5,000 men, and he was compelled to act with caution. He knew, moreover, the effect a check to his troops might have upon the rebels, who were becoming demoralised at the steady and resistless advance of the scanty bands of avengers who came upon them like fate, not to be turned back; and he could not therefore afford to make any mistake that might weaken this impression. Accordingly, when Outram and Havelock had been set free, and the enemy dislodged, he removed the women and the sick and wounded to the Dilkoosha, a palace about five miles from the Residency, which, like the Alum Bagh, he had taken before entering Lucknow. Thereupon he established his troops at the Alum Bagh, for a time evacuating Lucknow.

And here, a few days afterwards, the illustrious career of Havelock came to a close. Worn out by the incessant toils of the last months, by bodily and mental labour, and by care and sleepless nights, the old hero was attacked by dysentery at the Alum Bagh, and died quietly and calmly in the consciousness of duty well fulfilled, and a life work nobly accomplished. The news of his achievements had reached England, and excited a glow of pride and sympathy in every breast. The Clubs rang with his praises, and the Queen acknowledged his services by a pension, a baronetcy, and the K.C.B. But on the day when the baronetcy was conferred in London, the hero was already sleeping in a soldier's grave, in the garden of the Alum Bagh, beneath a tree, on which the single letter "H." sufficed to show where Havelock was laid. A general outburst of regret arose in London at the news of his death. Even *Punch*, the jester of the press, recorded in some noble lines the loss England had sustained, telling how—

"He is gone: Heaven's will is best;
Indian turf o'erlies his breast.
Ghoulie in black, nor fool in gold,
Laid him in that hallowed mould;
Borne unto a soldier's rest
By the bravest and the best," etc.

THE EXPLOIT OF MR. KAVANAGH OF LUCKNOW; HEROISM AMONG THE CIVILIANS.

In connection with the defence of Lucknow, as with all the episodes of that troublous time, many individual deeds of daring and heroism are recorded; but none surpasses the achievement of a civil functionary, Mr. Kavanagh, who, disguised as a native, made his way from Lucknow through the lines of the beleaguering rebel army, to carry in-

telligence to Sir Colin Campbell of the state of things within the Residency. "How he could ever have made himself look like a native I know not," says Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, who met Kavanagh afterwards at Lucknow. "He is a square-shouldered, large-limbed, muscular man, a good deal over the middle height, with decided European features; a large head, covered with hair of—a reddish auburn, shall I say? moustaches and beard still lighter; and features and eyes such as no native that ever I saw possessed. He has made himself famous by an act of remarkable courage—not in the heat of battle or in a moment of impulse or excitement, but performed after deliberation, and sustained continuously through a long trial." The achievement was certainly a wonderful one; for if any sharp-witted Hindoo or Mussulman had got an inkling of the nationality of the stranger, his death would have been speedy and certain.

THE FINAL THROES OF THE MUTINY; RESTORATION OF ORDER; THE END OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Leaving Sir James Outram in command at Alum Bagh, with orders to watch the rebels in Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell advanced to the relief of General Windham at Cawnpore. Sir Colin was censured in some quarters for evacuating Lucknow, and many spoke of the moral effect that would have been produced had he held that place at all hazards; but as the *Times* judiciously observed: "The Commander-in-Chief had to consider the whole plan of the campaign, as well as the circumstances at Lucknow, and he was compelled also to take into consideration the political objects of the Government." And the sequel showed how true had been the judgment of the gallant chief, and how fairly he earned the peerage that was at this time awarded him. During the time he waited at Cawnpore, the reinforcements that had been despatched from Calcutta and elsewhere had time to come forward, so that operations could be undertaken on a large scale and with a view to a result as a whole. The "moral effect" produced by the arrival of new troops in discouraging the rebels, and in impressing upon them the fact that their resistance was useless, was of far greater importance than the holding of a place that the Commander could retake at any time. The year 1858 began under favourable auspices. The neck of the mutiny had been broken, and there was full confidence that Sir Colin Campbell, or as he must now be called, Lord Clyde, would successfully terminate his task. New reinforcements arrived at the Upper Ganges, from the Punjab and Calcutta. Sir Hugh Rose took Kalper and Jhansi from the rebels, upon whom a terrible vengeance was inflicted.

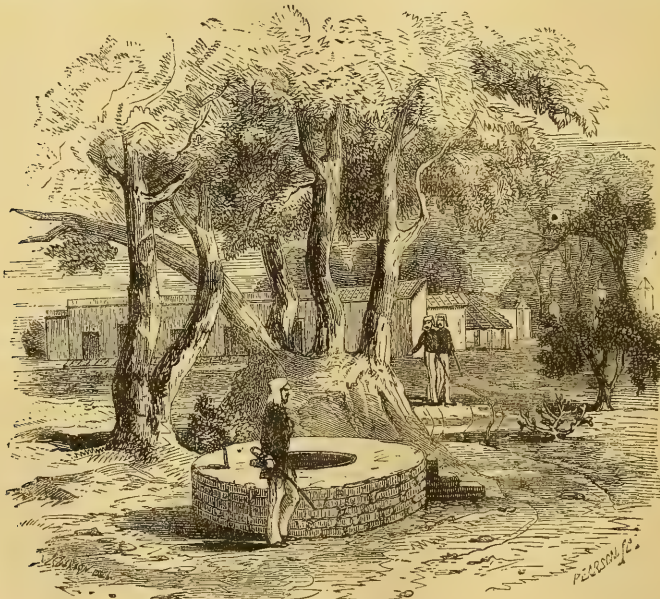
On the 19th of June he recaptured Gwalior, and the last hope of the insurgents was gone.

Meanwhile, on the 5th of March, 1858, Lucknow finally fell into the hands of the English, under Lord Clyde. The slaughter of the rebels was great, and the plunder found in the city immense. The English soldiers rushed to and fro, offering jewels of enormous size and great value to whosoever would purchase them for a few gold pieces. Dr. Russell, who was present at the capture, relates how an excited Irishman offered him a splendid necklace for a hundred rupees, which, alas! the *Times* correspondent had not in his pocket; and the soldier, though he reduced his demand to two mohurs and a bottle of rum, would not hear of sending to the camp for the money, and would entertain nothing but "ready-money" offers, on the reasonable ground that he himself might be dead with a bullet through his heart before evening. The necklace, it seems, fell into the hands of an officer, who sold it to a jeweller for £7,500. On May 5th, in the battle of Bareilly, another victory was scored for Lord Clyde; and after that time the resistance was merely sporadic, though in many instances the insurgents, who expected no mercy, fought desperately. Among the most determined of those who braved the English in the open field was the Rancee of Jhansi, who fought like a Boadicea at the head of her troops,

and everywhere showed remarkable heroismi. Tantia Topee, Nana Sahib's villainous lieutenant, was hunted down, captured, and most justly hanged. A proclamation was issued by the Governor-General granting an amnesty to those rebels who had not taken immediate part in the murder of British subjects, and who returned to their allegiance by January, 1859. At the same time it was announced to the people of India that Queen Victoria had thought fit, by the advice of her Parliament, to annul the charter of the East India Company, and that henceforth Hindostan would be governed as a direct possession of the British Crown, with a Viceroy in place of a Governor-General. This change had been brought about by the India Bill of August 2nd, 1858.

Thus ended the rule of the East India Company as the governing power in India,—a dominion unexampled in the history of the world. In many respects that rule had been faulty, and in some even criminal. It is impossible to look without shame upon some pages in the history even of such men as Clive and Warren Hastings; but on the other hand there had been numberless instances of the truest valour, the loftiest heroism, and the wisest statesmanship; and at no time had these appeared more conspicuously than in the period of India's agony, in the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857.

H. W. D.



The Well at Cawnpore



RIDLEY AND LATIMER AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND:

THE STORY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM.

A Typical Life—A Cambridge Fellow—Black Joan—Result of a Supper Party—An Aged Martyr—Origin of the Revolution—Langland and the Lollards—Burning of Cobham—Printing Press—Dean Colet—The New Learning—The Christian Brethren—Squire Tracy's Will—Passion and Pope—Wolsey's Fall and Prophecy—Its Progress—Henry's Divorce—A Married Priest as Archbishop—Sir Thomas More—England Governed by a Blacksmith's Son—A Memorable Parliament—Head of the English Church—The Black Book—Fall of the Monasteries—Captain Cobbler—Pilgrimage of Grace—John Frith, the Genuine Martyr—The First English Confessions of Faith—English Bible in the Churches—Whip of Six Strings—Martyrdom of Lambert and Anne Askew—Progress of Edward's Reign—Book of Common Prayer—Catholic Reaction—The Inquisition—Sir John Cheke—The Martyrs—Rogers, Hooper, Latimer, etc.—Smithfield—Protestant Recovery—Cecil and Parker—Catholic Attempts—The Thirty-nine Articles.

BLACK JOAN.

DOUTBTESS, had he been alive, the Squire of Aslacton, in the famous hunting county of Notts, would have been sadly vexed on hearing that his son Thomas, who held a fellowship in the University of Cambridge, had plunged into marriage with Black Joan, a niece of the landlady of the "Dolphin Inn," where he had probably been accustomed to "take his ease." It was a very foolish action of the law student, Thomas Cranmer, for he was compelled to resign his fellowship,

and had thenceforth to depend upon the slender and precarious income derived from his thankless labours as a college tutor. But follies and accidents go to make up a great many of the greatest chapters in the volume of history. Had he remained a fellow and a bachelor, his name might have floated unnoticed down the stream of time, only turning up, like thousands of others, as a microscopic object before the eyes of some grubbing antiquary. As it happened, the young wife died within a year in giving birth to her first child; and in the deep and sanctified sorrow of his loss, Thomas Cranmer threw away ambition,

entering the priesthood when nearly forty years of age.

He was by no means one of the lights of the University in those its palmy days of European fame, and his twenty-five years of residence passed away in a monotonous lowliness. Although inspired by the leaven of the New Learning, he could not boast of intimacy with the famous Erasmus, who lived close by. This is disappointing, for we should have liked to graft upon our English apostle the poetry of a close friendship with the Dutch humourist, who did so much by the thrusts of his bright rapier to kill the Papal power. We need not doubt, however, that Thomas Cranmer had a copy of the New Testament of Erasmus, double-columned for the Greek original and Erasmus' Latin version, and that he had well thumbed the bold and brilliant preface which said, "I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospels, should read the Epistles of Paul; and I wish that they were translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey." It is perhaps as true of Cranmer as of the Wittenberg Reformer, that Erasmus laid the egg, and Cranmer hatched it.

A SUPPER PARTY.

He was now forty-four years of age (1528), when the plague, or sweating-sickness, which flourished like a vigorous toadstool on mediæval dirt, proceeded to decimate the students by the banks of the sluggish Cam. Cranmer fled with his two kinsmen and pupils, settling down at Romeland, near Waltham Abbey, the residence of their father, Mr. Cressey. Close by, at Tytynhanger, King Henry had taken up his sanitary refuge. One evening the obscure and timid tutor had the honour of supping at Mr. Cressey's in the company of two great statesmen and churchmen,—Dr. Gardiner, in after days his opponent and a notorious persecutor, and Dr. Fox, Lord High Almoner. Henry and his statesmen were in the heart and worry of a huge trouble, springing out of the King's determination to sever his marriage to Catharine of Arragon,—a determination that arose partly from his blinding passion for a sprightly maid of honour at the Court, partly from a superstition that the marriage had brought the curse of Heaven upon the fruits of the nuptial bed. The proposed "divorce" naturally formed the heavy subject of conversation at the supper table. The tutor was enlisted in the warm debate, and with his clear legal mind he expressed

his private opinion in a manner that left a strong impression of his power upon the puzzled statesmen.

"If the marriage of Henry with Katharine," is the burden of his statement as given by Dean Hook, "was a marriage contrary to the divine law, it was, in point of fact, no marriage at all. . . . If there were no marriage at all, then the King was a bachelor; if the King were a bachelor, he might marry whom and when he pleased, without any reference to Rome, provided it were not within the forbidden degrees. The fact might be decided by the ordinary ecclesiastical courts of the National Church. Let then the canonists and universities declare that for a man to marry his deceased brother's wife is contrary to the divine law, let the evidence be produced before the ecclesiastical court that Katharine had been married to the King's brother, and the King's cause would be gained."

While Thomas Cranmer, who had the peaceful instincts of a Saxon gentleman, was hunting or hawking—his favourite pastimes through life—and doing his little duty to his pupils in the retreat of Essex, thinking himself forgotten, and never dreaming of any big results from his pot-luck conversation at the pleasant supper party, his suggestion was reported to the King, who, with keen sagacity, called for the presence of the hidden genius. "Who is this Dr. Cranmer?" he exclaimed, "where is he? Is he still at Waltham? Marry, I will speak to him; let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear."

THE AGED MARTYR.

Twenty-eight most memorable years have sunk into the womb of time; the Bible has been translated, the English liturgy has been read in the churches of the land; the mass has been doomed and abolished, monks and popery have been robbed and crushed; Thomas Cranmer has risen to be primate of the English Church; "bloody Mary" has ascended her father's throne, is undoing all her father's work, and sending the best men among the five millions of England to the scaffold and the fire. In the pelting rain a venerable priest, with long white beard, clad in a black and tattered gown, and wearing an old square cap on his bald but noble head, is walking from his prison to St. Mary's Church through the streets of Oxford, behind the magistrates of the learned city. Thousands have their eyes fixed upon his worn and fated form, and armed soldiers guard the streets and watch the crowds. The step of the old man is firm. The very image of sorrow, the tears of a child roll down his fatherly face, as he sits in church and hears the preacher denounce him as an heresiarch, and with a touch of ribald humour declares that his life should go as a makeweight to that of three others, so as to balance the death of Bishop Fisher, the

Catholic martyr of King Henry's reign. We look at him again, as he rises from the platform before the pulpit, denies the truth of the six recantations he had made of the Protestant faith, while shouts are heard from the astounded audience, "Traitor, dissembler, liar!"—others weep for joy at the grace and courage of his last hour. And now he walks with smiling face and steady step towards the scaffold; he strips off his tattered garments till nothing is left upon him but a long white shirt; crowds press forward to press the hand that had waved many a benediction and done so many kindly deeds; that right hand which had sinned is held steadily over the crackling flames, except when in a moment of awful agony it is raised to wipe the sweat from his heavenly brow; steady as a rock stands his frame, and with the peace of an angel his spirit passes to the throne of Eternal Justice, while the last brave words are left behind him to spread through the crowd and England, and to live for ever as a sad and noble monument to the first Protestant Archbishop of the English Church,—a sad and noble sermon to England for ever: "Oh! this unworthy hand!"

LANGLAND AND THE LOLLARDS.

More than a hundred years before the birth of Cranmer, a gaunt, crazy-looking clerk from Shropshire, who sang for a pittance at the gorgeous funerals of London, had his "vision of Piers Plowman" by a burnside among the Malvern Hills. It was a biting satire on the priests and nobles, the friars who "preached the people for profit of their bellies," the jesters, the gluttonous beggars, and other "children of Judas," who preyed upon the poor toilers, such as the farmer who had only two green cheeses, a few curds and cream, a loaf of beans and bran for his children, a cow and a calf, and a cart mare, some parsley and kail, but "no salt bacon, nor no cockneys [lean chickens], by Christ, to make collops."

But at that time there also went through England the mightier voice of John de Wycliffe, a keen, bold, and stubborn Yorkshireman, the greatest contemporary of Geoffrey Chaucer. The persecuted Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and priest of Lutterworth, hurled forth terrible denunciations against the corruptions of the time, boldly denied the Popish doctrine of the Eucharist, called for the return of the Church to the poverty of its Divine Founder, and sent forth his Poor Priests in russet garb to plant his heresies over the whole field of England. For rough times he used rough words; his sentences were fired with a sage fury. Against the magic virtue of monastic robes he declared that "Pilate might have been damned in Christ's clothes;" he in-

veighed against prelates that were "dead to the world and the vanity thereof," for riding with fourscore horses harnessed with silver and gold, and against "Rome runners," who drained the wealth of England by a perpetual stream of unjust appeals. The year of his death was 1384; the birth of Thomas Cranmer took place just one hundred years later. He left behind him an English version of the Bible, a multitude of vehement tracts, and a vast rebellious host of Lollards.

FROM COBHAM TO COLET.

The Lollards are commonly supposed to have been stamped out by the brutal persecution of Henry IV., when Lord Cobham was hung alive in chains and murdered by a slow fire kindled under his feet (1417). Certainly the fierce organized communism of the Peasants was broken up, because the wrong of serfage—unpaid slavery—was gradually abolished; but the religious root remained, with fibres struck deep and wide throughout the nation. It had its martyrs during the whole century of time, from the days of Babbie till those of bluff King Hal; the furious tracts of Wycliffe were spread abroad in manuscript; and when the printing press came they were the first leaves of "heresy" that flew across the land. It was a living force at the dawn of Henry's reign. In 1510, Colet, the great Humanist, had founded St. Paul's School with the wealth of his father, a Lord Mayor of London; but the old fossil bishops looked askance at his "temple of idolatry," and More jested to his friend on its resemblance to the wooden horse filled with armed *Greeks* for the destruction of barbarian Troy. When preaching at this time before Convocation, by invitation of Archbishop Warham, the friend and patron of Erasmus, he sorely wounded his reverend hearers by declaring that their wicked and worldly life was a worse heresy than that of the two Lollards who had recently been burned by the Bishop of London. He was luckier than Cobham; though driven into retirement, he died peacefully in 1519.

Lollardism lay subdued till a royal despotism emerged from the Wars of the Roses, and stood above the ruins of the old baronage, which had thrust itself into the movement, not to help the poor, but to grasp the booty of the rotten Church,—a welcome despotism, a cat (to use the homely mediæval adage) that would keep down the rats which preyed upon the mice; and till there crept forth the printing press, established by William Caxton, who by some peculiar chance was born in the very year in which John Babbie, who denied the Popish dogma of the Eucharist, was burned to death, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, in 1411.

WOLSEY'S DREAM AND TYNDALE'S TRACTS.

The English Reformation sprang from no grand moral or intellectual impulse of the self-willed and sensual King Henry VIII. He lived and died professing to be the best of Catholics. The clergy of those times, says the great French humourist, came "from the other world,—part from a marvellous country called Breadless-Day, and part from another called Too-Many-Of-Them." The Church was the common bosom into which were thrown the younger sons and dowerless daughters of the great. Children were born with a mitre on their head. Such was the destination of Henry, the second son of the first Tudor sovereign; he was to become Archbishop of Canterbury, a second A Becket, certainly a cardinal, and probably a pope. He was a friend of the New Learning that had sailed from Greece after the Turkish capture of Constantinople, and crossing the Alps from Italy had raised in England a Colet, a Linacre, a Fisher, and a More.

All his children were educated to the highest standard; and it is well known that Queen Elizabeth was one of the most learned and accomplished women of her time. But it was not within his wildest dream to depart from the old Faith, and to separate himself from Rome. Had he not—in part against Sir Thomas More's protest as to its dangerous cringing—written a book in reply to the "Babylonian Captivity" of Luther, and received as guerdon from the Pope the title "Defender of the Faith," so that he stood forth in Europe on a pious level with the sovereigns of France and Spain, who wore the dignities of "Most Christian" and "Catholic" Kings?

Neither the able, passionate, and ambitious Henry, nor the calm and noble More, nor the learned and unscrupulous Wolsey, had any thought of creating a religious disruption. Their drift was towards culture, and Wolsey actually founded Cardinal (now Christchurch) College, in Oxford, with the spoils of monasteries. The masses of the people, on the other hand, were being fast leavened by a stronger ferment, by the firstfruits of the printing press, circulated by the "Christian Brethren," a secret society, composed of monks like Bayfield, "printers, booksellers, pedlars, wandering clerks, broken merchants, and other adventurers," who defied the mandates of Wolsey and his government. They sowed broadcast, especially in London and the seaport towns, the tracts of Wycliffe, his disciple Huss, Luther, and Zwingle, and the ferocious onslaughts of "runagate friars" like the noble erelong martyr William Tyndale, who propagated such heresies as that "we are damned of nature, and so conceived and

born as a serpent is a serpent, and a toad a toad," etc., that "Christ in all His deeds did not deserve heaven;" and such alarming socialism, then perhaps politically dangerous, as that "among Christian men love maketh all things common." A more decided action was taken by Henry in 1529 for the suppression of these often scurrilous sheets, Warham, More, Tunstall, Gardiner, and Latimer (what a conglomerate!) being appointed with others to report upon the books deserving of stern condemnation. As result, the King proclaimed that his most learned men had advised the imprudence of a translation of the Scriptures, as only tending to an increase of error, but he held out the hope that, if the people behaved well by departing from their perverse and seditious opinions and the corrupt translations were exterminated, the Holy Scriptures—if his Grace so pleased—"should be by great, learned, and Catholic persons translated into the English tongue."

To Henry this proclamation was perhaps a joke, for the merry King laughed in private at the scandalously clever "Book of Beggars," while within six months of the "unanimous" report of the Commission, the eloquent and earnest Latimer, who himself indulged in the reprovéd versions, urged the King with jest and plea to provide a translation of the Scriptures, and charged the mischief of the condemned books to the sloth, ignorance, and "Banbury glosses" of the priests. The bishops and clergy, however, did not let the proclamation fall as a dead letter, although the hunt had to be paid for out of their own purses. Among those who suffered a cruel death was Richard Bayfield, a former monk at Bury St. Edmunds, "taken at his bookbinder's in Mark Lane, and finally burnt at Smithfield in November, 1531." Even the dead were not allowed to sleep in peace. The most shameless spectacle in this clerical tragedy-comedy of persecution was that of raising the body of a Gloucestershire squire named Tracy, which had lain for two years in the grave, and burning it at the stake. This indecent act was the wretched outcome of a verdict by Convocation that his will contained heresy, paid no flattery, and left no money to the Church; but in spite of the sacred shield that covered the enormity, the nation was shocked, and the dignity who had perpetrated it was fined by the King in the goodly sum of three hundred pounds.

PASSION AND POPE.

Already, in 1527, Henry had commenced his manœuvres for a divorce from his "true and loyal wife," who had loved him almost to superstition for eighteen years. Wolsey, who was eager for the divorce, in order to bind Henry to France by another marriage, had the same idea with Pope Clement, that

the passion for the maid of honour was only a transient humour, and that the cure for this affliction lay in its degradation into an illicit amour. But Wolsey had only raised a despotic monster that was destined to smite himself, and crown his last days with disgrace and sorrow. When Henry first announced to the Cardinal his intention of marrying Anne Boleyn, Wolsey fell upon his knees with horror; but his earnest pleadings not only broke in vain upon the firm determination of the King, but fell back upon himself in the complete ruin of his influence. The Pope, in fear that Henry should turn Protestant if he did not give way to his demand for a divorce, in fear of the strong Imperial army if he should do so, was at last driven so far in his hesitating game as to appoint Wolsey and another cardinal as his representatives to hear the case in England. When they had failed to coax the noble and fond wife into a nunnery, and were convinced that nothing but death would "divorce her from her dignities," they opened their court at Blackfriars after six months of delay. She flung herself at the feet of her lord, who twice tried vainly to raise her up. In broken English she addressed him with a pathos that stirs the heart even at this far distance, in language that has been drawn out and weakened in its force by Shakespeare.

"Sire," said the kneeling daughter of the mighty King of Spain, "I beseech you to pity me, a woman and a stranger, without an assured friend and without an indifferent counsellor. I take God to witness that I have always been to you a true and loyal wife, that I have made it my constant duty to seek your pleasure, that I have loved all whom you loved, whether I have reason or not, whether they are friends or foes. I have been your wife for years, I have brought you many children. God knows that when I came to your bed I was a virgin, and I put it to your own conscience to say whether it was not so. If there be any offence which can be alleged against me, I consent to depart with infamy; if not, then I pray you to do me justice."

The puzzled cardinals threw back the burden of decision upon the Pope. Wolsey's stupendous efforts for peace had failed; his years of mighty toil for raising Henry to the pedestal of a despot were forgotten in view of the witching face and tempting coyness of Anne Boleyn. The courts which he had held as legate, with Henry's own consent, were now denounced by the despot as treasonable to his own supremacy; and Wolsey, who had been his most loyal slave, was shorn of his dignities. The maid of honour won from her royal lover a promise that he would see Wolsey's face no more. The Cardinal's cheeks rapidly became hollow with sadness. The King sent him the present of a ring as a

little consolation. Within a year the great old statesman, the most loyal of Englishmen, the foremost man in Europe, was conducted, on a charge of treason, towards the Tower of London. By the way he died, telling the monks of Leicester that he had come to lay his bones among them. The words uttered on his deathbed are historic. "He is a prince," said he of the idol of brass, gold, and clay that he had raised, "of a most royal courage: sooner than miss any part of his will, he will endanger one half of his kingdom; and I do assure you I have often kneeled before him, sometimes for three hours together, to persuade him from his *appetite*, and could not prevail. . . . Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

Wolsey had discerned, with the prophetic vision of a true statesman, that England stood upon the brink of a popular revolution. By the study of comparative politics, he heard in the rebellious murmurs against the riches of Churchmen the voice of the re-awakened corpse of Lollard socialism; he knew that religious change was but the herald of a wider revolution, that the sickle of popular freedom would not pause at cutting down the ridge of ecclesiastical power, but would sweep mercilessly over the whole field of despotism and injustice. "Say furthermore," said the dying statesman, "that I request his Grace, in God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new pernicious sect of Lutherans. . . . In the history of King Richard the Second, which lived in that same time of Wickliffe's seditious opinions, did not the Commons, I pray you, rise against the king and the nobles of the realm of England; whereof some they apprehended, whom they without mercy or justice put to death? and did they not fall to spoiling and robbery, to the intent they might bring all things in common?" Our trades-unions and our Land Bills are the historic proofs of the far-reaching vision of the Tudor statesman.

Meanwhile the sparkling maid of honour carried matters at Court with a high hand. She and her family were ennobled and enriched. In November (1529) the Queen was privileged to dine with her long-estranged husband. She complained of her cruel separation from his bed and board; to which he surlily replied that she was not his wife, and left the room suddenly in deep dejection. Clever, selfish Anne, sitting by his side at supper, rallied him with the following delicate reproach:—

"Did I not tell you that whenever you disputed with the Queen she was sure to have the upper hand? I see that some fine morning you will succumb to her reasoning, and that you will cast me off. I have been

waiting long, and might in the meanwhile have contracted some advantageous marriage, out of which I might have had issue, which is the greatest consolation in the world ; but alas ! farewell to my time and youth, spent to no purpose at all !”

In this deplorable selfishness and dextrous self-control we see the true mother of Elizabeth, “The Maiden Queen.” Protestants or Catholics, none of us can well bow to the eulogy of Gray, that—

“Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel light first dawned from Bullen’s eyes.”

CRANMER AS A TOOL.

The reluctant tutor of the Cressey boys was brought down from Waltham and installed in the splendid library of Boleyn’s father, in Derham Place (the modern Adelphi), overlooking the ceaseless traffic of the Thames. There he composed a book on the King’s love business. Henry’s bribery and Cranmer’s clear and earnest eloquence obtained a decision of the universities that the marriage was void *ab initio*; but the matrons of England were not to be conquered by specious arguments that only lay like gossamer over the heartless passion of a monster. Then Cranmer had a roving commission—first to the Pope, who deferred the hearing of the plea, but made him “Grand Penitentiary of England,” a sop to Cerberus ; and then to Italy, France, the Princes of Germany, and finally to the Emperor. But the right and the truth remained with the women of England, with gentlemen whose hearts were touched with any spirit of chivalry, and with old Luther, who declared that “separation after so many years of cohabitation would be an enormity greater than any marriage could have been, however improper that marriage might have been in the first instance.” And once again Thomas Cranmer did a most foolish thing, for on the way he not only talked with the learned Osiander, but, unambitious Catholic priest that he was, made love to Osiander’s niece, married her, and sent her across the sea to England to make a home for her and him and the children that were to be. Strange days those were : wife she was, and wife she might be privately to him, but in the ceremonies of the outer world she could be looked upon in Catholic England as only the concubine of Cranmer. In 1533, Henry secretly married Anne Boleyn ; Catharine’s doom was sealed by the Act for the restraint of Appeals, which severed England cleanly from the Pope ; and to crown all, Thomas Cranmer, a married priest, was placed on the throne of Canterbury, to the scandal of all Catholic Christendom. For be it remembered the English Church was still thoroughly Catholic. This great man, this “quivering mass of

indecision,” was simply the honest tool of Henry’s iniquity ; he was raised to the loftiest pinnacle of ecclesiastical power that the semblance of loftiest authority might be thrown over the divorce of Catharine. Acting on an imperious mandate of Henry, he held an ecclesiastical court (May 1533), at which the Queen did not appear ; but the case went on, Cranmer piously hoping that “her absence might be made up for to the full by the Divine presence ;” and on the first day of the leafy month of June, Anne Boleyn was crowned with gorgeous splendour.

There is no apology for Henry’s crime ; he knew that there was no valid reason why Catharine should not have become his wife. All this was wretched enough as motive of a Protestant revolution, and we shall now descend into the plain to find the constitutional steps and the righteousness of the religious change.

A MEMORABLE PARLIAMENT ; MORE AND CROMWELL.

In 1529 there opened “the most memorable Parliament that ever sat. It was the assembly,” says Canon Dixon, “which transformed old England—the England of Chaucer and Lydgate—into modern England. . . . A full generation at least of the fiercest hacking and hewing followed, ere the ancient system was spread upon the ground.”

The robes of Lord Chancellor never clothed a greater spirit than that of him who now succeeded Wolsey. This was Sir Thomas More, whose wisdom, wit, and gentleness have been household words for almost four hundred years. His “Utopia” was the first great book issued from the press by a living Englishman ; his name was the foremost among the thinkers of Europe. The friend of Erasmus, he had furnished the King with wisdom and wit for twenty years, and on many a starry night the merry More had walked the palace leads with the gay King Hal. But although a Humanist, he was yet a Catholic. His open nature, the very mirror of nobility, made him unfit to play the base game Henry had settled down to fight. The Cardinal was to him “a great scabbed wether ;” and in his romance of “Utopia,” the kingdom of Nowhere, to which the world is still only advancing, our English Socrates struck at the new despotism which rose from Wolsey’s hands, by announcing that in his happy, far-off land a sovereign was “removable on suspicion of a design to enslave his people.” He imprisoned heretics with mild severity ; and understanding that the pen was mightier than the prison and the sword, he met Barnes and Tyndale with their own weapons sharpened by his inimitable ridicule ; but he was not the man who could now stand at the helm of the State.

Alarmed at the pace of Parliament, he soon resigned his office, and retired with spotless honour into poverty and study in his Chelsea home, to jeer at heretics, and soon, too, to lay his venerable head upon the block—yes, even he, of whom the sorrowing Erasmus wrote when he heard of the terrible iniquity, that he was “a soul purer than snow.” Let there be no mistake, however, as to the fact that this noblest and wittiest of Englishmen died for the Catholic Church,—for that Church where even the doctrine of Justification by Faith was not a heresy, but not for the “Roman Catholic Church” which arose with its narrowness and its Inquisition from the fiery debates of the Council of Trent and the triumph of the Society of Jesus (1545-55).

And now Thomas Cromwell, the political Reformer, our English Robespierre, commenced the Reign of Terror. This son of a Putney blacksmith, by his own confession a “ruffian” in youth, who had roamed abroad as an adventurer, and by turns had been soldier, cook, clerk, and money-lender, stepped to the front to fight the battle of Henry with the Church and heretics. He never halted in his course; relentless as Fate itself, he struck down all opposition with the brawny arm of a political blacksmith and the delicate deftness of a State cook. Like his master, Wolsey, the student of Machiavelli sought to make Henry supreme in Church and State, mowing down all obstacles with an iron hand and an iron heart, fearless of Pope, fearless of every human being, possessed, in spite of his genial aspect, of that Titanic energy and will which might have served for the original of Massinger’s mighty lines,—

“I’ll make a bridge arched with the bones of men,
But I will reach my aims.”

And the knives of assassins glanced aside when aimed at his charmed life. Like Wolsey, he only fell before the frown of his despot idol. Then his head went to the block amid a harvest of rejoicing. Protestants and Papists shouted at the fall of Jaganatha.

England, said Cromwell to the King, before whom he had at last been privileged to kneel, and who had heard of him as the fittest man in broad England to do his work,—“England is a monster with two heads. Let the King strike off one, the Pontiff, and stand alone supreme.”

BEGINNING OF THE DELUGE.

The very first act of this memorable Parliament struck a blow at the Spiritual Courts by fixing reasonable charges for wills and funeral fees; and one member of the Commons retorted to the argument from usage, that it was also the usage of thieves to rob on Shooter’s Hill, and that the greedy priests took the dead man’s only cow from his

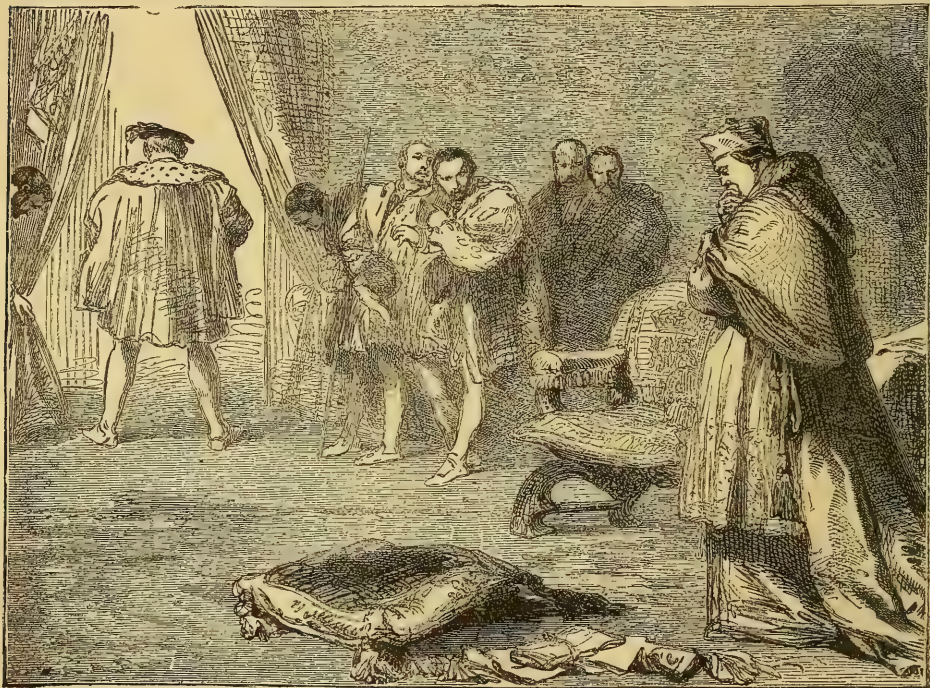
beggared orphans. This was followed by the Act against Plurality and Non-residence, “the first outburst of the noble indignation of the English laity against corruption, rapacity, and fraud,” which aimed at the wealth and sloth of priests who, fattening on a dozen benefices, lounged about the Court, who held farms, owned tanneries, and dealt in wool, suffering their poor parishioners “to lack refreshing to the peril of their souls.” For pretended insubordination to the Crown (Statutes of Provisions and Præmunire), the clergy were subjected to a penalty which drew a sum of money nearly equal to two millions of our day into the purse of the royal gambler; and after a determined conflict they were forced to acknowledge him—an ancient right of English sovereigns—as Supreme Head of the Church. The Commons charged the bishops with a lons catalogue of sins; among others with reckless persecution of heretics, who were increasing through “frantic seditious books contrary to the very true Catholic and Christian faith.” The freedom of the clergy from civil trial was limited. In order to bully the Pope into consent to Henry’s divorce, a secret Act was passed, abolishing the first fruits of all benefices paid to the Apostolic See; and the Papal power was finally cut off by the Act for Restraint of Appeals. The Church, through its bishops, was then called upon to give a formal renunciation of the Pope, binding itself never to speak of him as Pope or Universal Bishop, but simply as Bishop of Rome or Brother (1535). The first great wave of the deluge was the passing of the Act of Succession, in consequence of which the Franciscan monks and Carthusians were crushed, some of their pious and peaceful members sent to martyrdom, and two of the brightest luminaries of the time, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, despatched upon the scaffold. Tough old Fisher, by a strange irony just exalted to the dignity of a cardinal, refused to take the oath that Anne was Henry’s lawful wife, although he was ready to acknowledge her children as lawful successors to the throne, and perished by the axe in the bright summer sunshine which beat on Tower Hill (June 1535); his long, lean body lay all day naked on the scaffold, and people thronged to London Bridge to see his head, which, “by a miracle,” looked fresher every day. When it had been thrown into the river, its place was taken by the still nobler one of More, the gentle father who had given his children “kisses enough but stripes hardly ever.” On the eve of the fatal blow he raised his head for an instant from the block to move his beard aside. With “a touch of the old sad irony” he was heard to mutter, “Pity that should be cut that has never committed treason.” A shudder ran through Europe

at the deed, to which the condemnation of Socrates is the only parallel in history.

THE MONASTERIES DISSOLVED.

When the Commons authorized the King (1534) to have the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England, they armed him with authority "to visit and reform errors, heresies, contempts, and offences," in consequence of which Cromwell, as his "Vicar-General," at once proceeded to the ruin of the monasteries, and the acquisition of ample funds for the wasteful pockets of his despot lord. The "visitation" carried out by his anscrupulous agents, of whom Layton was the liveliest, was

of terrible enormities called forth from some members the cry of "Down with them!" yet the Bill which conferred upon the King all religious houses with a revenue less than £200 a year, was only complied with by the Commons after Henry had threatened that he would have some of their heads if they did not pass it. Three hundred and seventy monasteries fell by this single blow; 10,000 persons were thrown upon the world; weeping nuns returned to the homes of their mothers, and honest labourers betook themselves in hundreds to the trade of beggars, or even worse, of highwaymen. Although many were glad to escape from the bars of



THE DISGRACE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

indeed a visitation in a double sense. The leaves of the great scholastic hair-splitter, Duns Scotus, were soon seen blowing about the quadrangles of Oxford, and his portly tomes, which had been supposed to reveal the deepest mysteries of the Faith, were put to the most ignoble and unnameable uses. The notes which were taken of the morals and moneys of the monks and nuns throughout the whole breadth of England, were laid in four months before Parliament, in the form of a "Black Book," which set forth by innumerable instances that the "hooded hypocrites"—monks and nuns alike—were as abominably vile as the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. Although the reading of this Doomsday

the monastic cage, yet it was a sad spectacle that of monks and nuns, whose bounty had fed the poor, themselves reduced to beggary or the penury of a pitiable pension. How did Henry consume his immense spoils? We can well imagine, when we know that the tuneful bells of a London steeple fell at a single throw of the dice.

CATHOLIC REACTION.

Catholic England shuddered, and the throne shook. At Louth, in Lincolnshire, the commissioners of the "base-born" Cromwell were placed in the stocks; a vast multitude rose under a shoemaker, nicknamed Captain Cobbler, one of whose associates was Dr.

Mackerel, an abbot, who marched forth in full armour; and one of the commissioners was murdered. Henry issued his thunderous

A more formidable rebellion burst forth in the northern counties, at the head of which stood Robert Aske, a country gentleman,



BURNING A PROTESTANT MARTYR.

voice, and the "rude commons of a most brute and beastly shire" dwindled away in a fortnight.

with a following of 30,000 men, over whom floated a banner on which was worked the Five Wounds of Christ. Perhaps Henry

would have been driven from the throne had the Pilgrimage of Grace found a more ambitious leader; but from the moment it commenced negotiations with the petty force of Henry, and Aske and others retired to their homes with a fair promise and a feigned pardon, the Catholic reaction was doomed, only to be opened in the reign of Mary. Cromwell struck them as only he knew how. Many of the northern rebels, even honest Aske, with others from among the Lincoln rebels, were sent to the scaffold, the stake, and the worse starvation of the Newgate den. Abbots and nobles swung upon the gallows; butchers and priests were mercilessly hanged; Lady Bulmer was burned alive in Smithfield. It remained for one of the Pilgrims, Lord Darcy, who perished on Tower Hill, to fulminate a prophecy against the ruthless maker of these tragedies: "Thou, Cromwell, art the very special and chief causer of all this rebellion and mischief. . . . but though thou shouldst procure all the noblemen's heads within the realm to be stricken off, yet I trust that there shall one head remain that shall strike off thy head."

By-and-by the empty Treasury was refilled by the dissolution of the larger monasteries. Yet although the greater part went to the greedy courtiers and the gambling table, some was righteously spent on ships and forts and new cathedrals.

JOHN FRITH THE MARTYR.

So far as Government was concerned, the Reformation in England—as the German Protestants alleged—was purely political; and when it served his purpose, Cromwell, whose own leanings were in favour of the new faith, encouraged the heretics or hanged them. Chief among those who fought with sharp tongue and sharp pen in the early days of the great struggle shine forth the names of Tyndale, who from beyond the sea shot his rankling arrows against the clergy; Latimer, the bold and honest and fervid, but coarse and indiscreet, who for a short time held a bishopric, had joined the early Cambridge Gospellers in their war with Popish mummeries, and had seen his comrade Bilney sent to martyrdom; and the youthful Frith, "the most genuine martyr of the English Reformation." A pupil of Gardiner at Cambridge, a favourite of Wolsey because of his brilliant promise, he had fallen at Oxford into the evil way of studying the forbidden Lutheran books. For this crime he and others lay for months in a nasty cellar where the salt fish of the college was stored, with little food but that for their subsistence. Three of them died in the impure den. On his release, Frith made his way to London, formed a dangerous intimacy with Tyndale, and after many strange adventures

in Flanders and England, was betrayed by one of his associates among the Christian Brethren, and thrown into the Tower. He had published a work on Purgatory, which taught (said More) "in a few leaves, shortly, all the poison that Wickliffe, Ecolampadius, Huskin, Tyndale, and Zwinglius have taught in all their books before." In prison he courted death by issuing a powerful attack on the Romish dogma of the Eucharist, which may claim to be "the beginning, in this age, of the terrific controversy on the nature of the Presence in the Sacrament, which was already convulsing the Continent, and was destined to fill all Europe with blood and flame for a century to come." This youth of twenty-five stood unmoved before the King, clergy, and laymen who met at Lambeth to convert or condemn him; he had all the moral stubbornness of his great antagonist, Sir Thomas More, and was untouched by the gentle persuasions of Cranmer or the friendship of Gardiner. Yet he was no bigot: he did not even maintain that a belief in Purgatory and the Real Presence laid a man under the "jeopardy of damnation." He perished at the stake, showing the most unshaken patience while a London parson attacked him with vile ribaldry, and the wind, sweeping the flames from him, prolonged his sufferings; and by his side there fell a humbler martyr, a simple London tailor, who had no better reply to the puzzling questions of those who condemned him, than that "he thought as Frith thought." This was in (1533).

FIRST CONFESSIONS: ENGLISH BIBLE IN CHURCH.

In July 1535, Bishop Fox produced and read a tiny book in Convocation, which was listened to and thereafter signed by Cromwell as Vicar-General, Cranmer as Archbishop, and the clergy at large. This little treasure was the first-born of modern Uniformity. It was the "Ten Articles," our first English Confession of Faith; no minute and tedious document like those of Germany and Scotland, but a true literary bud of Henry's compromising policy, a rebuke and a comfort at once to Catholics and heretics; containing the Protestant Melancthon's definition of Justification, and while it retained a multitude of ceremonies, yet explaining them as "things good and laudable, to put us in remembrance . . . but none of these . . . have power to remit sin, but only to stir and lift up our minds unto God, by whom only our sins are forgiven." No sermons, however, were to be preached for three months until the Articles were divulged, so that seditious persons might be prevented from expounding them "according to their fantastic appetite." At the close of this period of "secret silence," the clergy received

orders from Cromwell to recite the Creed, the Paternoster, and the Ten Commandments in their sermons, till the whole was learned by their young parishioners. Two years later, while the plague was raging at the very gate of Lambeth Palace and sweeping its victims to the other world, the second English Confession ("Institution of a Christian Man"), commonly known as the Bishops' Book, was prepared; and several years after (1543), the third Confession, or King's Book, appeared, the last of Henry's reign. A later step towards uniformity (1545) abolished the Latin and English litanies in use, substituting an English translation of a Latin litany.

In 1536, an order was issued commanding "every parson and proprietary of any parish church within the realm to place the entire Bible in the choir, both in Latin and English," the translation referred to being that of Miles Coverdale, the fellow-labourer of Tyndale and a former friend of Cromwell. "Matthew's Bible," a composite of Tyndale and Coverdale, received Cromwell's license in the following year, at the suggestion of the primate, a compliment which gave Cranmer more delight than if he had received "a thousand pound."

But the year 1538 presented one of the bravest sights ever witnessed in England, certainly the most attractive of all this terrible period of struggle and terror and debate, when an injunction came down to all the clergy to provide within a certain period one book of the whole Bible, of the largest volume in England, and to set it up in some convenient place in the churches, where the parishioners could most easily reach it. The previous command had fallen as a dead letter. It was no idle offer and order now. Crowds of unlearned men and women thronged the churches hour after hour, listening with rapture to the accents of those who had sufficient learning to spell out the words of the Great Bible; and aged persons, who had longed for the blessed day, set themselves with diligence to learn to read, content to do the tasks of children, so that they might learn in their own heart and conscience the very truth of God before they were called away from the troubles of earth to meet Him face to face. And good old Cranmer, with whom this was a life-long hope, bargained with the printers that they should charge no more than ten shillings, and should state "in the end of their Bibles the price thereof, to the end the King's liege people shall not henceforth be deceived of their price." Cranmer's Bible continued in use till 1568.

WHIP WITH SIX STRINGS.

Unfortunately the Protestants, thus given an inch, began to take an ell, and Henry's

policy of moderation and compromise fell with terrible severity upon the triumph he had actually placed within their hands.

"Fresh orders," says Mr. Green, "were given to fling all relics from their reliquaries, and to level every shrine with the ground. The bones of St. Thomas of Canterbury were torn from the stately shrine . . . and his name erased from the service books as that of a traitor. The introduction of the English Bible into churches gave a new opening for the zeal of the Protestants. In spite of Royal injunctions that it should be read decently and without comment, the young zealots of the party prided themselves on shouting it out to a circle of excited hearers during the service, and accompanied their reading with violent expositions. . . . A fiery outburst of popular discussion compensated for the silence of the pulpits. The new Scriptures, in Henry's bitter words of complaint, were 'disputed rhymed, sung, and jangled, in every tavern and ale-house.' . . . Above all, the Sacrament of the Mass, the centre of the Catholic system of faith and worship, and which still remained sacred to the bulk of Englishmen, was attacked with a scurrility and profaneness which passes belief. The doctrine of Transubstantiation, which was as yet recognised by law, was held up to scorn in ballads and mystery plays. In one church a Protestant lawyer raised a dog in his hands when the priest elevated the host. The most sacred words of the old worship, the words of consecration, '*Hoc est corpus*,' were travestied into a nickname for jugglery, as '*Hocus-pocus*.'"

Then (1539) came the "Bloody Statute," or "Whip with Six Strings," as the Puritans termed it, in sorrowful allusion to the Six Articles of which it was composed, sentencing to the flames and forfeiture any persons who by word or writing defended the Protestant doctrines openly: in fact, it showed so decided a reaction towards an extreme Catholic position that Cranmer and five bishops strenuously opposed the passing of the Act. Hundreds of Protestants were thrown into prison; Latimer was also imprisoned and deprived of his see; the primate himself trembled with fear, and was only saved from the bitter assault of his enemies through the personal friendship of the King, in whose heart the attempt upon Cranmer "roused the best passion of which it was capable." In fact, however, it was only a political move, not meant to be put in force except as a measure of intimidation against the extreme party of reform; it was indeed passed almost alongside of that which appropriated the revenues of the larger monasteries. This seeming outbreak of Cromwell's wrath against the Protestants was only temporary; the prisons were soon emptied of their booty, the "Word was powerfully preached, and books of every kind safely exposed for sale."

In this "killing time," two noble examples of heroic death stand forth in brilliant relief. The first was William Lambert, the friend of the martyred Frith and Tyndale. Returning from the Continent to his native country, he settled in London as a teacher in a humble way, and was latterly engaged in trade.

Having indulged in the expression of his opinions in a manner that was considered dangerous to the peace of the public, he was apprehended at the instigation of a Lutheran preacher. Refusing to save his life by subscribing to the dogma of Transubstantiation, as Cranmer and Latimer advised him, he appealed to the King; and, accordingly, a gorgeous display of royal luxury and theological skill took place in the palace of Whitehall, the King (if we may credit Foxe, whose authority is most questionable in this matter) showing much higher capacity for bullying than for controversy. As night fell over the scene, and the torches were being lit, the wearied despot exclaimed, "Art thou not yet satisfied? Wilt thou live or die? What sayest thou?" Lambert's submission to the royal clemency was promptly met with the emphatic sentence:

"Then die you must; for a patron of heretics I will never be." On the morning of his execution, says the "Book of Martyrs," "Lambert being admonished that the hour of his death was at hand, he was greatly comforted and cheered; and being brought out of the chamber into the hall, he saluted the gentlemen, and sat down to breakfast with them, showing no manner or sign of fear. When the breakfast was ended, he was carried straightway to the place of execution. . . . Of all who have been burned and offered up at Smithfield, there was yet none so cruelly and piteously handled as he; yet in the midst of his torments, lifting up his mangled and burning hands, he cried to the people: 'None but Christ, none but Christ!'"

It is possible that Henry, in all his zeal to prove himself a splendid Catholic, was far from anxious to have a flood of determined Protestants streaming towards him for judgment. The infamous "Whip" failed in its purpose "to abolish diversity of opinions;" and about a year before his death, the Supreme Head of the Church addressed the Parliament in the true spirit of moderation and compromise, urging them to greater charity, and to cease from the dangerous freeness with which they banded about mutual accusations of heresy and Popery. Henry must have known how perilous to the peace of the State, which still rocked

uncertain on the troubled waters, was the execution of women, even though they were as sharp-tongued as Anne Askew,—a clever lady who had separated from her husband because of her religious creed, and who boldly declared in Newgate that "her God will not be eaten with teeth." Not that Henry troubled himself about religion in itself, or took pleasure in the slaughter of his subjects—that was left for the reign of his eldest daughter; but he must have learned and thought of the sympathy that gathered round a woman who was tortured into lameness, and was borne in a chair to Smithfield; and it may have crossed his fancy that the spectacle of the vast crowd which pressed against the rails within which the fagots blazed around her, would live for ever as a scandal to his reign so long as one spark of chivalry lived in the hearts of Englishmen.

PROTECTOR SOMERSET:
HIS WEAKNESS.

Great but mild reforms had been cradling in the calm mind of Cranmer, before he was summoned to the death-bed of the King whom he had served with humility for almost twenty years, who had regarded him with a veneration that almost verged on friendship, who had been influenced by the candour and truthfulness of his nature, and who had felt in the support of his honest primate "the touch of greatness which was all there was to

give an ideal character to a sordid revolution." The dying despot pressed the hand of the aged priest, gave him one last look with his glazed eye, and passed away from the mighty troubles of his heart and country.

The sickle of progress was now to take a wider sweep. Henry's power, but not his policy, was seized by the maternal uncle of the young King, Edward VI., an impetuous Protestant, whose religious tendencies, however, did not prevent him from enriching himself with the spoils of the monasteries, from converting the famous Abbey of Glastonbury into a factory for worsted thread, from blowing up one church in London, and with its stones erecting upon the site of another the magnificent palace still known to us as Somerset House. The bones of the dead who lay in St. Paul's Churchyard were used



JOHN FOXE THE MARTYROLOGIST.

as manure, and Westminster Abbey, though fortunately saved, had also been doomed to destruction. The spirit of compromise which guided the policy of Henry, and of his daughter Elizabeth in after years, was now changed into the spirit of faction; and the worship of the people, of whom by far the greater portion still clung with veneration to the ancient Church, was treated with a contempt which culminated in serious rebellion. Had the Government been clean-handed,—had it gained the confidence of the toiling masses by scrupulous integrity, the danger would have been lessened; but the enclosure of lands for rearing sheep was a measure of dire injury to the labouring people who had found employment in ploughing and sowing; while the dissolution of colleges and chantries (chapels, etc., where masses were said for the repose of souls), put forth on the pretence that they were the cause of “a great part of superstition and error in Christian religion,” served only to glut the greedy appetites of courtiers with the name of God upon their lips. Nor was this all: the suppression of one see, and the seizure of half the revenue of every other, although supposed to be done for “godly uses,” were nothing more than acts of spoliation perpetrated by a weak Government, so as to gain support from unjust and unscrupulous magnates. But we must not ignore that England had still some true and fearless preachers of righteousness, such as Ridley and Latimer, who told these robbers in high places that they should blush for very shame at their iniquity, and demanded that they should restore what they had stolen by trickery or violence.

THE REAL PROGRESS; COMMON PRAYER.

A cordial friendship could not possibly exist between the noble primate and the plundering Somerset, much less between him and Somerset's successor, Northumberland, who was simply a rabid hypocrite, and who, Cranmer himself declared, had compassed his destruction. Amid the roar of discontent from the masses, and the sacrilegious pretensions of the nobles, real Christian courage was doubly needed by men of candour, truth, and nobleness, like Latimer and Cranmer; but the movement was steadily and faithfully maintained by these and other spiritual chiefs, who were soon to find their reward in the blaze of fagots and the crown of martyrdom. In the main, however, the reforms of the Church were carried on in deference to the cautious gentleness of Cranmer and his friends: and the imprudent conduct of many preachers, the tumultuous manner in which images and pictures were removed and defaced, the abominable sacrilege of patrons in presenting livings to their gamekeepers, and pocket-

ing the stipends,—these scandals must not be charged on the souls of Cranmer and the old and tried Reformers, but on the blinking impotence of the Government. Wooden tables were placed in the centre of the churches, as a substitute for the stately altars of stone to which the eyes of the people had been accustomed. But great reforms took place in spite of the heartlessness by which the leaders were environed, although they were far indeed from satisfying the demand of Calvin. Anabaptists, it is true, were still burned, even under Cranmer's notice, for instance, poor Joan Bocher, the Maid of Kent, who reviled the preacher at her death; but the Whip of the Six Strings and other persecuting Acts were instantly repealed. Cranmer, after long doubt about the Real Presence, and much earnest talk with Ridley, mingled with the pastime of the chase, had at last renounced the Popish doctrine. A Great Bible was ordered to be provided within three months in every church, and also, as a compromise (a pleasant memory of Henry's time and Cranmer's early days of humble tutorship), the “Paraphrase of the Gospels” by one who had lived and died a Catholic, the strange but great Erasmus. Portions of the English Bible were to be read regularly at the services, and the “Book of Homilies”—a series of twelve sermons edited by Cranmer—was to be used where there was no preacher. After a “thorough sifting,” the celibacy of the clergy was abandoned, and the loving primate could at last bring back from Germany his dear wife and children; the Book of Common Prayer, although it was assailed by Catholics, and on the other hand by Calvin and the English Calvinists, was welcomed with impatient joy by thousands; and finally (1552) a second Prayer Book appeared, with further reforms, such as the excision of prayers for the dead. Our present liturgy, formally established in 1662, is substantially the same as that which issued from the pens of our old Reformers.

The following year produced the Forty-two Articles, afterwards slightly altered into the Thirty-nine Articles, which need no introduction to any of our readers, for they still form the broad, moderate, compromising Confession of the English Church. The middle party of England, the lineal representatives of Henry's policy, now stood upon the modern platform of English orthodoxy.

But we must read with sorrow in the canons of the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, happily prepared too late to receive the sanction of the boy-king, that even these men of moderation had not yet learned in their hearts St. Paul's last and greatest doctrine, charity, freedom of religious thought, but deemed it right to curse and punish all who held “heretical” opinions,

and to send the opponents of the doctrine of the Trinity to the lambent mercy of the flames.

A PRINCE'S DEATH-BED.

The young King lay dying of consumption. With one exception the whole Council had consented to the signature of Edward's will, when the old primate, who had sworn to the succession of Mary, according to the testament of Henry, was summoned to the bedside of his godson. "I cannot set my hand," said he to the intimidated judges and the crafty Northumberland, when they requested him to sign the document by which the young sovereign willed away the crown from his sisters,—“I cannot set my hand to this instrument without committing perjury, for I have sworn to the succession of the Lady Mary.”

He was summoned again into the royal presence. "The dying boy, pale and cadaverous, lay before him,—the royal boy, his godson, whom he had loved as his own child,—the son of his benefactor and friend, whom he had crowned and faithfully served, there he lay on his death-bed, too ill to argue, but resolute, determined, regarding this his last act as an act of duty to his God, his country, and himself." In Cranmer's eyes his godson was a saint; and when almost the last breath of Henry's only boy was spent in urging upon him the justice of an act which his own conscience refused to look at in this light, what could he do in the presence of that death-like face, under the touch of that fervid prayer of an eye bright with the last flame of life, but in pitying love put forth his hand and sign the fatal deed?

Was the Reformation, then, firmly and finally fixed in England by this "device"? Alas! no fault of Cranmer's, but the religious progress of these last years had only come commended by tyranny, spoliation, and bloodshed, by spiritual wickedness in high places; and worse than that, soldiers from Germany and Italy had been hired to stamp out the discontent of Englishmen. Had Edward lived, and succeeded in maintaining his seat upon the throne of England, the Calvinism of Oliver Cromwell would have been thrust on England a century before the great Revolution by his determined will. It was not to be so. Our Reformation was destined to be as English as ourselves,—a plain and steady growth out of the free and freedom-giving hearts of England. How could the work of Edward's reign be other than abortive, since Cecil himself declared that "the greater part of the people is not in favour of defending this cause, but of aiding its adversaries, the greater part of the nobles who absent themselves from Court, all the bishops save three or four, almost all the

judges and lawyers, almost all the justices of the peace, the priests who can move their flocks any way, for the whole of the commonalty is in such a state of irritation that it will easily follow any stir towards change"?

MARY; CATHOLIC REACTION.

A once kindly woman ascended the throne with an embittered heart; a narrow spirit, quite incompetent to grasp the struggle of her age. Her condemnation is written in that last sentence of the great Elizabethan statesman, in the frantic cheers and mirth which welcomed her, and in the terrible contempt with which the *Te Deum* was sung upon her death. There is no excuse for her but that she was a persecuted woman; and if that be any apology, John Knox's "Monstrous Blast" is amply justified; her reign was simply a blunder and a scandal, and no Englishman can read its annals without a thrill of horror and a blush of shame.

It is unnecessary that we should track out one by one the steps which hurried England backward, not only from the religious position she had aspired to in the reign of young "Josiah," but beyond the memorable Parliament of 1529, into the arms of the Papacy, and into the profession of Roman Catholic sectarianism. Brutality marked from first to last the reign of the "heaven-sent dove," and its spirit is completely defined by the logic with which the vulgar and immoral prolocutor, Dr. Weston, wound up the discussion of Convocation in October 1553, on that awful topic, Transubstantiation: "Ye are well enough already; ye have the word, and we the sword." This seems a very strange expression, when we compare it with the hope entertained by Cranmer and other Reformers, that although some of the more recent measures of progress should be annulled, yet the independence of the English Church would be maintained, and the spread of gospel truth be still possible to earnest and honest men; and more especially when we view it in the light of a speech delivered by the Queen a few weeks after her accession, declaring that "she meant graciously not to compel or strain other men's consciences, otherwise than God should, as she trusted, put in their hearts a persuasion of the truth, through the opening of His Word unto them."

This promise of liberty soon showed itself in the terror of a savage despotism. The only points which Mary did not succeed in winning from the votes of Parliament were the abolition of her title of Supreme Head of the Church, and the restoration of the lands and houses of which the monasteries had been robbed; and these points were held to by the determination of the nobles that, let religion

swing from side to side with every storm that blew, they at least would never part, for the best or worst doctrine in Christendom, with their riches and estates. The Bible and Book of Common Prayer were abolished; the Statute of Heretics was revived; Cardinal Pole returned to England in a Catholic triumph, and both Houses of Parliament bent upon the knee before him and received the absolution of the Pope; a Bill for the reconciliation of England to the Holy See swept away every reform of Cranmer under her father's and her brother's reign; married priests were placed in the dilemma of renouncing their wives or their livings; and now, instead of the milder persecution of More and Cranmer in the reign of Henry, which only asked for silence, and did not seek for victims, the very spirit of the Spanish Inquisition found a home in this freedom-loving England. Persecution ceased to be political, and became the offspring of religious fanaticism. When Thomas Cranmer, the old friend of King Henry, the author of all the moderate reforms of the last twenty years, the noblest and most truthful of priests, the venerable representative of all that was best or safest in the Church of England, the man whose figure was known in every country parish as that which had its place with those of Cromwell and the mighty King on the frontispiece of the English Bible,—when he fell at the stake in Oxford, the hearts of thousands were embittered by the iniquity, and on every hand humble men and women, and even children, were eager to win the crown of martyrdom. When the trial of their faith came, the Protestants were divided into five classes: those like Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who felt it their duty to God and to the nation to stand on English ground, and meekly suffer the consequences of the work they had chiefly promoted; the exiles; the political Reformers, such as Cecil, who could “bide their time;” the zealots, who rushed furiously upon the officers who carried out the commands of their superiors, and often hindered the Christian cause by ribaldry and violence; lastly, those avaricious and unscrupulous statesmen,—the Arundels, the Russells, the Pembrokes,—who had no certain creed but their own interest. It is to these last, and to the “bloody Mary,” more than to the learned Gardiner and the vulgar Bonner, that we must charge the abominable wrongs and murders of this the blackest period of English history.

SIR JOHN CHEKE.

One of the saddest stories is that of the learned tutor of Queen Elizabeth, the brother-in-law of the more renowned Cecil. Having obtained his release by the sacrifice of all his landed property, he received permission

to travel for a few years. He was tempted to Rome because of its classical associations, but far from its religious atmosphere exerting any influence upon his faith, he wrote to Cecil, on his way homeward, to “take heed how he did in the least warp or strain his conscience by any compliance for his worldly security.” Fine advice in the fair weather of exile! Soon after penning this epistle, he was seized by King Philip's orders, between Brussels and Antwerp, when on his way to England, bound hand and foot, thrown into a cart, conveyed across the Channel in a sailing vessel, and sent to the Tower. He had either to comply or burn. It was not sufficient that the timid man of learning should subscribe his assent to the doctrine of the Real Presence and the whole list of Romish articles, but with that refined spirit of cruelty which demanded *not only profession but evidence of sincerity*, he was compelled to pronounce two recantations, one before the Queen, and one before the Cardinal. Even after he had undergone several acts of penance, he was not yet released; and when this mercy was granted, it was only to set him on the bench with Bonner to assist at the trial of the martyrs. His heart was broken, and in a few months he died in the hospitable home of an old friend, “a prey to shame, remorse, and melancholy.”

ROGERS, RIDLEY, LATIMER, ETC.

It is scarcely necessary, even for the youngest, that we should recite the many and monotonous stories of the Marian martyrs, for are they not all written in that famous book by John Foxe, himself an exile, entitled “The Book of Martyrs”? There we read how good John Rogers, known as the proto-martyr, was lodged in Newgate among thieves, how on the way to Smithfield he met his wife and eleven children,—“one sucking on her breast,”—and yet died constantly and cheerfully, unmoved by this “sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood;” how Miles Coverdale, to whom England owed a translation of the Bible, was begged from the jaws of the lions by the King of Denmark; how good Rowland Taylor knelt in the dark morning with his wife and children on the unlit streets of London, walked to the quiet Suffolk parish where he had often preached with faith and fervour, saying at the stake, “I am even at home,” and gently replying to a wretch who threw a faggot at his face, “O friend, I have harm enough, what needed that?”

One of the first among the men who fell when the persecution began in deadly earnest in 1555, was the Puritanic bishop, John Hooper, taunted by two opponents on the bishops' bench as “hypocrite” and “beast.” The latter he was not, although a married priest, like the sage Cranmer, for he was

"spare of diet, sparer of words, and sparest of time," and his life was "so pure and good that no kind of slander could fasten any fault upon him." He was condemned to execution for having a wife and rejecting the Romish doctrine of the Real Presence.

At Oxford there perished, within sight of Cranmer, who rushed to the housetop to catch a glimpse of his beloved fellow-labourers, the two bishops, meek Ridley and vehement Latimer. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," cried Latimer, as the flames scorched his aged frame; "play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

The light was not extinguished. From bishops the Inquisition descended to humbler victims,—to men like the old lame painter, Hugh Laverock, of Barking, who when he was chained, cast away his crutch, exclaiming to the blind martyr beside him, "My Lord of London is our good physician; he will heal us both shortly;" to women like those of Guernsey, one of whom gave birth to an infant at the stake, which was tossed into the flames, and like brave Mrs. Cicely Ormes, of Norwich, who kissed the stake with the words, "Welcome the sweet Cross of Christ," and perished waving her arms till the sinews were stiffened with the flames.

Cambridge and Canterbury, Lewes and Lichfield, Rochester and Stratford-le-Bow, and many other spots, have their hallowed memories of the heroic men, women, and children who gladly laid their lives down at the stake for what they held to be the truth of God; but there is no place more sadly dear in England than the market-square of Smithfield, London. We forget the horse-fair and the noisy mirth and "ruffian" duels of the days of Shakespeare, and think only of the grim tragedies enacted opposite the entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew, where some strong oak posts and martyrs' bones were discovered a little over thirty years ago. It was there that Bayfield and Baynham fell; that the noble Frith smiled at the brutal parson who declared he was no more worth praying for than a dog; that John Lambert raised his mangled hands and shouted to the people "None but Christ!" In that often mirthful mart, Barnes, Rogers, the Scottish exile Rough—group after group of plain, "godly, and innocent" men and women from the fields of Islington and other places—were sacrificed like cattle to the insane fanaticism of the "Bloody Mary" and the cowardly submission of Gardiner, Bonner, and other weak-kneed priests. It is true

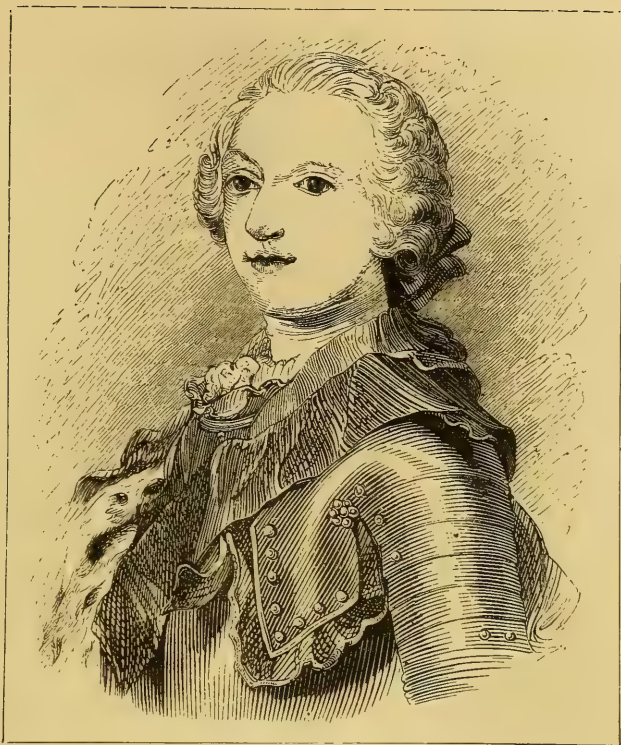
the Protestants of London hanged a cat in Cheapside "apparelled like a priest to say mass," that they decapitated the image of À Becket in that same thoroughfare, and that Marian exiles like Bale sent provoking slanders from their Continental bowers of peace; but no plea on earth will suffice to wipe away the horror of Mary's hand, or lessen our indignation against her monstrous instruments—such as that Dr. Stover, who boasted in the first parliament of Good Queen Bess: "I wish that I had done more than I did . . . I threw a faggot in the face of an earwig at Uxbridge as he was singing a psalm, and set a bushel of thorns under his feet."

THE RECOVERY.

This wholesale butchery carried in itself the death of the policy of Mary. The fierceness of its barbarism begot universal hate; the exiles of Geneva and Frankfort boldly returned to defy the flames; and when Mary died, it was no wonder that the passion of the people kicked priests in the kennels of London, and made her death a subject of triumph. In the Maiden Queen, who had not herself escaped from the heart-searching tyranny of Mary, the people found a sovereign absolutely untouched by the religious passion of Edward and her sister, eager in the truly English spirit of her father to raise the love of country above the persecuting zeal of creeds. She restored the royal supremacy, and the hateful Statutes of Heresy were abolished. The first Parliament of Elizabeth (1559) may be regarded as having really closed the door for ever against the hope of establishing the supremacy of Rome on English soil, and this result was greatly due to the moderation of its enactments and the temperate prudence with which the Act of Uniformity was carried out.

Gradually the work of reconciliation progressed until the peace and unity of England was firmly established; not, indeed, without much serious rebellion among the Catholics, not without a bold attack from Rome by the Bull of Deposition, not without a vigorous repression of the Jesuit priests who crossed from the Continent and laboured hard and boldly to create a Catholic reaction. But before this last attempt the work of the Reformation was practically accomplished. The Bible had been again set free; and in the reign of Good Queen Bess, in the year of our Lord 1563, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were established by Convocation.

M. M.



"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

OUT IN THE FORTY-FIVE:

THE STORY OF CHARLES EDWARD, THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

The Stuarts at St. Germain's and in Italy—The "Old Pretender" in Italy—His Matrimonial Difficulties—"My Dear Clementina"—The so-called Prince of Wales and Duke of York—Their Love of Music—Prince Charles Edward at the Siege of Gaeta—French Encouragement to an Expedition—Collection of a Force at Dunkirk—The Condition of the Scottish Highlands—Paying for Peace—The Clan Act—Jacobite Agents—Departure of the Prince for France, and Narrow Escape—In Hiding at Gravelines—The Expedition to Scotland—Reception by the Highlanders—Personal Influence—"Bonnie Prince Charlie"—At Athol, Linlithgow, and Holyrood—The Battle of Prestonpans—Over the Border—To Derby and Back Again—Fatal Culloden—The "Butcher Cumberland"—A Fugitive—Flora Macdonald—Escape to France—Incognito Visits to England—Death at Florence.

THE EXILED STUARTS.

"**Y** E have heard of a year they call the Forty-five, young gentleman, when the Southron heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores," said Pate Maxwell, better known as Pate-in-Peril, Laird of Summertrees, to young Alan Fairford, in Scott's "Redgauntlet." It was, indeed, a memorable year,—a great chapter in that record of the Stuart race in

which History and Romance appear to be twin sisters.

Since the memorable flight of James II. in December 1688, no Stuart had, in England, been permitted to wear the "round and top of sovereignty." James made a desperate effort to retrieve his fortunes in Ireland, was defeated at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards, by gracious permission of Louis XIV. of France, the Grand Monarque, held a little court of his own at St. Germain's, where he

died on Sept. 16th, 1701. When he quitted England, his son, James Francis Edward was about six months old. History and romance know that son as the Chevalier de St. George and as the Old Pretender, and his son, James Philip Louis Casimir Thomas Silvester Maria Charles Edward, as Prince Charles Edward (he laid aside the heavy load of the six preceding names), the Young Pretender, "Bonnie Prince Charlie." There had been desperate fighting on behalf of the Old Pretender in Scotland in 1715, and an abortive attempt to excite an insurrection in that country by the Duke of Ormond in 1719; and afterwards there were intrigues and private missions, spies and multitudinous correspondence, double traitors working for each side, Hanoverian and Jacobite, swearing fidelity to each and deceiving both. Men of brilliant talents and high position like Bolingbroke and Atterbury, who had sworn allegiance to the new dynasty, reconciled it with their conscience to correspond with the Stuart exiles, and afterwards to take refuge at their court.

THE OLD PRETENDER.

Believing in his divine right to the crown of Britain, the son of James II. waited with patience for the time to come when the English should be weary of the Hanoverians, and ready to welcome the Stuart as their rightful king. He knew that his uncle Charles had been recalled after long exile, that there had been a great reaction in the public mind then, and he hoped, indeed confidently expected, that a second restoration was fore-ordained. He possessed many of the Stuart characteristics, but not of the worst sort. Had he been king *de facto*, as he believed himself to be *de jure*, he might probably have more nearly resembled his grandfather Charles I., than his own father or his profligate but genial-mannered uncle the second Charles. He lived for a time at Urbino, and afterwards at Rome, in the Palazzo Muti (now the Palazzo Savorelli), in the Piazza di Sant' Apostoli, keeping up a little court, and assuming the style of James III., King of Great Britain and Ireland. President de Brosses (the French historian and antiquary), writing in 1740, in *L'Italie il y a Cent Ans*, describes James as tall and thin, with quite the air of the Stuart family, and very like his illegitimate elder brother, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, whose mother was Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. One point of difference between the brothers is rather unkindly noticed by De Brosses—they were much alike, "except that the Marshal's countenance was sad and severe, while that of the Pretender was sad and silly." This may be explained by the consciousness that he was playing a part, and found it difficult to reconcile his actual

surroundings with the assumption of regal state. He was, we are told, graceful and noble, with dignified manners, very devout, and of moderate talents; "when he sits down to dinner, his two sons, before taking their places, go and kneel before him and ask his blessing. To them he usually speaks in English; to others, in Italian or French."

The household in the Palazzo Muti was dull and decorous, but unhappy. James, with Stuart weakness and obstinacy, had been ruled by favourites. At first the Earl of Mar, who had led the expedition of 1715, was predominant; but the English Ministers found means to gain him over, and he deserted his master. Then came Colonel John Hay, elevated by James to the phantom dignities of Earl of Inverness and Secretary of State, and his wife and her brother, James Murray. It has been insinuated (with perhaps but little reason) that the influence of the Countess of Inverness was based on more than political considerations; and it is certain that the ascendancy of this family was so objectionable to James's wife, Maria Clementina, a daughter of the family of Sobieski, that in 1725, seven years after their marriage, she left her husband and retired to the Convent of St. Cecilia at Rome. There are statements in existence as to the causes of the separation, according to which the wife accused her husband of infidelity, and he retorted by charging her with ill-temper. The marriage had been one of inclination, and there is a letter extant, written shortly after Clementina (the first name was disused) had left him, in which there is a curious outburst of natural affection, disturbing the formal style which James had thought it his duty consistently with regal dignity to assume. At the commencement he addresses his wife as "Madam," and he proceeds to say that he is "aware from experience that you are so prejudiced against whatever originates with me as not to listen to me patiently." He reminds her that "we have often experienced anxieties and difficulties, but these I should always have endured with greater equanimity had I not observed them to be occasioned less by the vivacity of your disposition than by your overreadiness to listen to petty complaints and insinuations, and to fancy yourself hurt in the persons of those who have retailed them; and you cannot but recollect with what patience I have for two years submitted to your sullen humours, and how, when you scarcely would speak to me or look at me, I had recourse only to silence." He assures her that she had at all times possessed his undivided affection, and went on in a formal strain, with abundant "Madams," to complain of her conduct in endeavouring to intimidate him to dismiss an "able, faithful, and laborious minister;" but in the

last paragraph his dignity breaks down, he addresses her as "my dear Clementina," and conjures her not to "resist the last efforts of my tenderness, which only awaits your return to rekindle, never again to relax or cease."

THE YOUNG PRINCES AT ROME.

The titular Queen seems to have preferred the "Madam" to the more affectionate style of address, and persisted in her determination to remain in the convent; and for about forty years (he died in 1766), James led a solitary and saddened life. There were two children of this ill-assorted union,—Charles Edward, styled Prince of Wales by his father and his father's friends, born December 31st, 1720; and Henry Benedict, born March 5th, 1725 (shortly before the separation of his parents), who became the Cardinal York of later history, and the last survivor of the direct line of the royal house of Stuart. Of these two young men De Brosse says, in the work already quoted, "The elder is called the Prince of Wales, the younger the Duke of York. Both have a family look. They are amiable and graceful in their manners, both showing but a moderate understanding, and less cultivated than princes should have been at their age. They are both passionately fond of music, and understand it well; the eldest plays the violoncello with much skill, the youngest sings Italian airs in very good taste. Once a week they give an excellent concert, which is the best music in Rome. I hear from those who know them both thoroughly, that the eldest is much beloved by his friends; that he has a kind heart and a high courage; that he feels warmly for his family and misfortunes, and that if some day he does not retrieve them, it will not be for want of intrepidity. They tell me that, having been taken, when quite a stripling, to the siege of Gaeta by the Spaniards, one day during the voyage his hat blew off into the sea. The people round him wished to recover it; but 'No!' cried he, 'do not take that trouble; I will some day go the same way my hat has gone, if things remain as they are.'" He was at that time but fourteen years of age,—old enough to be well acquainted with the history and expectations of his family, and to desire above all things to be the means of restoring its fortunes. As the Jesuit Giulio Cordara—a priest of noble birth and high attainments, who wrote a narrative of the expedition of 1745—informs us, the young Prince "was reared from his infancy never to forego the desire or hope of recovering the crown, and even in early youth it was his aim to discipline to every kingly art those talents and regal endowments with which nature had furnished him." As a

boy he studied the theory of the military art, took delight in athletic and other manly exercises, as a preparation for a military life, and "urgently besought his father not to keep him lounging at home, but to send him where he could learn the art of war, as it surely was the duty of one born and bred in the expectancy of a crown to be a soldier ere he became a king, since that was the only path that could lead him to substantial sovereignty." According to some accounts he seems to have been troubled with very little education, except such as would fit him for a military career. Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, usually styled the Chevalier Sheridan, was nominally his tutor; but either he was very neglectful or Charles Edward was a very careless pupil, so far, at least, as the English language was concerned; for the Young Pretender astonished his Scottish friends of later times by spelling "sword" without the "w," and writing his father's Christian name "Gems." It is only fair, however, to say that Cordara, probably a very partial witness, credits him with a good knowledge of the Italian, Latin, English, and French languages, and a considerable acquaintance with ancient and modern history. His military taste was gratified by the permission to accompany to the siege of Gaeta his uncle, the Duke of Berwick, commander of the Spanish army, one of the most famous generals of the age, and in that respect worthy of his relationship to his mother's brother, the great Marlborough. The impetuous youth was delighted by the opportunity of witnessing the operations of actual war. "He flew to the lines," says Cordara, "and there so entirely devoted himself to the duties of a soldier, that, though but a novice in his fifteenth year, he set an example to the most steady officers and experienced veterans. Amid heat and dust, he galloped about the camp, reconnoitred the trenches, mines, and outworks, or, rushing where the shot fell thickest, was the foremost with voice and example to repel the enemy's sallies. Although all this somewhat disconcerted the Duke, to whom the youth's safety had been especially committed, and who blamed him for so rashly exposing himself, he could not refrain from admiring such gallantry, and holding it up as an example to others."

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

As the young Prince approached the years of manhood his character developed, and his martial tastes ripened. A great stake was to be played, no less than a crown. and he knew that the task of winning it, if it were to be won, must devolve on him. His father, cold, pedantic, and unadventurous, and over fifty years of age, was little likely to

expose his own person to the chances of war, and Charles felt instinctively that the enthusiasm of Scotland and the less excitable partisanship of England, must be roused by an individual appeal. "Come on," not "go on," were the words to reach the hearts of the people of both countries. The time, too, was becoming propitious for an adventure. France and England were at war. Old Cardinal Fleury, the French minister, who had long endeavoured to maintain peace, died, in the ninetyeth year of his age, in January 1743, and his successors were Count d'Argenson and Cardinal Tencin, both disposed to active measures. Tencin owed his Cardinal's hat to the influence of the Stuarts, and was devoted to their cause. George II. was pledged to support the Queen of Hungary, and was preparing to lead in person an allied army of English, Hanoverian, and Hessian troops across the Rhine against France. The French ministers conceived that an active revival of the Stuart claims would embarrass England, and that if a descent were made on Scotland, or if any part of the English coast were threatened, a diversion might be effected which would materially affect the position of affairs on the Continent; for King George would be little likely to withdraw an army from England when his crown was threatened.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXPEDITION.

Early in 1743, Tencin privately communicated with James Stuart at Rome, urging that Prince Charles should set out at once for France, so as to be ready to take the command of the intended expedition when it should be prepared; but James decided that his son's journey should be deferred till the preparations were completed, as otherwise the British Government would be put upon its guard, and preparations be made for defence. The battle of Dettingen, fought on the 16th of June, 1743, in which George II. defeated the French under Marshal Nouailles and the Duke de Gramont,—a victory now best remembered as the occasion of Handel's magnificent *Dettingen Te Deum*,—hastened the preparations for aiding the Stuarts. A force of 15,000 veteran troops was assembled at Dunkirk, intended to be placed under the command of Marshal Saxe, an illegitimate son of the late Frederick Augustus, King of Poland, by the Countess Von Königsmark, and at that time the most skilful and successful general in the French service. Transport ships were collected in the Channel, and eighteen sail of the line were got ready at Rochefort and Brest to act as convoys. On the 23rd of December the Old Pretender at Rome received information that the expedition was in readiness, and

signed a proclamation to the British people, to be issued immediately on the landing of the troops on the British shore, and a commission appointing his son Prince Regent, with full power, in the absence of James himself.

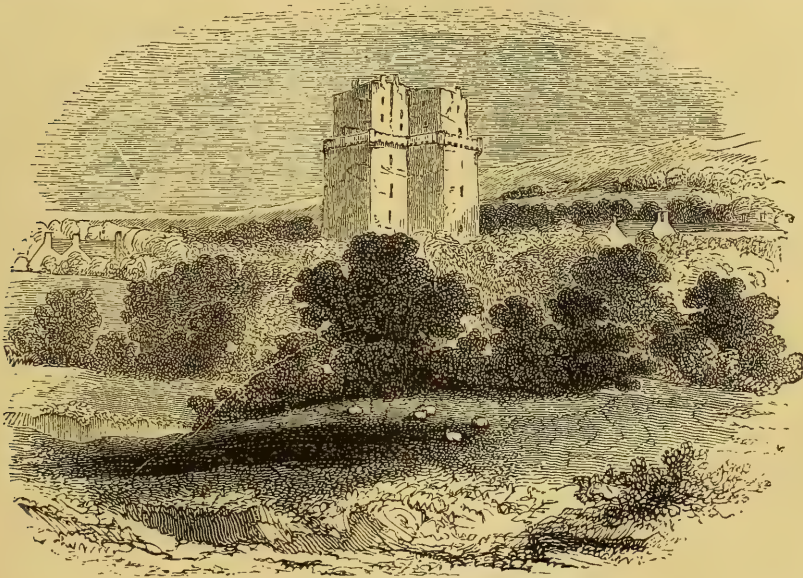
THE STATE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

It may be well, at this point of the narrative, to glance at the position of affairs in this country, the state of which may be supposed to have encouraged the Jacobites to make another attempt to restore the Stuarts. Their expectations of success were mainly based on the loyalty to the old ideas of the Lowland gentry and Highland chiefs of Scotland. In 1715 there had been no lack of followers of the Stuart standard, or of brave gentlemen ready to risk property and life for the old cause. But the Highlanders were themselves divided. The chiefs had their private jealousies and quarrels, which not unfrequently were considered of greater importance than any national object. When one Mac was affronted by another Mac, or fancied he was thought more or less of, the private quarrel must be adjusted to the satisfaction of the chiefs, dhuniwassels, and all the men of the rival clans, even if the "king over the water" had to wait awhile. In England the Stuarts had many friends open and concealed. The Hanoverian kings had certainly not made themselves attractive or popular. The first would not take the trouble to learn to speak the English language, was coarse and brutal in his manner, and took little trouble to conceal his dislike for the people he had been called on to rule; but he was a constitutional king, and fairly observed his engagements, however surly he might be. The second George was a strutting, fussy, plucky little man, a stout soldier at Dettingen, and ruled by his wife, who did not ask too many questions about Lady Yarmouth or Lady Suffolk, and by Sir Robert Walpole and other ministers. The shrewd and witty Earl of Chesterfield is credited by Horace Walpole with the suggestion, "If we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence." The great majority of the English, however, were fairly satisfied with things as they were, and not disposed to risk a civil war for the sake of placing, probably, another James II. on the throne. There were old people who could well remember the great western assize and the terror inspired by Jeffreys, the faithlessness of the last Stuart king, and the shouts which greeted the arrival of William of Orange. There was a stronger disposition to support King Log in possession than King Stork in exile with bad family antece-

dents. The Hanoverians were little liked but the Stuarts less.

Still less disposed were the mercantile and industrious classes to see a rabble of half-naked barbarians (for such the Highlanders were popularly supposed to be) acting as the escort of the Pretender to the throne-room at St. James's. The Lowland Scotch were not liked in England, and the country beyond the Forth was to most Englishmen an unknown land. A writer in an early number of the *Quarterly Review*, easily identified as Walter Scott, tells us that, "In England the knowledge of the very existence of the Highlanders was, prior to 1745, faint and forgotten, and not even the recollections of the civil wars which they had undertaken in the years 1689, 1715,

government by appeals to many motives of action; and some of the chiefs of inferior power had been dextrously dealt with, as Breadalbane and Stair, and afterwards Walpole, knew how to deal with simple natures whom it was advisable to keep quiet. Some of the chiefs had been partially educated in France, had become acquainted with the ways of the world, and a liking for political intrigue was as natural to them as physical courage. The exiled Stuarts could promise titles and high offices to their adherents, and those promises attracted some, but English ministers could do more than promise, and were ready with hard cash. William III. entrusted the Earl of Breadalbane with £20,000 to be distributed among the Highland chiefs. It was



PRESTON TOWER, NEAR THE FIELD OF PRESTONPANS.

and 1719, had made much impression on the British public. The more intelligent, when they thought of them by any chance, considered them as complete barbarians; and the mass of the people cared no more about them than the merchants of New York about the Indians who dwelt beyond the Alleghany Mountains."

Statesmen and officials, of course, knew more about the real condition of the Highland men, their warlike propensities, their organization, their clan quarrels, their indomitable courage, their loyalty to old traditions, and at the same time their weakness. The chiefs were proud, but many of them were poor. The very great men, the dukes and earls of Highland race, had been mostly attracted to the support of the existing

not an easy task to satisfy all. Some asked for more; and, says Scott in the *Quarterly* article already quoted, "It has always been supposed that the atrocity well-known by the name of the massacre of Glencoe, was devised and executed to gratify at once an ancient quarrel, to silence an intractable chief who had been clamorous about the division of the peace-offering, and to serve as a measure of intimidation to all others." Breadalbane's plan was to take the money, do with it what he would, and answer no questions. The English minister asked him to account for the expenditure, and he curtly answered, "My lord, the money is spent, the Highlands are quiet, and this is the only way of accounting between friends."

So well had the work of pacification, by

means chiefly of a judicious distribution of hard cash, been performed, that when, in 1714, the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King of Great Britain as George I., more than a hundred "chief heritors and heads of clans" in the Highlands prepared, after much deliberation, an address to the King, which, however, by some court intrigue was prevented from being delivered to him; and that fact so irritated many of the chiefs who had signed the document, that a year afterwards they took part in the rising of 1715. This address, we are assured, expressed "the joy of our hearts at Your Majesty's happy accession to the Crown of Great Britain. . . . Your Majesty's princely virtues and the happy prospect we have in your royal family of an uninterrupted succession of kings to sway the British sceptre, must extinguish those divisions and contests which in former times too much prevailed, and unite all who have the happiness to live under your Majesty into a firm obedience and loyalty. . . . Pardon us, great Sir, to implore your royal protection against any who labour to misrepresent us, and who rather use their endeavours to create misunderstandings than to engage the hearts of subjects to that loyalty and cheerful obedience which we owe and are happy to testify towards Your Majesty. . . . Our mountains, though undervalued by some, are nevertheless acknowledged to have at all times been fruitful in providing hardy and gallant men, and such, we hope, shall never be wanting amongst us, who shall be ready to undergo all dangers in defence of Your Majesty and your royal posterity's only right to the crown of Great Britain."

These were fair words; but within twelve months the Highlands were in a blaze of rebellion.

THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

Then other means were tried, and the loyalty of clansmen to their chiefs tampered with. Devotion to the head of the clan, the hereditary chief, was almost a sacred sentiment. The great clans, or septs, mostly traced their origin to some renowned warrior, whose character and achievements were in the course of ages magnified to stupendous proportions by an enthusiastic and imaginative people, having little intercourse with the outer world. The names of these almost mythical heroes, whose praises were chanted by bards, their exploits growing in picturesqueness and magnitude with the record of every generation, were adopted with additions by the chiefs of the clans; the Highland title of the Argyle family, for instance, the heads of the Campbells, being MacCallum More, "the son of the great Colin." The chief of a clan was, in virtue of his regular descent, looked upon as a father with veneration and in a spirit of

almost blind obedience. "The clansman who scrupled to save his chief's life at the expense of his own was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. A word would call the Highlandman from his cabin and his little patch of land on the hill-side, or the tacksman (tenant farmer) from his holding, to the side of his chief, and neither danger nor death could daunt him. In a few hours a chief, or even petty chieftain, the head of a branch of the main sept, if excited by a political sentiment, or offended because some other "Highland gentleman" had cocked his bonnet a little higher, could assemble a band of bare-legged warriors who feared nothing and hesitated at nothing. Scott scarcely exaggerated when he made a host of armed men spring from the ground in reply to the whistle of Roderick Dhu. This spirit of ready obedience, this power of rapidly collecting bands of fierce marauders, constituted the real danger of the Highlands to the English authority. Half-savage hordes of desperate men would appear no one exactly knew whence, and if defeated would scatter no one knew whither, and pursuit was hopeless.

The Clan Act of 1715 endeavoured to break this bond of feudal union by providing that whenever a vassal took part in a rebellion his property was to devolve on his liege lord, provided the liege lord himself remained quiet; and, on the other hand, that a loyal vassal was to receive the freehold of his lands from a rebellious lord. When, in 1744, the English Government had an inkling of the preparations going on abroad, the Highlanders were ordered to deliver up their arms to General Wade, the English commander in Scotland. The disaffected clans came forward with a number of rusty firelocks and other unserviceable weapons, having carefully hidden those likely to be useful, and the well-affected gave up all, so that when the war broke out in 1745 the latter were defenceless and the former well armed. Another Act of Parliament relieved vassals from personal attendance on their chief when summoned for purposes of sport, battle, or garrisoning their houses; this duty being substituted by the payment of a money rent. Few of the chiefs objected to receive the rent; but when they wanted the men summoned them as before; and the men "did come when they did call them," so firmly fixed in their minds was the traditionary duty of obedience. A more practical measure on the part of the English authorities was the construction, with great labour and expense, of military roads over the Grampians and through the Highlands, known as Wade's roads.

Some of the chiefs were as treacherous as they were influential. One whose name is familiar to all readers of the history of the

times, Simon, Lord Lovat, is perhaps an extreme specimen of the class. Early in life he was accused not only of high treason, but of a terrible outrage perpetrated on an elderly woman, daughter of the Duke of Athol, and mother of a young lady whose hand Lovat had sought in marriage. He absconded; and after skulking for some time in the hiding-places of the Highlands, contrived to reach St. Germain's. Thence he was sent to England to prepare the Jacobites for a rising; but he played false, and was consequently taken into favour by the English government, on whose behalf he headed his clan in the outbreak of 1715, and afterwards was entrusted with the command of one division of the force raised to preserve order in the Highlands, known as the Black Watch, the origin of the famous Forty-second Regiment. He was an old man in 1744, but had found it convenient again to change his principles, and he maintained his callous effrontery when he stood on the scaffold on Tower Hill.

JACOBITE AGENTS.

There were agents of the Stuarts, of many kinds and in many disguises, employed in England and Scotland to obtain information respecting the inclinations and means of the Jacobites, to forward confidential reports to head-quarters, and act generally as mediums of communication with adherents of the cause. One of these was Allan Cameron, who, after having been so employed in the Highlands, had the boldness to proceed to Edinburgh, to communicate with the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Lockhart, and other agents of James in the south of Scotland. Cameron remained some time in Edinburgh, and although suspected, visited the taverns and other places of public resort. He possessed a peculiar talent, highly appreciated in those days, being able to outdrink all he met with, and never quitting a tavern till all his boon companions were dead drunk, so that "he was safe going home." From the information he obtained he was able to assure James at Rome that his friends had not fallen off in zeal, and that the people were ripe for another attempt; but it should be made with a foreign force, which ought to land in England, and as near London as possible. Nothing more could be expected from the people of Scotland than a diversion to prevent the troops stationed there being called to England, or to intercept them if they marched. To assist them in doing so, a small body of foreign troops would be useful, and they would be quickly joined by the clans.

The Old Pretender was not very willing that the expedition should be undertaken. He had almost outgrown ambition, and was

tolerably happy at Rome. His little state, his visits to card-parties, his formal dinner-parties, were agreeable to him, and he had arrived at a time of life when danger appears more dangerous, and peace and quietness more acceptable, than when the hot blood of youth courses through the veins. Besides, he had learned not to trust too implicitly to the influence of his name on the turbulent chiefs of the Highlands, or of the traditions of his family on the spirit of the landed gentry of England; and had enjoyed some experience of the character of his selfish and profligate "dear ally," Louis XV. of France. After some hesitation he weakly released himself from the difficulty by throwing the responsibility upon his son, and Charles Edward was delighted to accept it.

DEPARTURE OF CHARLES EDWARD FROM ROME.

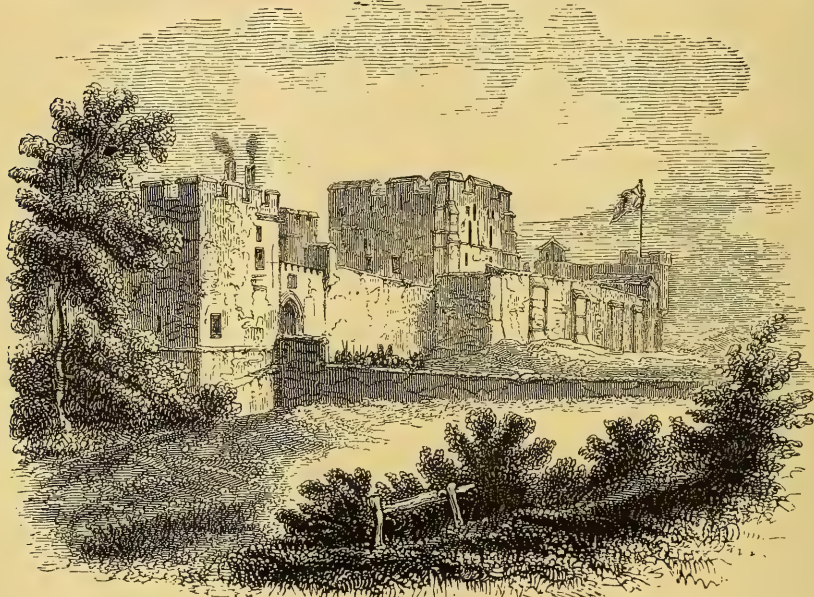
Two English gentlemen, agents of the Jacobite party, had reached Rome, one to arrange the plan of action, the other provided with false passports to facilitate the movements of the young Prince. One of these gentlemen was sent back to France to inform Louis of the speedy arrival of Charles Edward, the other to prepare for the journey through Genoese territory. On the 9th of January, 1744, a great hunting party in the Pontine Marshes was announced. The two young Princes, both distinguished for their love of sport, arranged to meet their friends at Caserta, about thirty miles from Rome, and provisions and material for a fifteen days' *chasse* were forwarded to that place, with many huntsmen and servants. Very early in the morning the Prince arose, and ordered his carriage to be got ready, and rode in it through the gate of San Giovanni, when he professed a sudden desire to mount a horse which his servant had brought with him, and to ride by the Albano road to Cisterna, whither the carriage was to proceed, saying in a laughing manner to Sheridan, who remained in it, "Let us see who will arrive there first." Away rode the Prince, accompanied by his first equerry, Chevalier Stafford, and a Scotch servant, both in the secret, and both eminently trustworthy. As soon as they were out of sight, Stafford was dismissed, and Charles Edward and his groom retraced their steps, skirted the walls of the city under cover of the darkness, and took the road to Florence. Shortly after the other party had arrived at Caserta, Stafford joined them, and told them that the Prince had fallen from his horse, and being slightly bruised, would rest for two or three days at Abano. The Duke of York and Sheridan acted their parts well; the latter protested against leaving the Prince, and declared he would ride back and take

care of him, roundly abusing Stafford for coming away. But the simulated anger soon cooled when he was told with admirable gravity that nothing serious need be apprehended from so slight an accident, and that to make a fuss about it might greatly alarm King James.

Meanwhile the Prince had reached the Villa Farnese at Caprarola, the residence of Cardinal Acquaviva, the Spanish ambassador, who was in the secret, and there he was disguised as a courier in the Cardinal's service, and then by travelling day and night he reached the Genoese territory. The farce was admirably kept up by Stafford, Sheridan, and the Duke of York. Stafford returned to Albano, and transmitted fictitious messages

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Charles Edward, who had joined the English agent sent in advance, reached Genoa (a distance of about 330 miles) at noon on the fifth day, having ridden about eighty miles a day, no slight feat of endurance, not having changed his dress or slept since he quitted Rome, nor eaten more than a few eggs hastily swallowed by the way. Having rested for three or four hours, he started in a hired carriage for Savona, where he hoped to find a small vessel to carry him to Antibes, in France, which was impossible to reach by land, the Liguarian passes being strongly guarded by the King of Sardinia, who was in alliance with England, and the coast being



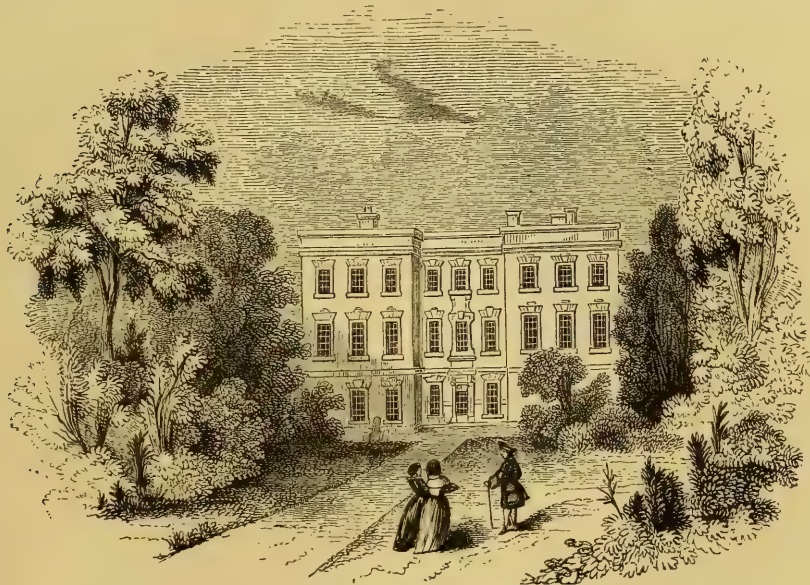
CARLISLE CASTLE.

as to the state of the Prince's health, and the hunt proceeded. Means were taken to intercept letters which might allude to the Prince's absence; the fishermen of Fogliano (the place to which the hunting party had moved) were bribed to say nothing about it when they attended the market at Rome; and presents of game were sent to various persons in the Prince's name. When the Prince was fairly on his way, and beyond the reach of interference, his departure was made known, and we are told, "great was the bustle, infinite the surprise, endless the speculations of the Roman public; but a warm interest in his success, fervent wishes and devout prayers, were the willing tribute of all classes to one whom they regarded as the pride and ornament of the city."

watched by a British fleet under Admiral Matthews. A great storm prevented the arrival of the little vessel, and nothing was left for the Prince but to make his way to the little seaside village, Finale, to which the boat belonged. Having accomplished this, he went on board, and succeeded in passing Villafranca, where the British fleet was lying; but as he was crossing the bay from Monaco to Antibes, his little vessel was observed from the mast-head of one of the ships, and an armed cutter was despatched in pursuit. We find the remainder of the adventure so well told that we quote the words:—"The chase was continued into the port of Antibes, which they reached together, the English insisting that if the Finale boat were admitted, they also should be, on pretext

of victualling. To get rid of the dilemma, the commandant ordered both off, saying that he could not give pratique to any boat from the Italian coast. Thus repulsed into the very jaws of the enemy, Charles with difficulty obtained that the English should start first, and when they were gone, discovered himself to the harbour-master, who, with many apologies, took him out of the *Finale* boat ere he sent it off again for Monaco, whither it was hotly pursued by the English cutter. It was not before dusk that Charles ventured to leave the harbour, and after a few hours' halt, he hurried to Avignon by land, whence, after a long consultation with the Duke of Ormond, he resumed his route to Paris."

made for the great expedition. The French Admiral, Roquefeuille, assumed the command of the united Rochefort and Brest squadrons, and sailed up the British Channel, with the view of ascertaining whether it would be safe for the transport ships to venture on the passage. With fifteen ships of the line, and five frigates, he reached the Isle of Wight, and actually came within view of Spithead, where, strange to say, they was not an English ship lying at the time. Roquefeuille immediately sent a swift little vessel to Dunkirk, advising Marshal Saxe to embark his troops at once. Seven thousand men went on board; the Prince hurried from Gravelines, and he and Saxe embarked together. Roquefeuille sailed round the south coast of England to



THE EARL OF EXETER'S HOUSE, DERBY, WHERE CHARLES EDWARD LODGED.

THE EXPEDITION IN THE CHANNEL.

The French capital was reached on the 20th of January, and the Prince naturally expected that he would receive a cordial welcome. Louis XV., however, did not find it convenient openly to adopt his cause, and refused to see him. Lord Elcho, Drummond of Bochaldy, and other Scotch refugees, warmly received him, and after living in concealment for a short time, the Prince departed quietly with Drummond for Gravelines, from the downs of which he for the first time gained a glimpse of the white cliffs of England. There he assumed the name of the Chevalier Douglas, and remained unrecognised. He was soon joined by the exiled Earl Marshal, and the preparations were

Dungeness, in Kent, where he cast anchor; and no sooner had he done so than the English Channel fleet, of the whereabouts of which he had had no knowledge, appeared in sight. The English Admiral, Sir John Norris, who had been in the Downs for the purpose of adding some ships from the Medway to his fleet, was a good sailor and brave man, but too slow and methodical for great enterprises. He anchored within a short distance of the French fleet, thinking that, from the state of the tide and the approach of night, it would be better to defer the attack until the morning. The French Admiral possessed a full share of the prudence which Falstaff considered to be "the better part of valour," and not caring to encounter a force greatly superior to his own, slipped his cables.

and—while Norris was enjoying his supper and grog, or sleeping to recruit his strength for the business of the morrow—bore away to the French coast. When the morrow came there were the waves and the white cliffs only to be seen; the French fleet had departed as mysteriously as the “Flying Dutchman” of the sailor’s legend. A stiff breeze, which favoured Roquefeuille, drove back the transports; some of the ships were sunk, others got on the coast among rocks and sandbanks, and those fortunate enough to get back to Dunkirk, suffered considerably in masts and rigging. The Prince returned, disappointed but not discouraged, to Gravelines. The French Ministers found better employment for Saxe, their best general, in Flanders, and the troops were recalled.

THE “CHEVALIER DOUGLAS.”

There was nothing to be done but to wait for another chance, “Chevalier Douglas” wrote from Gravelines to his father at Rome. “Nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me, so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody noticing my face. I very often think that you would laugh very heartily if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less. Everybody is wondering where the Prince is; some put him in one place, some in another, but nobody knows where he is really, and sometimes he is told news of himself face to face, which is very diverting.” He was chafing with impatience, and offered to join the French army in Flanders, and fight against the English; but Louis would not permit him, and Earl Marshal sagaciously reminded him that the worst means he could adopt to ingratiate himself with the English people would be fighting against them side by side with the French. That was an obvious truth, but the Prince would not see it, and complained bitterly to his father of the restraint placed on him. He shortly afterwards returned to Paris, in obedience to the wish of Louis, and lived for about a year in concealment in a small house some distance from the capital.

DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

His friends in Scotland and England were not idle. There was a secret association, having head-quarters at Edinburgh, of Scotch Jacobites of rank and influence, Lord James Drummond (commonly called Duke of Perth); his uncle, Lord John Drummond; Lord Traquair; Sir James Campbell, of Auchinbreck; John Stuart, brother to Lord Traquair; Cameron of Lochiel; and as able

and daring as any, if far less reputable, old Simon, Lord Lovat. English sympathisers, too, were watching opportunity. The opportunity came. The English got the worst of the fight at Fontenoy, near Tournay, in Flanders, on the 30th of April, 1745, and the French had gained other, if small, successes. Charles Edward hastened to Paris, hoping to obtain funds; but although the Ministers were quite willing to countenance his schemes, cash was not forthcoming. A diversion in Scotland might be favourable to French plans, but would not be worth any great sacrifices. The Prince was told by his Scotch friends that it would be useless for him to attempt the adventure unless he could bring with him 6,000 good troops, 10,000 stands of arms, and some money. He replied that come he would; he had no troops, but he could borrow about £13,000, and that he would send to Rome for his jewels and pawn them. “For our object,” he said,—and perhaps he thought some value attached to the resolve,—“I would even pawn my shirt.” To his father he wrote, “Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son’s following the example of his father. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck; and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or die.” He asked for help from Spain, but with no result. Then he left Paris, where he had ceased to assume any incognito, and took up his residence at the Chateau de Navarre, near Evreux, the seat of one of his warmest friends, the young Duke de Bouillon. His great object was to obtain a vessel, which the French government declined to furnish him with; and he was fortunate enough to meet with two persons, named Rutledge and Walsh, of Irish extraction and the sons of refugees, who had added to the more legitimate occupation of trading as West Indian merchants the lucrative business of privateering. By their aid a passage was arranged. Rutledge had obtained from the French Court the grant of a man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, to cruise on the coast of Scotland; and on board that vessel the Prince placed all the war material he had been able to accumulate,—1,500 fusils, eighteen broadswords, twenty small field pieces, and some powder, ball, and flints. This armament was small indeed for the purpose—that purpose being no less than the conquest of a powerful kingdom; but it was “his all.” His friend Walsh provided a fast-sailing brig, the *Doutelle*, carrying eighteen guns, which went round to the mouth of the Loire; and there, on the 2nd of July, received the Prince, who wore the dress of a student of the Scotch College at Paris, and allowed his beard to grow, the better to conceal his identity from the crew, who were led to believe that they were about to engage in an

ordinary privateering expedition. All the money Charles Edward possessed amounted to about £3,000.

A NAVAL COMBAT.

The two ships sailed together from Belle Isle; and in a very short time the Prince was prostrated by sea-sickness. He believed he could rule Britannia, but was little qualified to rule the waves. They had been at sea about four days, when they encountered an English vessel of fifty-eight guns, the *Lion*, commanded by Captain Brett, who, in true English fashion, did not stay to reckon odds, but at once attacked the French ships. The *Doutelle* left the *Elizabeth* to do the fighting, and made sail for Scotland. For about six hours the two ships pounded away at each other, and then both were so disabled that the fight ceased, leaving victory an open question. The French commander judged that the best course he could adopt was to return to France, and so he did as speedily as the shattered condition of his ship would permit, taking with him, however, the guns, the dozen and a half broadswords, the field pieces and ammunition provided for the expedition.

"THE SEVEN MEN OF MOIDART."

The *Doutelle* did not proceed unquestioned. Two days after she had quitted her companion and champion, she was pursued by an English ship of superior force, but was saved by her quicker sailing, and reached the Hebrides, casting anchor off the little island of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist. An eagle hovered over the ship (eagles were no novelty in western Scotland and the isles), and the Marquis of Tullibardine, one of the seven personal friends who accompanied the Prince, exclaimed, "Here is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to old Scotland!" The seven faithful adherents were Tullibardine (who would have been Duke of Athol, but for the bar of attainder consequent on his taking part in the rising of 1715, and was generally known by that title in the Highlands); Sir Thomas Sheridan; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Buchanan, who had been employed by Cardinal Tencin in the secret negotiation with the Pretender's family at Rome; Eneas Macdonald, a banker of Paris, and brother of Kinloch of Moidart, a local chief; an English gentleman named Francis Strickland; and Kelly, a nonjuring clergyman, who had been mixed up in the plots in which Bishop Atterbury engaged. This little band were afterwards widely known as "the seven men of Moidart."

The Prince went on shore on the rocky island Erisca, assuming in the presence of the tacksman, or agent, the character of an Irish

priest, and sent a message to MacDonald of Boudale, uncle of the MacDonald of Clanronald, the lord of the little group of islands. The shrewd old Scotchman at once declared that it was nothing short of madness for the Prince to persevere in the expedition, being so entirely unprovided, and flatly told him that Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod, of MacLeod, two leading men of the Isle of Skye, and on whose assistance the Prince had depended, had both declared they would not join him unless he brought with him a body of regular troops. Nothing discouraged, Charles Edward crossed to the mainland, and the *Doutelle* came to anchor in the bay of Lochnanaugh, between Moidart and Arisaig. MacDonald of Clanronald, and a kinsman, MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, waited on him, and while professing their loyalty, endeavoured to impress on him a sense of the imprudence he was committing. The Prince noticed that a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart was listening eagerly to what passed, and exhibiting traces of emotion and nervous excitement, and with ready tact addressed himself to him: "You, at least, will assist me?" The young man answered with eagerness, "I will, I will; though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" His words sounded the first note of that marvellous outburst of enthusiasm and devotion which has scarcely a parallel in history. The other MacDonalds forgot the prudent counsel, and excitedly vowed that they would take up arms instantly and endeavor to engage every man who wore the tartan to do the same.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER IN SCOTLAND.

The Prince remained on board the *Doutelle* for three days; and then, on the 25th of July, he set his foot for the first time on the mainland of Scotland. The Skye chiefs still held back; but the Glengarries and others hurried to the shore to greet him. Rapidly indeed, the enthusiastic feeling spread; and very many years afterwards a word about the Prince would lighten the eyes and loose the tongues of Highlanders and Lowlanders alike. It must have been nearly fifty years afterwards when Caroline, Baroness Nairne, one of the most charming of Scotch poetesses, caught up the strain, and sang,—

"The news from Moidart cam' yestreen,

Will soon gar mony ferlie,

For ships of war have just come in,

And land'd royal Charlie.

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,

Ye'r a' the welcomer early;

Around him cling wi' a' your kin,

For wha'll be king but Charlie?

Come thro' the heather, around him gather,

Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'

thegether,

And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!

For wha'll be king but Charlie?"

Letters and messengers were despatched in every direction to summon the chiefs to meet the Prince, who took up his quarters at Borodale, a farm-house belonging to young Clanronald. Cameron, of Lochiel,—“the gentle Lochiel,” the Bayard of the Highlands,—the Lochiel who, according to Campbell, was bidden by the wizard to “beware of the day when the foeman should meet him in battle array,”—was one of those who responded to the call, and, like others, at first considered the enterprise most rash and ill-advised; but the Prince was resolute, and his gallant bearing and handsome mien exercised an almost magnetic influence. Lochiel, whom he had been taught to consider one of his firmest friends, might if he chose stay at home, and “learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince;” “but,” said Charles Edward, “in a few days, with the few friends I have, I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt.” Lochiel was mastered, his chivalrous nature responded to the brave words, and he exclaimed, “No! I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power!” The Prince then invited all who had gathered around him to a feast. The food was neither very rich nor very abundant, little more than frugal farm-house fare; but it was enjoyed as if the occasion were a veritable symposium. Men, women, and children, we are told, crowded round the place to catch a glimpse of the Prince, and the chiefs drank cups of wine to the Gaelic toast, *Deochs laint an Reogh!* “God save the King!”

“CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.”

Doubtless some of the extraordinary personal influence exercised by the Prince was due to his charm of manner and striking appearance. Physical qualities were always highly appreciated by the Highlanders. “The Young Chevalier” was tall and well-formed, athletic and active. Manly amusements had developed his frame. He was a good shot, dextrous at martial exercises, a good fencer and dancer, and a walker of exceptional powers. The Highland chiefs found in him a leader who could march over the mountains and moorlands with a step as elastic as their own, and whose high bearing gave a warrant of the manly courage so dear to the race. His features were strikingly handsome, his face oval, and his complexion ruddy. He did not, as the fashion was, wear a wig; but his fair hair fell in curls about his neck. Added to these graces of body was a fine courtesy of manner, dignified, but yet familiar and kindly, which won all hearts. The

Highland bards compared him to one of the Ossianic heroes; the chiefs pronounced him to be “a pretty man,” giving the Highland meaning of strong and active to the epithet; the women, young and old, fell in love with him. Who originated the verse,—

“Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The Young Chevalier,”

will never perhaps be known; but the verse rang in Scotch ears for half-a-century or more, and was the refrain of verses by several poets. Burns supplied a version which he picked up somewhere—if he wrote it it does not appear in his collected works; the Baroness Nairne, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Captain Charles Gray, wrote verses full of life and enthusiasm on the old theme.

News of the arrival of the Prince soon reached the English authorities. Two companies of infantry were sent to reinforce the garrison at Fort William, but were attacked by a party of the Glengarry Highlanders and others, and taken prisoners. The general rendezvous of the clans who hurried to join the Prince was at Glenfinnan, a narrow valley between lofty mountains. There, in a shepherd's hut, the Prince awaited his friends. On the 19th of August, Lochiel arrived with about 600 followers, fine men, well armed; a standard made of white, blue, and red silk (“the red, white, and blue,” is not, it will be seen, a very modern combination) was unfurled by Tullibardine; and a manifesto from James and his commission of regency were read. Then Charles addressed the chiefs, and the clansmen, who probably did not understand a word he said, but could understand the expression of his face and his gestures, shouted and threw up their bonnets. A marble column now marks the spot where the standard was raised. Before the day closed, MacDonald of Keppoch arrived with 300 men, and a detachment of the MacLeods followed; and on the morrow the little but gradually increasing force moved southward. Before a couple of days had elapsed, the Prince was at the head of about 1,600 men, all ready to respond with Highland vigour to the question, “Wha wad na fecht for Charlie?”

ENGLISH PREPARATIONS.

When the news reached London, Ministers took measures to meet the danger, which did not seem to be very alarming. As a first step a reward of £30,000 was offered for the Prince's apprehension; but they hesitated, as the King was in Hanover, to send more troops to Scotland, although Sir John Cope, the English commander there, asked for reinforcements. Cope concentrated his forces near Stirling; and then the Marquis of Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland,

and the Lords of the Regency, ordered him to march into the Highlands. With about 1,500 infantry and four field-pieces, Cope set out from Stirling for Crieff, intending to reach Fort Augustus, one of the three forts built to curb the Highlands. He left his cavalry, the dragoons commanded by Gardiner and Hamilton, behind, the country to be traversed being almost impracticable to horsemen. The General thought that he would be joined by a considerable force of loyal subjects at Crieff, but none appeared. He received information that the Prince's forces intended to oppose him at Corryarrak, an immense mountain,

Highlanders would have pursued, but the cooler leaders saw the advantage that had been gained. Cope had gone northwards, and the road to Stirling and Edinburgh was open. Highlanders continued to join the Prince's standard—not the less eagerly, some said, because there was now a prospect of a profitable raid on the Lowlands. Blair Castle was reached on the 30th of August, and the Whig Duke having fled, Tullibardine took possession as rightful owner, and grandly feasted the Prince and his friends. James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd,—one of those who inherited the poetic traditions of the



FLORA MACDONALD.

traversed by a steep and extremely difficult military road, between him and Fort Augustus. His most experienced officers warned him of the danger of attempting to cross the mountain, when even a very small force of Highlanders could bar his way and inflict great damage; and the astute President Duncan Forbes advised him, from his knowledge of the locality, that disaster awaited him. Cope was either amazingly obstinate or afraid to disobey Tweeddale's orders. At Dalwhinnie the Highlanders were seen on the hills, and then Cope, realizing the difficulties of his situation, abandoned the zig-zag military road, and directed his march towards Inverness. The

Jacobite times—has commemorated the gathering at Athol in memorable verses:—

"Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks of the Garry,
Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee? follow thee? who wadna follow thee?
Long hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince
Charlie?"

On the 4th of September the Prince arrived at Perth. His money was spent. It is stated that he had only one *Louis-d'or* left; but he gaily remarked he would soon get more. Armed parties were sent through Angus and

Fife, and having proclaimed King James, the English public money was seized and taxes levied. The city of Perth gave £500; and some ardent adherents in Edinburgh and other places advanced money, to be repaid when the "King should come to his own again." A ball was given to the ladies in a large old mansion belonging to Lord Stormont, and there the handsome young Prince showed that he could dance admirably, and the "bonnie Charlie" was bonnier than ever. James Drummond, known to the Jacobites as the Duke of Perth, joined the Chevalier, and so did a much more important adherent, Lord George Murray, a brother of Tullibardine, who had "been out" in 1715,—a soldier of great experience and ability, who, although he had been pardoned by the English Government and allowed to live peaceably on his estates, could not resist the call to support "the cause;" but who soon quarrelled with Sheridan and others, for whom he expressed, with little reserve, great contempt. A printing press was set up at Perth, and a burlesque reward of £30 offered for "the apprehension of the Elector of Hanover."

On the 11th of September the Highland army left Perth, and on the next day pushed on to Dunblane, and thence to the Firth of Forth, which they prepared to cross at Frew, where the river is fordable at low water. About eight miles above Stirling, Gardiner's dragoons were on the opposite bank; but at the sight of the Highlanders they retreated towards Leith. The river was crossed, Stirling Castle passed, the famous field of Bannockburn traversed, and Falkirk reached, the Prince passing the night at Callendar, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock. Lord George Murray, with a thousand Highlanders made a rapid march to Linlithgow, hoping to come up with the dragoons, but the valiant horsemen preferred to hurry away when they heard John Highlandman was coming.

AT LINLITHGOW AND EDINBURGH.

On the evening of Sunday the 15th of September, the Prince took up his quarters in the old royal palace so intimately associated with his ancestors of the kingly house of Stuart, within sixteen miles of Edinburgh, where a panic reigned. Volunteers were enrolled, mostly tradesmen and young students, animated by the best intentions, but extremely deficient in military knowledge. Some efforts were hurriedly made to strengthen the walls, and application was made to General Guest, the commandant at the Castle, for assistance; but the garrison was small, and he could not spare a man. The Highlanders were the "bogies" of the peaceful Edinboro' folk, and the most terrible consequences were predicted to follow should they enter the

town. The Prince sent a messenger to the city to tell the people that, if they admitted him peaceably all would be well, but otherwise, they must make up their minds for the worst. At Colt's Bridge, on the road to Corstorphine, now almost a suburb of Edinburgh, Gardiner had posted a detachment of dragoons, but they retreated, at first leisurely, but afterwards with great rapidity, and the "canter of Colt's Bridge" was for long afterwards a popular jocular reference. Very exaggerated estimates of the Prince's force were made, and the Provost resolved to send a deputation which could only bring back a reply that the Prince demanded to be received into the city as the representative of his father the lawful king, and that he would only wait a few hours for their answer. A second deputation was sent, but the Prince would not see the messenger, who returned in a desponding state. Some of the Highlanders reached Edinburgh before them, and when the old gate of the Netherbow was opened to allow their coach to pass, Lochiel and 800 Highlanders rushed in.

Edinburgh was won, and the officials were compelled to proclaim, in high state, with heralds in their showy dresses, King James, at the Market Cross, to read the commission from James, and the manifesto of the young Prince. Chiefly through the exertions of Lochiel, the Highlanders were kept from plundering, and even, it is said, from drinking whisky. In the evening Holyrood was lighted up, and in the long gallery, adorned with that wonderful collection of manufactured portraits of a hundred Scottish kings (the hundred a very unhistorical number), "each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door," according to Scott, the Prince gave a ball, well attended, for there was a strong latent element of Jacobitism in the old city, and the ladies were delighted with the gracious manners and graceful dancing of the young Chevalier.

Cope had landed with his troops, artillery, and stores, at Dunbar, and on the 19th of September, started for Edinburgh, moving slowly along the main road, and encountering no opposition. He and his officers appear to have thought that the Pretender's forces would advance and meet them; but the Highlanders liked to fight in their own fashion. While Cope was advancing in regular military order, the Highlanders were making their way over the hills; and when the English general had reached Prestonpans, near Seaton, and about ten miles from Edinburgh, the hostile forces came in sight of each other. The Prince had been joined by the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stewart Threipland, Sir David Murray, and some other Lowland gentlemen. More Highlanders had arrived in hot haste; and Sir Walter Scott

relates how one of the chiefs, Grant of Glenmoriston, rushed into the Prince's presence at Holyrood with unceremonious speed, without having attended to the duties of his toilet. The Prince, who was disposed to insist a little on etiquette in a royal palace, received him kindly, but not without a hint that a previous interview with the barber would have been advantageous. "It is not beardless boys," answered the displeased chief, "who are to do your Royal Highness's turn."

THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

Between the Prince's army and Cope's was a swamp, which did not appear to be passable, and for the remainder of the day both sides were inactive. But in the night, Robert Anderson, a Jacobite living in the neighbourhood, undertook to show a way by which the morass could be crossed. The passage was accomplished before daylight; and then followed the battle of Prestonpans, the defeat of Cope, and the death of the pious and brave Colonel Gardiner. The fight was short, but the victory was complete. The dragoons displayed their customary talent at running away. The infantry, appalled by the tremendous onslaught of the Highlanders with their claymores, surrendered by hundreds; eighty officers were taken prisoners, and the tents, baggage, and military chests fell into the hands of the Prince's troops, whose loss was very slight. The Prince remained on the field till mid-day, giving orders for the relief of the wounded on both sides, and slept that night at Pinkie House. He found £1,500 in Cope's military chest; and as his troops had shown considerable alacrity in obtaining money, provisions, stores, and arms, from the townspeople and others, he was fairly well provided. The castle held out, and the commandant, Guest, even fired into the town, and did some damage. On his return from Pinkie, the Prince made a triumphant entry into Edinburgh, Highlanders firing into the air to show their joy; and night after night there were gay doings at Holyrood.

Parliament met on the 18th of October, and there was, of course, great excitement in England. The merchants of London subscribed large sums for the equipment of troops, and regiments were raised in various parts of the country. Dutch and Danish troops came over, and the Duke of Cumberland ("the butcher," as he was afterwards called) arrived from Flanders to take the chief command. On his part, the Prince issued proclamations denouncing the English "pretended Parliament," and declaring that the Act of Union was abolished. A French ship arrived with money, experienced officers, about 5,000 stands of arms, and M. de Boyer, who brought letters of congratulation

from Louis XV. The Prince formed a regular Council of State; he was joined by other Highland chiefs, and by the end of October was at the head of nearly 6,000 men, tolerably well appointed.

WHITE COCKADES OVER THE BORDER.

On the 1st of November began the march to England. Nearly a thousand more Highlanders joined the standard, and the army was divided into two columns—the first, with the baggage, artillery, etc., to move upon Carlisle; the second, headed by Charles himself, to enter England by way of Northumberland, and meet General Wade, the English commander, who was posted at Newcastle. Many Highlanders deserted before the border was reached, but the greater number were faithful and enthusiastic. Fifty years afterwards, the "screed" of the bagpipes seems to have rung in the ears of Baroness Nairne, who caught the tone of the wild music, and wrote as if she had seen the white cockades on the march, and the gallant Charlie himself with all his brave surrounding:—

"Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
We'll up, and we'll gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
"It is ower the border, awa', awa',
It is ower the border, awa', awa',
Oh, we'll on, an' we'll march to Carlisle Ha!
Wi' its getts, its castel, an' a', an' a'.
"Oh, wha is the foremaist o' a', an' a'?
Who is it first follows the blaw, the blaw?—
Bonnie Charlie, the King o' us a', an' a',
Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'."

The border was crossed, Carlisle was taken with little difficulty, and the Prince entered in triumph, but received rather a cold welcome. Already dissensions and jealousies were breaking out in his army, and there were divided counsels. Some of the leaders advocated a direct march southwards, in assurance that the Lancashire men would join the standard; others thought that General Wade should be attacked at Newcastle; and not a few advised a return to Scotland, as there were no signs of assistance from France. The last course would be attended with difficulties. Edinburgh had been reinforced; the Highland Whigs were mustering their forces; Glasgow, Paisley, Dumfries, Dundee, and other great towns declared for King George. Marshal Wade had collected a strong force and was marching against Carlisle, and the Duke of Cumberland was at Lichfield. Liverpool and Chester were arming, and the former town furnished a very important addition to Cumberland's forces.

BACK AGAIN!

It is not necessary to relate all the movements of the Princes' divided, quarrelsome

and partially despondent army. Preston, Wigan, and Manchester were reached, and at Derby the southward march was ended. The leaders saw that the expedition had failed, and a retreat was decided on. Cumberland was advancing with a large army, including many veterans of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and Marshal Wade was on the move. The retreat began with some appearance of order, but soon assumed the character of a disastrous flight. The Highlanders robbed villages and farmhouses, and there were many small fights between them and the country people. Major-General Oglethorpe, with a detachment of Wade's army, harassed the fugitives; and Cumberland was in full pursuit. On the 20th of December, the Prince, with a fragment of his army, a mere rabble, crossed the Esk and was once more in Scotland.

Then followed the fight at Falkirk,—the Prince's troops having been strengthened and probably re-organized,—in which General Hawley, the English commander, was shamefully defeated—"ran away," say the Jacobite song writers and anecdotists; the retreat from Stirling, and at length the culminating disaster. The resolute, pitiless Cumberland was on the trail; and at Drum Mossie Moor, better known as Culloden, near Inverness, on the 16th of April, struck a blow which ended the rebellion. Of the friends of Charles there perished on that terrible day, either in action or in the pell-mell retreat, nearly 2,500. The fugitives were hunted down like wild beasts, the wounded were massacred in cold blood, women and children were killed, and for three months there was a "war of extermination."

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER A FUGITIVE.

Charles Edward himself, no more a gallant Prince at the head of an enthusiastic army, but a miserable fugitive, wandered for five months, trusting to the fidelity of his friends for concealment and safety. He hid for some time amid the little islands of the Hebrides, at times almost starved, and suffering terrible privations; and when English ships appeared off the islands, and English soldiers landed to search for the fugitive, he escaped, disguised in woman's clothes, with the aid of a brave young lady, Flora Macdonald, whose name lives in legend and song. He reached Skye in safety, but the generous Flora was captured and taken prisoner to London. The Prince reached the mainland, was hidden for a time in a cave on the great mountain of Corado, between Kintail and Glenmoriston, protected by Highland "sheep-lifters," thieves by profession, but not one unfaithful to his trust.

ESCAPE TO FRANCE.

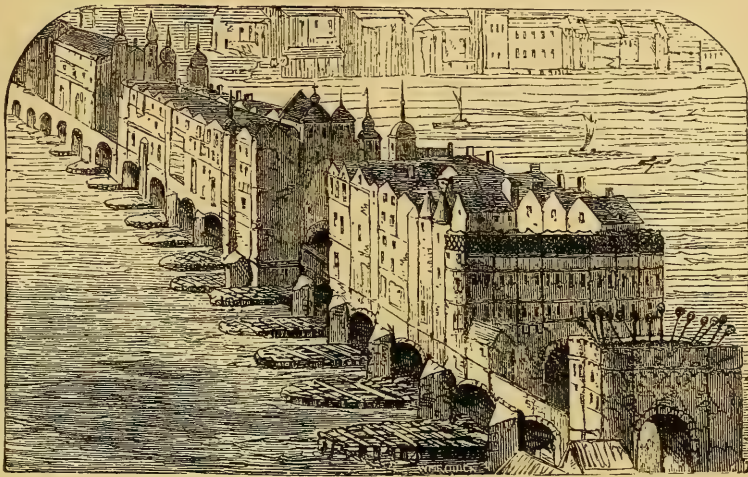
At length, on the 13th of September,

Charles Edward left the cave, having received a message to the effect that two French frigates were off the coast. Several of his old friends had also been communicated with; and on the 20th of the month, he, with Lochiel, and about a hundred others, embarked at Lochanaugh, the very spot where fourteen months before he had landed so full of ambition and hope. He reached Paris and was well received; but the cause of the Stuarts had received its deathblow. Some of his adherents were beheaded on Tower Hill, others of meaner sort were hanged. Feeble attempts to revive the Stuart cause were made from time to time, but the gallant young Chevalier soon became almost a legendary hero. Stuart selfishness, Stuart duplicity, Stuart profligacy, developed in his character. His friends fell away. English gentlemen would not risk their lives for a man who would not dismiss a mistress who had intimate relations with the Court of King George. It is believed that he more than once visited London secretly; indeed, Dr. King, a warm adherent of the Stuarts, has left it on record that he met him in private at the house of a lady of rank. Some writers have averred that he was present at the coronation of George III.; and the King himself was able to inform his Ministers, some years afterwards, that the young Pretender was in London. "Leave him to himself," added the monarch, "and when he tires he will go back again."

"Let us," wrote Scott in the *Quarterly*, "be just to the memory of the unfortunate. Without courage, he had never made the attempt; without address and military talent, he had never kept together his own desultory bands, or discomfited the more experienced soldiers of his enemy; and finally, without patience, resolution, and fortitude, he could never have supported his cause so long under successive disappointments, or fallen at last with honour, by an accumulated and overwhelming pressure." The story of Charles Edward has almost created a literature. The Jacobite songs, unsurpassed for fire and enthusiasm, form a volume in themselves; and to "The Forty-five," we owe the Waverley Novels.

There died at Florence, on the 31st of January, 1788, in his 68th year, a bloated, brutal, profligate man, an habitual drunkard, who had beaten and ill-treated his young wife, a Princess of Stolberg Guendern, and who seemed capable only of exhibiting affection for one person, his illegitimate daughter, whom he styled Duchess of Albany. That unhappy man, who attracted no friends, a reprobate and a sot, was the last Stuart who claimed the throne of England—"Bonnie Prince Charlie."

G. R. E.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WILKES AND LIBERTY: THE STORY OF A POPULAR VICTORY.

A Great Diplomatist and an Important Meeting—John Wilkes, the Best-abused Public Man of his Time—State of Affairs at the Death of George II.—The New King; His Ideas of Royal Prerogative—A King's Favourite; A Singular Prime Minister—A Lesson to Royalty—The Minister and his Novel Policy—A Government Press—The *Briton* and the *Auditor*—Wilkes and his Early Career; The Medmenham Monks—*The North Briton*; The Famous Forty-fifth Number—General Warrant—Wilkes Committed to the Tower—Liberation of Wilkes; His First Triumph—Churchill—Lord Temple—Successful Actions—Personal Animosity of the King; Prosecution for a Profligate Book—Culprit and Accusers—"Jemmy Twitcher"—A Duel—Expulsion from Parliament—Public Agitation—Rockingham Administration—Middlesex Elections—Wilkes a Popular Hero—Persecution and its Consequences—Important Question.—Freedom of Election—Release of Wilkes—His Return and Triumphs—His Last Years—Conclusion.

A GREAT DIPLOMATIST AND AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

THAT fussiest and most indefatigable of men in the managing of small affairs, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, devotes a number of pages of his "Life of Johnson" to the relation of a piece of diplomacy on which the good-natured follower of "My illustrious friend" evidently prided himself not a little, and the success of which he seems to regard as the Machiavellian triumph of his life. Boswell, who ran after every one who was famous or even notorious, and was equally proud of being "the friend" of Paoli and "the friend" of Johnson, had conceived the idea that the Doctor, monarchist and high churchman as he was, and given to declare in thunderous tones, "The Crown has not power enough, sir," might yet be induced to find something congenial in the man who was, or at least had been, considered the chief dema-

gogue of his time, and the most formidable opponent of the Crown,—Mr. John Wilkes, or as the Doctor was accustomed less ceremoniously to dub him, "Jack Wilkes." He according devised a notable scheme to bring the two men together. First, by insinuating a doubt whether Johnson would not be offended at being asked to meet people he disliked at the table of a friend, he artfully entrapped the Doctor into a boisterous declaration that a man had a right to invite anyone he pleased to his table, and that he, Johnson, would never question that right or call his host to account for using it; then he went off and proposed to Mr. Dilly, the bookseller of the Poultry, that he should ask Johnson and Wilkes to dinner on the same day. "Dr. Johnson would never forgive me," cried the startled bibliopole. But Boswell persevered, and magnanimously offered to take all the consequences on himself. He conveyed a respectful invitation

from Mr. Dilly to the sage, who complacently replied: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him." But when the day came, Johnson had forgotten all about Dilly and his dinner, and Boswell calling for him, found him literally in the clouds, for he was vigorously dusting his books; and on being reminded of his engagement, replied doubtfully that he had promised to dine at home with blind Mrs. Williams. But Boswell was not to be put off. He boldly promised to win over the lady to consent; and by piteously pleading the disgrace he should suffer if the chief guest did not put in an appearance at Mr. Dilly's dinner, he softened Mrs. Williams into yielding; whereupon the sage, not ill-pleased, perhaps, with the change in the day's programme, roared out to Frank Barber for a clean shirt, and was presently carried off by Boswell, who describes his own elation as equal to that of a fortune-hunter who had secured an heiress to make a trip with him to Gretna Green.

He then tells how disturbed Johnson was when, on arriving at Mr. Dilly's, he found that a certain gentleman in lace "was no other than Mr. Wilkes;" and how he was fain to take up a book and pretend to read, to hide his discomfiture; but, mindful probably of his own words a few days before, said nothing; how the announcement of dinner came as a welcome relief to the awkwardness of the situation; how the artful Mr. Wilkes, boldly taking his seat near Johnson, was assiduously bent on attacking him through one of the Doctor's weak points, his appreciation of his dinner; perseveringly pressing upon him an especially good dish of veal with a dash of lemon or orange—until the sage, who had intended to wrap himself up in "surly virtue," was induced to respond with, "Sir, sir, you are very obliging, sir;" and the ice having been once broken, they got on remarkably well together, and separated mutually pleased with each other, to the delight and triumph of diplomatic Boswell.

JOHN WILKES, THE BEST-ABUSED PUBLIC MAN OF HIS TIME.

The person who managed to conquer the sage of Bolt Court was certainly during a part of his career, and even to some extent after his death, the best-abused man in England. Macaulay, while acknowledging the illegality and foolishness of the persecution to which he was subjected at the hands of George III. and His Majesty's Ministers, yet speaks of him as "that worthless demagogue, Wilkes." Lord Brougham has treated him with no more courtesy or consideration; and Earl Russell has cast the heaviest of stones at his memory. The terrible caricature by Hogarth, in which he

is depicted in squinting hideousness, has dwelt in men's memory, and has caused him to be set down as a monster whose external ugliness was a true indication of his mind; and very few have been disposed to give him any credit for the real and meritorious service he did to the nation at large, in standing up for personal freedom and the liberty of the press at a time when both were seriously jeopardised. The homely proverb concerning giving a dog a bad name and hanging him, never had a truer illustration than in the case of this man, whose strange fate it was to be successively a borough member, High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire and colonel of militia, a prisoner in the Tower, an outlaw, a prisoner again, alderman of the ward of Farringdon-without, Lord Mayor of London, sheriff, knight of the shire for Middlesex, and chamberlain of the City. Time, that effaces many prejudices, and puts forward men and things in their true colours at last, has done something towards awarding justice to Wilkes; and it may not be uninteresting to our readers, if we put before them briefly the facts that rendered the ex-member for Aylesbury for a series of years one of the most conspicuous men in the country; his name being so much in everybody's mouth, that Horace Walpole records how a member of a mercantile firm inadvertently began a business letter with the extraordinary exordium, "We take the Wilkes and liberty of informing you," etc., instead of the usual opening sentence.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE END OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

The reign of George II. closed in a blaze of triumph in England. William Pitt, "the Great Commoner," as the people affectionately called him, who had won the foremost place in the councils of his country without the aid of high birth or strong family connection, was at the height of his power and popularity. The armies and fleets of England had been everywhere successful, and the misfortunes and tragic death of poor Byng had been forgotten, effaced in the glorious successes of army and navy in Canada, and on the French coast, and in distant India. "May our commanders have the eye of a *Hawke* and the heart of a *Wolfe*!" was a favourite toast, in punning allusion to the names of two of the greatest leaders. The nation was more than content, and cheerfully paid even the annual subsidy for the army of the great Frederick of Prussia, who was then in the very midst of the gigantic struggle of the "Seven Years' War." Prosperous in commerce, and successful in war, with an old king who wisely "let well alone," and left the popular ministry to do its best, all went well till the death of George II. placed his

grandson on the throne, and a new epoch began in the history of England.

For the first time since the Revolution of 1688, royal prerogative began to assert itself against popular liberty in England. With the exception of Queen Anne, who, though at heart a Tory, was compelled by her position to govern chiefly with a Whig Ministry and on Whig principles, every monarch in England since 1688 had been a foreigner, and as such compelled scrupulously to keep within the strict limits traced by the Constitution and the Declaration of Rights. The first and second Georges had preferred Hanover to

THE NEW KING AND HIS IDEAS OF ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

But when George III. came to the throne, his position was very different. He was able to announce to the nation immediately after his accession that "he gloried in the name of a Briton," and to point to the fact that he had been born and bred in England. Since his father's death, nine years before, he had been brought up in almost entire seclusion, under the care of his mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, who has been credited, rightly or wrongly, with instil-



WILLIAM HOGARTH, ONE OF THE DETRACTORS OF WILKES.

England, got away when they could from St. James's to Herrenhausen, and let things take their course. The sarcastic mock epitaph written on the second George, that represents the monarch as saying,—

"I neither had manners, nor morals, nor wit,
I was not much missed when I died in a fit,"—

had some truth in its scurrility; for the first two Georges never had any great hold upon the respect or affection of their English subjects. They had been accepted to avoid the dismal alternative of a son of James II.; and they fully understood the state of affairs in England.

ling into her son those aspirations towards arbitrary power which he began to display almost from the day of his accession. His hostility towards the Ministry began to manifest itself from the very first; and one by one the members of that Ministry were compelled to resign their positions, the great Commoner himself forming no exception; though in his case his fall was softened by expressions of appreciation on the part of the young king for the great things he had done, and by substantial marks of the royal favour, such as the bestowal of a peerage on the wife of the retiring minister. The Duke of Newcastle, the nominal head of the administra-

tion, clung to office with the tenacity of servile, all-enduring ambition,—a persistence that recalls Dickens's picture of one of the Barnacle family "sticking to a post." He endured mortification and humiliation of various kinds from which the haughty spirit of Pitt would have instinctively shrunk, allowed himself to be insultingly reminded of the days "when he had the power" to promote a supporter, and to the great detriment of his self-respect put off the evil day of resignation to the very last,—with no result, however, but that of lengthening out his mortification and grief; he had to acknowledge at last that the game was lost, and to retire from a position that even to the most meek-spirited of men would have been unendurable.

For the King had determined that none but his own "friends," men raised by his favour to power and dependent upon his good-will for the continuance of their offices, should hold great places in the Government. He was the resolved to emancipate himself from the thralldom in which he considered his grandfather and great grandfather to have been held; and especially put forward a favourite of his own for the position of First Lord of the Treasury.

A KING'S FAVOURITE; AN UNUSUAL PRIME MINISTER.

This favourite was John, Earl of Bute, a Scottish nobleman, who had been groom of the stole in the service of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and had continued to occupy a high place in the confidence, indeed, scandal said, the highest place in the affection, of the Princess Dowager after her husband's death. Lord Waldegrave, in his "Memoirs," has placed on record the sarcasm quoted by Macaulay, in which the Prince pronounced his opinion that Bute was the very man to be minister at some German Court, where there was no business to transact;—hardly the man, one would think, to take the foremost place in an English government. And yet to the foremost place was Bute promoted; for, on the fall of Newcastle, he was made Prime Minister.

The appointment seemed at first like a jest, and a very sorry one; and the public, in its amazement, could scarcely believe the news to be true. Of experience in parliamentary life, Bute had actually none. He delivered his maiden speech from the Treasury bench as Prime Minister, acquitting himself, indeed, with more dignity and self-possession than his hearers had expected, though his utterances were marred by the pomposity which Lord Waldegrave describes as characteristic of him on every occasion important or unimportant; and a wit, amused by the long theatrical pauses he made in his sentences, called out, "Minute guns!" The

amazement was soon converted to indignation by the system adopted, in deference to his master's wishes, by the new Prime Minister.

George III. had already given undoubted proofs of that hatred of the Whigs which continued to be his prevailing characteristic so long as life and reason remained to him. A system of persecution began, which after a time extended to all of that party—from the Duke of Devonshire, to whom the King sent so insulting a message by a page, that the indignant nobleman tore off the golden key he wore as chamberlain, and flung it on the ground, down to the custom-house officers, messengers, and housekeepers who had been appointed by his predecessors. It was wittily observed that Bute turned out everybody who owed his place to the Whigs, except the King. It quickly became manifest that High Tory principles were indispensable for the securing of court favour and patronage; and when it appeared that, in addition to this qualification, unbounded servility was required, and that Scottish extraction was almost as necessary, the public indignation against the Minister became intense, and Bute could hardly appear in the streets for fear of insult or even personal injury.

A LESSON TO ROYALTY; THE MINISTER AND HIS NOVEL POLICY.

One instance is particularly recorded, in which George III. received an unmistakable indication of the direction public opinion was taking. Not long after the dismissal of Pitt, the King, who had recently married, came with the Queen to dine with the city magnates at Guildhall. The people took this opportunity to give the Court a piece of its mind in the shape of a tremendous ovation to Pitt, the fallen minister; while Bute was hooted as his carriage passed through the streets, and the King and Queen were almost unnoticed. The policy of the Prime Minister, too, was not calculated to win confidence and good-will. He hastened to undo, with most injudicious promptitude, all that his predecessors in office had done. The subsidy paid to the King of Prussia was suddenly withdrawn, and Frederick was abandoned to his fate, in the very midst of his struggle with Austria and the Powers in league with her. Peace was to be made with France and Spain, though Canada won from the former, and Havannah and the Philippines wrested from the latter. Power, had made the war a most popular one in England; but these successes had been gained under a Whig administration, and the war was a part of the Whig policy, and consequently distasteful at court. Pitt had declared that while he was in power England should never make a treaty

of Utrecht, that is, a peace in which an ally should be abandoned, as the Archduke, or rather the Emperor, Charles had been abandoned in 1713; but the King was determined to carry out this peace, in which some of the most valuable acquisitions of the British crown were given up. Henry Fox, the able and unscrupulous, was induced to lend his powerful aid towards this object. Sixty thousand pounds was spent in bribing members of the House of Commons; and in spite of the strenuous opposition of Pitt, who though suffering cruelly from gout, came down to the House, and spoke long and vehemently against the peace, the measure was carried by a large majority; and great was the triumph of the King, the Prime Minister, and the Princess Dowager of Wales.

The popular excitement and ferment caused by these events is amusingly illustrated in a passage from a letter by Mrs. Scott, a sister of Mrs. Montagu, quoted by Mr. Rae in his "Lives of the Opposition Leaders under George III." "If you order a mason to build an oven," this lady writes, "he immediately inquires about the progress of the peace, and descends on the preliminaries. A carpenter, instead of putting up a cupboard, talks of the Princess Dowager, of Lord Treasurers, and of Secretaries of State. Neglected lie the trowel and the chisel, the mortar dries, and the glue hardens,"—here the lady becomes poetical,—“while the persons who should use them are busy with dissertations on the Government.”

A GOVERNMENT PRESS; THE "BRITON" AND THE "AUDITOR."

Since the death of Queen Anne, the various Ministries had cared little for the support of writers in the public press; the ascendancy of the Whigs for a long series of years had been too complete to render such assistance necessary; and as Lord Macaulay observes, Walpole would have considered as wasted any part of the fund of corruption turned aside from the direct business of buying votes to the payment of pamphleteers. But Bute was fain to call in assistance of this kind; and Dr. Tobias Smollett, the author of "Roderick Random" and other coarse and clever novels, and Murphy, the dramatist,

were called in to uphold the views and proceedings of the Government in the *Briton* and the *Auditor*; and if thoroughness of assertion and vehemence are to be considered as merits, both these gentlemen earned their money well. They had certainly a difficult task to perform; for, added to Bute's personal unpopularity, the Ministry had to bear the odium of the vagaries of Sir Francis Dashwood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who imposed the detested Cider Tax, and who, Horace Walpole tells us, "with the familiarity and phrase of a fish-wife, introduced the humours of Wapping behind the veil of the Treasury." With a Prime Minister who could not spell, and a Finance Minister who could not cast up a column of figures, the country was strangely served; and, indeed, Sir Francis was conscious of his deficiencies, and declared, with a ludicrous assumption of

distress, that he would be pointed at by the street-boys as the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever was.

Thus the *Briton* and the *Auditor* had to bolster up a very bad case; and to add to their difficulties they had not even the ground to themselves. For presently there appeared on the field an opponent, under the title of the *North Briton*, a paper written with considerable ability and still greater impudence,—confident, voluble in assertion, amusing and smart in style, and putting unpleasant truths concerning the

Government in the plainest language, and heaping merciless ridicule upon the Ministry and all its works. The audacious new-comer also took a step in advance of its predecessors by scorning the half-concealment of initials, and printing every name, from that of the King downwards, in full. And great was the wrath of the King and the Ministry at the audacity of this graceless *North Briton*, whose course they endeavoured in vain to stop by threatening an action for libel, which threat the proprietor turned into a convenient advertisement by informing his readers of it; whereupon the circulation of the paper increased at this practical proof of the annoyance it was causing to the Government.

WILKES AND HIS EARLY CAREER; THE MEDMENHAM MONKS.

The proprietor who contrived so deeply to



JOHN WILKES.

interest his readers, and to exasperate the Ministry, was John Wilkes, Member of Parliament for Aylesbury. He was born in 1727, the second son of Israel Wilkes, a wealthy distiller of London; and having from an early age shown considerable ability, had been well educated; beginning his course at a school at Hertford, then being removed to Aylesbury, and completing his studies at the university of Leyden, in Holland. After travelling some time on the Continent, he returned to England; and at the persuasions of his father, who seems to have had a considerable care for the main chance, he married, at the age of twenty-two, a Miss Mead, a young lady who had a fortune, and was his senior by more than ten years. Wilkes himself afterwards spoke of this union as "a sacrifice to Plutus, not to Venus." A daughter was born to him, of whom he appears to have been devotedly fond, maintaining a correspondence with her to the end of his life: she survived him five years.

His marriage, as might have been expected, was not a happy one. It was a profligate age, and the young man was rather disposed to go in advance of the evil fashion of the day, than to lag behind it. After a short residence in the house of his wife's mother, in Red Lion Court, in London, he took up his abode with Mrs. Wilkes in Great George Street, Westminster, and there shocked his wife and the proprietors by becoming the associate of about as "fast" a set of demireps as even London could produce in those days when hard drinking, gambling, and the vices generally were considered desirable and even essential qualifications for a man of fashion. Among his chosen companions was Sir Francis Dashwood, before mentioned, the founder of a delectable society of so-called "Monks of St. Francis," at Medmenham, near Marlow on the Thames, an old Cistercian abbey, which he restored for the purpose; and where a chosen company of profligates of fashion made blackguards of themselves to their hearts' content, singing blasphemous songs, and practising wickedness generally, on a scale that excited the envy of less daring spirits who longed in vain to be admitted to the orgies of the "Hellfire Club," and to join in the parody of religious rites and observances which formed one of the chief attractions at its feasts. Other members of this precious fraternity were Lord Sandwich, afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Thomas Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Member for Aylesbury, and soon afterwards Vice-Treasurer for Ireland. These companions, it may be supposed, were not to the taste of Mrs. Wilkes; and before her husband joined the Medmenham brotherhood, the ill-assorted couple had already agreed to part,—the best thing under the cir-

cumstances; and thenceforth their lives were separated.

THE "NORTH BRITON"; THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIFTH NUMBER.

Wilkes endeavoured to find an opening for a parliamentary career; and after an unsuccessful attempt at Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1754, he succeeded in getting elected as Member for Aylesbury, in 1757. He must have been looked upon as a person of some consideration in the county of Buckingham, for he became high sheriff, and when the Bucks regiment of militia was formed, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Society. He declared himself an admirer and supporter of William Pitt, the great Commoner; and soon made himself conspicuous by hostility to the favourite, Lord Bute,—a sentiment in which the great majority of Englishmen very heartily joined.

When the *North Briton* had reached its forty-fourth number, not without bringing considerable danger to author, publisher, and printer, he suspended the issue of it for a time, intending to bring it out in volumes as a complete work. Just at that time, to the great surprise of the public, the news had been suddenly spread abroad that the Prime Minister had resigned. Various conjectures were naturally made as to the reason for this totally unexpected and apparently inexplicable step. The retiring minister himself alleged the want of support from his colleagues. The theory put forward by Lord Macaulay, in his essay on the "Earl of Chatham," probably comes near the truth. He suggests that Bute, who had not gone through the regular parliamentary routine that hardens a politician, and enables him to bear with equanimity the obloquy that follows the footsteps of an unpopular statesman,—coming late into the turmoil of political strife, probably considered the sweets of office an inadequate compensation for its disagreeables and restraints, and was glad to get rid of the responsibility he had unwisely assumed. It has been thought also that the King was disappointed in him, and gave him but little support, and that the popular idea of the influence he possessed over George III. was much exaggerated. Be this as it may, it is certain that he retired; and his successor in office was George Grenville, the brother-in-law of Lord Temple and of William Pitt. It was on the occasion of the speech from the throne in the middle of April, 1763, that the famous forty-fifth number of the *North Briton* appeared; and in this number the writer denounced the Ministers as having put into the mouth of their royal master words that were not true and were calculated to mislead the public. Compared with many of the

utterances in earlier issues of the *North Briton*, the strongest passages in the famous No. 45 are not especially objectionable. The writer vents his sarcasm on the Ministers, whom he represents as duping the King; but had not George III. been spoilt by the crawling flattery of the mean-spirited sycophants known as "The King's friends"? it is difficult to understand what he could have seen in the words to awaken the burning and long enduring hatred cherished towards the writer, and the persistent malignity with which he endeavoured to ruin him. The words selected for prosecution were these:—"The King's speech has always been considered by the legislature and by the public at large as the speech of the Minister. It has regularly, at the beginning of every session of Parliament, been referred by both Houses to the consideration of a committee, and has been generally canvassed with the utmost freedom when the Minister of the Crown has been obnoxious to the nation." The following passages contained the framework of the offence:—"This week has given the public the most abandoned instance of ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed on mankind. The Minister's speech of last Tuesday is not to be paralleled in the annals of this country. I am in doubt whether the imposition is greater on the Sovereign or on the nation. Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue."

THE GENERAL WARRANT; COMMITTAL OF WILKES TO THE TOWER.

Upon this measures were taken to arrest the obnoxious pamphleteer, who it was thought had now laid himself open to an indictment; and the King gave orders that the law officers of the Crown should be desired to give an opinion on the case. They returned a reply in due course, characterising the offending No. 45 as a most infamous and seditious libel, "tending to inflame the minds and alienate the affections of the people from His Majesty, and to excite them to traitorous insurrections against the government," and that the offence committed was one punishable in due course of law as a misdemeanour. They were quite clear, evidently, that John Wilkes had "laid himself open to an indictment."

But His Majesty's servants were a little too hasty in their method of proceeding. "Above all things, no zeal," was the injunction given by the astute Talleyrand to a subordinate;

and it would have been well had a similar caution been given to His Majesty's Secretaries of State in the matter of Wilkes and his paper. A little indiscreet zeal involved them in very awkward consequences. Lord Halifax hastily issued a general warrant for the apprehension of "the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious and treasonable paper, entitled the *North Briton*, No. 45, to search for them and their papers, and bring them before him for examination. Upon this, Kearsley and Balfie, the printer and publisher of the incriminated number, were apprehended by a king's messenger; and being examined before Lord Halifax and his fellow secretary, Lord Egremont, gave up the name of Mr. Wilkes and Charles Churchill as the authors of the *North Briton* generally. This Churchill was the clergyman, known by his dramatic satire, "The Rosciad," and by political satires, "London," etc., in the style of Juvenal,—a talented, disreputable cleric, who did little honour to his cloth. The manuscript of No. 45 of the *North Briton* was found among the papers of the printer Kearsley; and Wilkes was apprehended near his house in Great George Street, protesting against the proceedings, claiming his privilege as a Member of Parliament, and yielding only to superior force. Being brought at once before Lord Halifax and Egremont, he assumed a very firm, determined tone; protested once more against his forcible apprehension, declined to answer any questions whatever; refused to state whether he was the author of No. 45 or not; professed the greatest loyalty and attachment to the throne; but avowed his detestation of the Ministry; and declared that he would bring the matter before Parliament from his place in the House of Commons on the first day of the coming session; whereupon he was committed to the Tower.

LIBERATION OF WILKES; HIS FIRST TRIUMPH.

It is difficult to understand how the Secretaries of State could have seen their way to so strong a measure upon what they had then before them, except on the assumption that they wished to please the King, and trusted that His Majesty's influence would bear them harmless in any steps they might take for gratifying his known wishes in this matter. Wilkes is said to have told them plainly that they were doing more than they could justify in arresting him; and the sequel proved that he was right. The paper they relied on as seditious certainly imputed deception to the ministers of the King, but could hardly be said to go beyond the legal bounds of criticism, however much it might sin against politeness and urbanity. Various

reported speeches of Pitt contain passages quite as strong as, or even stronger than, those for which the writer was here called forcibly to his answer; for instance, the celebrated answer to the sneer of Horace Walpole, in which, after sarcastically apologizing for "the atrocious crime of being a young man," which he declares he will not attempt either to palliate or to justify, the orator proceeds to make charges of profligacy and dishonesty against his opponents; and at a later period, in the House of Lords,

was searched for evidence against him; his desk and drawers were broken open, and his private papers, letters, and memoranda carried away, to furnish proof that he was the author of the libel for which he was in custody. These proceedings naturally excited profound indignation; and even moderate men, who had little liking for the Member for Aylesbury, were disposed to adopt the words of honest Dogberry, and pronounce the seizure to be "flat burglary as ever was committed."



THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM THE THAMES.

in his celebrated speech against the conduct of the war with America and against the employment of the Red Indians in the struggle, he used language stronger than any expressions that can be found in No. 45, and plainly accused the King's Ministers of dishonesty, declaring that the smoothness of flattery cannot avail them in "this rugged and awful crisis," and that the Crown must be instructed in the language of truth.

The issuing of the general warrant was a blunder; but the Secretaries now followed it up by a greater one. The house of Wilkes

Meanwhile Wilkes was detained in the Tower; being kept, as he declared, in solitary confinement during part of the time. He applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, which was obtained and served upon the messengers of the Secretary of State; but he was no longer in their custody, and accordingly they could not produce him before the Court. When on the 6th of May the case was argued before the Court, the prisoner's claim to immunity from arrest, as a Member of Parliament, was at once admitted, and he was set free.

CHURCHILL; LORD TEMPLE'S SUPPORT OF
WILKES; SUCCESSFUL ACTIONS.

There is no doubt that he made the most of the opportunity afforded him by the injudicious haste of his enemies, and took full advantage of the position they had given him as the champion of liberty and the hero of the hour. He made a speech, setting forth the somewhat trite proposition, that liberty was the precious birthright of an Englishman. His speech was evidently an oration *ad captandum vulgus*, and as such was a success. The great crowd in the streets around Westminster Hall testified their approval of him "with shouts and clamours." His enemies had foolishly shown a spiteful disposition, and the crowd rejoiced greatly in their discomfiture.

The Reverend Mr. Churchill would have been arrested at the same time with Wilkes, but that he consulted his safety by leaving town. His career was a melancholy record of talents misdirected and wasted opportunities. With undoubted genius and an energetic spirit, he was entirely incapable of self-control; his excesses scandalised even that free-living age; and his ill-spent life came to a premature end in a foreign town, when, by his own fault, he became an exile from his country.

Lord Temple, the brother-in-law of the great William Pitt and of the Prime Minister, George Grenville, with the latter of whom he was on bad terms, was a restless, busy, and, according to various accounts of him, a mischievous politician. He is described as having led the great Commoner himself into various indiscretions. An eminent writer compares him to a mole, declaring that where a heap of dirt was found thrown up, it might be taken as a sign that he had been at work underground. Whatever may have been his motive,—the desire to annoy Grenville, the idea that the Member for Aylesbury was an ill-used man, the pleasure of thwarting the King, or the mere love of mischief,—certain it is that he openly aided Wilkes at this juncture with his countenance and with his purse;—the latter kind of help was particularly useful, as the Government spent money freely in the endeavour to procure a triumph for the King. Wilkes brought actions against those who had been engaged in executing the general warrant, and against Lord Halifax for issuing it. He commenced operations by writing to the two Secretaries of State, informing them that *his house had been robbed* while he was a prisoner in the Tower; and that their Lordships had been designated to him as being in possession of the stolen goods; the restoration of which he peremptorily demanded. The indig-

nation of the King, when these very extraordinary and somewhat insolent letters were put before him, may be imagined. They were at once sent, like No. 45 of the *North Briton*, to the law advisers of the Crown, "by the express command of His Majesty," to ascertain whether they did not contain matter laying the writer open to prosecution and punishment; and now the King's Ministers seem to have become aware of the fact that "the dog Wilkes," as Johnson called him, was an ugly dog to tackle. The expenses for the defendants in the various actions brought by Wilkes were, by the King's command, defrayed by the Crown, to the extent, as was afterwards elicited from Lord North, of £100,000; but the irrepressible plaintiff gained his point, and obtained £1,000 damages from Mr. Wood the sheriff, for the carrying off of his papers. This was at the end of 1763. At a later period, in 1769, a much larger sum, £4,000, was awarded to him as damages against Lord Halifax. As a Treasury minute had provided "that all expenses incurred, or to be incurred, in consequence of actions brought against the Earl of Halifax, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, the Under-Secretary, and messengers, and the solicitor of this office, for proceedings incurred by them in executing the business of their respective offices, against the publishers of several scandalous and seditious libels, should be defrayed by the Crown," the zealous Secretary of State and his subordinates were none the worse for the verdicts against them.

PERSONAL ANIMOSITY OF THE KING; PROSECUTION FOR A PROFLIGATE BOOK.

While these proceedings were still pending, the King took away from Wilkes his office of colonel of the Bucks militia, and from Lord Temple the lord-lieutenancy of Buckinghamshire. It was an unhappy trait in the character of George III., that he was accustomed to show personal animosity in this way against many who asserted their independence, or did anything which he could not reconcile with the idea of complete subservience to himself; as, for instance, when he struck the names of Charles James Fox and Richard Brinsley Sheridan off the roll of the Privy Council, because at a meeting at the *Crown and Anchor* they had drunk the toast, "Our Sovereign—the Majesty of the People;" and notably when he wrote to Mr. Grenville concerning that brave, honest soldier General Conway, whose only offence was a conscientious vote in the matter of general warrants, that "he could not trust his army in the hands of a man who voted against him." No wonder that the party known as the "King's friends," knowing

what was required of them, became notorious for thorough-going sycophancy.

Though Wilkes had gained a signal victory in the matter of the general warrants, and Chief Justice Pratt, in discharging him from custody, had boldly declared that upon the maturest consideration he considered such instruments illegal, and that if they were maintained it would be as "a rod for the chastisement of the people," earning great credit with the nation for his noble impartiality, the Member for Aylesbury did not come off so well in the House of Commons. There the King and the Ministry were strong enough to command a majority; and by a vote passed on the 16th of November the famous No. 45 was declared to be a scandalous and seditious libel,

and was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. The resolution pronounced that the paper contained "expressions of the most unexampled insolence and contumely towards His Majesty the grossest aspersions upon both Houses of Parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the authority of the whole Legislature," with a great deal more to the same effect. It was an instance of what a late great novelist, in writing of a criticism on a little book he had published, once happily designated as "thunder and small beer,"—a great deal of sound and fury wasted upon a very insignificant subject. The people

showed their appreciation of the whole proceeding by vehemently cheering Wilkes on every opportunity, and making a riot when the hangman attempted to burn the obnoxious number; a mob gathered, and amid derisive yells and laughter, committed to the flames a jack boot (a punning symbol on the name of the late Prime Minister) and a petticoat, as indicative of the occult influence of the Princess Dowager of Wales. If the Government had wished to render Wilkes thoroughly popular, no better means could have been adopted.

Baffled in one direction, the Government determined to ruin Wilkes in another. The difficulty of finding a printer willing to risk his liberty, and perhaps run the chance of the pillory by reprinting the *North Briton*, had induced Wilkes to establish a printing press in his own house; and at this press was

privately printed a portion of a scurrilous and immoral poem. This work was a parody on Pope's "Essay on Man," and was entitled an "Essay on Woman." It was the kind of production whose wit would have been appreciated by the precious fraternity at Medmenham. The printing was never completed, much less was the work ever published. But the Ministry, over-eager to demolish the man of the *North Briton*, here found matter for a fresh accusation. Some of the sheets of the poem were stolen by one Curry, the printer; and at the instigation of the Ministry, the same individual afterwards abstracted a complete copy, which was deposited in the hands of a Secretary of State, Lord Sandwich. This nobleman was as notorious for profligacy

as Sir Francis Dashwood himself, or as Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry (the notorious "Old Q.," who at a great age was pointed at as one of the wickedest old men in London). This exemplary person took an active part in getting the copy of the poem, which was to form the basis of a new indictment against Wilkes; for some notes which formed part of the parody were represented as being by Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the friend of Pope; and the use of the Bishop's name in this manner was said to be a breach of privilege.

CULPRIT AND ACCUSERS; "JEMMY TWITCHER"; A DUEL.

The whole proceeding was glaringly inconsistent. Never had a queerer set of defenders stood up in the cause of morality. Warburton, himself a scurrilous man, had used the name of the illustrious scholar Bentley in an introduction and notes to Pope's "Dunciad," in exactly the manner in which his own was used in the "Essay on Woman;" with this notable difference, that while the latter book was kept strictly private, the "Dunciad" had been circulated far and wide. As Lord Macaulay observes, "Pope had given his ribaldry to the world," which cannot be said of Wilkes. But Lord Sandwich read the poem surreptitiously obtained to the House of Lords, who declared its publication to be a breach of privilege, and that Wilkes was the author. Of this latter allegation there was no valid evidence brought forward; and, indeed, in our own time, Mr. Dilke and Mr. W.



ADMIRAL HAWKE.

F. Rae, the authors of the "Life of Wilkes," have shown that the author was not Wilkes but Mr. Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. "The evidence," says Mr. Rae, "is overwhelming." Lord North introduced the subject into the House of Commons, and it was soon understood that the King took the strongest personal interest in the proceedings, and that every influence would be set to work to reverse by conviction in this second case the defeat the Government had notoriously sustained in the first.

What the public thought of the prosecution, and of the sincerity of those by whom it was promoted, was shown by an incident at a London theatre. The "Beggar's Opera," that St. Giles's Lampon, as Byron called it, was being performed. In one scene, Captain Macheath the highwayman, laid by the heels in Newgate, expresses his astonishment that a fellow robber should have turned against him. "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach, I own surprises me," he says. By a kind of sudden inspiration the whole audience applied the situation to that of Sandwich and Wilkes; and the house shook with a tremendous roar of laughter from boxes, pit, and gallery. From that day "Jemmy Twitcher" became the acknowledged nickname of Lord Sandwich.

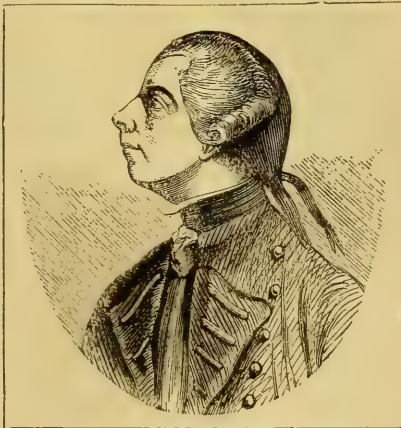
The question had not yet been decided in the House of Commons, when a Mr. Martin, whom Wilkes had treated somewhat roughly in the *North Briton*, provoked a duel with the proprietor of that publication by publicly denouncing him as a malignant and infamous scoundrel, and one who stabbed in the dark. In the encounter Wilkes was dangerously, it was at first thought fatally, wounded; and on his partial recovery proceeded to France to complete the cure. To his constituents at Aylesbury he wrote an explanation, in which he seems to state his case fairly enough. After pointing out the distinction between the private opinions which every man is entitled to hold, and the public utterances which might give offence, he proceeds to the pith of the matter. "The fact is," he says, "that after the affair of the *North Briton*, the Government bribed one of my servants to steal a part of the 'Essay on Woman' and the other pieces out of my house. Not quite a fourth part of the volume had been printed at my own private press. The work had been discontinued for several

months before I had the least knowledge of the theft. Of that fourth part only twelve copies were worked off, and I never gave one of those copies to any friend. In this infamous manner did Government get possession of this new subject of accusation; and, except in the case of Algernon Sidney, of this new species of crime."

EXPULSION FROM PARLIAMENT; PUBLIC AGITATION.

During his absence, Parliament took up the affair of Wilkes. He was unable to return on account of a relapse, and duly sent medical certificates of the fact; but the House proceeded to try the question in his absence; and on the 19th of January, 1764, he was expelled from the Commons, as the author of a scandalous and seditious libel, and a month afterwards was tried and found

guilty on similar terms in the Court of King's Bench in his absence, and outlawed for non-appearance. Sentence was deferred, as the prisoner was not present; but from the known subserviency of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield to the King, Wilkes knew that no mercy would be shown him, and accordingly determined to remain abroad. He undertook a journey into Italy; and those friends who still remained faithful to him in his adversity, among whom may be mentioned two very different men,



GENERAL WOLFE.

Lord Temple and Sir Joshua Reynolds, considered he had exercised a very sound discretion; and as his pecuniary affairs were in a bad state, he received substantial assistance from them, without which he would have starved. It seemed that the Court party had completely gained their object.

But the public mind had been deeply stirred on the subject of general warrants; and it was felt that so long as the use of such weapons was allowed, no man's liberty was safe, and that what Pratt had designated as a rod for the chastisement of Englishmen might fall on the shoulders of any one who offended the Court. A member of the House, Sir William Meredith, moved a resolution that general warrants were illegal, and in spite of the violent opposition of the Court party, found such strong support, that the Ministry, anticipating a defeat, were glad to get the question postponed for four months, to gain time, and even in this they barely

succeeded. Soon after, George Grenville, whom the King never liked, and whose long harangues and prosy lectures were an abomination to him, went out of office, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham.

THE ROCKINGHAM ADMINISTRATION ; THE MIDDLESEX ELECTIONS.

Under the new administration, the question of the legality of general warrants was brought forward again, and those instruments, and all acts done on the strength of them, were declared invalid. But the Marquis of Rockingham did not remain long in office. The compact phalanx of the King's friends broke up his Ministry, and any hopes Wilkes may have cherished from the change of government failed. Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, came into power, with the Duke of Grafton, who succeeded on the retirement of his chief, who lost his popularity from the day when he ceased to be "the great Commoner." The Ministers would now have been glad to get a pardon for Wilkes from the King ; but George III. was inexorable, and could not bear to hear the subject named. After vainly petitioning the King, Wilkes astonished and amazed his enemies, on the dissolution of Parliament, by offering himself as a candidate for the City of London, and was welcomed so warmly that it appeared as if he would be returned. Though he did not succeed in this, nearly 1,250 votes were recorded in his favour ; and encouraged by this proof of his continued popularity, he immediately came forward as a candidate for the county of Middlesex. Supported by the influence of the Vicar of Brentford, Parson Horne, afterwards widely known as Horne Tooke, and backed by the Duke of Portland and Lord Temple, Wilkes was returned by a great majority, polling nearly 1,300 votes, while the next candidate had only 827.

The enthusiasm of the public, and the excitement for "Wilkes and Liberty," now reached a higher point than ever. The significance of the election was fully understood, and the general rejoicing was quite as much due to the discomfiture of the King as to the triumph of the candidate. The Ministers would have been only too glad to have buried the whole affair of No. 45 and the disgraceful prosecutions in oblivion, and knew that the general attention would be drawn away from Wilkes as soon as he received a pardon. But the King would not listen to reason, and insisted that Wilkes should be expelled from Parliament. He was the more determined on this point, from the fact that the man he pursued with such pertinacity of hatred had succeeded in obtaining from Lord Mansfield a reversal of the decree of outlawry. He then sur-

rendered to the Court of King's Bench to receive sentence for the libels in the *North Briton* and the poem ; maintaining with regard to the latter work that it could not properly be held to have ever been published at all.

WILKES A POPULAR HERO ; PERSECUTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The sentence certainly did not err on the side of lenity. A fine of £1,000, and imprisonment of a year and eight months, and security for good behaviour for seven years afterwards, constituted a heavy penalty for the offences of which he had been convicted.

The mob of London took his part as before, would have rescued him from custody, and made a riot on the occasion of the meeting of Parliament. The soldiers were called out, fired upon the people, and by mistake bayoneted a man who had taken no part in the disturbance. The King took the opportunity of thanking the soldiers in a general order for their conduct during the riot, and promising them ample protection "in case any disagreeable circumstances should happen in the execution of their duty,"—such a disagreeable circumstance, for instance, as the killing of innocent men.

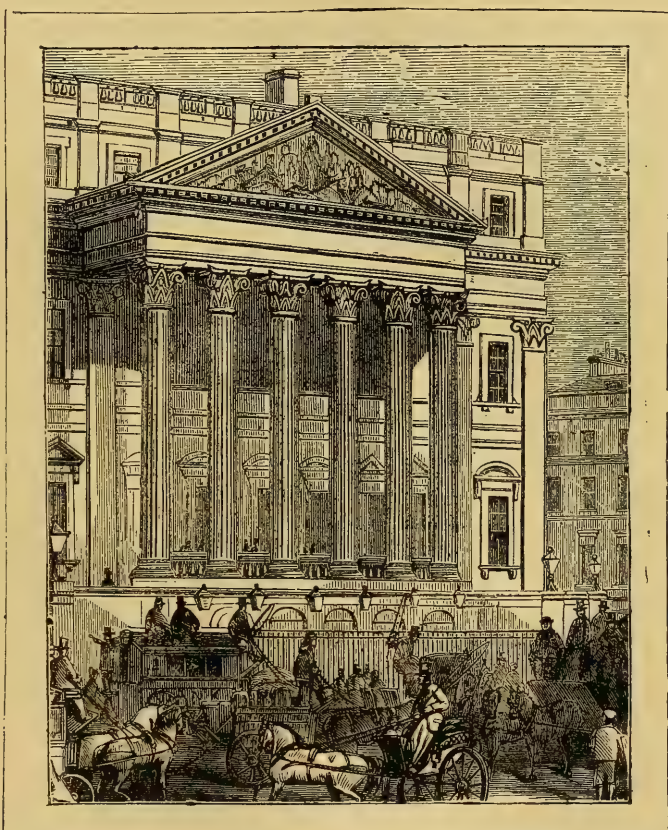
It appears that three weeks before that 10th of May, on which the military had acted with such fatal efficiency, an official letter had been written by Lord Weymouth, a Secretary of State, to the chairman of the quarter sessions at Lambeth, stating that the soldiers would be in readiness to quell an expected riot, and indicating that he should make use of them. Wilkes procured a copy of this letter some months afterwards, and had it inserted in a London newspaper, with a strong introductory sentence, declaring that the letter showed how long beforehand the "horrid massacre in St. George's Fields had been planned," and "how long a hellish project can be brooded over by some infernal spirits without a moment's remorse." Here was libel No. 3, a manifest strengthening of the hands of the Court party. Summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, the undaunted and indomitable prisoner declared that whenever a Secretary of State should dare to write such a letter, he would dare to write such prefatory remarks, and to appeal to the nation. Thereupon it was moved that he should be expelled the House, and the second expulsion of Wilkes accordingly took place, by a majority of 219 to 137 votes, on February 3rd, 1769.

The natural sequel to this proceeding was to declare the election of Wilkes for Middlesex null and void ; for having been expelled from the House, the Ministry argued that he was "ineligible for being elected a member

to serve in the present Parliament." Here was another question on which the outside public could join issue with the Court, and the temper of the Middlesex electors was shown by the immediate re-election of Wilkes. This election, which was unopposed, was immediately declared null and void; and now three candidates came forward,—Colonel Luttrell, who was backed by all the influence of the Government and the Court; Mr. Sergeant Whittaker; and Captain Roache.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION; FREEDOM OF ELECTION.

The quarrel had now assumed very different proportions. It affected the parliamentary privileges of the whole nation, and it was felt that in his endeavour to crush an opponent he hated the King had struck a blow at the Constitution. Many who had cared very little as to the rights of the case with regard to No. 45 of the *North Briton*, or whether



THE MANSION HOUSE.

But it was impossible to get a majority for Colonel Luttrell, and Mr. Roache polled no votes at all. Wilkes obtained nearly four times as many voices. In the face of all this the House of Commons, with its majority subservient to the King, though it allowed a deputation of Middlesex freeholders to be heard at the bar in support of the election of Wilkes, declared "Henry Lawes Luttrell, Esq., duly elected to serve in the present Parliament for the county of Middlesex."

the disreputable poem had been really "published" or not, looked upon this open attempt to interfere with the constitutional right of electors to choose their representatives as a matter deeply affecting the welfare of the whole state; and the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty!" had now an altogether new significance. With a sagacity that did him honour, the great Lord Chatham protested against the question being argued on the narrow ground of the personal character of an indi-

vidual. To him it mattered little, he said, whether those who lauded John Wilkes as a patriot, or those who denounced him as a profligate incendiary, were in the right; what he contended for was the upholding of the civil rights of English subjects, which he contended should be measured by no power whatever, "or by any other rule than the fixed laws of the land." At a later period he finely declared that he considered this Middlesex business "the alarm bell of liberty," which he intended to ring incessantly in the ears of the people. Colonel Luttrell, he contended, with incontrovertible truth, was no representative of the people, but a mere nominee of a faction inimical to the Constitution. The whole principle of freedom of election, one of the great stipulations of the Declaration of Rights, was violated in this glaring attempt to thrust upon the electors of Middlesex a man who was not their representative, not having been chosen by a majority of them. Sir George Savile went farther still, openly declaring from his place in Parliament that the House of Commons, by passing an illegal vote, had betrayed their country, and professing himself ready to stand by his words, and to endure any punishment that might be inflicted on him for uttering them.

RELEASE OF WILKES; POPULAR REJOICINGS AND CIVIC HONOURS.

The natural consequence of all this was that the country clamoured for the dissolution of this Parliament, that had proved false to its trust, and wrested law and justice to please the King. The city of London stood forth foremost among the remonstrants against the proceedings of the majority in the House of Commons; and then it was that Lord Mayor Beckford spoke those words to George III. that were afterwards inscribed upon a monument raised in his honour by the citizens of London, in which he boldly warned the angry monarch that the men who were alienating the affections of his loyal subjects from him by the course they were urging him to take, were not his true friends, but, on the contrary, enemies alike to His Majesty, the Royal Family, and the British Constitution.

Meanwhile the prisoner in the King's Bench had the great advantage that all this struggle for the maintenance of popular rights and privileges was identified with his name. "Wilkes" and "liberty" were still coupled together, the more firmly as the importance of the issues involved became deeper; and his popularity increased in proportion to the iniquitous injustice with which, not only he, but every man who voted for him, was treated. Of the public

sympathy he received very substantial proofs in the shape of large supplies of money during his imprisonment; and one sum significantly subscribed by one of the American colonies, where discontent was fast gravitating towards rebellion, amounted to no less than £1,500. The ward of Farringdon-without elected him alderman; and when his sentence expired in 1770, his fortunes were far more promising than in the days when he had only the rabble to shout for him,—the many-headed monster who might applaud him one week, and hoot him the next. In several towns the houses were illuminated in honour of his release, and his debts were paid by a society calling itself by the significant name of "Supporters of the Bill of Rights."

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF "JACK WILKES."

Dr. Johnson, in 1770, wrote a pamphlet, "The False Alarm," vehemently upholding the action of the Ministry in declaring Colonel Luttrell duly elected as member for Middlesex, in spite of the repeated majorities obtained by Wilkes. He maintained that the apprehensions of the country were unfounded. But even Boswell thinks him wrong; for that arch-admirer says: "That it endeavoured to infuse a narcotic indifference as to public concerns into the minds of the people, and that it broke out sometimes into an extreme coarseness of contemptuous abuse, is but too evident."

At a later period he considerably modified his opinion concerning Wilkes, as is seen in his letter, in 1780, on the celebrated, "No Popery" note of Lord George Gordon; for writing of the attack of the rabble on the Bank of England, and the fact that they acted, like other thieves, with no great resolution, the Doctor gives a little gruff praise. He says: "Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they found;" and then the Doctor becomes slightly sarcastic; "Jack," he says, "*who was always zealous for order and decency*, declares that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive." In spite of their former antagonism, Johnson seems to have had, in his great, rough, honest heart, something resembling a liking for Wilkes, if only for his indomitable energy and his fascinating wit. "Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes," he remarked, "we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But after hearing his name

sounded from pole to pole, as the phoenix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been *at me*; but I would do Jack a kindness, rather than not. The contest is now over."

WILKES IN THE SUNSHINE.

From that time the career of Wilkes may be considered a prosperous one. As an alderman he was energetic and efficient, and won the confidence of many who had before been opposed to him. He soon gave proof that the old spirit of opposition was as strong within him as ever by his conduct in the matter of the disputed right to publish a parliamentary report. The House of Commons had long shown itself very sensitive with regard to any publication of its proceedings out of doors. And indeed, in those days of unblushing bargain and sale, it was sometimes woefully inconvenient to members to have too much known out of doors concerning speeches, pledges, and measures. The House, finding that its doings were being reported to the public by the newspapers, passed a resolution declaring the writing, printing, and publishing of any account of its proceedings a breach of privilege, and threatening to proceed with the utmost severity against all offenders. The newspapers continuing to publish reports, in spite of this threat, the Speaker sent the deputy Sergeant-at-arms into the city to execute a warrant issued

against a persistent offender, Mr. Miller, of the *Evening Post*. Mr. Wilkes, acting in conjunction with the Lord Mayor and one of his colleagues, caused the officer himself to be arrested; and so sturdily maintained the rights alike of the city and of the newspaper press, that he obtained a victory over the Court for both. And when summoned to appear at the bar of the House to answer for his audacity, he boldly replied that not having been summoned as a member to attend in his place he should disregard the document altogether; and though the summons was twice repeated, he remained firm to his resolution, and no steps were taken to compel his appearance. From that time the right of reporting the proceedings in parliament was assumed as a foregone conclusion, nor was it ever called in question. "As for Wilkes, he is below the notice of the House,"

wrote the King; but His Majesty deigned to bestow very particular notice on the contest that arose some-time later, when Wilkes, having served the office of sheriff, was put in nomination for the dignity of chief magistrate of the city; and even exerted his influence to the utmost to prevent the return of his old enemy.

At first Wilkes was baffled, and it was thought that the Court had scored a victory against him at last; but the civic Antæus rose up again stronger from each successive fall; and at length, in 1774, attained the dignity of Lord Mayor of London. "Thus," writes sententious Horace Walpole, "after so much persecution by the Court, after so many attempts on his life, after a long imprisonment in a gaol, after all his own crimes and

indiscretions, did this extraordinary man of more extraordinary fortunes attain the highest office in so grave and important a city as the capital of England. Always reviving, the more opposed and oppressed, and unable to shock Fortune, and make her laugh at him, who laughed at everybody and everything. . . . All the power of the Crown, all the malice of the Scots, all the abilities of Lord Mansfield, all the violence of Alderman Townshend, all the want of policy and parts in the opposition, all the treachery of his own friends, could not demolish him. He equally baffled the King and Parson Horne, though both neglected no latitude to com-

pass his ruin. It is in this tenth year of his war on the Court that he gained so signal a victory." Horace Walpole, though an undoubted fribble, was a keen and vigilant observer; and this declaration of his comes very near the truth of the matter.

A far greater triumph, however, was in store for him, when after being elected for Middlesex for the fifth time he took his seat unopposed in the House from which he had been twice expelled. Never was there a greater instance of the triumph of perseverance. Even George the Third had become awake to the fact that nothing was to be gained by any further persecution of the indomitable "demagogue," and that it would be far best to leave him to himself. In fact His Majesty had predicted the impending ruin of Wilkes so often, and the prediction had so often failed of accomplishment,



CHARLES JAMES FOX.

that he had become somewhat tired of the subject.

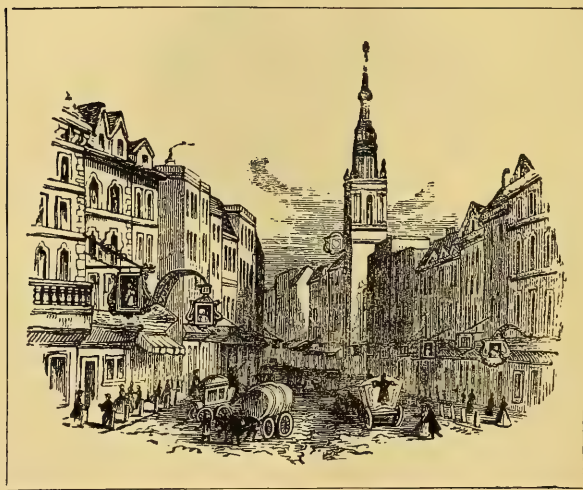
The epithet "demagogue," indeed, had been so persistently applied to him throughout his career, and, as has been noticed, was repeated long after his death by Macaulay and others, that it was taken for granted he must be a man who thirsted to subvert all existing institutions, and overturn those "landmarks" and "safeguards" of the constitution, of which at times we hear so much. But in real fact the reverse seems to have been the case. The struggle with which his name has become inseparably connected arose out of an endeavour not to overturn but to uphold those constitutional principles which were being unscrupulously assailed; and that even grave judges, while they might dislike him personally, could not deny that the course he was taking had the sanction of both law and justice.

One of his best traits was certainly his placable temper, and his readiness to forget old grievances. "Stop, you old fool! That's

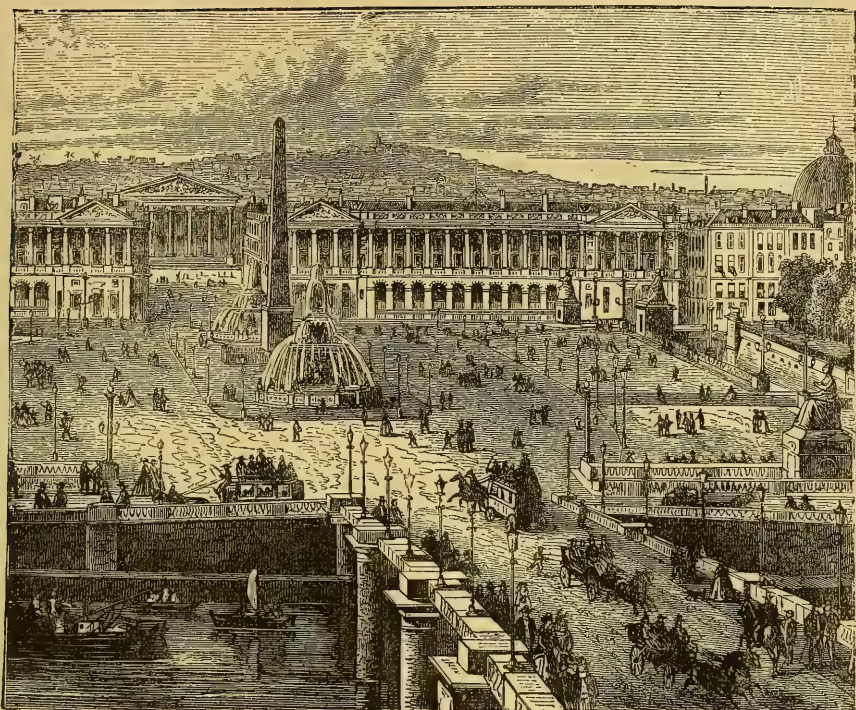
over long ago!" was his blunt reproof to an enthusiastic old market woman of Covent Garden, who tried to revive the old cry in his later days. Directly the cause he stood up for was gained, all the acrimony that had been imported into the contest was by him cast away.

It should not be forgotten, moreover, by "readers" in the British Museum that he was the first to advocate the establishment of that admirable institution the reading-room. Speaking of the Vatican and of the Paris Library in his place in Parliament, he said: "They are both open at stated times with every proper accommodation, to all strangers. London has no large public library . . . I wish, Sir, a sum were allowed by Parliament for the purchase of the most valuable editions of the best authors, and an act passed to oblige every printer, under a certain penalty, to send a copy bound of every publication he made to the British Museum."

He died, a prosperous man, in the year 1799.



CHEAPSIDE IN 1750.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

THROUGH SLAUGHTER TO A THRONE:

THE STORY OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT OF THE 2ND DECEMBER, 1851.

An Important Day—The President's Ride through Paris—A Delusion Dispelled—At the Elysée—Who was responsible for the *Coup d'État*?—The Strasburg Enterprise—The Boulogne Expedition and its Consequences—Escape from Ham—Residence in London: Return to Paris in 1848—Louis Napoleon President—The Oath—"The Nephew of his Uncle"—Bidding for Popularity—De Morny, Maupas, Persigny, Fleury, St. Arnaud—Preparations for Striking the Blow; the Army—The Proclamation of December 2nd—Seizure of Political Chiefs—The Army in Paris—Forcible Closing of the Assembly—Arrest of Members—Closing of the High Court of Justice—The Assembly Carried Away Captive—State of Paris: Discouragement; Committee of Resistance—Failure of the Struggle—Proceedings of the Government—The Cavalry Charge—The Massacre on the Boulevards—Details—Slaughter of Non-Combatants—Success of the *Coup d'État*—Plebiscite—Testimony of an Impartial Witness—Public Feeling in England.

AN IMPORTANT DAY.

THE 2nd of December is as memorable a date in the history of France, as the 14th of October, which witnessed, at an interval of more than half a century, the disasters of Hochkirchen and Jena, is fateful in the annals of the Prussian monarchy. It was on a 2nd of December that the great Napoleon was crowned in the cathedral of Notre Dame by Pope Pius VII. as Emperor

of the French; it was on a 2nd of December that he shattered the power of Austria, and crippled Prussia, by the tremendous victory he gained at Austerlitz. It was on the 2nd of December, again, that the first act of the drama was played out, which led to the establishment of that second French Empire, destined to expire in a sea of blood, after running its feverish and fitful course; one of those memorable series of events in which the superficial observer sees only the fortune of war, while the

thoughtful student claims to recognise the truth, that no more in modern times than at earlier epochs of the world's history can men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles ; and that while "things bad begun make strong themselves by ill," the day of retribution will surely come upon the evil-doer, that, as the homely old German proverb has it,—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small ;

Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

On that 2nd of December, 1851, there sat in an inner chamber of the palace of the Elysée at Paris a man who knew that he was at the very crisis of his fate, as surely as any criminal who sits in the dock waiting until the twelve men shall reappear who are to pronounce the "guilty" or "not guilty" that will restore him to liberty or consign him to the scaffold. It was the third time in a life of little more than forty years that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then President of the French Republic, had conspired to overthrow the government of his country. Good fortune, the associations connected in every Frenchman's mind with the great name he bore, and an almost inexplicable lenity on the part of the authorities whose captive he became, had enabled him to escape almost unpunished on the first occasion, and had spared his life on the second ; but this time the game was evidently one of life or death. In case of failure the conspirator and his accomplices would have to reckon not with an offended government but with an outraged and exasperated nation ; and therefore it was above all things necessary to screw the courage to the sticking point "that this day the enterprise might thrive."

THE PRESIDENT'S RIDE THROUGH PARIS STREETS.

For a blow had just been struck at the liberties of France, and the nation had been insulted in the persons of its representatives, in a way no king since the days of Louis XIV. would have ventured upon. What this blow was, how it was struck, and how it was followed up, we shall have presently to relate. In the course of the day the President had ridden abroad through the streets of Paris, attended by a numerous staff, and accompanied by his uncle, Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the only survivor of the three puppet kings set up, in the insolence of ambition, by the Great Napoleon, on three European thrones. Old Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, though he gave his nephew the countenance of his presence on that memorable ride through streets lined with troops, behind whom peered forth faces scowling with angry surprise, gravely disapproved of the course the President was taking ; and,

indeed, two days later, he wrote him a manly letter, reminding him that there was no guarantee for liberty if an assembly did not contribute to the constitution of the republic,—that the army was acting in a high-handed manner,—and that what a government could not do when it was beaten, it was bound to do when it was victorious ; conjuring him, in conclusion, in the name of the great founder of their house, and by their common horror of civil war, to listen to the experience of an aged man, and to remember that France, Europe, and posterity would pass their judgment upon the President's actions.

A DELUSION DISPELLED ; THE PRESIDENT AT THE ELYSÉE.

The ride through the Paris streets must have dispelled one delusion, at least, which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was supposed to entertain. It furnished abundant proof that there was no enthusiasm for the President among the Parisians, and that they were disposed to look upon him with a kind of contemptuous surprise ; that they were not at all anxious to accept him as the representative and successor of the Great Napoleon, or to hail him as Emperor. For the third time he had presented himself for their suffrages in that character, and for the third time he had encountered looks of scorn, disdain, or at best indifference. The theatrical scene of the progress of a hero through his capital had been attempted, and had fallen wofully flat. The expected acclamations had been conspicuously absent ; and so it was that the chief actor in the farce so soon to be turned into a tragedy rode home and ensconced himself gloomily in the apartments of his official residence, while the blood of thousands was soon poured out like water in the streets of Paris, and a gallant nation's liberty was trampled beneath the heels of a ruthless soldiery. Mr. Kinglake, in his masterly "History of the War in the Crimea," describes him as returning from this ride, and "going in out of sight." "Thenceforth," he says, "for the most part he remained close shut up in the Elysée. There, in an inner room, still decked in red trousers, but with his back to the daylight, they say he sat bent over a fireplace for hours and hours together, resting his elbows on his knees, and burying his face in his hands." Victor Hugo, himself an eye-witness and an actor in the scenes which followed, says : "Louis Bonaparte had not quitted the Elysée. He remained in a cabinet on the ground floor, next to that splendid gilded saloon in which, in 1815, he had been present, as a child, at the second abdication of Napoleon. He was there alone ; the order had been given to admit no one to his presence. From time to time the door was partly opened, and the grey head of his aide-

de-camp, General Roguet, appeared. General Roguet alone had the permission to open this door and to enter. He brought news, more and more disquieting, and frequently terminating with the words: 'It does not go,' or 'It goes badly.' When he had finished his report, Louis Bonaparte, sitting leaning on his elbows at a table before a large fire, half turned his head in his arm-chair, and with the most phlegmatic tone of voice, without apparent emotion, invariably repeated these words: 'Let them execute my orders.' Hugo declares that General Roguet himself related, as an honourable testimony to his master's imperturbable composure, that when he informed the Prince how the barricades in the streets were increasing in number, how the troops were being hissed, and cries of "Down with the Dictator!" were everywhere heard, with other still more disquieting details, the President, half rising from his arm-chair, and looking fixedly at his officer, answered calmly, "Well, tell St. Arnaud to execute my orders."

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE COUP D'ÉTAT?

It is only fair, at the outset, and before telling the story of the events of the 2nd of December and the subsequent days, to say that there is a reasonable doubt as to the extent of the President's knowledge of what was actually going on in Paris during that period of horror. Mr. Kinglake is of opinion that he was not kept accurately informed of the extent to which "his orders" were being executed; that the men associated with him in the enterprise, whose fortune, whose future, whose very lives perhaps depended upon the success of the *coup d'état*, kept from him the naked truth, and only allowed such reports to reach him as would impress upon him the vital necessity of carrying out to the bitter end the enterprise they had begun. At the time of the *coup d'état* there was but one sentiment in England concerning it,—a feeling of profound horror at the scenes enacted, and of grave reprobation of the whole scheme. The national feeling concerning the President's method of maintaining order was embodied in John Leech's clever sketch, entitled, "France is Tranquil," wherein France was represented crouching in abject terror, bound and gagged;—with a French infantry soldier standing over her, with his bayonet at her throat. In later times there arose a disposition to condone much of what passed during those memorable days, or to forget it in glorifying the success and prosperity of "our faithful ally;" though Tennyson, in some well-known lines, written some years afterwards, declared,—

"'Tis true we have a faithful ally,
But only the devil knows what he means."

It is not here the purpose to attempt to indicate how much criminality attaches to the man for whom the *coup d'état* was carried into effect. The design is simply to tell the story of that terrible event, stating the facts as they have been given, not only by those in whom they excited horror, but by friends and partisans of Louis Napoleon, such as M. Granier de Cassagnac and Captain Mauduit, who have left records of these things, and can certainly not be supposed to have exaggerated them to their master's disadvantage.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FIRST APPEARANCE; THE STRASBURG ENTERPRISE.

Up to the memorable year of revolution, 1848, the career and the reputation of Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been the reverse of brilliant; and people were accustomed to speak of his enterprises with a smile of contemptuous pity, and to consider him as a visionary, closely akin to a madman. Such was the language we find used concerning him, for instance, in the Greville Memoirs; and "I believe he is mad," was the opinion openly expressed of him by more than one public man. It was afterwards said that his contemporaries made two grand mistakes with regard to Louis Napoleon: the first when they set him down as an idiot; the second, when they ranked him as a statesman. He was the son of Louis Bonaparte, the brother whom Napoleon placed on the throne of Holland, and of Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, joined in an uncongenial marriage with Louis by the imperious mandate of the autocrat. In his youth he had taken part in the risings in Italy connected with the secret society of the Carbonari,—disturbances in which his elder brother lost his life in 1831.

It was in 1836 that the first great enterprise of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte occurred. On Sunday the 30th of October in that year, he made his memorable attempt to excite a revolt in the garrison of Strasburg, with a view of restoring the Napoleonic Empire in France. A colonel of artillery named Vaudrey had been gained over and induced to join in the conspiracy. Vaudrey persuaded the soldiers under his command that there had been a revolution in Paris, that the Empire had been proclaimed, and Louis Philippe deposed; and presented the Prince to them as the second Napoleon. The affair went so far that Voirol, the general commanding the garrison, and the Prefect of Strasburg were actually made prisoners by detachments of artillery-men; and the Prince, who was attired in a costume copied from the garb of the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz,—whom he did not in the least resemble in face,—was introduced, with his "staff," to the men of

the 46th regiment, who gazed in astonishment and doubt on this whimsical caricature of a great man trying to persuade them to renounce their allegiance to King Louis Philippe.

But now appeared on the scene Talandier, colonel of the 46th, irate, indignant, and resolute. He roundly denounced the pretender and his scheme, and caused the batch of conspirators to be then and there deprived of the decorations they wore. One account says that he tore off Louis Napoleon's grand cordon of the Legion, and likewise the Prince's epaulettes, with his own hand, trampling them under his feet, and, as the official report declares, "in a moment L. N. Bonaparte and the wretches who accompanied him were arrested. Thus ignobly ended the first attempt to revive the Empire in France. King Louis Philippe good-naturedly pardoned the conspirator, from whom he apprehended no great danger to the July monarchy; and even provided him with a few thousand francs wherewith to embark for America.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S SECOND ENTERPRISE; THE BOULOGNE EXPEDITION.

After a short residence in the New World, Prince Louis Napoleon found his way back to the Old, taking up his residence in England; and it was from London that his second expedition started, to subvert the throne of the king who had treated him with such good-natured clemency and indulgence. The lines of the second enterprise were laid down similarly to those of the first. Again it was a garrison—that of Boulogne this time—that was to be won over, and the rest was to be left to fortune and to the feeling that was known to exist in favour of the "Napoleonic legend,"—a feeling that had been greatly increased by recent events; for it was in 1840 that the corpse of the Great Napoleon was brought home by the Prince de Joinville, a son of Louis Philippe, from its solitary grave beneath the willow tree near Longwood, to rest, according to the wish expressed in the great Conqueror's will, "on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people he had loved so well." The Prince and some fifty confederates hired a steamer wherein to cross the Channel, taking with them a tame eagle, trained to alight on the Prince's shoulder, a flag surmounted by a gilt eagle, and other "properties," and a sum of money for distribution among the wavering soldiery, whomight be induced to declare for the second Empire and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The farce of 1836 at Strasburg was re-enacted almost scene for scene in 1840 at Boulogne. Again the garrison gazed bewildered at the ludicrous and theatrical display of a set of adventurers; again a prompt

arrest was made of the chief conspirator and his partisans: but this time the matter was taken more seriously. A soldier had been shot in the scuffle when the prisoner was captured, and for a time the life of Louis Napoleon was in considerable danger. But at his trial he had the advantage of the advocacy of one of the astutest lawyers in France, Maitre Berryer, who caused him to take advantage, by a masterly piece of clap-trap, of the recently aroused feeling in favour of the Empire and its glories. He was made to declare that he represented in France a memory and a defeat and an aspiration; and again he escaped the full penalty of high treason, being condemned, however, to lifelong imprisonment in the fortress of Ham. Here, in enforced seclusion, he passed the next five years, occupying himself chiefly with literary labours. He wrote a work on artillery; another entitled "Napoleonic Ideas;" a third, in which he developed a scheme for that very desirable object, the extinction of pauperism, etc.

THE ESCAPE FROM HAM; LONDON; RETURN TO PARIS IN 1848.

The world had well-nigh forgotten that such a man existed, when in 1845 he contrived, with the help of his friend Dr. Conneau, to escape very cleverly from his place of durance; for he was a first-rate schemer where he was not brought face to face with a danger that required the exercise of sudden and quick-witted resolution. Whatever had been deliberately planned he could carry out with stolid persistency. While some repairs were going on at the fortress, he marched out of the gates in the disguise of a workman—carrying a plank on his shoulder further to deceive the sentries—and made his way once more to England, where he resided until the revolution of 1848 once more made it possible for him to return to France. In English society his reputation did not stand high. He was what his own countrymen would have described as "*criblé de dettes*;" and his name, frequently appearing on stamped paper, was considered as the reverse of "sufficient" among the Shylocks of the discount market. He was kindly received by what was known as the Gore House clique at Kensington; the brilliant Count d'Orsay and Lady Blessington welcoming as a friend the sombre, silent man, who is described as sitting at their assemblies quiet and self-contained, profoundly believing in himself and his destiny, looked upon as a harmless visionary, whose political chance was over and gone—but always patiently waiting. When London was threatened with a Chartist outbreak in April 1848, he caused himself to be enrolled as a special constable, and paraded the streets, it is said, with a policeman's trun-

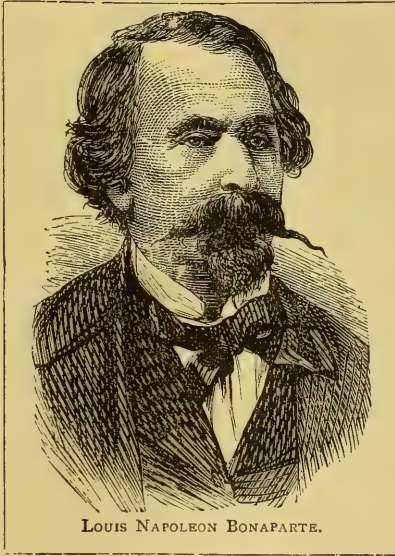
cheon, in the cause of order. The first offer of his services to Lamartine, to whom he wrote during that amiable patriot's three months' tenure of power, was declined politely but decidedly. Nevertheless he returned to France, and was actually able, by the mere weight attaching to the name he bore, not only to put himself in nomination as a candidate for the office of President of the French Republic, but actually to carry the election by an immense majority of votes, against the stern republican and able commander General Cavaignac;—whose firmness and decision had probably saved Paris from pillage and France from anarchy by the resolute repression of the dreadful rising of the "red" faction in June;—when the collapse of the impracticable scheme of Louis Blanc and his colleagues, displayed in the compulsory closing of the "Ateliers nationaux," had roused the fury of the most dangerous classes in Paris against the government, and when worthy Archbishop Affre found a martyr's death on the barricades in his noble endeavour to mediate between the enraged combatants. And thus it happened that the impecunious refugee of the beginning of the wonderful year 1848, before the close of that year was sitting in the President's chair in the National Assembly in Paris, the acknowledged head of a great republic, invested with a constitutional authority that was to last for four years, and to cease and determine, according to the law, in the year 1852.

LOUIS NAPOLEON CHOSEN PRESIDENT;
THE TERMS OF THE OATH.

A distinguished Frenchman has said that unless people make up their minds to forget a great many things, "*sans de grands oublis*," life would be impossible. Nevertheless it is at times not only salutary but necessary to look back and remember,—to show that pledges solemnly given on assuming an office are not to be cast aside so soon as their fulfilment becomes inconvenient to the man who has given them. Therefore it is well to point out what was the nature of the oath taken by Louis Napoleon, when on the 20th of December, 1848, the National Assembly,

in consequence of the majority of votes obtained over the other candidates, solemnly proclaimed him "President of the Republic from this present day, until the second Sunday in May, 1852."

The various articles of the Constitution the President, raising his right hand, as he faced the Assembly, swore to maintain. "In the presence of God," he said, "and before the French people represented by the National Assembly, I swear to remain faithful to the Social and Democratic Republic, one and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the Constitution." Then the President of the Assembly, standing up, read out the various articles of the Constitution, and Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, raising his right hand, solemnly repeated his oath. Among these articles the most important were Art. 36 and 37, which declared the inviolability of the representatives of the people. "They may not be arrested on a criminal charge," so the words ran, "except in *flagrante delicto*, nor prosecuted until the Assembly has authorised the prosecution." Art. 68 declared that any measure by which the President of the Republic should dissolve the National Assembly, or prorogue it, or put an obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of any of its mandates, constituted the crime of high treason; that such an act would at once deprive him of



LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

his authority, and would cause the executive power to pass into the hands of the National Assembly; that the Judges of the High Court would thereupon be compelled, under penalty of forfeiting their offices, to immediately assemble to try the President and his accomplices; and that the nomination of Ministers would rest with them."

"THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE."

How the President fulfilled the obligations of the oath he had taken, was shown to the world in the events of the 2nd December, 1851, and the following days. It soon became abundantly manifest that the President was bent on especially cultivating the good will of two classes in the community,—the clerical and the military. The interference of the French in Rome for the re-establishment

of the Papal Government, and the maintenance of a force in the capital for the upholding of the power of Pius IX., secured him the support of the Church. Herein he may be said to have followed the lead of the great founder of his house, who, until he became utterly intoxicated with pride and arrogance, recognised the importance of a good understanding with Pius VII.; and besides restoring public worship in France, concluded a concordat with Rome, and prevailed on the Holy Father to crown him at Notre Dame.

Still more strongly marked was the favour shown to the army. The President studiously kept up and in every way strengthened the remembrance of the revived Napoleonic legend, continually appearing in the character of "the nephew of his uncle." The peculiarities of his august relative, indeed, as to costume, etc., he imitated in the earlier part of his career with a closeness that bordered on the ludicrous, and exposed him to no little ridicule.

When he made a practice of riding through Paris in Napoleonic style, even the Paris "gamins" were far too sharp-witted not to be struck at once with the difference between the nephew and the uncle, between the hero of a hundred fights and the holder of half-a-score of reviews. The nickname, "Sou-louque" was freely applied to the President, from the name of the black potentate of Haiti, who, making himself emperor under the name of Faustin I., presented in his appearance and court arrangements a ludicrous caricature of the great Corsican. In a spirited poem that appeared in the London *Punch*, the situation was happily hit off in the following lines, referring to one of these rides through Paris:—

"As the return from Elba to Boulogne's unlucky do,—
As the sawdust strife of Astley's to the real Water-
loo,—
So is the Bonaparte of words to the Bonaparte of
deeds;
He who rides there, to him who sleeps within the
Invalides."

BIDDING FOR POPULARITY.

As the time drew near when his term of office would expire, the President naturally strove to obtain increased popularity with a view to re-election. He was always an open-handed man, and careless in questions of expenditure. A progress through the provinces of France, while it furthered his political views, depleted his purse; and he found his official salary entirely inadequate to cover his expenditure. An application to the Assembly for an increased allowance was refused; and the facetious *Charivari*, the *Punch* of Paris, made very merry over the embarrassments of the chief officer of the state, to whom it

applied the fable of the "Grasshopper and the ant," with a most expressive illustration of Louis Napoleon in the character of "La Cigale." Up to the 2nd of December, 1851, there was much laughter at the expense of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; but after that period ridicule gave way to far graver feelings.

In the Assembly there were a number of the members, including some of the most distinguished of the people's representatives, bitterly hostile to the President, distrusting his policy and disliking him personally, and resolved, accordingly, to oppose, and, if possible, to prevent, his re-election. According to one of the articles of the Constitution of 1848, the President could not be re-elected except by a vote of three-fourths of the Assembly; and, therefore, though Louis Napoleon might have commanded a majority, this law would still have been enough to lose him his post. He had in vain sought to attach to his interest the ablest men in the Assembly and the most respectable generals in the army. They did not believe in him or in his schemes; too much of ridicule hung about him—for these were the days in which his ability was still underrated—to induce them to join their fortunes to his by giving him their aid in altering the Constitution in a peaceable manner. Failing this, he associated himself with men of doubtful fortunes, and in some cases of more than doubtful character; and there is no question that by these he was urged forward when, if left to himself, he would have paused, as he did at Strasburg and Boulogne, before the transaction had passed from the ridiculous stage, and become a national concern, deeply affecting the welfare of the whole country.

THE PRESIDENT'S ASSOCIATES; DE MORNAY, MAUPAS, PERSIGNY, ETC.

Among these associates of the President, the most astute and not the least resolute was De Mornay, a bold speculator on the Bourse, and a man equally qualified as a politician and a financier to make the most of an opportunity as it offered, and hardly likely to let a chance go past him, or to lose a prospect of advancement for want of prompt and vigorous action. He afterwards became famous, among other things, for the astuteness with which, as ambassador to the Russian Court, he turned to his own advantage the custom that allows an envoy to bring in his horses, carriages, and other valuable movables to that country duty free. He entered Russia with a great train of vehicles, heavily laden with the silks and velvets and gay apparel of Western Europe; and a few days afterwards had a great sale, at which he disposed of his impedimenta, horses, carriages, sets of harness, and all at a considerable advantage. He was far

from being a scrupulous man. De Maupas, who had been recently appointed Prefect of Police, after having been implicated in a disgraceful transaction as Prefect of the Haute Garonne, was another of the intimates and instruments of the President at the close of 1851. A third was Monsieur de Persigny, who afterwards became Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James's. He was an old associate of Louis Napoleon, and had taken part in the notable attempt at Boulogne in 1840. The most resolute of the men engaged in the transactions of the 2nd of December was Major Fleury, a man

PREPARATIONS FOR STRIKING THE BLOW; THE ARMY.

On the night of the 1st of December the saloons of the Elysée were brilliant as usual with a number of guests assembled at the President's reception. Ministers, diplomatists, and many other guests were present, and everything went on as usual; but the President spoke to General Vieyra, Chief of the Staff of the National Guard, whom he had recently appointed to that post, and who undertook to keep the National Guard from acting,—a sufficient indication that some



FRENCH INFANTRY OF THE LINE IN 1851.

who, after dissipating the fortune left him by his father, a tradesman, had enlisted as a private soldier in the army, gained his epaulets, and had become aide-de-camp to the President. He was the hand, as Morny was in a great measure the brain, of the dark conspiracy then formed against the state. Last in the category of the intimates of the Elysée comes Jacques Arnaud le Roy, more generally known as General, afterwards Marshal St. Arnaud, who became commander of the French army in the Crimean war, and died soon after the battle of the Alma. St. Arnaud, at the time of the *coup d'état*, had recently been made Minister of War.

important design was to be carried out by the President, in which it was desirable the Parisians should not interfere. De Morny was at the theatre that night; but after the guests had departed from the Elysée, a secret meeting was held there of the President and his confederates.

During the last few days preparations had been quietly made for the blow that was to be struck that night. Marshal Magnan had been informed that he might shortly have to act against the Parisians, and had announced himself as ready—stipulating only that he should not be called upon until the moment came for mounting on horseback; and that

for whatever he did he should have a guarantee, in the form of an order from the Minister of War, General St. Arnaud.

The army was in a dangerous and savage temper. Several times during the last few years, and notably in 1830 and 1848, the troops had come in contact with the people, and had had the worst of the contest. A late motion, too, in the National Assembly, by which that body endeavoured to get part of the control over the army into its own hands, had been a further cause of anger, though the measure had not passed. The feeling among the soldiers against the civilians of Paris was very bitter, as was sufficiently indicated by the nickname of "Bedouins," from the Arabs in Africa, they bestowed upon them, thus designating them as enemies. Such was the disposition of the troops brought to Paris; whose generals, to the number of twenty, had been informed a few days before at a meeting to which they were summoned, that they might be called on to "act" in Paris; whereupon they solemnly embraced, in token of readiness to fulfil the duty required of them.

THE PROCLAMATIONS OF DECEMBER 2ND.

Thus, then, having made sure of the co-operation of the army, the President launched the bolt he had artfully prepared to shatter the liberties of France, and pull down the Constitution which less than three years before he had solemnly sworn to defend. From the midnight conference at the Elysée, Colonel Beville, an aide-de-camp of the President, was despatched with a packet of papers to the state printing-office, the director of which institution, M. St. George, had been bought over by Louis Napoleon. A large body of gendarmerie had been quietly collected, at dead of night, without exciting suspicion or remark, and had surrounded the state printing-office; not one of the compositors assembled there as usual being allowed to quit the building. The papers brought by Colonel Beville contained some proclamations, of so startling a nature that it was not safe to let even one of the printers know their contents. Accordingly, the papers were cut up into small portions; and compositors, closely guarded by a gendarme on each side, set up these fragments, which separately had no sense, but were pieced together afterwards, and emerged from the printing-office in the form of various addresses to the nation.

The principal of these proclamations declared that the National Assembly was dissolved; that universal suffrage was re-established, and the law of the 31st of May abrogated; and that a state of siege was established in the whole first military division, including Paris and twelve departments

surrounding it; that the Council of State was dissolved; and that the Minister of the Interior was entrusted with the carrying out of the decree. It was dated from the Palace of the Elysée, December 2nd, 1851, and signed Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

The President moreover declared that the Assembly was hatching conspiracies against him, and that it was his duty to baffle these conspiracies and uphold the Republic.

The proclamation to the army was atrocious; for it contained words especially calculated to stir up the ferocity of the military against the civil population, and reads simply as a direct incentive to violence. The following words, especially, hardly admit of more than one construction: "In 1830, and in 1848, they (the people) treated you as conquered men. After having disavowed your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and your wishes, although you are the *élite* of the nation. To-day, in this solemn moment, I desire that the army will make its voice heard." And the army made its voice heard accordingly, in fusillade and massacre of unarmed citizens,—men, women, and children.

The Minister of the Interior who was entrusted with the carrying out of the President's decree was De Morny, who was now appointed to the Home Office; the ministers who took no part in the conspiracy being dismissed.

SEIZURE OF THE LEADING POLITICIANS; THE ARMY IN PARIS.

When the day dawned, the Parisians, as they turned out into the streets on their various business, read these proclamations in stupefied astonishment; but presently a rumour spread, of a measure taken by the conspirators of the Elysée, that threw all others into the shade by its audacity and its utter and wanton disregard of all law. In that fatal night Maupas had suddenly summoned a number of Commissaires of Police, to whom separate instructions were given, and who, accordingly, accompanied by police agents, proceeded in the early morning to arrest in their beds the most prominent members of the Assembly. These were conveyed to various prisons, the majority of them being removed in the cellular vans used for the transport of ordinary thieves and law-breakers. Some were lodged in Mazas prison, others in the fortress of Vincennes. Amongst those seized and carried off into captivity were some of the foremost generals and statesmen in France: General Cavaignac, who had saved Paris in the insurrection of June 1848; Generals Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière, Colonel Charras, with such statesmen as Thiers, Roger du Nord, Baze,

Miot, and others, to the number of almost eighty, nearly a score of them being members of the Assembly and therefore, according to

the confidence of the nation by maintaining the Constitution to which I have sworn;" and again in his second message, on the 12th



FRENCH CAVALRY ON THE MARCH TO PARIS.

the Constitution which was trampled underfoot, inviolable,—concerning which the President had written in his first message to the Assembly less than two years before (December 31st, 1849): "I will be worthy of

November, 1850, only a year before: "If the Constitution involves faults and dangers, you are all free to make them known in the face of the country; I alone, bound by my oath, will keep myself within the strict

limits it traces out to me." Again, speaking on a public occasion, at the opening of a railway, he had alluded to the events that led to his incarceration in the fortress of Ham, and had unreservedly taken blame to himself for his hare-brained Boulogne enterprise, saying: "To-day, when by the election of the whole of France I have become the legitimate chief of this great nation, I cannot glorify myself on an imprisonment caused by an attack upon an established government." And over and over again he had declared, that in view of the terrible evils inseparable from even the most justifiable of revolutions, he could hardly understand the audacity of the man who could take upon himself the terrible responsibility of a change. Everywhere, and on all occasions, he had paraded his respect for the Constitution, and the paramount duty imposed on the chief of the state of maintaining the order of things as by law established. No wonder, then, that the people stood bewildered and indignant before this extraordinary commentary on those reiterated assurances of good faith.

The troops assembled in Paris were set in motion early in the morning, in expectation of the excitement these things might be expected to cause. As five o'clock sounded from the cupola of the Invalides, the troops in barracks there were aroused, and ordered quietly to take their arms. At the same hour the various regiments in different parts of the capital received the same order. The object of this early movement was twofold,—partly the troops would be required to overawe Paris, and enforce the decree closing the Assembly; partly, in case things went wrong, to provide for the safety of the plotters at the Elysée. The latter duty was assigned especially to the cavalry, of whom a division under General Korte, and a brigade under Reybell, with an infantry brigade under General Canrobert, were stationed near the palace. Other infantry brigades were posted at various points, such as the Place de la Concorde, the Quai d'Orsay, and the Tuileries Gardens, under Generals Cotte, Forey, and Dulac. Somewhat later another eventuality was provided for. Three travelling carriages were kept in readiness, with horses harnessed, and postillions in waiting, ready to start at a moment's notice from the courtyard of the Elysée. For a betrayed city, especially such a city as Paris, has been known to rise in fury against its betrayers; and sudden flight might be necessary, after all.

FORCIBLE CLOSING OF THE ASSEMBLY; ARREST OF MEMBERS.

The projectors of the *coup d'état* evidently counted for success in a great measure upon the bewilderment of the Parisians, who would

be very imperfectly aware of the real state of affairs; the newspapers, which would have informed them, being promptly seized and stopped. Another hope was in the unpopularity of the Assembly; for the workmen of Paris looked somewhat suspiciously upon representatives paid for service at the rate of a pound sterling a day; and were as likely to take part against as with "*les vingt-cinq francs*," if properly manipulated, and especially if dazzled with anything like a Napoleonic spectacle; and thus it was that the famous ride through Paris was undertaken, to which allusion has been made; and which in itself fell as flat as the Strasburg and Boulogne attempts.

A point of great importance was the closing of the Assembly; for this could hardly be expected to go off without opposition on the part of the ejected members. At this parody of the 18th of Brumaire the President took care not to be present, warned, perhaps, by his experiences of the parodies of the return from Elba. The space outside the Hall of the National Assembly was occupied by several regiments of troops. From an early hour the deputies began to arrive; in high indignation at the arrests that had been made, and anxious that a sitting should commence at once. But this was exactly the thing that Dupin, the president, appeared anxious to avoid. In the morning, when one of the deputies had come to him with the astounding news, and had conjured him immediately to summon the representatives at their houses, he had replied that he could not see the urgency of the case; and now, when an impatient deputy asked him why the Assembly was not yet convoked, seeing what things were being perpetrated, he replied with a shrug of the shoulders that there was nothing to be done. There was no mistaking the purport of this answer. M. Dupin was thoroughly frightened, and would do nothing. His colleagues understood him. "That's enough," was the observation of M. de Rességnier; and Eugène Sue added: "It's too much." By eight o'clock a formidable force had invested the legislative palace, all the avenues of approach being guarded, and the doors closed. But a little entrance, called the Porte Noire, in the Rue de Bourgogne, had been left open by accident or design until twelve o'clock, though the street was crowded with troops; and various representatives managed to pass through it into the Hall of Assembly. In the great avenue of the Champs Elysées several cavalry regiments were posted.

It has been well said, that for once the Assembly was thoroughly unanimous in the feeling of profound indignation and contempt at the unworthy statetrick played by Louis Napoleon and his accomplices. The num-

ber of armed men who were gradually invading the interior, as they had already occupied the precincts of the palace, increased every minute; and the deputies felt sure that the nefarious game was being played against the republic, while they were wasting time, and that not a moment was to be lost. They sought Dupin, their "official man," whose presence was necessary to give full legal force to their deliberations; but that prudent personage was nowhere to be found. He had consulted his own safety, and had displayed the better part of valour by creeping away at the first opportunity; and while conjecture was still busy as to the cause of his absence the door of the room opened, and an officer in uniform entered, and summoned the deputies to leave their own hall.

His demand was met with a shout of indignant refusal; and he retired. But presently a company of the "gendarmérie mobile," led on by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared in the hall to which the sixty representatives present had betaken themselves. The resolute protest made by the deputies at this lawless intrusion seemed to stagger the soldiers for a moment; but the commanding officer, after announcing to the deputies that he had orders to desire them to withdraw, and, in case of their refusal, to expel them, proceeded, on the arrival of a fresh detachment, to put this order in force in the most literal manner, turning the representatives of the people out of their hall by violence, with brutal roughness and blows. Twelve of them, who were most energetic in their protests, were carried away prisoners. The rest were pushed into the street through the different doors.

CLOSING OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

Meanwhile a commissary of police had been despatched with a detachment of thirty-five municipal guards to the High Court of Justice, which was dispersed in the same unceremonious fashion, the judges being threatened with arrest if they hesitated to obey. And, yielding to the peremptory summons, the court broke up, after passing a decree of impeachment to be served upon the President of the Republic.

The members of the Assembly, driven from their hall, betook themselves to the mayoralty of the 10th arrondissement. There, amid a passionate storm of indignation, under the leadership of the famous advocate Berryer, they decreed the deposition of the President, Louis Napoleon; and by a second decree pronounced every one guilty of a crime who had interfered with the inviolability of the Assembly, and peremptorily demanded that the imprisoned members should be set at liberty. While this was

going on, a battalion of Chasseurs de Vincennes had been quietly marched into the garden of the mayoralty. Again the deputies were ordered to disperse. They refused, declaring they would yield only to physical force; whereupon they were marched off, to the number of more than two hundred, as prisoners, between the Chasseurs de Vincennes. It is a significant fact that the courtyard of the mayoralty was afterwards found strewn with broken wine bottles; and there is abundant evidence that on this occasion, as well as during the more tragic scenes that followed, the soldiers were under the influence of drink; many of them being in a stupidly heavy condition, others fierce and brutal, and nearly all incapable of listening to reasoning, or of anything but a stolid obedience to any one who wore an epaulet.

THE ASSEMBLY CARRIED AWAY CAPTIVE.

As the members of the Assembly emerged in the courtyard as prisoners, the National Guards on duty presented arms, and cried: "Long live the Assembly! Long live the representatives of the people!" They were at once disarmed by the Chasseurs de Vincennes. And then the march of the French Parliament, led captive through the streets of Paris, began. It is said that the first intention of those who ordered their arrest had been to lodge the representatives in the prison of Mazas; but if so, the order was countermanded; and, indeed, it would have been a venturesome thing to parade such a sight in broad daylight, in the eyes of the numerous and excitable inhabitants of the streets between the mayoralty of the 10th arrondissement and Mazas. The barracks of the Quay D'Orsay presented a convenient domicile for lodging the captives; and thither, accordingly, the procession took its way, reaching its destination at about half-past three in the afternoon.

On their way they had encountered sympathizing glances, and here and there had been saluted with encouraging cries; but the general aspect of the spectators was one of blank astonishment as they thus saw the representatives of French liberty marched off in the custody of soldiers. The French are accustomed to act in masses, under leaders in whom they have confidence, and whom, at a crisis, they implicitly obey; and the sinister ingenuity of the plotters of the *coup d'état* had taken care that the accredited leaders of the people, those to whom the nation could have turned with faith and strong belief at a time when its liberties were invaded,—men like Cavaignac, Thiers, and others,—should be safely under lock and key, before the great blow against the liberty and honour of France was struck.

THE PRISONERS AND THE CELLULAR VANS;
MAZAS AND VINCENNES.

When the prisoners had been safely deposited in the barrack square, they were left to themselves for a time, and walked to and fro, discussing the situation. Community of misfortune is a great peacemaker; and the members of the "right" and "left," bitter opponents until then, fraternised and exchanged opinions with great cordiality. The number of the prisoners had been increased during their march by several members who joined them voluntarily; and they now met those who had been taken prisoners in the morning, so that they amounted to more than two hundred and thirty. They had among them the illustrious writer De Tocqueville, Thouret, Casimir, Perier, Berryer the advocate, Sainte-Beuve, and many other men of high standing and reputation. They put the best face possible on their position, jested with one another on the strange fortune that had brought them together as prisoners, managed to procure a dinner, by a general subscription from the neighbouring Café D'Orsay, and prepared to sleep in the large comfortless barrack-rooms on the upper storey. But a further indignity was in store for them. At ten o'clock that night there came rolling into the courtyard a prisoner's van, surrounded by an escort of gaolers, carrying torches. A squadron of lancers then entered the court, and drew up in line. Other similar vehicles arrived at a later hour; and in these cellular vans, and in a supplementary omnibus, the representatives of the people were driven away in batches; some to Vincennes, others to Mazas, and the rest to Mont Valérien. A more cynically insulting proceeding it would be difficult to imagine. At Mazas, especially, the imprisoned representatives were treated like the robbers among whom they were incarcerated; threatened and browbeaten by the gaolers, and fed on the nauseous prison diet that they could scarcely swallow.

STATE OF PARIS; DISCOURAGEMENT;
COMMITTEE OF RESISTANCE.

It might be supposed that here was provocation enough to urge a far less inflammable population than that of Paris to insurrection; but the Parisians were not in a humour, or, indeed, in a condition, to win their cause by fighting. The ablest and fiercest barricade men had perished in the tremendous struggle of June 1848, or had been transported, or, at any rate, disarmed, after the defeat of that formidable rising; and those who remained were unable to act for want of leaders; for among the arrests made on the night of the 1st December had been included Barbès and the chief democratic

and socialist leaders. Moreover, there had been a widespread terror of the "spectre rouge," among the more respectable of the lower and the whole of the middle class community, who were rather inclined, in spite of the indignation awakened by the proceedings of the President and his accomplices, rather to bear those ills they had than fly to others that they knew not of; especially as the very extravagance of illegality in the acts committed by the knot of conspirators at the Elysée seemed a guarantee that such a power could not last long. Some kind of armed opposition, however, was organised. The celebrated Victor Hugo, Baudin, Schœlcher, Duval, Malardier, and other members of the constituent Assembly who had escaped imprisonment, formed themselves into a committee of resistance, and attempted to bring about a rising in the Faubourg St. Antoine; but they found the people, though favourably inclined to their cause, not ripe for resistance. A barricade was indeed constructed in the Rue St. Marguerite, but it was slight and weak, and utterly inadequate to stand against an attack by regular troops. Baudin made a heroic but hopeless attempt to influence the soldiery by moral force and the sense of right. With six other deputies, all wearing scarves to show that they were members of the Assembly, he advanced to meet the approaching column of infantry, waving in his hand a copy of the book of the Constitution of 1848; and began to harangue the soldiers on the duty of obeying the law. For a moment they were staggered by his extreme boldness and heroic contempt of danger; but presently, at a word or sign from the officer in command, the soldiers fired a volley, and Baudin fell dead. They then charged right through the row of deputies, who were thrown down, and the barricade was taken within a few minutes.

FAILURE OF THE STRUGGLE.

Proclamations were issued by the committee of resistance, declaring Louis Napoleon a traitor, outlawing him, and calling on all good citizens to support the law. Barricades were erected in the streets between the Boulevard and the Hotel de Ville; but they were not the old solid constructions of paving-stones of former days, for in many instances the streets had been lately macadamized; and overturned carriages, omnibuses, railings, and hoardings, and a quantity of flimsy material were necessarily used. The number of men to defend these barricades, and the supply of guns and ammunition among the insurgents was also limited; the troops had no difficulty in carrying the barricades whenever they chose to charge. The absence of their leaders also damped the spirits of the insurgents. It was a puny insurrection com-

pared with that of June 1848, and in the Faubourg St. Antoine it simply died out for want of support. The number of troops in and about Paris amounted, according to the tabular statement of Mauduit, a partisan of Louis Napoleon, to 48,000. The insurrection was confined to one quarter of the city, upon which troops could easily converge from various points. During part of the 3rd of December, and the morning of the 4th, the troops maintained an almost passive attitude. The men who erected the barricades were too weak in number to occupy the houses around, and thus lost one of the strongest points of street fighting. After a truce the troops withdrew, and made no effort to hold the barricades they had taken, or to prevent their reconstruction. This seemingly unaccountable conduct loses its strangeness when looked at in the light of the horrible event of the afternoon of the 4th of December, and can only be explained as part of a settled plan to deal with the upholders of the republic, and, indeed, with the Parisians generally, in a new and unheard of fashion. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the massacre with which the day's proceedings terminated was premeditated.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT; DISCONTENT MET BY A CAVALRY CHARGE.

From the early morning notices had been placarded by order of the government, setting forth that any one found with arms in his hands, upon, around, or in the neighbourhood of a barricade, would at once be shot; that any one found attempting to reconstruct a barricade would be instantly shot. Another placard declared that all groups or crowds of citizens, of whatever nature they might be, would be dispersed at once by force, *without summons*.

The barricade fighting, it has been said, was confined to one quarter of Paris: the Boulevards were free; and at about one o'clock on the 4th of December they were suddenly occupied throughout their entire length by cavalry and infantry; almost an entire division, consisting of the five brigades of Cotte, Bourgon, Canrobert, Dulac, and Reibell, being present, to the number of 16,400 men, extending from the Rue de la Paris to the Faubourg Poissonnière. Each brigade was accompanied by its battery of artillery. A great crowd on the sidewalks and at the windows gazed with astonishment upon this enormous concourse of the military. According to one witness, the men were talking and laughing; several, including an old officer used to their ways and appearance, declared that they were intoxicated.

The people were dissatisfied with the aspect of things; and, indeed, it is considered that the President and his companions at the Elysée were seriously disconcerted at the

isolation in which they were left. It seemed to dawn on the Parisians that their position was humiliating. Cries were raised of "*À bas Louis Bonaparte! Vive la République!*" and even the insulting words, "*À bas Soulouque!*" were heard. An officer is reported to have remarked, "*Ceci va tourner à la charcuterie*" (This will turn to butcher's work). What was the temper of the troops and their officers will be seen in the following incident, whose occurrence has been vouched for by Captain Mauduit, the apologist of the *coup d'état*, who complacently adds that "a good number of them remained on the field; it was the affair of an instant."

This affair of an instant was the following:—When the first regiment of Lancers, under the command of Colonel Rochefort, came on the scene, a number of the inhabitants of the quarter,—merchants, artists, journalists, men and women, some of the latter leading young children by the hand,—covered the asphalt of the Boulevard. As the regiment went by, cries were raised of "*Vive la Constitution! Vive la loi! Vive la République!*" and at this entirely legal cry from the crowd—the narrator tells us, and he is confirmed by Captain Mauduit—the Colonel rode into the middle of the group, across the chairs placed on the pavement; the lancers followed him, and men, women, and children were sabred indiscriminately. Such was Captain Mauduit's "affair of an instant,"—a sinister token of the greater calamity that was immediately to happen.

THE MASSACRE ON THE BOULEVARDS.

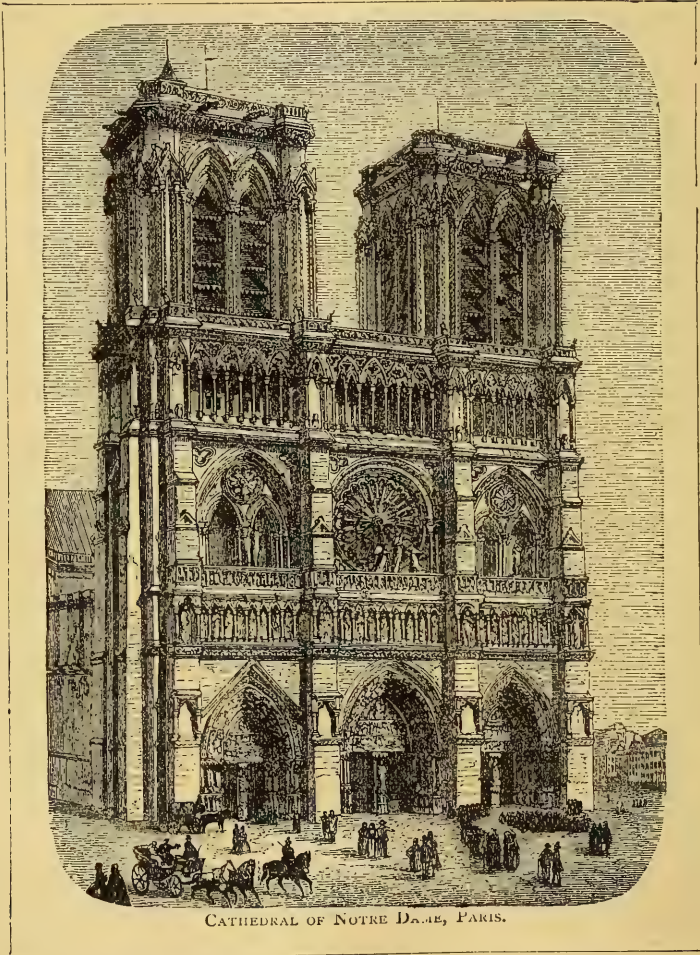
Near the Gymnase theatre a little barricade, formed chiefly of planks and scenery taken from the theatre, and occupied by some twenty men, had been erected. The head of the column of troops was turned towards this little barricade. The vast mass of troops stretched away westward along the Boulevard to the Madeleine; and on the southern pavement a great crowd had assembled, a very ordinary crowd of men, women, and children, looking at the military spectacle, and many of them no doubt wondering what so imposing a display of forces could mean; for though a few languid shots were exchanged with the barricade at the Gymnase, all along the western line there was no sign of an enemy against whom the troops could have to contend. Accordingly not only was the Boulevard itself covered with spectators, but all the windows of the houses were crowded with heads, looking down at the strange spectacle.

Suddenly, at a little after three o'clock, a shot was fired near the corner of the Rue du Sentier. Some witnesses declare it came from a soldier, who fired straight up into the

air, and that it was a signal; others affirm that it was a pistol shot from one of the houses. Be this as it may, so much is certain, that at the firing of this shot the whole line of soldiers along the entire length of the Boulevard faced towards the south,—infantry, cavalry, and artillery,—and commenced firing furiously upon the unarmed crowd who thronged the pavement; “and

4th of December stands alone, even in the history of Parisian revolutions.

A horrible fury of drunkenness and slaughter seemed to have taken possession of the soldiers. They fired and loaded and fired again on the crowd that fled in wild terror; they pointed their guns at the windows, and fired into the houses killing numbers within the rooms,—people who had never even gone



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

thus,” says a contemporary account, “suddenly, without a motive, *without summons*, as the atrocious placards of the morning had announced, from the Gymnase to the Chinese baths, along the whole length of the richest, and liveliest, and most joyous boulevard of Paris, a butchery began.” In its utter want of cause, its fierce brutality, and its prolongation, where not a shadow of resistance was to be overcome, this Boulevard massacre of the

out from their homes; as is attested by the evidence of an English officer who, with his wife, narrowly escaped death in this manner. Among the heaps of dead were found young men with cigars in their mouths and light walking canes in their hands, ladies in velvet dresses, clerks carrying business letters, cheques, and bills. A passer-by, who rushed with about fifty others into a wineshop for refuge when the firing first began, states

some particulars concerning his companions in misfortune, which will give an idea of the kind of crowd upon which the troops continued to pour a hail of bullets for half an hour, until the last wretch who failed to gain a harbour of refuge had ceased to move or groan. There were women among the horrified group in the wineshop, two of whom had just been purchasing provisions for their dinner; a little clerk despatched on an errand by his master; some speculators from the Exchange and other men of business; some workmen, hardly any of them in their working blouses. One of those poor fellows was almost mad with grief; he had been returning with his wife to dine with his family at the Faubourg Montmartre, when at the first discharge both he and his wife fell. The husband contrived to pick himself up, and was dragged by pitying hands into the wineshop; but the poor wife was killed. The despair of the husband was terrible, and he could hardly be withheld from rushing out into the hail of bullets in the street in search of her. He was afterwards arrested and transported to Cayenne for uttering threats against the President.

DETAILS OF THE MASSACRE; SLAUGHTER OF NON-COMBATANTS.

Various witnesses have given particulars as to the extent and duration of the massacre. The testimony of all of them coincides in certain particulars, namely, as to the entirely unexpected nature of the attack, the long extent of the line of boulevards on which it was effected, and its completely indiscriminate nature. "Words cannot give an adequate idea of such an act of barbarism," says an eye-witness; and he goes on to tell how he saw shots fired "by thousands" on inoffensive people, without the slightest necessity. Another describes the doubtful shot as having been fired in the air, as might be seen by the smoke rising perpendicularly; whereupon, as on a given signal, the firing and the bayonet charges on the people commenced. One man, who took refuge in a gateway in the Rue Taitbout, and who saw a woman shot dead within ten paces of him, declares emphatically that there were neither insurgents nor barricades to be seen,—nothing, he says, but "hunters and flying game." Another witness uses almost the same term, declaring that the soldiers lay in wait for passing citizens at the corners of the streets, like sportsmen stalking game, and fired at the wounded who raised themselves on their hands and knees and attempted to crawl away. The soldiers fired down gratings into the cellars where the inhabitants of many houses had taken refuge. Until nightfall the cannonade and the fire of musketry continued. Some

houses, like the Sallandronze warehouse, were completely gutted. The men could no longer be restrained by their officers, who, in some instances, sought in vain to moderate their rage; they seemed drunk with fury and cruelty. Some of them made bets with their comrades that they would hit a certain man or woman flying across an open place. A roar of laughter arose each time one of these horrible wagers was won. One woman was found dead with a loaf of bread under her arm. A printer's boy dragged himself into an entry to die, with the proof-sheet he was carrying still grasped in his hand. A poor streetseller of lemonade, with his tin fountain on his back; an errand boy of thirteen deliberately put up and shot, in spite of his childish appeal for mercy; an old white-haired man, with an umbrella in his hand, were among the "enemies" shot down by the soldiery. The lesson given to them had borne good fruit,—they were quite ready to revenge the insults of 1830 and 1848; and, among other achievements, signalised themselves by entering a dozen houses of the "Bedouins," under pretext that that there had been shots fired from the windows, and bayoneting every one of the inmates.

The soldiers killed for the sake of killing. One who saw the dead removed for burial, declared that they lay in heaps—men, women, and children; blouses and broad-cloth mixed in indescribable confusion; heads, arms, and legs all mingled together. The streets were literally running with blood; and each of the young trees, round which hollows had been dug to retain the water, stood in a gory pool.

That night the troops bivouacked on the Boulevards, by the light of huge watch fires. There is good evidence, also, that distributions of money, generally at the rate of ten francs per man, were made to the troops in acknowledgment of their exertions. "The officers were breaking open rouleaux of Louis like sticks of chocolate," says an eye-witness. There were drinking and carousing and singing of songs among the bivouacs,—while mournful women were searching with lanterns among the heaps of corpses for lost husbands, brothers, and sons.

THE SUCCESS OF THE COUP D'ÉTAT; THE PLÉBISCITE.

With the massacre, the success of the *coup d'état* was secured. Paris was petrified with horror at first; then the feeling seemed that of a frightened child, mingled with a strange puerile curiosity. The city was full of bearers carrying away corpses from the hospitals and the places to which they had been taken when the blood-stained streets were cleared of the heaps of dead; and yet the people were out again, looking with greedy curiosity

at the traces of the carnage,—standing in gaping groups in front of houses shattered by cannon balls,—putting their fingers in the pools of blood,—pointing out to each other the traces which showed where wounded wretches had dragged themselves along the pavement in search of some corner where they might sink down and die in peace. The committee of defence made some spasmodic efforts on the morning of the 5th to keep up the resistance, but it was useless; a barricade or two was still defended for a time by a few indomitable workmen; but Paris would not rise,—it was cowed by the atrocities that had been committed. The men of the Elysée had their way; and Louis Napoleon could make his preparations at leisure for the farce called a “*plébiscite*,” which was to raise him permanently to the supreme power by “the will of the French nation,”—a nation to whose provinces De Morny had sent despatches announcing that the National Assembly had been dissolved amid general division,—before the policemen commissioned to arrest the members had fulfilled their sorry task.

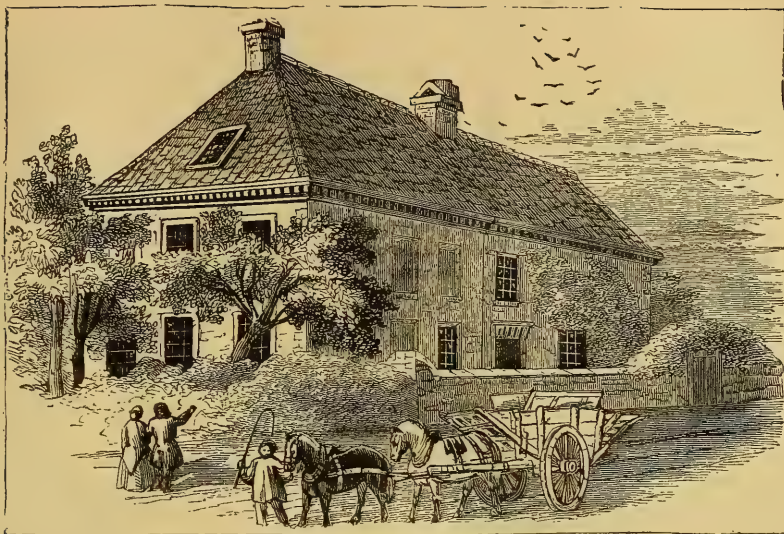
TESTIMONY OF AN IMPARTIAL WITNESS; PUBLIC FEELING IN ENGLAND.

A gentleman, who has since won for himself an eminent position in literature, Mr. George Augustus Sala, then a young man, happened to arrive in Paris just at the time when the *coup d'état* was in full operation. He came upon it quite unexpectedly, and gave a powerful and graphic account of what he saw and heard in Charles Dickens's *Household Words*, under the expressive heading, “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Musketry.” His account was written, it must be remembered, while the impression produced by these scenes was still fresh in his memory, for the occurrences described were not a fortnight old. He walked through Paris on the day after the massacre, and this is what he says about it:—“With the merits or demerits of the struggle I have nothing to do. But I saw the horrible brutality and ferocity of this ruthless soldiery. I saw them bursting into shops to search for arms or fugitives, dragging the inmates forth like sheep from a slaughter-house, smashing the furniture and windows. I saw them, when making a passage for a convoy of prisoners, or a

waggonful of wounded, strike wantonly at the bystanders with the butt ends of their muskets, and thrust at them with their bayonets. . . . So much for what I saw. I know, as far as a man can know from trustworthy persons, from eye-witnesses, from patent and notorious report, that the military, who are now the sole and supreme masters of that unhappy city and country, have been perpetrating most frightful barbarities since the riots were over. I know that from the Thursday I arrived to the Thursday I left Paris they were daily shooting their prisoners in cold blood. . . . I know that in the Champ de Mars one hundred and fifty-six men were executed; and I *heard* one horrible story (so horrible that I can scarcely credit it) that a batch of prisoners were tied together with ropes, like a faggot of wood, and that the struggling mass was fired into until not a limb moved nor a groan was uttered. I know—and my informant was a clerk in the office of the Ministry of War—that the official return of insurgents killed was *two thousand and seven*, and of soldiers *fifteen*. Rather long odds!”

In England the news of these things created a profound sensation; the feeling was everywhere one of indignation and horror, and the English newspapers spoke out in such frank fashion that they were promptly prohibited in France. The Queen wrote immediately to the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, to desire that nothing might be said by the Government that could by any means be made to assume an appearance of approval of the *coup d'état*; and Lord Palmerston, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had indiscreetly used some phrases that were interpreted by the French ambassador, Count Walewski, as expressions of concurrence in the course adopted by the President, and by him reported to the French Minister, M. Turgot, was dismissed from his post. At a later period England acknowledged in the Emperor of the French a faithful and friendly ally; but the means by which he attained to power were never forgotten, and especially came back to remembrance after that fatal day of Sedan, where, amid a scene of slaughter, he lost the throne to which he had mounted by bloodshed and wrong.

H. W. D.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN WESLEY.

METHODISM.

THE STORY OF A GREAT REVIVAL.

Great Movements and Reaction—England under George II.—Pioneers of the Revival—The Holy Club at Oxford—George Whitefield's Early Days—Whitefield becomes a Preacher—Whitefield in London—The Countess of Huntingdon—The Wesleys—The Wesleys become Itinerants—Spread of Methodism, Lay Preachers, Provincial Mobs—Illustrious Allies—Ireland, Scotland, Wales—Methodist Denominations—General Results—Conclusion.

GREAT MOVEMENTS AND REACTION.

IT is giving expression to a truism to say, that many of those popular movements which have redounded in blessing to mankind, have come as reactions against what could no longer be passively endured; the tide having marked its lowest ebb would not remain stationary, but rather began to return towards those high-water marks which had been frequently touched in other days. This was so at the dawn of the Reformation; the cup of papal iniquity was full; and having in the printing-press an engine of new power to work with, one true man, as it were, had it in his power literally to chase a thousand enemies of the right, and so to set in motion the inevitable reaction against priestcraft and tyranny. It was so at the Revolution of 1688; the dreary and forbidding political outlook was at once the darkest hour of night and the hour before the dawn. By a beneficent law, evils are thus made to bring their own correctives, while in the end the representatives of wrong and of oppression, against their personal will and design, defeat their own purposes. There is, of course, considerable danger incurred when the

leaders in a national movement are themselves too low down in the mire, or are too blinded by class prejudices, to see clearly in what the cure for grievances consists, and thus to realize what a suffering people really require for their elevation. The risks and penalties referred to were painfully exemplified during the course of that French Revolution which alarmed and threatened Europe in the very days when our own more favoured country was beginning to taste of the grateful fruits resulting from the seed-sowing of the Methodist pioneers. France passed through an ordeal of blood and fire such as might have fallen to the lot of England, had not a determined band of religious and moral reformers been raised up to draw into the fold of the Church those classes of the people who were becoming dangerous to the State, in proportion to their ignorance and lawlessness in daily life.

ENGLAND UNDER GEORGE II.

The triumph of the Protestant Succession was really ensured in 1688, as the outcome of the Revolution; but nevertheless the enemies of Popery manifested joy both unfeigned and deep, when, about a quarter of

a century later, the heir of the House of Brunswick quietly took possession of the crown. The friends of order and of true religion regarded this transition as one of those bloodless revolutions which reveal the hand of God in history, and no right-minded person will be prepared to challenge their conclusion. It is true that the roseal promises of better days which had seemed to tinge the horizon of the Revolution had not been fulfilled; but there was at least an augury of good in the bare fact that the machinations of the enemy were defeated. Though neither George I. nor his successor was a pattern of Christian propriety, they were both representatives of those principles of civil and religious liberty which were dear to the English people, and beneath the ascendancy of which true progress can alone be made.

Still, as years passed by, it was found that the mere profession of Protestantism and nothing else was not more promising than trusting for fruit to a sapless and dead tree. The Reformation, hailed in England as a mighty deliverance, soon struck its roots deep in the national affection, and the history of the early and later Puritans is in itself the history of a great revival following close upon the receding darkness of Popery. When, however, the Puritans passed away, they left no successors; and the earlier years of the eighteenth century were a time of religious deadness, of moral and political corruption such as could not easily be paralleled in the annals of our country. In the fourth decade of the century, under George II., progress was indeed made, but it was a progress from bad to worse; the reaping was not worthy of the seed-sowing.

In the palace, during two reigns, there had been domestic strife, the King and heir-apparent presenting a sorry example to the people by quarrelling with one another; and while politicians, from the chief minister downwards, were commonly unscrupulous as regarded the means they used for accomplishing their purposes, the upper classes lived for themselves alone, indulging in sports as everyday pastimes which were less civilized than characteristic of the times. With the main roads too badly kept to admit of travelling with pleasure or even with safety, few persons knew much about the country beyond their own immediate locality; but while those who ventured on a journey risked inconveniences arising from accident and highwaymen, those who remained behind lived in dread of the foot-pads and burglars who swarmed in the towns. Left to themselves, without day or Sunday schools, and without any effort being made by pastor or missionary to ameliorate their sadly degraded lot, the common people were then, in a sense we can hardly understand, the dangerous classes.

Drinking and debauchery had risen to such a height in 1736, that the Justices of Middlesex petitioned Parliament to exercise its authority in checking the evil. In and about London there were 20,000 gin-shops, and day after day the newspapers recorded the fate of persons who had died suddenly from over-drinking. Parliament passed a repressive measure, but the disease lay too deep for surface treatment; and thus the mob hooted their defiance at Government in the streets, subjected informers to a mud-bath in the gutters, and drank gin, as before, under fancy names. Then systematic smuggling was not only largely carried on, but was condoned by the public; and the fate of Porteous, at Edinburgh, was not only a specimen of popular lynching, it was an example of how an organized lawless mob could revenge itself on the Legislature. Daily becoming more estranged from morality and religion, the common people showed in other pastimes than drinking the downward tendency of human nature when parted from the influence of the Gospel. Savage sports, such as would have found favour in a heathen amphitheatre, were chiefly in request,—pugilistic combats, dog- and cock-fights, bull-baiting and rat-worrying; while on secluded and dangerous parts of the coast demon-like wreckers allured ships to destruction for the sake of booty. The children of the poor, both in town and country, were born to a heritage of humiliation; even the commonplace things of civilization, now the birthright of all who exemplify soberness and industry, were beyond their reach. The picture drawn by Raikes, about a generation later, of the noise and ribaldry with which the children of Gloucester filled the streets of that town during the Sunday hours, was no exaggeration. Gloucester was a very typical case; what occurred there was similar to what happened in every town throughout England in the reign of George II. The churches and chapels were as ill-attended as the prisons were crowded; and on all hands there were longings for deliverance from the dominion of sin.

The literature of any period is undoubtedly a mirror which correctly reflects the people's moral and religious life. The early part of the eighteenth century was something more than the Augustan age of English letters; it represents the opening of a new epoch, when newspapers and periodicals began to exercise that influence on the popular mind which has now grown into one of the most potent forces of our modern civilization. When, however, we come to look into the moral character of the writings chiefly in vogue, we find little reason for satisfaction. We retain admiration for the galaxy of brilliant stars such as Addison and Steele, Goldsmith,

and Johnson, who sought to wean people from the sensual and degrading; but these were hardly able to counteract the corrupt influence of Dryden and Congreve among poets, of Swift and Sterne in the Church, nor of the infidels Shaftesbury, Hobbs, and Bolingbroke, Gibbon and Hume, among philosophers and historians living and dead, whose books were widely circulated. The reaction against Puritanism was complete; the era was one of moral and religious deadness without parallel since the Reformation.

PIONEERS OF THE REVIVAL.

Dark as the general outlook was, however, the picture had its light as well as shade, and here and there, scattered widely apart over the country, there were found hard-working, conscientious pastors, who lived faithful to their trust amid the general declension. Goldsmith, in the course of his many wanderings and romantic adventures, must have encountered a few such, or even his inventive genius would hardly have supplied materials for the charming portrayal of Dr. Primrose in "The Vicar of Wakefield." To pass from fiction to fact, we have in a private letter of 1754, a picture of a Lancashire clergyman at home, which will in some measure help us to understand the times. "I found him sitting at the head of a long square table," remarks the anonymous correspondent. "such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock trimmed with coarse horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a thick pair of great heavy wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them, with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast." In regard to himself this good man confessed that he was situated greatly to his satisfaction, while his people not only lived in "happy ignorance of the vices and follies of the age," but were, as he believed and hoped, really sincere Christians.

Among the names of those who were more widely known appear Watts and Doddridge, both of whom, after some exercise of caution,—they were entertaining a pet scheme of comprehension,—became steadfast friends of the Revival. The best hymns of both these worthies are still as greatly prized as ever; and although the first was incapacitated by constitutional weakness from becoming a travelling propagandist, the other turned his college at Northampton into a centre of evangelical influence. In one of his letters to the Bishop of London, Doddridge intimates that nearly all the villages around Northampton had some building licensed for religious services; and the Doctor's method was not only to preach himself when opportunities offered, but to furnish students and

others with sermons, which were preached far and wide over the county. Then besides these there was the godly rector of Epworth himself, who was a blessing to his own immediate district.

In a more humble way there were some few who imitated this procedure throughout the kingdom; they belonged to all ranks of life, so that the clear shining of the light, sometimes found in hall or cottage, seemed to be the more grateful on account of its rarity. There were also in the country at this time a large number of Huguenots, the families of those who had fled from France to escape the discipline of Louis the Fourteenth's dragons, and these were a gain in more senses than one. Then, as a compact body zealous in the Gospel cause, the Society of Friends was perhaps then even stronger in England than at present. Facts like these should not be overlooked; for they are not only a silver lining to the sombre shade of the preceding section, they show that the active leaders of the Methodist Revival had, in spite of the forbidding general outlook, something more than a foundation of sand to build upon when they inaugurated their great movement.

THE HOLY CLUB AT OXFORD.

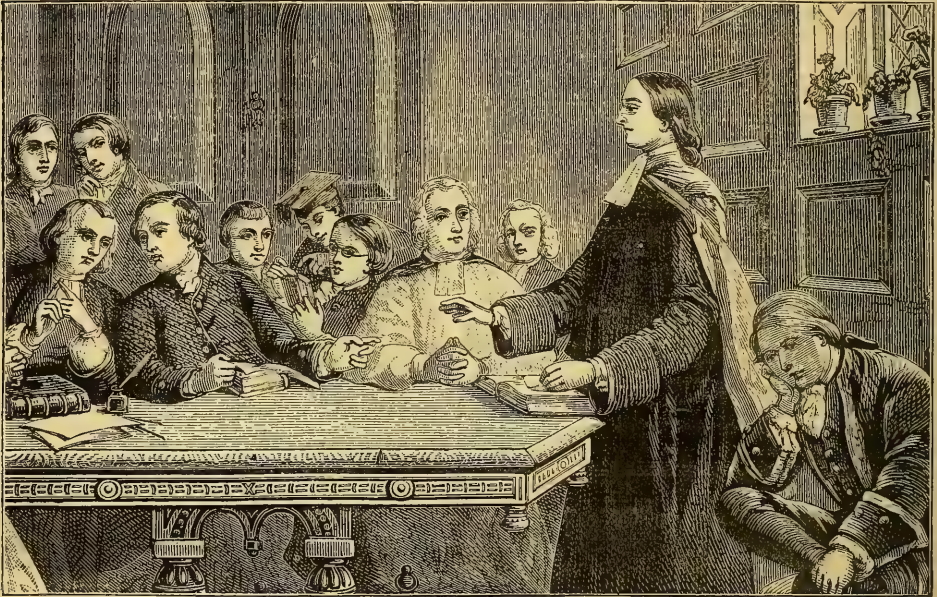
The general condition of society at the two great universities when George II. succeeded to the throne very naturally partook of the character of the age. Each college was a rendezvous for young men of various social grades and aspirations, some students being as poor as Johnson and Whitefield, while others, as the scions of noble houses, were more desirous of the prestige which a name for learning would give than of any solid advantages arising from knowledge itself. Numbers, it is to be feared, knew much more about gaming and loose practices than of science, theology, or Christian morality, and were more thoroughly versed in the specious wit of Voltaire and Bolingbroke than in the inspired aphorisms of David and St. Paul. A virtuous, plodding youth, amid such surroundings was at once shunned and persecuted as a speckled bird; for with the majority the maintenance of wine-parties at night, and a constantly diversified round of sports by day, was a far more serious life business than reading for examinations. To a few observant people the spectacle was sad, if not actually alarming; for it seemed as if religion had failed even in her most favoured seats. Others were content to look on with more equanimity; for though the universities were not schools of morality and religion, they were what they had been and would continue to be, so that young men must go through the ordeal others had passed through before them, and take their chance. To such,

the Church of England was a good old institution, worthy of respect and even affection; but they very effectively wedded her to the world by preaching against the indiscretion of being righteous overmuch.

In such an age it was hardly to be expected that the reaction against the prevailing godlessness and indifference would set in at Oxford; but so it came to pass: in a quietly unobtrusive manner the great university became the cradle of the new Reformation. "In November 1729," says John Wesley, "four young gentlemen of Oxford,—Mr. John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College; Mr. Charles Wesley, Student of Christchurch; Mr. Morgan, Commoner of Christchurch; and Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College,—began

men of extraordinary parts; but they have the misfortune to be taken by all who have ever been in their company for madmen and fools." Such language found its echo in the popular sentiment, although there were not wanting more impartial champions to take the other side. The authorities themselves were wisely tolerant of the new religious order which had arisen,—a fact the more remarkable and commendable since about forty years later, half-a-dozen students of Edmund-hall, in Oxford, were expelled "for holding Methodistical tenets, and taking upon them to pray, read, and expound the Scriptures, and sing hymns in a private house."

The truth is that the members of this so-called Holy Club were simply a coterie of



"THE HOLY CLUB."

to spend some evenings in a week together in reading, chiefly the Greek Testament." This little company was augmented from time to time by other sympathetic souls; and soon not only luxurious Oxford, but the whole of the judicious world outside, which prided itself in maintaining a seemly religious moderation, professed to be scandalized by a new departure from the old moorings. The school of supposed fanatics were called Bible-moths, or the Holy Club, and by others, on account of their regular habits, Methodists.

The innovation in a place like Oxford was so unique and surprising, that people far and near asked who and what the enthusiasts were; and the reply which came from one influential London newspaper was that, "Among their own party they pass for religious persons and

earnest young men who resolved to turn aside from the folly and dissipation of the age, while they strictly adhered to the discipline of the Established Church. An hour in the morning, and another hour on retiring for the night, they gave to private prayer; they took the communion weekly at Christchurch; they strove after every Christian grace; fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays; and missed no opportunities of attending prayers and sermons. It was easy to call them enthusiasts,—and at the outset there probably was a mixture of Pharisaism in their profession,—but it was harder to gainsay their extraordinary self-denial in pursuing daily rounds of charity, such as more easy-going Christians had neglected. In those days the prisons of England were so notoriously bad, that per-

sons whose nerves were equal to witnessing revolting scenes were not exempt from risk of fever when they invaded the precincts of a common prison; but fears likely to deter weaker people weighed lighter than feathers with the members of the Holy Club. On a certain day during the summer of 1730, William Morgan called at the castle to see a malefactor who was to be hanged for killing his wife, when, to quote John Wesley's words, "from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them." Cordially falling in with this new idea, John and Charles Wesley next turned attention to the prisoners, whether poor debtors or criminals; and once fanned, the flame of their charity soon extended to other classes. While the common beggars encountered in daily walks were not overlooked, they began to teach the children of indigent cottagers, and even extended their solicitude to paupers in the workhouse.

The names of some who early joined this singular fraternity are now forgotten, but one or two besides the brothers Wesley and George Whitefield are still remembered. Robert Kirkham was attracted from a life of jollity, and it is said that his fair and gifted sister Betsy was nearly becoming the wife of the founder of Methodism. Charles Morgan relinquished libertine ways to join the club; and his unfortunate brother William, who lost his reason, was falsely pointed at as a victim of enthusiasm. John Clayton, who till the last remained a strict and formal Churchman, was complicated in the rising on behalf of the Stuarts in 1745. Benjamin Ingham ultimately joined the Moravians, and married Lady Margaret, sister-in-law of the Countess of Huntingdon. John Gambold also joined the Moravians, thus becoming associated with the erratic Zinzendorf. Better known than any of these was James Hervey, who after leaving Oxford and getting clear of the Pharisaic notions he had imbibed at the University, served for three years as curate at Bideford, thence removing to Weston Flavel to serve in the church under his father, whom he finally succeeded.

Though his soul was lodged in one of the most fragile of bodies, Hervey was next to the Wesleys the most popular author of the Revival; and even as a preacher in his two Northamptonshire parishes he did very effective service; he was regarded as a clear-shining star in the surrounding darkness, and his flock looked up to him with reverent affection. At this time of day his laboured grandiloquent style is not what would take hold of the educated classes; but for more than one generation his "Meditations" and kindred works were among the best read

religious books in England. In private life he was among the most amiable of men, and notwithstanding the physical weakness which afflicted him, one of the most hard-working of pastors of that dead age in which his lot was cast. There can be no doubt that the influence of his pen in the great cause of Methodism was as extensive as it was beneficent. One of the most singular of his private letters was one he addressed to the once famous master of the ceremonies who reigned at Bath with sovereign sway over the fashionable world. Alluding to a case of too late repentance which had come beneath his own notice, Hervey proceeded to draw a comparison. "I remembered you, sir," wrote the curate in that pointed style of which he was a master; "for I discerned too near an agreement and correspondence between the deceased and yourself. 'They are alike,' said I, 'in their ways, and what shall hinder them from being alike in their end?'" What may have been the influence of this warning on a hardened gamester and man of the world like Beau Nash cannot be told; but the autocrat of fashion paid the writer the high compliment of never during life parting with the letter.

Such were the members of the Holy Club, some of whom never renounced the strait-laced sacerdotalism of early days, while others advanced to the very front rank among English teachers and reformers of the people. Many old enemies, as time went on, modified or abandoned deep-rooted prejudices. Even Dr. Johnson, who was reared in a Jacobitical home, acknowledged that the Methodists had done some good; they had spread religious impressions among the vulgar part of mankind." In his last days the distinguished lexicographer, by accepting the truth as preached by Whitefield, became a Methodist himself; and that gratifying fact is perhaps the best commentary on the above gracious concession.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S EARLY DAYS.

As the first of those innovators who adopted the practice of open-air preaching, Whitefield occupies the most conspicuous position in the van of the Methodist Revival. Several years the junior of the brothers Wesley, he like them belonged to a clerical family, although at the time of his birth George's parents were the humble proprietors of the Bell Inn at Gloucester. Losing his father in infancy, he grew up to assist one of the best of mothers in the public-house, and according to his own account, Whitefield's early days were marked by quite the average amount of sinful folly. It may be that, as has frequently occurred in many similar instances, the shady part of the picture is overcoloured, for he was only seventeen when he entered Pembroke College

as a servitor, and he appears to have speedily joined the brotherhood known as the Holy Club, meanwhile outstripping all the other members in the vigorous strictness with which he observed the rules. As a boy in his mother's bar, Whitefield had borne himself very much as other boys would have done in that situation; he could laugh and joke, he was as fond of outdoor sports as he was of reading plays, and occasionally appropriated to his own use cash from the common till. Now all was changed; Whitefield was a humble penitent, who in any passing difficulty sought counsel of John or Charles Wesley; and what with nocturnal vigils and prolonged fastings at holy seasons, he reduced his constitution until, at one time, he was so starved that he appeared to be on the verge of the grave. When in 1735, before he came of age, Whitefield attained to clearer views of Scriptural truth, all this Pharisaic self-righteous method of securing salvation was relinquished for ever. Three years later his friends and preceptors, the brothers Wesley, attained to similar liberty; and all three were destined to take an apostolic part in the coming Methodist Revival. They necessarily ceased to be legalists, endeavouring to save themselves, before they could render any service by instructing the ignorant crowds around them.

From a very early age Whitefield was impressed with the idea that he would one day preach sermons, and that he would do so in a more artistic method than "Old Cole," a Nonconformist worthy then labouring in Gloucester, who was not remarkable for any exceptional oratorical or literary powers. When the subject had been mentioned to Mrs. Whitefield, the widow usually repelled the idea as presumptuous; but both quickly and surely the path of duty was now opening. After leaving the University at the still early age of twenty-one, he continued those Christian practices of visiting the poor in their own cottages, and of carrying the Gospel to wretched prisoners in the gaols, and did so with much more comfort to himself than he had ever before experienced. Conscious in a degree of the gifts he inherited, while he was at the same time a pattern of humility, Whitefield applied to Benson, bishop of Gloucester, for ordination, and that prelate handsomely yielded what was required of him. At a later period the Bishop professed to regret this action, and consequently received the gentle rebuke of Lady Huntingdon. "Mark my words," the Countess said with some vehemence, "when you are on your dying bed that will be one of the few ordinations you will reflect upon with complacency." This turned out to be the case; for in his last days Benson sent Whitefield a present of ten guineas, and

requested the great preacher to remember his old friend in prayer.

WHITEFIELD BECOMES A PREACHER.

Whitefield preached his first sermon, immediately after he was ordained, in the church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, before a crowded congregation of old and young, who had known him as a tapster at the Bell Tavern. "The sight at first a little awed me," he afterwards wrote, "but I was comforted with a heartfelt sense of the Divine presence, and soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners and poor people at their private houses whilst at the university. By these means I was kept from being daunted overmuch. As I proceeded I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd who knew me in my childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of Divine authority. A few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint has been made to the Bishop that I drove fifteen mad. The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next Sunday."

Now that the die was cast there was neither any desire or possibility of going back; and specially endowed both by grace and nature for his peculiar work, Whitefield had the talent as well as the temper necessary for taking the lead in a new and great movement. There must have been something startlingly original in his whole method of preaching to account for the effect his sermons at once produced, the more so because doctrines were proclaimed which were virtually new to the popular mind. The fifteen he was reputed to have sent mad at Gloucester were typical of thousands of others who were to become similarly affected. At Bristol, in 1737, the whole population, from the mayor downwards, seems to have been carried away by the irresistible eloquence of the young itinerant. People seemed to realize that an apostle had been raised up to awaken a sleeping age with trumpet-tongue, and to call men from sin and folly to a more reasonable service.

At first it seemed as if the young evangelist was about to take England by storm, and to become the most popular man in the country among all classes. The Earl and Countess of Huntingdon were already among his steadfast friends; and this pious couple brought into the Methodist camp such of their aristocratic friends as were willing to be impressed. Many great people were lastingly reformed, while the letters they wrote still rank among the curiosities of the Revival. "God knows we all need mending, and none more than

myself," was the truthful confession of the dignified Duchess of Marlborough. Lady Hinchinbroke also wrote in a strain of deeper penitence; and the Duchess of Queensbury was for a time among Whitefield's regular hearers. Even the Duchess of Buckingham, a natural daughter of James II., and the divorced wife of the Earl of Anglesey, went to hear, though she returned home shocked at having been told that her heart was "as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth." Though this was "highly offensive and insulting" to one of her ladyship's temperament, her candid confession testified to the power of Whitefield's searching words.

This unwonted commotion occasioned by the action of a clergyman not much over twenty years of age, awakened the opposition of several ecclesiastical dignitaries, who soon won the sympathy of large numbers of the inferior clergy and the common people, so that a tide of persecution had now to be encountered by the great preacher. Whitefield was threatened with excommunication by the Chancellor of the Bristol diocese; but the Chancellor soon learned to exercise a wiser discretion, finding that his anger did not prevent people coming distances of twenty miles to hear their favourite minister, who now began to gather immense audiences in the open air, when, with few exceptions, the churches of London and the provinces were closed against him. Whitefield discovered that although he had been enabled to make a fair start, his enemies were both strong and determined; but with characteristic courage he resolved not to yield. "Blessed be God, all things happen for the furtherance of the Gospel," he wrote in March 1739. "I now preach to ten times more people than I should if I had been confined to the churches." Persecution drove him to revive the primitive practice of open-air preaching, and the fields, the market-cross, the village green, served the purpose of such a man far better than the limited area of even the largest churches. He had already paid one visit to America; and what was the nature of his daily work at this time may be gathered from the letters of contemporaries who shared his labours and joys. "Being thrust out of the synagogues, our brother has settled a lecture or exposition at Newgate every morning," wrote William Seward from Bristol at this time; "the place being more convenient than Oxford Castle chapel. He generally expounds to one, two, or three societies every night; and has preached seven or eight times on a mount about two miles from Bristol, where have been from 1,500 to 15,000 hearers. . . . At one place, the church not being big enough, he preached from the cross. He preaches once a week on the steps of a workhouse, with

a hall behind and a court-yard almost full before. He has preached in two other parts of Kingswood, among the colliers, and thousands come,—horsemen, coaches, chaises, etc. . . . You may be sure we are set up for being stark mad." It was now no uncommon thing for 20,000 persons to collect around the preacher, numbers climbing into trees or sitting in the hedges. The colliers referred to were those of Kingswood, a class described in Wesley's journal as "a people famous, from the beginning hitherto, for neither fearing God nor regarding man; so ignorant of the things of God that they seemed but one remove from the beasts that perish." With tears furrowing their begrimed cheeks, these people now reverently said Amen to the preacher's message, and contributed to the fund for erecting a day-school for their children. One puerile critic, after referring to the meagre countenance, lank hair, and puritanical bearing of the evangelists, predicted "a prodigious rise in the price of coals about the city of Bristol" if five or six thousand colliers at one time were thus to be detained from their work. The answer was drawn from the New Testament—The colliers will enter into the Kingdom of God before you.

WHITEFIELD IN LONDON.

"Let not the adversaries say I have thrust myself out of their synagogues," exclaimed the young evangelist. "No, they have thrust me out; and since the self-righteous men of this generation count themselves unworthy, I go out into the highways and hedges, and compel harlots, publicans, and sinners to come in, that my Master's house may be filled." He had already entered on this course in the provinces, and on his return to London in the spring of 1739, he at once attracted an unparalleled following. Invited by the vicar to preach at Islington,—the only church now open to him in London,—he was challenged by the churchwarden, and removed to the churchyard, where, as a newspaper reported, the crowd did "a vast deal of damage to the tombs and gravestones." In proportion to his success the newspapers increased in wrath; but their petty outbursts served only to increase the crowds. At Kennington-common, on May 2nd, he preached to ten thousand; on the evening following the audience was both more numerous and more attentive; and on the 5th, the numbers had increased to twenty thousand. What took place on the Sabbath, however, was still more wonderful, the assemblies having been drawn together before church time in the morning, and when there was no indoor service in the evening. "Such a sight I never saw before," wrote the preacher, referring to his work on Sunday evening, May

6th; "I believe there were no less than fifty thousand people, near fourscore coaches, besides great numbers of horses. There was an awful silence among the people." Collections were made at these services for the orphans of Georgia; and hence we are further told that "it would have delighted any one to see with what eagerness and cheerfulness the people came up both sides of the eminence on which I stood, and afterwards to the coach doors, to throw in their mites." The crowds increased to sixty thousand, and over £80, nearly half of the amount in half-pence, would be collected on a single Sabbath. We hear of persons fainting in the crowd, and on one occasion a genteelly dressed man dropped down dead. Some idea of the popular excitement may be inferred from the fact, that during 1739 there were forty-nine separate publications issued respecting the Methodist controversy.

Somewhat rougher, and more in keeping with the character of the times, was Whitefield's experience at Moorfields during Easter, 1742. "Moorfields," he remarked, "is a spacious place, given, as I have been told, by one Madam Moore, for all sorts of people to divert themselves in. For many years past, from one end to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like." At six in the morning the evangelist ventured into the midst of 10,000 people, who were waiting, he tells us, "not for me, but for Satan's instruments to amuse them." Mounting his field pulpit he preached from the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. In regard to the ribald crowd, it is said "they gazed, they listened, they wept."

At noon, when the number of people was increased about threefold, the experiment was repeated; and anticipating that he would have "to fight with beasts at Ephesus," the preacher this time selected for his text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." His calculations were correct; "For," adds he, "I was honoured with having stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite but lying vanities."

In no wise daunted, Whitefield announces that he will preach again at six, when there were "thousands and thousands more than before, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions." The powerful voice of the young preacher at once attracted the people; but showmen and merry-andrews, who saw their customers drawn off, were visibly enraged. One man unsuccessfully tried to strike the intruder with a large whip; then a recruiting-sergeant was hired to march through the throng with a drum and band; and all else failing, a mob banded together to

overthrow the pulpit. All was of no avail, however. Whitefield retired from the conflict more than conqueror; for the awakened of that day became the foundation of the church at the Tabernacle in Moorfields. About a thousand notes were received from persons anxious to turn into a better way of life. He also preached with similar results in other parts of the suburbs, such as Charles-square, Hoxton, and Marylebone-fields.

In time the spacious tabernacles at Tottenham-court-road and Moorfields testified to the permanent hold Whitefield had obtained on the London population, while as chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon he was associated with congregations at Bath and Tunbridge. Did space allow, extended reference might be made to equally effective work accomplished in America, which continent Whitefield visited seven times—in Scotland, in Wales, while even Ireland did not altogether miss sharing in the reformation. The awakening of drowsy ministers alone in New England was a permanent benefit to the Church and the country. The scenes in Scotland, and the widespread impressions produced, showed that the preacher's message was quite as cordially accepted by people who had no sympathy with his notions of Church order. In Wales one tour surpassed the preceding one in success. Being no sectary, he had no wish to found a separate society; but as the work grew upon his hands he almost necessarily accepted the aid of assistant preachers, and in this manner originated the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion.

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Though intimately associated with Whitefield, and accepting Whitefield's tenets as her own, the influence of this devoted woman was really given to the Methodist Revival as a whole. Born in 1707,—the memorable year in which Scotland was united with England,—she survived until 1791; and forty-five years out of that extended period she lived in widowhood. Her father was Washington, second Earl Ferrers, and at the age of twenty-one he gave Selina in marriage to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, by whom her Ladyship had four sons and three daughters. During their happy wedded life, the Earl and Countess had done their part in countenancing the Methodists; but after the Earl's sudden death from apoplexy in 1746, Lady Huntingdon devoted her fortune and energies more exclusively to religion and philanthropy.

While Wesley was the evangelist of the poor, Whitefield, in Lady Huntingdon's mansion at Chelsea, preached to the first people in the land; and it was there that Chesterfield confessed to the accomplished orator, "Sir, I

will not tell you what I shall tell others how I approve you." Many striking things might be told respecting the aristocratic hearers there drawn together, many of whom gave their influence to the new movement. The Countess relinquished her carriage, sold her jewels, devoting from first to last £100,000 to the common cause, and leaving at her death sixty-four chapels, and a college for the education of ministers, which still survives at Cheshunt. In every available way, until her resources were exhausted and aid had to be asked from others, the Countess promoted the common cause. "She purchased theatres, halls, and dilapidated chapels in London, Bristol, and Dublin, and fitted them up for public worship," says the accomplished historian, Dr. Stevens. "New chapels were also erected by her aid in many places in England, Wales, and Ireland. Distinguished Calvinistic clergymen, churchmen as well as Dissenters, co-operated with her plans, and were more or less under her direction. Romaine, Venn, Madan, Beridge, Toplady, Shirley, Fletcher, Benson, and a host of others, shared her beneficent labours." The kingdom was marked out into different districts, and preachers were sent out in every direction to proclaim the Gospel in all accessible places. Bound by strong sympathies to the Established Church, the Countess was no more a Dissenter than Whitefield or the Wesleys, necessity rather than inclination leading her to take advantage of the Toleration Act in 1779. The School of the Prophets she set up among the mountains of Wales was hardly

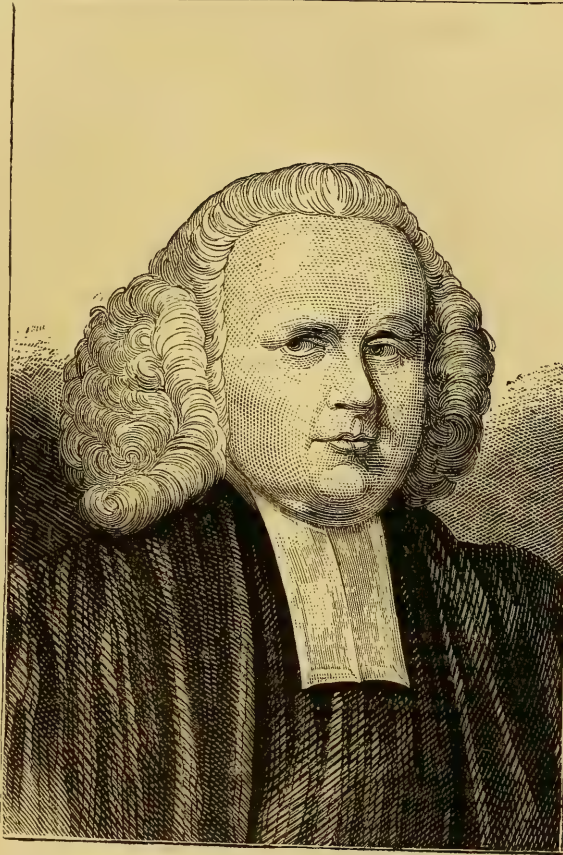
less romantic in its origin than in natural surroundings. There stood at Trevecca a castle, whose now half ruinous walls had been beaten by the storms of five hundred winters; and with the assistance of some richer friends, this quondam stronghold was fitted up as a college. The founder conferred with Wesley, and when he approved, she also asked the advice of Fletcher, the godly vicar of Madeley, whose labours among a debased population constitute one of the romances of Methodism.

Fletcher not only prayed, he dreamed about the proposed enterprise, and in his vision a young collier, well known to him, appeared asking for admission to the institution. Strange in itself, the dream was still stranger in its fulfilment; for Glazebrook the collier, and Fletcher the vicar, became the first student and the first president of Trevecca.

THE WESLEYS.

Space will not allow of completed details being given of the history of this distinguished family; but as the facts are tolerably well known to the majority of well-informed readers, the omission will not

interfere with the progress of the narrative. Without betraying in youth any very extraordinary precocity, the brothers Wesley were reared in one of those godly and cultivated homes whence great men might be expected to come forth; and when the straitened means of the parents are taken into account, remarkable care was bestowed upon their education. Born in the period of the later Puritans, Samuel Wesley the elder retained the sympathies of his order, although he had through conviction relinquished Nonconform-



THE REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

ity to enter the Established Church. Passing his early days among Dissenters, Daniel Defoe was one of his schoolfellows ; and introduced to the family of Dr. Anstey by his brother-in-law Dunton the book^s her, he married Susannah, the fair and accomplished daughter of that divine, whose family, according to Dr. Manton, numbered "either two dozen or a quarter of a hundred." Determined to secure a university education, Samuel Wesley walked to Oxford in 1683, with a trifle over two pounds in his pocket ; and although he received only five shillings in as many years from friends, he left college with honour, and with the degree of B.A. attached to his name. Susannah Annesley was in every way worthy of a man of this calibre and resolution. Her husband made a supremely happy choice, and became besides associated with a woman who has become a greater favourite with one class of biographers than any other untitled heroine of modern times. As learned as Queen Elizabeth, she was still the model housewife ; and was at once a competent teacher and judicious disciplinarian.

In his childhood, John Wesley is said to have shown some ambition ; and until he was nearly eleven years of age, or until he entered the Charterhouse School, his education, as was also that of his brothers and sisters, was conducted by Mrs. Wesley herself. For children of John's tender age, life at a public school was then a trying ordeal ; but although in this instance all the average pains and penalties had to be endured, and though some vices were learned, the scholar never neglected his father's wise directions to preserve health by taking sufficient exercise ; and the observance of this habit throughout life will largely account for the vigour of John Wesley's constitution holding out until the extreme verge of a green old age. Notwithstanding some drawbacks incident to poverty and the low moral tone of the times, life at Oxford some few years later was a pleasanter experience. "Fruit is so very cheap that apples may be had almost for fetching, and other things are both plentiful and good," he writes to his mother in 1724. Then follows a picture of the university city as it was in the reign of George I. :—"We have, indeed, something bad as well as good, for a great many rogues are about the town, insomuch that it is exceedingly unsafe to be out late at night. A gentleman of my acquaintance, standing at the door of a coffee-house about seven in the evening, had no sooner turned about, but his cap and wig were snatched off his head, and though he followed the thief a great distance, he was unable to recover them. I am pretty safe from such gentlemen ; for unless they carried me away, carcass and all, they would have

but a poor purchase." And yet men of this calibre, who afterwards constituted the Holy Club, were those who set a princely example of liberality to the self-indulgent and the indifferent. The rule was to live a frugal life, and to give away the surplus. "One of them had thirty pounds a year," remarks Wesley, when referring to the subject at a later date ; "he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings." Eventually that same man saw his income increase fourfold ; but still he spent no more on himself, while the poor were gainers by ninety-two pounds a year. Though this was the discipline self-imposed at the university, the brothers had as yet advanced no farther than the self-righteousness of sacerdotalism. The rector of Epworth died ; and on the dispersion of the family, John and Charles Wesley emigrated to Georgia, whence, however, they soon returned to commence with more enlightenment the great mission of their lives.

THE WESLEYS BECOME ITINERANTS.

Whitefield having inaugurated the work of revival by preaching in the open air, the Wesleys, in 1739, followed in the path of innovation ; and that year is now regarded as the one in which Methodism was founded. Strongly attached to the Established Church, they would gladly have availed themselves of its pulpits ; and not until those pulpits were closed against them did the Wesleys, as Whitefield had done before them, take to fields and commons. The clergy by their opposition really advanced the cause they desired to retard ; for if the efforts of the evangelists had been confined to the narrow limits of the churches, their influence over the population would have been correspondingly curtailed.

As a preacher or as an orator, John Wesley was a marked contrast to Whitefield, taking care to be punctiliously correct in both language and action, while Whitefield did not disdain to indulge in those "little improprieties," which, though sufficiently harmless, sometimes provoked a smile. We read of the latter preaching "like a lion," vehement in his earnestness, and so exhausting every resource in one sermon, that at the close he would retire from the scene sick, fainting, and depressed. But though Wesley sought to impress the people in a quieter way, the effects of the sermons he now began to preach to out-door audiences were really miraculous. He had taken in hand the colliers' school at Kingswood, and while attracting vast congregations in the vicinity of Bristol, numbers of hearers "dropped on every side as thunderstruck." It does not devolve upon us to account for these phenomena, but as historical facts they are no less interesting than extraordinary to common readers. To

borrow the words of Dr. Stevens: "A traveller at one time was passing, but on pausing a moment to hear the preacher was directly smitten to the earth, and lay there apparently without life. A Quaker who was admonishing the bystanders against these strange scenes as affectation and hypocrisy, was himself struck down as by an unseen hand, while the words of reproach were yet upon his lips. A weaver, a great disliker of Dissenters, fearing that the new excitement would alienate his neighbours from the Church, went about zealously among them to prove that it was the work of Satan, and would endanger their souls. A new convert lent him one of Wesley's sermons; while reading it at home he suddenly turned pale, fell to the floor, and roared so mightily that the people ran into the house from the streets, and found him sweating, weeping, and screaming in anguish. He recovered his self-possession, and arose rejoicing in God." While the preachers endeavoured to repress rather than encourage excitement, large numbers were similarly affected. We cannot wonder that decorous bishops and clergymen, who had never in their lives been guilty of any pulpit impropriety, were too prejudiced to stay to inquire into the cause of such manifestations. Naturally brave and magnanimous, the brothers Wesley were at the outset nervously timid in regard to ecclesiastical irregularities, but all things tended to their encouragement. There had been a time when Whitefield, in his spiritual affliction, had looked to his friends for counsel as to superiors in the faith; but now it was Whitefield who led the way, and it was his contagious courage that emboldened the Wesleys to overcome one prejudice after another which education and early associations had implanted in their minds. At one time, while London and Bristol were being stirred to their depths by the two greatest of the evangelists, Charles Wesley was threatened with pains and penalties for pursuing a similar course in Essex. What course Charles would have adopted had he been left to himself is uncertain; but, advised by Whitefield, he replied to the Archbishop by preaching to ten thousand people in Moorfields.

But while bands of converts were being reclaimed in the open-air, the need of providing suitable meeting-houses for the new congregations became urgent; and thus Bristol and London saw the two first Methodist chapels rise into existence. Some of Wesley's earliest successes had been won at Bristol; but the head-quarters of Methodism were established in London,—in Moorfields, where still greater triumphs had been achieved. In that open suburb there stood a forsaken government factory, called the

Foundry,—a place formerly used for casting cannon, and which had been associated with at least one deplorable catastrophe in consequence of the molten metal coming in contact with water. Having stood in a ruinous condition for twenty years, the Methodists purchased the lease for £115. Conveniently repaired, but not beautified, this spot became sacred on account of its many memorable associations. Thither crowds were attracted by the earnest eloquence of Wesley himself. There, at 5 a.m., and at 9 p.m., the bell called members of the Society to united prayer. The chapel had its dispensary for the poor,—the first charity of the kind established in London; there was a home for widows and orphans; and, not least, a loan society, by means of which many a deserving young beginner in life was enabled to firmly set his foot on the first round of the social ladder. Nor should it be forgotten that Charles Wesley stood in the pulpit at the Foundry on the morning of March 9th, 1750, when London was shaken to its foundations by the severest earthquake the city has ever known; and that while his auditors were turning pale with terror, the poet of Methodism, with reassuring tact and unshaken courage, relinquished the text he had chosen, and preached from another—"Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

SREAD OF METHODISM; LAY PREACHERS; PROVINCIAL MOBS.

Though John Wesley had admirable administrative powers, he did not sit down, as some master architects might have done, deliberately to plan the fabric he reared and left in a flourishing condition. When the work grew faster than was at first supposed to be possible, the only alternative was to follow the lead of providence, even though innovations had to be adopted clashing with those notions of ecclesiastical propriety which, at the outset, the Wesleys had entertained. Reasonable and earnest men could not have done otherwise. Self-seekers might have adopted an opposite course; but in this case that was done which promised best for the cause.

Making London the base of their operations, the preachers extended their efforts northward to Newcastle, and in the opposite direction as far as the Land's End. Wesley surprises us by the rapidity of his movements, especially when we take into consideration the dangerous state of the English roads in those times. Like a master general, moreover, he had his own plan of attack skilfully arranged beforehand, and from first to last he proved more than a match for

the most determined enemy. It was Wesley's custom to avoid threatening the vicious multitude, trying thus to frighten them out of their sins; he sought rather to draw them by those gentle and forcible invitations abounding in the Bible, which are always the most effective arrows in the preacher's quiver. It is impossible in our limited space to follow the evangelists from place to place in their wonderful itinerancy; but a part is a very fair sample of the whole; as regarded moral degradation one town was very like another, and so continued until the people were won to better ways.

Take as an example the case of Newcastle-on-Tyne the surpassing degradation of which extended from aged sinners to infants, who lisped blasphemies when learning to talk. Taking their stand in one of the worst districts, Wesley and a friend opened their first outdoor service by singing the hundredth psalm, and the congregations speedily increased from units to hundreds, from hundreds to thousands, and

finally to multitudes greater even than those which had been witnessed in London. What was more, the hearts of the people were won; and in this Kingswood of the north, as Wesley called it, he was hailed as a deliverer. In other places a harsher experience had to be endured, the clergy, in not a few instances, goading the people on to mob the Methodists. Thus at Epworth, Wesley gave the people the Gospel, which they never received from the drunken vicar who had succeeded his father. During the progress from one town

to another the riots were frequently very formidable; but the violence of the ungodly served only to stimulate the preacher's zeal, for riot and insult were really the expression of the people's need. Sometimes the preachers were pelted with stones and filth as they stood amidst the surging throng, the windows of their lodgings would be smashed; and to such a height did the tumult rise in 1744 at Walsall, Darlaston, and other places,

that the country from town to village was in a state very much resembling civil war. The chapels were not safe from destruction, while the lay preachers were some of them imprisoned or impressed for the army. Pulpits rang with denunciations of the enthusiasts, and the press sent forth its showers of pamphlets; but an answer to all was found in the fact that new societies in all parts were rapidly springing into existence, and wherever this was the case the morals of the people were improved. It was about the year 1750 that Wesley himself remarked that from Lon-



JOHN WESLEY AND DR. JOHNSON.

don to Newcastle in the north, and to Bristol in the west, the work of revival was progressing. The battle with the mob was for the most part confined to the first decade of the aggression. At all events it was so with the more prominent leaders of the movement.

Almost immediately after opening the crusade, the leaders of Methodism realized that battles cannot altogether be fought and won by generals and superior officers, and on this account were appointed those lay

circuit preachers without whose assistance the triumphs achieved would not have been won.

At the head of this honourable band we place John Nelson, the Yorkshire mason, who was one of the earliest converts, having listened to Wesley's first sermon in Moorfields. Of a powerful build, and ever showing indomitable courage, he went through a course of hard and successful service, such as makes his life read like a romance. In point of time Thomas Maxfield comes before Nelson, thus taking the distinction of having been the first lay preacher of Methodism. Thomas Lee and Christopher Hopper were men of similar metal, who forsook ease and accepted suffering as their common lot for the sake of the cause which lay nearest their hearts. The original circuits were immense tracts of country, more than broad enough to tax the strength of a horseman; and yet the majority of the early preachers appear to have been obliged, by reason of poverty, to travel on foot. John Jane, one of the number, who once arrived at Holyhead with only a penny in his pocket, actually died of fatigue; and others would have shared his fate if their physical strength had not equalled their devotion. The preachers, with many followers, were even found in the army on service on the Continent during the wars of George II. At the battle of Fontenoy, fought on May Day, 1745, a comparatively large number of Methodists were killed, including four preachers.

ILLUSTRIOUS ALLIES.

Though unable, in a brief article, to give details of their interesting lives, we will just mention the chief, at least, of a number of eminent men who in its earlier stages assisted the Methodist revival.

Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, was from the first Wesley's friend and counsellor; he used his pen in favour of the movement, and two of his sons became itinerant preachers.

William Grimshaw, the curate of Haworth, in Yorkshire, was as remarkable for the depravity of his youth as for that conquering zeal of his after life which enabled him to reform the then half civilized inhabitants of his wild district. In addition to the duties of his parish, with its four hamlets, in which he regularly preached, Grimshaw took charge of two enormous circuits in three counties, and in various ways, both extraordinary and eccentric, he advanced the reformation of the people. He sometimes held as many as thirty meetings a week; and while he loved nothing better than to royally entertain Wesley and Whitefield, and collect the scattered population to their services, his house was

constantly crowded with more humble itinerants out on preaching rounds.

John Berridge, vicar of Everton, was similar in temperament and energy to Grimshaw, and in conjunction with his neighbour, Hicks, vicar of Wrestlingworth, the preaching of Berridge produced results about as gratifying as those which attended the Yorkshire evangelist. Making Everton his base, he was constantly in the saddle, and preaching about a dozen times a week, he aroused the country people to take an interest in the Gospel within a radius of a hundred miles. We hear of four thousand persons having been awakened in one year; and Berridge was equally alive with earnestness whether he preached on a village green or whether he addressed a throng of 10,000 persons in a university town.

A man of like devotion was John Fletcher, of Madeley, whose name from his times to our own has been a household word in England. Of Fletcher it is said, "He led a life of severe abstinence, that he might feed the hungry; he clothed himself in cheap attire that he might clothe the naked; he sometimes unfurnished his house that he might supply suffering families with necessary articles." He rejected a richer living with lighter work, in order to reclaim the debased mining population of Madeley; and though coming of a noble Swiss family, he spoke English with such singular correctness that the force of his eloquence soon conquered the persecution which at first was awakened by his Methodistical innovations. How he preached incessantly in villages and hamlets for ten miles round his parish, visited the people in their homes, and sometimes gathered a congregation with a bell in his hand, are familiar facts. According to Venn,—no mean judge,—Fletcher was more than a luminary—"He was a sun."

No less effective than the labours of the above in their respective spheres was the work of Henry Venn in his parish of Huddersfield,—a man called by Whitefield "a son of thunder." His success entitles Venn to rank among the princes of the movement, and among his converts were more than a dozen youths who afterwards became regular preachers. He was also an acceptable writer, his "Complete Duty of Man" having been prepared expressly to correct what is erroneous in the more popular and anonymous work bearing a similar title.

More highly connected, and thoroughly trained for the legal profession, Martin Madan was the life of a coterie which met regularly at a rendezvous in London, according to the custom of the times. An accomplished mimic, Madan was commissioned to hear Wesley; but the text announced, "Prepare to meet thy God!" so startled the young

lawyer that he retired from the scene an altered man, to enter the Church and identify himself with the Revival.

Nor should we overlook Thompson, of St. Dennis, in Cornwall, who early cast in his lot with the Methodists; and who, when threatened with the loss of his gown by Lavington, Bishop of Exeter, himself stripped the garment from his back with the remark, "I can preach the Gospel without a gown."

These and many others who ought to be remembered were mighty in their day, and their influence still lives in the descendants of the first converts. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with the whole story, with all its singularly interesting details, should consult the "History of Methodism," by Dr. Abel Stevens, a convenient and illustrated edition of which scholarly work is issued at the London Wesleyan Conference Office in three volumes.

IRELAND, SCOTLAND, WALES.

Considering the character of the country and the nature of the formidable obstacles which had to be overcome, the success of Methodism in Ireland was not the least remarkable feature of the great movement.

Wesley himself crossed the Channel more than forty times, and he was ably seconded in his endeavours by the apostolic preaching zeal of Thomas Coke and Thomas Walsh. Of course, in this green island, as elsewhere, the fury of the mob had to be encountered, and the passions of the people were stimulated by Romish prejudice as well as by native ignorance. In spite of all, however, the fruits of the Revival were soon manifest. England sent preachers to itinerate through Ireland, while our own country and the world generally benefited by the work of Irishmen who rose to eminence in their profession. The most illustrious of these was

Adam Clarke the commentator; but there were many others whom want of space precludes our naming. Before the death of Wesley, fifteen circuits had been marked out, each having on an average about two preachers, while the members showed a total of 6,000. The work was greatly retarded by the rebellion at the close of the century; and as Dr. Stevens remarks, "the horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty by this outbreak of commingled popery and infidelity can never be fully recorded." Nevertheless, fifteen years after this dark cloud had passed,

the circuits had greatly multiplied, and the numbers had increased to nearly 30,000.

In Scotland the conditions were entirely different; the people were intensely Protestant; they understood all about the fundamentals of Christianity, and were quite willing to listen to what the preachers had to say. The scenes at Cambaslang in 1742, under the preaching of Whitefield, when an immense concourse remained on the ground all night, and when, on another occasion, 20,000 people partook of the Lord's Supper, were perhaps more extraordinary than any other passages

even in the singular experience of the great evangelist. Scotland did not accept Methodism as an ecclesiastical system because she had already one of her own which she preferred; but the revival none the less did mighty things for the country, the results of which remain until this day.

As regards Wales it is not too much to say that in the Principality Methodism effected a complete transformation. The morals of the people were entirely corrupted, and religion had degenerated into superstition when the reformers commenced their work; and then, contrary to expectation, no other field yielded a richer harvest. Griffith Jones and Howell



Harris, both of whom were devoted to the Established Church, prepared the way : the first by organizing bands of tutors who traversed the country for the purpose of teaching the poor to read ; the second by preaching and gathering the people into Christian Societies. When these efforts were followed up by the awakening calls of Wesley and Whitefield, the whole country was soon aroused, and though there was opposition, as in other places, the reformation which ensued became the greatest miracle in Welsh history. Though the leaders never intended the movement to become a Nonconformist one, it took this turn. In other words, between two and three thousand chapels have been erected in Wales since the days of George II. The work of the first preachers was continued with wonderful power and success by Christmas Evans and his illustrious contemporaries, who, speaking the language of the people, wielded an influence by the power of God which entitles them to rank among the apostles of Wales.

METHODIST DENOMINATIONS.

Since the first leaders passed away, the original family of Methodism has divided into several sects ; but as a healthy tree puts forth new branches, all of which are dependent on the same roots, so the multiplying of denominations may not mean treason to cardinal Christian truth. From the first the Calvinists, by following Whitefield, and the Arminians, by adhering to Wesley, formed two companies. The New Connexion of Wesleyans, founded in 1797, represents the first secession from the latter body after the death of the founder. The United Free Gospel Church dates from 1806, and has no paid ministry. The Primitive Methodists go back to 1810, and differ from others by giving more authority to laymen, and by allowing female preaching. Very similar in constitution are the Bible Christians, who date from 1815. The Primitive Methodists of Ireland come a year later, and they con-

sider their own ministers to rank equal in authority with those of the Established Church. The Protestant Methodists, first organized in 1828, object to instrumental music in public services. The Reformed Connexion dates from 1849. The United States Methodist Episcopal Church was formed during the life of Wesley in 1784. Another division, founded in the Southern States of America in 1846, was a protest against slavery. The American Wesleyan

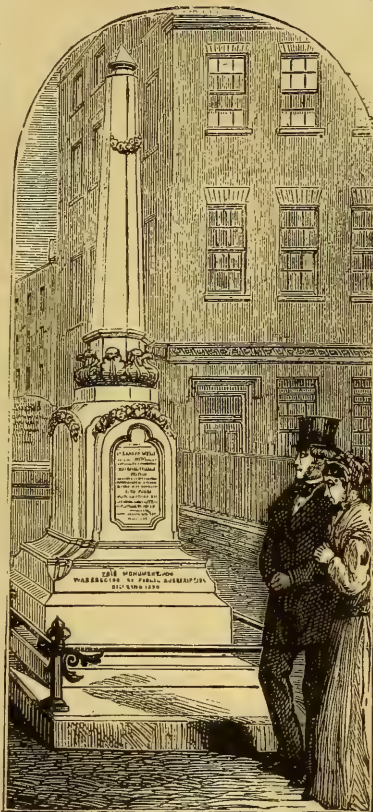
Methodist Church, founded in 1843, was reared on a similar basis ; while the Methodist Protestant Community has no bishops, not holding with episcopal authority. The United Brethren in Christ, organized in 1800, are similar in doctrine and government to the Methodist Episcopalians ; and this is also true of the Evangelical Association, formed in the same year. The last of the train we believe to be the Free Methodist Church, founded in 1860, which discountenances extravagance in dress, choirs, pew-rents, and read sermons. Besides the above, there are two or three Methodist communities wholly composed of coloured people.

In Great Britain and Ireland at the present moment the Methodist bodies have upwards of 5,000 ministers, and nearly a million members ; while in the United States the ministers exceed 17,000 and the members are nearly 2,600,000. In addition to this there are

large numbers in the English colonies and other parts of the world, to say nothing of the evangelists who are at work in every mission field. The total membership is not far short of 5,000,000 ; the congregations of each Sabbath probably reach four or five times that number, and there are between four and five millions in the Sunday-schools.

GENERAL RESULTS ; CONCLUSION.

But in estimating the results direct and indirect which have come of the Methodist revival, we shall probably find by careful inquiry that the latter have exceeded the



MRS. C. WESLEY'S MONUMENT IN BUNHILL FIELDS.

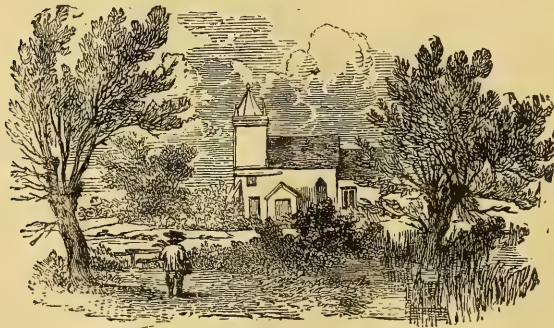
former. Just as in the first instance the need was national, the good results have extended to all evangelical denominations. It was not in harmony with the principles of the Established Church when a portion of her bishops and clergy opposed the revival ; and in the end that Church has been an enormous gainer by the movement. Then in what degree a nonconformist community could become benefited was well shown in the instance of Samuel Deacon, a farm labourer converted under the preaching of David Taylor, a servant of the Countess of Huntingdon. Deacon, as a General Baptist, became a powerful preacher in the Midlands, and not only was a widely extended region pervaded by his Methodism, an entire denomination was resuscitated. In what degree other bodies were influenced in a similar way cannot always be traced ; but, nevertheless, in liberal measure the blessing descended upon every section of the Church.

Then that manifestation of missionary zeal which characterized the Church at the close of the old and the opening of the new century, was one of the fruits of this great awakening. Raikes inaugurating the great Sunday-school cause at Gloucester, Carey superintending the Mission-press at Serampore, Martin turning from ease and popularity at home to die on foreign soil, were all Methodists of the truest metal, who would have accounted the best things that earth can give only a poor recompense. The same may be said of the founders of those Bible, tract, and missionary societies which have

diffused blessings broadcast, impressing on men the fact of their common brotherhood, and by bringing what would have been the dangerous classes into the fold of the Church, preserved us from social and political evils such as have heavily afflicted sister kingdoms. Many of the great societies in question owed their origin to Methodist influence, and certainly it has been the Methodistical spirit which, through the blessing of God, has contributed to their prosperity till the present day.

Thus the fathers sowed the seed in an era of spiritual darkness, the reigns of George II. and George III. ; and we are reaping the fruits of their labours in this enlightened Victorian age,—an age quite unexampled for the social, political, and scientific progress which has been made. When things were swiftly progressing from bad to worse, Methodism was the divinely appointed means by which the tide was turned ; and since those memorable old times of awakening, the nation has been steadily improving and going from good to better, until England is now at once the envy and wonder of the world. While enjoying our happy lot, let us never be unmindful of the debt we owe to those who have gone before. Though a favoured race, we could not possibly have reached our present prosperity if Methodism had not renovated society, when in days of declension the best attributes of national character were threatened with extinction by bold unbelief and licentious license.

G. H. P.





THE BALTIC FLEET IN THE CRIMEAN WAR; THE LAST OF ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS.

FROM ALMA TO SEBASTOPOL:

THE STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR OF 1854-1856.

"Should the guards of royal England, in their trenches gaily singing
Of the valour and the glories of the British grenadiers,
While their comrades' shouts of victory through the smoky air are ringing,
Be told that hearts at home are trembling with unworthy fears?"

Russia in 1852—The Emperor Nicholas; His Power and Prosperity—The Czar and Sir Hamilton Seymour—Taking an Observation—Montenegro—The Czar's Protectorate—Mentschikoff's Mission—War between Russia and Turkey—Anglo-French Alliance for the Protection of the Porte—Omar Pasha and Oltenitza—Sinope—Commencement of the Crimean War—The Allied Forces and their Commanders: Raglan, St. Arnaud, Dundas, Lyons—Defeat of Russians on the Danube—Silistria and Giurgevo—The English, French, and Turkish Armies at Gallipoli and Varna—Invasion of the Crimea—Landing at Eupatoria—March towards Sebastopol—The Battle of the Alma—March upon Balaclava—First Attack on Sebastopol—Battle of Balaclava—Charge of the Light Brigade—Newspaper Correspondents—Mr. Russell of "The Times"—Battle of Inkermann—Soldiership and Generalship—A Terrible Winter—An Unexpected Event—The Baltic Fleet—Bomarsund and Hango—The Black Sea Fleet—Yenikale—Operations of 1855—The 18th of June—Renewed Efforts, and Fall of Sebastopol—Conclusion.

RUSSIA IN 1852.

IN the middle of the present century there was one, and one only, among the great continental Powers, with whose government was associated the idea of strength, permanence, and stability; and

that power was Russia. All the other thrones had been rudely shaken by the great storms of 1848, the year of revolutions, and of the troublous period that immediately followed. France had seen the Orleans dynasty driven from the throne, and the hastily-constructed,

ill-starred second republic succeeded by a second Napoleonic empire. In Austria the half-imbecile Emperor Ferdinand had been forced to resign the sceptre he nominally swayed, into the hands of his youthful nephew, Francis Joseph. The throne of Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia had been almost overset, and the humiliated king had been compelled to stand bareheaded on the balcony of his palace at Berlin, while the corpses of insurgents, killed by the soldiers in a street fight, were borne past in procession, the insolent cry of "Mütze ab Schurke" (Take your cap off, you scoundrel) rudely admonishing him to pay due reverence to the dead. Pope Pius IX., driven from Rome, had only been reinstated by the help of French bayonets; and throughout the German States democracy had triumphed for awhile, though only to be afterwards put down by an overwhelming force.

But from all these convulsions Russia had been free. The storm of 1848 had not shaken her throne; and even Poland, generally eager to snatch any opportunity that gave a chance of a rising for freedom, had remained passive, in silent submission to the will of the autocrat by whom she was governed. So far from being herself menaced, Russia had been able to give help to a neighbouring government in the day of peril; and it was by Russian troops that the formidable revolt of Hungary had been put down, and Austria had been enabled to re-establish her shattered authority. Everywhere the great Northern Power was regarded as the chief representative and upholder of despotic rule; and from the commencement of the reign of the monarch who then held her destinies in his hand, her power, during more than a quarter of a century, had been looked upon as continually on the increase.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

That Russia was regarded as the great despotic power was due in no small degree to the character of the monarch by whom she was governed. The Czar, Nicholas I., the son of that Alexander I. who had been the ally of England in the old war, was the very personification of an autocrat. He was lofty of stature, and had a countenance of singular beauty, of a proud and military type. At the commencement of his reign he had given proof of remarkable personal courage, putting down a threatened outbreak among the Moujiks, or peasants, by the mere force of his energetic command and his undaunted bearing in a moment of peril. He possessed the strong will common to nearly all the Romanoffs, and a large measure of the talent by which many of them were distinguished. Relentless and stern he had often shown himself, especially in the case of Poland; as

evidenced in his reception of a deputation from that unhappy country, who came soon after his accession, in the hope of obtaining from the new monarch some mitigation of the hard laws under which the land was groaning. "Above all things, gentlemen, no illusions!" was the Czar's unpromising reply to the suppliants. "Poland is mine, and I will drive her," was his expression on another occasion; and he fully carried out his threat. At the same time he was possessed of a charm of manner which enabled him, when he chose to exert it, completely to mask his intentions under the appearance of perfect frankness—a faculty in which he resembled the great Frederick of Prussia. He had a great love for military organization, with a ceaseless and restless activity, and a tendency personally to superintend and arrange details, in which again we trace an analogy to the Prussian hero. His ideal of manly work and sagacity is said to have been the Duke of Wellington; and as the author of "The Invasion of the Crimea" pertinently remarks, the ruler who set up for himself such a model should have had some truth in him.

To his other qualifications for rule, Nicholas added the very useful one of being, to some extent, a travelled man. He had seen men and nations beyond the confines of his own vast realm. Notably he had, in 1844, paid a visit to England; a visit that was destined to have very important effects on his mind, and to help, at least, in implanting an error that at length proved fatal to him. Among the various sights exhibited to the Imperial visitor and to the King of Saxony, who was the guest of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at the same time, was a review at Woolwich. At that time the numbers of most of the English regiments were far below their normal strength; and the Emperor, who was accustomed to review enormous masses of men, while admiring the appearance, discipline, and efficiency of English soldiers, was evidently surprised that there were so few of them, and went away with most erroneous notions as to the military might of England, and the number of men she could put into the field on an emergency. He came to look upon England as simply a great naval power, and fancied she would not interfere in any military enterprise in which her own territories were not attacked. The day was to come when he should be sternly and fatally undeceived.

POLICY OF RUSSIA; STATE OF THE VARIOUS GOVERNMENTS AT THE BEGINNING OF 1853.

An old Muscovite proverb describes the Russian as sitting by the shore and waiting for the tide. Like most national proverbs

it contains a great truth. It illustrates the unwearied patience and perseverance with which men of that nationality will prepare the way for a design, until the propitious moment has come for putting it in execution, with a good chance of success.

And as with the Russian in private life, so with the government of the Czar. There had been for very many years a scheme of national policy steadily kept in view, though it might seem to be abandoned. According to some authorities it dated so far back as the time of Peter the Great; and at one time, indeed, a document was published in various English journals, purporting to be a will of the great founder of modern Russia, in which the pursuance of that policy was distinctly left as a charge to his successors. The assertion was not literally true. The document was not a will of Czar Peter; but the line of conduct it advocated was that which had been carried out by his successors, and especially by that great ruler and bad woman,—far-seeing and ruthless, politic and profligate,—Catherine II., the mother of the mad Emperor Paul. Its purport and direction were to drive the Turk out of Europe, to increase the territory of Russia towards the south, and to establish a direct influence over the principalities on the Danube. It was a great and far-stretching design, and one that involved the necessity of a long waiting on the shore, and a close watching of the signs that should tell of the favourable rising of the tide,—that tide which Czar Nicholas hoped might be taken at the flood,—to lead on to fortune.

At the beginning of 1853 the favourable moment seemed, in the eyes of Nicholas, at length to have arrived,—the moment at which the various governments, fully occupied with their own affairs, or hampered by recent events and their consequences, would have neither the inclination nor the power to interfere with the designs of the Czar. France, he considered, would have sufficient to do at home in suppressing the wide-spread discontents that had arisen from the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851. The brand-new French Empire of Napoleon III., which he was inclined to regard with contempt, could not be sufficiently established to warrant its chief in engaging in foreign war. Austria the Czar could count upon as an ally; for had he not marched his legions to her rescue in her extreme need, and reconquered for her the revolted province of Hungary? Prussia was bound by close ties alike of political and of family alliance to his dynasty, and would certainly undertake nothing against him, even if she did not co-operate actively in his designs.

Consequently there remained, according to the calculation of the Emperor Nicholas, only

one power with which he would have to reckon, and that power was England. How the Czar proposed to deal with Great Britain in this matter, we shall now see.

THE EMPEROR AND SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR; TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

It was at a party at the palace of the Grand Duchess Helen, on the 9th of January, 1853, that a remarkable conversation took place between the Emperor Nicholas and the English Ambassador Sir Hamilton Seymour,—the first of various conversations which threw a startling light upon the state of affairs and the designs of the Russian autocrat. Sir Hamilton was said to be a favourite with the Emperor, of whose qualities he had expressed a high opinion. On this occasion Nicholas declared very openly and strongly the necessity that existed for a perfect understanding between England and France, and requested that his words might be conveyed to Lord John Russell. "When we are agreed," he added, "I am quite without anxiety as to the rest of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do." When Sir Hamilton hinted that considerable anxiety existed in Her Majesty's Government with regard to Turkey, the Czar spoke of that country as in an utterly disorganised state, and falling to pieces from weakness; adding that neither Russia nor England ought to take any decisive action in the matter without the cognisance and approval of the other power. Then he added these remarkable words, which became proverbial, as descriptive of Turkey and her affairs: "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man; it will be, I tell you frankly, a great misfortune, if one of these days he should slip away from us, especially before all necessary arrangements were made. However, this is not the time to speak to you on that matter."

The Emperor found time a few days afterwards to renew the subject, and plainly gave the ambassador to understand that in the approaching dissolution of Turkey he expected England to put no obstacle in the way of his plans; while for his part he saw no reason why Egypt should not be made a British dependency—and, if the British Government chose to have it so, the island of Candia also. To the great disappointment of the Emperor, Sir Hamilton Seymour distinctly declined the proposed arrangement, and plainly declared that England would consider the maintenance of the Turkish Empire as essential to the peace of Europe. The English Cabinet saw that such a protectorate as the Emperor wished to establish in the Principalities, and the possession of Constantinople by Russia, either directly or indirectly, would be most injurious to the interests of all the remaining states; and Nicholas apparently gave up the

scheme. But he could not but feel bitterly mortified at the issue of his overtures, and determined to attain his object in another way.

There were among the subjects of the Ottoman Empire a large number of Christians, the great majority of whom belonged to the Greek Church, of which the Czar was considered the head. More than one treaty with the Porte gave to the Emperor of Russia

not always able to prevent or to punish. Nicholas now demanded of the Turkish Government extended powers and a complete recognition of his right to intervene in the affairs of the Porte, as protector of all Turkish subjects who professed the Christian faith.

The meaning of this demand was well understood alike in Turkey and by the Western Powers. If granted, not the Sultan but the



THE SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID.

a kind of vague and indefinite right to act as protector of the interests of the Greek Church in the Turkish dominions. Not that the Turkish Government could be accused of exercising a persecuting sway over its Christian subjects; for the Moslems, looking upon their own faith as the only true one, extended a kind of contemptuous tolerance to all other creeds, making no distinction between them; though occasional outbreaks of fanaticism might occur, and lead to deeds of violence, which the weak government of the Sultan was

Russian Czar would in reality be the master of those millions of Christians in the East, and a great step would have been taken towards the dismembering of the Turkish empire, and the establishment of Russian rule.

MONTENEGRO; THE CZAR'S PROTECTORATE; MENTSCHIKOFF'S MISSION.

At the same time disturbances broke out in another quarter. The Montenegrins, or inhabitants of the "Black Mountains," a tur-

bulent people belonging to the Greek Church, tributaries of the Turks, but under the direct influence of Russia, were incited, after a visit paid by their prince, Danilo, to Russia at the beginning of 1853, to revolt against their Moslem masters, and to demand that their religious affairs should be transferred from the supervision of the Patriarch of Constantinople to that of the Russians; and began making predatory incursions into Turkey. The Porte promptly despatched against them an able commander, Omar Pasha,—for the Montenegrin revolt seemed a preliminary to a general rising of the Slavic Christians against the Moslem; and the Montenegrin land was quickly filled with rapine and bloodshed. But here Austria intervened, with even more than her usual diplomatic skill.

Seeing the use Russia might make of this Montenegrin quarrel, the Government in Vienna despatched Prince Leiningen to the Sultan with a peremptory demand for the withdrawal of the Turkish troops and the cessation of the Montenegrin war, before that ardent Protector, the Czar, could interfere in defence of the Christians. The Sultan yielded to the envoy's request; the Turkish troops were withdrawn; and Austria had the satisfaction of having deprived the Czar of a very pretty quarrel against Turkey; while at the same time the attention of the Western Powers had been drawn in a very marked manner to the proceedings of Russia.

The homely adage that "two can generally play at a game," was now exemplified. Napoleon III., the French Emperor, who had been treated with something very like scorn by the Russian Emperor, and who, moreover, owed much of his position and power to the support of the Romish clergy, that he was anxious to propitiate, came forward with a demand based upon a treaty as old as the time of King Francis I., that Christians belonging to the Latin Church should have equal privileges with those of the Greek communion, in pilgrimages to the holy places. This raised the ire of the imperious autocrat of Russia, who forthwith despatched to Constantinople Prince Mentschikoff, a rough, peremptory soldier, who immediately began to bully the weak Sultan Abdul Medjid in approved Russian fashion; refusing to consult with Fuad Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, demanding an immediate audience of the Sultan himself, and bringing forward his demand for a protectorate over all Greek Christians for his master in the most offensive form, to the disgust of the Cabinets of Europe, who saw in his barrack-room bearing an illustration of the great Napoleon's pithy saying, "Scratch the Russian, and you come upon the Tartar."

A direct refusal was the natural result; for to grant such demands would have been to

admit the Czar as joint ruler of Turkey with the Sultan.

WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY; THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE PORTE.

Prince Mentschikoff quitted Constantinople breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Porte; and the Czar, when he heard of the failure of the embassy, determined to follow up the step already taken by another of still graver significance. He at once commanded that two Russian armies should cross the Pruth, the frontier river between his dominions and the Danubian principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, which were tributary to Turkey,—to occupy these territories with 80,000 men as a "material guarantee" until the Porte should accede to his demands. "This is war," said Count Orloff gravely, when his imperial master told him what he had done; but the Czar still thought that nothing in the way of war against him could be begun without England's co-operation; and that England, though she might threaten, would not proceed to extremities.

Religious faith and religious fanaticism had always been strong traits in the Russian character; and Nicholas was far too astute a ruler not to take advantage of this to the fullest extent. In a manifesto issued to the Russian people, it was set forth that the Sultan was doing injury and wrong to the religion all good subjects of the Czar were bound to defend. "We are ready, even now, to arrest the movement of our armies," said this document, "if the Ottoman Porte will bind itself solemnly to observe the inviolability of the Orthodox Church. But if blindness and obstinacy decide for the contrary, then, calling God to our aid, we shall leave the decision of the struggle to Him, and in full confidence in His omnipotent right hand, we shall march forward for the Orthodox Church. But though these proceedings excited general disapproval in Europe, and the action of the Emperor of Russia was universally condemned, the various Cabinets were anxious to avoid war, and ready to "build a golden bridge" for the retreat of Nicholas from his aggressive position. By the advice of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English ambassador at Constantinople, the Sultan forbore to look upon the occupation of the principalities as an act of war, as he might justifiably have done; and the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia addressed a collective note to the Czar, pressing him to moderate his claims. He still refused to listen to these moderate counsels; while Turkey took heart in view of the fact that the united public opinion of

Europe was with her and against her opponent. The expedient of enlisting religious enthusiasm in the strife was put into practice in Turkey, as in Russia; the Turks were taught to consider the pretensions of the Northern Power as an attack aimed at their creed; and on the 4th of October, 1853, war was declared by the Porte against Russia. Meanwhile a change was brought about in the attitude of the great powers of Europe. England and France were associated in an alliance which might well fill the Emperor of Russia with surprise and indignation; for, thoroughly impressed as he was with the importance of dynastic right and privilege, he was the last man to believe that England, the most persistent and implacable enemy of Napoleon I., would unite with the nephew of her great foe against the son and successor of Alexander of Russia, the friend and ally who had been so intimately associated with her in putting Napoleon down. The separate understanding between the English Government and the second French Empire took him by surprise. Prussia, on the other hand, justified his calculations by her non-interference. Frederick William IV., a man of cultivated intellect, was proverbially given to halting between two opinions. He was a very different man from his younger brother and successor, the Emperor of North Germany; nor was there at that time a Bismark or a Moltke to guide the counsels of Prussia. Austria—though the friendly feeling between her and Russia was quite dissolved—seemed only inclined to resist the Czar's encroachments so far as they regarded her own interests; and these interests were sufficiently guarded when the seat of war was transferred—as it was soon destined to be—from the Principalities to Russian and Turkish soil. Thus England and France were left to sign a treaty with the Porte, on the 27th of November, 1853, in which they undertook to uphold the cause of Turkey by armed intervention if Russia continued deaf to remonstrance.

This step was popular in both countries. In France, the army, by means of which Louis Napoleon the President had become Napoleon III. the Emperor, was well pleased to see a prospect of war in which promotions and titles and wealth were to be gained; and in England a feeling of general and profound anger had been excited by the duplicity of the Czar, whose professions of religious zeal were denounced as thorough hypocrisy, and to whom the worst of motives were attributed.

OMAR PASHA AND OLTENITZA; SINOPE; COMMENCEMENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Another circumstance had also contributed not a little to render the Anglo-French alli-

ance for the defence of Turkey popular in England. The Turks, under Omar Pasha, had gained a brilliant victory on the 4th of November, at Oltenitza, on the Danube, over a Russian army superior in number; and it is a natural impulse to be willing to help those who have shown their ability to strike a blow for themselves. Still negotiations with the Russian Government went on, even after the English and French fleets had been despatched to the Bosphorus,—an act against which the Czar violently protested; but early in December came news that a Turkish squadron had been attacked by a Russian fleet in the harbour of Sinope, on the south shore of the Black Sea, and utterly destroyed, after heroic resistance, in which all the crews perished, with the exception of some 400 men.

This attack was violently denounced at the time in England as a treacherous massacre, because negotiations for a settlement of the Eastern question were still going on between the Western Powers and Russia. But Mr. Kinglake and other writers have shown that Russia, when she was at war with Turkey, cannot be blamed for choosing her own time and place to attack the enemy, and could hardly be expected to leave the Turkish fleet alone until the English and French should come to reinforce it, and render the numbers on both sides equal. It was felt, however, that Sinope took away almost the last hope that peace between Russia and the Western Powers might still be maintained.

Public opinion in England was now in favour of war; and the general feeling with regard to the Czar and his policy was thoroughly in accordance with the words published by the *Times* in its summary issued on the last day of 1853. "A year ago," says the writer, "the Emperor of Russia enjoyed among the powers of Europe a well-earned character for honesty, straightforwardness, and moderation. Who could have supposed that within a few months all this could have been so utterly forgotten, and every consideration of honour and justice sacrificed to an empty and profitless ambition? With vast domains to civilise and retain, with a boundless field for the exercise of enlightened benevolence, and a prospect of power and pre-eminence by developing the arts of peace over Europe and Asia, far more certain and far more glorious than any military triumph, this mighty potentate has deliberately turned from good to evil, and preferred the acquisition, by fraud and violence, of two or three desolated provinces to the welfare and advancement of the seventh part of the inhabited globe over which he reigns. From the provocation which Prince Menschikoff was instructed to throw out, under the mask of an ambassador, to the late murderous attack upon Sinope, the policy

of the Czar has been one and uniform. To bully the weak, to cajole the strong, to seize by force, or to circumvent by fraud, are now recognised as the uniform tactics of the once great upholder of order and treaties, and arbiter of the disputes of Europe." For thirty-eight years there had been no great European war; but the year 1854 dawned upon the world "dark with the presage of impending battle."

That presage was speedily fulfilled; indeed, there is little doubt that the year 1853 would not have passed away without hostilities, but for the fact that the Earl of Aberdeen, one of the most pacific of Prime Ministers, was at the head of affairs. But now Lord Palmerston, the friend of the Emperor Napoleon III., who had been compelled to resign his office in the Cabinet for expressions that were interpreted as approving the *coup d'état*, joined the Ministry; and this was a sign that affairs would be more vigorously conducted. The country had long been drifting towards war, and the idea of a contest with Russia was far from unpopular. The oft-repeated taunt that the English were "a nation of shopkeepers," that England had "joined the Peace Society," and that Britannia had exchanged the empire of the sea for the management of countless cotton mills and cloth factories, had offended the national pride; and a general feeling of almost joyous alacrity was experienced when on the 27th of March, 1854, the announcement was made by the heralds in their official costume, from the steps of the Royal Exchange, London, that England, in alliance with France, had declared war against Russia.

Some who heard that announcement made, might remember to have read how a great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, had bitterly exclaimed, when the Londoners set the church bells ringing a century before on the announcement of a popular but unjust war: "They are ringing the bells now; they'll be wringing their hands by-and-by." The Crimean war cannot be stigmatised as unjust; but few who were present, when its commencement was proclaimed, anticipated in how many of the homes of Britain there would be wringing of hands and wailing,

before the struggle should have run its not very protracted course.

THE ALLIED FORCES AND THEIR COMMANDERS; RAGLAN, ST. ARNAUD, DUNDAS, LYONS.

The commander to whom the honour of England was to be entrusted in the combat against the great Northern Power was in many respects judiciously selected. Lord Raglan, better known to many of his friends by his earlier name of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, had been the old and trusted friend and companion of the great Duke of Wellington, under whom he had served in war and in peace. He had been present at the great day of Waterloo, on

which occasion he lost his right arm; afterwards he had been the Duke's military secretary; and after the death of Colonel Gurwood, had completed the task of editing that marvellous series of despatches, luminous in every page with the sagacity and soldiership of the great chief. A strict disciplinarian, he was nevertheless distinguished by a kindly charm of manner that attracted all who approached him; and was indefatigable in the discharge of duty. The one misgiving that occurred to those who knew him, on hearing of his appointment, was whether he still possessed the physical strength and endurance necessary for his arduous office.

The French commander, in concert with

whom he was to act, was Marshal St. Arnaud, an officer who had seen much service in Algeria, but who owed his position chiefly to the fact of having been one of the chief actors in the *coup d'état* of December 1851. One circumstance at least rendered the appointment of Marshal St. Arnaud a matter of surprise to many. His health was utterly shattered by a painful disease under which he had laboured for years; and it was hardly probable that he would long survive.

The fleet to be sent to the Baltic was under the command of Sir Charles Napier, a cousin of the famous generals, the hero of Scinde, and the chronicler of the Peninsular War. Admiral Napier was a frank, brave sailor of the old bluff school of "sea-dogs." He has been likened to Smollett's Commodore Trunnion. The rough-and-ready fashion in



OMAR PASHA.

which he announced the war to his crew, was the subject of good-humoured comment at the time. "My lads," said the genial old admiral to his assembled ship's company, "war has been declared; we are to fight the Russians. Sharpen your cutlasses, lads, and the day is ours." He seemed to have little idea of the nature of the work in hand, or of how little the sharpening of cutlasses would avail against the fortresses with which the Russians had guarded their coasts.

Admiral Dundas and Sir Edmund Lyons, afterwards Lord Lyons, who commanded in the Black Sea, were men of very different mould; Lyons, especially, was one in whom there was something of the genius and energy of Nelson; like him, too, he was adored by his men. The conditions of the combat, however, as will be seen, were unfavourable to naval operations.

DEFEAT OF RUSSIA ON THE DANUBE; SILISTRIA AND GIURGEVO; THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND TURKISH ARMIES AT GALLIPOLI AND VARNA.

The Russian attempt to invade Turkey from the north proved a failure. The Muscovite General Paskievitch was obliged, after the loss of many of his men, to abandon his attempt to capture Silistria, on the Danube, and to lead back the remains of his army across the Pruth. The defence of Silistria by a Turkish force, under two Indian officers, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth, was the first brilliant episode of the war. At Giurgevo the Russians also suffered a disastrous defeat. That the Turks could fight bravely when well commanded was shown by the heroic resistance they made at Silistria, and their devotion to the brave young Englishmen who led them. "It was impossible," wrote the successor of Lieutenant Nasmyth, quoted by Kinglake, "not to admire the cool indifference of the Turks to danger. Three men were shot in the space of five minutes while throwing up earth for the new parapet, at which only two men could work at a time, so as to be at all protected; and they were succeeded by the nearest bystander, who took the spade from the dying man's hands, and set to work as calmly as if he were going to cut a ditch by the roadside." An army of 20,000 Englishmen, under Lord Raglan, and another of about double the number under Marshal St. Arnaud, started for the East. The joint disembarkation of the armies was effected at Gallipoli, on the shore of the Dardanelles, and from the first it appeared that a good understanding would be maintained between the men of the two nations, as also between the officers. Lord Raglan, indeed, met with some difficulty from the encroaching spirit manifested by the French Marshal, who en-

deavoured to obtain for himself the command of the Turkish army, which would have placed the English commander at a great disadvantage. But by united firmness and good temper on the part of Lord Raglan and Lord Stratford the difficulty was overcome, and the ambitious Frenchman was kept in check. Another difficulty now occurred. Lord Raglan wished to move the troops to Varna; but St. Arnaud declined, and proposed a scheme of his own for occupying Roumelia, in the rear of the Balkan; but again, on the firm objection of Lord Raglan, he yielded; and to Varna, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, the Anglo-French force was accordingly moved; and here, it is said, they could at times actually hear the firing at Silistria, where Paskievitch was wildly sacrificing his men in the vain attempt to drive the garrison to surrender.

Varna was remembered long afterwards by soldiers and sailors alike for the misfortunes that befell the expedition in that ill-omened place. A tremendous fire that caused the destruction of a great quantity of warlike stores, and even threatened the stock of powder, occurred there on the 10th of August; and presently the terrible plague of modern times, cholera, that ravaged Europe in 1854, made its appearance in the English and French armies. The site for the encampment at Varna had been badly chosen, and soon proved to be wretchedly unhealthy. The men were seized by hundreds with the dire disease, and perished with alarming rapidity. On board the ships, too, the pestilence raged; and one ship, the *Britannia*, lost 105 men in a few weeks. Moreover, Marshal St. Arnaud had marched three divisions of his force into the pestilential regions of the Dobrudscha, at the mouth of the Danube, and the loss of 10,000 men by disease was the result of this measure.

INVASION OF THE CRIMEA; THE LANDING AT EUPATORIA.

Meanwhile the news of the defence of Silistria and of the discomfiture of Paskievitch, had kindled alike in France and England a desire to achieve something great, and to inflict a decisive blow on the pride and ambition of Russia. In the Crimea, the ancient Tauric Chersonesus, a territory acquired by Russia in the time of Catherine II., had been built the mighty stronghold of Sebastopol, the great depôt of warlike stores for Russia in the Black Sea, and the haven where her fleet could lie sheltered in safety. The invasion of the Crimea and the reduction of Sebastopol was the scheme that now recommended itself to the governments of France and England; instructions were accordingly sent out to the commanders, and excellent arrangements being made for the

transport of the troops. The two armies, wofully thinned, alas! by the deaths of thousands of brave men from disease, were successfully carried across the Black Sea, and

which was effected in admirable order; only some Cossacks were seen, who quickly vanished; and the capture of a convoy of cattle was the first advantage gained. But



THE EXPLOIT OF CAPTAIN BELL AT THE ALMA.

landed on the 17th of September at Eupatoria, on the west coast, about thirty miles north of the great fortress, and near the banks of the river Alma.

No enemy appeared to oppose the landing,

here again difficulties had been thrown in the way by St. Arnaud, who seems to have been in continual fear of compromising his dignity by acting under Lord Raglan's direction. He thought the safety of the whole expedition

was endangered by any separation of the English and French forces, seeing that the Russians had a large and powerful fleet under the guns of Sebastopol, ready at any moment to swoop down upon the invaders. St. Arnaud had sailed away with the French forces apart from the English ; but at length, after incurring the risk of spoiling the whole plan by his waywardness, he came back, as if ashamed of his petulance, and the fleets proceeded in company, as they should have done at first. It is only fair to say that something of this waywardness in the Marshal must be ascribed to the effects of the disease which was bringing him to his grave. He had but a few days of life left in him when he landed in the Crimea.

MARCH TOWARDS SEBASTOPOL ; THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

The numbers of the expedition are given as about 30,000 French, 7,000 Turks, and 27,000 English, including 1,000 cavalry, an arm of which the French were destitute. The landing had been begun on the 14th of September, and was finished within five days. The march of the armies was directed towards Sebastopol. But the Russians, though they had allowed the disembarkation to take place unopposed, were prepared to dispute the advance of the allied forces, and had chosen their own ground with considerable skill. Southward of Eupatoria, where the invaders landed, and consequently across the route to Sebastopol, ran the river Alma ; and on the further side of this river Prince Mentschikoff, the Governor of the Crimea, had advantageously posted his force of 30,000 men on the heights, strengthening his position by batteries of cannon and by a great redoubt.

On the 19th there was some skirmishing with advanced bodies of Russian cavalry and Cossacks. The great struggle took place on the 20th. Mentschikoff appears to have thought concerning the invaders, as Cromwell expressed himself with regard to Leslie and his men at Dunbar, that "the Lord had delivered them into his hands." He is said to have boasted that he could, if necessary, maintain his position for three weeks ; and that the Alma would be to the Third Napoleon and his allies what the Berezina had been to the First.

He little knew the men with whom he had to deal. English and French were alike filled with warlike ardour ; though, as testified by the lists of killed and wounded, the former bore the burden and heat of the day. The river was crossed in the face of the astonished Russian army. The English advancing in line, attacked and broke the dense columns of their foes ; and after a stubborn fight of three hours, the great redoubt was taken and maintained, the English

flag being planted on it by a brave lad, Ensign Anstruther, who perished in the attempt. Among the men who especially distinguished themselves by their gallantry were the Highland regiments under the command of Sir Colin Campbell,—the 79th and 93rd, and the 42nd, the famous "Black Watch." The brief, soldier-like address of Sir Colin to his brigade on this occasion is eminently characteristic of the man who afterwards had so large a share in saving India in the time of the great mutiny. "Now, men," said the noble-hearted chief, "you are going into action. Remember this, Whoever is wounded,—I don't care what his rank is,—whoever is wounded, must lie where he falls till the bandsmen come to attend to him. No soldier must go carrying off wounded men. If any soldier does such a thing, his name shall be stuck up in his parish church. Don't be in a hurry about firing. Your officers will tell you when it is time to open fire. Be steady. Keep silence. Fire low. Now, men, the army will watch us ; make me proud of the Highland Brigade!"

Various deeds of individual courage achieved on this day have been recorded. Among the most important is the brilliant feat of Captain Bell, of the 23rd regiment, who, when the Russian artillerymen had limbered up, and were carrying off their pieces from the great redoubt, overtook the driver hastening away with a gun, and holding his revolver, which happened to be empty, to the man's head, threatened him with instant death if he did not halt. The terrified Russian slipped out of his saddle and made off ; whereupon Captain Bell turned the horse's head towards the English line, and the gun became the prize of the British army.

The Zouaves distinguished themselves by the dash and spirit they infused into their fighting ; but the French army, it has been generally allowed, was not skilfully handled on that day. Marshal St. Arnaud was wretchedly ill ; and, indeed, only outlived the fight a few days, dying on board the ship that was to convey him to Constantinople.

AFTER THE ALMA ; MARCH UPON BALACLAVA.

The fruits of the victory were chiefly found in the moral effect it created. But it is certain that it was not followed up with sufficient energy. The beaten enemy was allowed to rally too soon, and, indeed, was surprised at not finding itself pursued. One reason of this was in the want of cavalry, another in the reluctance of Lord Raglan to press his men too severely so early in the campaign. Subsequent revelations render it certain that had the allies pushed on at once to Sebas-

topol, they might have taken the city by a *coup de main*. But the delay of a few days will sometimes alter the entire aspect of a campaign. In this case it enabled General Mentschikoff, in conjunction with Todleben, the most distinguished engineer of the war, to put the city into a state of defence, and gave the allied army almost a year's hard work, involving the loss of thousands of lives.

It has been said by the author of the "History of our own Times" that this battle was a kind of heroic scramble; and that in a scramble some men are more fortunate than others. On this day one commander was certainly peculiarly unfortunate, namely, Prince Napoleon, whose division became so hopelessly entangled and clubbed in the advance as to be shut out from the conflict,—a circumstance which helped to fix upon its leader the imputation most damaging to the character of a soldier. The reputation of the son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, received a blow on that day from which it never recovered.

The allies meanwhile marched southward; and the appearance of Sebastopol, with its strong defences,—which had been increased by the throwing-up of new earthworks, while seven ships had been sunk across the entrance of the harbour to secure it from an attack by the fleet,—made them resolve to besiege the city in regular form. Accordingly they established themselves in camps to the south of the place, where they could co-operate with the fleets,—the English at Balaclava, the French at Kauriesh,—and the communication by sea would enable them to receive reinforcements, supplies of stores, and ammunition, and all requisites for the siege without continual molestation from the enemy.

FIRST ATTACK ON SEBASTOPOL; BATTLE OF BALACLAVA; CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The 17th of October, 1854, will always be remembered as a dark day of misfortune and failure in the annals of this war. It had been determined to attack Sebastopol by sea, and to bring all the great resources of the English and French fleets into play. But in an evil hour Admiral Dundas allowed himself to be overruled by the French Admiral Hamelin as to the position from which the ships were to commence the attack. Against his better judgment he gave way, and the result was dire failure; the French fire being silenced early in the day, and the English being only just able to maintain theirs throughout the fight, while Fort Constantine defied all their efforts to extinguish its resistance; though the *Agamemnon* and the few ships that could be brought to a point whence their fire was effective behaved gloriously.

On the 25th of October, a few days later, was fought the celebrated battle of Balaclava. The army of the Russians, strengthened by reinforcements, and encouraged by the issue of the operations on the 17th,—which had convinced the allies that Sebastopol was not to be taken "as King Hal took Teroneune, when he just laid his hand on it and it was done,"—made a spirited attack upon the English and French forces in the hope of cutting them off from Balaclava. The Czar's soldiers fought gallantly, as, indeed, they always did throughout the war; but they lost the day, being everywhere beaten back; and the battle was considered virtually over when the incident happened that immortalised the name of Balaclava in the annals of British heroism,—the famous charge of the Light Brigade. "There came an order that someone had blundered," sings Tennyson in his spirited poem on the Balaclava charge. It appears that Lord Raglan wished to retake a battery that had been taken from some Turks earlier in the day,—for the Turkish contingent in the Crimea were men of a very different stamp from the heroic defenders of Silistria,—and accordingly he sent an order to Lord Lucan, who was in command of the cavalry, ordering a charge upon this battery. To Lord Cardigan, whose duty it was to head the charge, an order was brought from Lord Lucan by a distinguished cavalry officer, Captain Nolan; and by a lamentable mistake, which Nolan alone would have cleared up, Lord Cardigan was made to believe that the order referred not to the battery taken from the Turks, but to the strong position "half a league onward," where the Russian cannon were posted, at the opposite end of a long valley at a distance of more than a mile. Though naturally amazed at receiving an order that seemed dictated by madness, Lord Cardigan felt himself bound in honour to obey it. As he would have to lead the charge, hesitation or inquiry might be open to an ugly interpretation. Accordingly, with the philosophical observation, "Then here goes the last of the Cardigans," he gave the order to mount, and the Light Brigade started on its fatal task.

The number of men who rode in that charge consisted of 130 of the 13th Light Dragoons, 145 of the 17th Lancers, 118 of the 4th Light Dragoons, 104 of the 8th Hussars, and 110 of the 11th Hussars, making a total of 607; and of these only 198, less than a third, came back into camp.

So soon as the brigade was in motion, Captain Nolan, who had carried the order, seems to have seen the misunderstanding. He galloped towards Lord Cardigan, probably to set it right; but at that moment a round shot struck him full in the chest; he remained erect in the saddle for a few mo-

ments, while his horse galloped onward, and then fell to the ground a dead man. Meanwhile the Russian batteries on the heights on either side of the valley plied the brigade with grape and canister shot as the English troopers rode past. "Cannon to left of them, cannon to right of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered." But still they rode on, their ranks continually thinned by the shot that came plunging in among them. Through the iron trail they reached the batteries they deemed themselves ordered to take. It has been rightly described as light cavalry charging an army in position. The batteries were silenced, those of the gunners who did not find safety in flight being sabred at their guns; and then the survivors of that gallant but wholly unnecessary exploit turned round and rode back to their own army, having once more to run the gauntlet of the flanking batteries as they passed. "Long shall the tale be told, how they rode onward!" It was a piece of heroism worthy of the comrades of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. The brave men had no choice but to obey orders. But the reflection will always remain that their lives were needlessly sacrificed. The comment of the French general, who declared the whole affair "very magnificent but not war," was perhaps the best criticism on the Balaclava charge.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS; MR. RUSSELL OF THE "TIMES"; OUTSPOKEN CRITICISM.

Thus on the 25th of October the Russian army that endeavoured to relieve Sebastopol was driven back; on the following day a great sortie from the city was repulsed; and the siege went on in regular form. And here for the first time was introduced an element that has since become a feature of every great war, but which would have considerably startled the great Duke, and would probably have excited in him disgust and indignation. The public at home, who took the keenest interest in every detail of the strife, were kept accurately informed of the course of events by the letters of correspondents despatched by the newspaper proprietors to the seat of war. Among these gentlemen, Mr. William Howard Russell, the representative of the *Times*, was *facile princeps*; and his graphic and faithful narrative was interspersed

with outspoken and not always favourable criticism, for which there was more than need.

The war had been undertaken, as it were, in the dark. The old routine of the commissariat department, the medical arrangements, the arrangements for the supply of war material and stores, everything, in fact, except the fighting, belonged to a past age, and was entirely inadequate to the needs of the time. Close upon the tidings of the Alma victory, which were received with an outburst of delight, the more vehement and hearty because they gave a triumphant refutation to the "nation of shopkeepers" theory, came news of a very different kind,—stories of entirely preventible and unnecessary want and hardship suffered by our brave

troops,—of lamentably defective hospital arrangements, and an unaccountable absence of the medical and surgical appliances and of those comforts for the sick which the commonest forethought and care ought to have provided. It was reported how a large consignment of saddles for the cavalry had been despatched to one port, while the corresponding bridles were consigned to another; how a large shipment of boots, anxiously awaited for the soldiers, who were almost barefoot, were found, on their arrival, to be all for the left foot; how a large cargo of coffee had been sent out without any appliances for roasting the beans, which were served out raw to the troops;



WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

and how, in fact, the commissariat and other departments had broken down lamentably,—and how, through the ignorance and neglect of responsible persons, far more men were being sacrificed in hospital and in camp than fell beneath the fire of the enemy.

These things aroused in England a feeling of profound grief and anger; and much of this anger displayed itself against the Government. Lord Aberdeen was known to have been opposed to the war from the beginning; and rightly or wrongly was suspected of pursuing it with a languor that was ominous of failure. By the beginning of the next year it was generally known that military and official red-tapeism and incapacity were, like devouring monsters, destroying our soldiers; that, as the *Times* forcibly expressed it, "Balaclava was a cemetery, and Scutari a

pest-house;" and Mr. Roebuck gave notice in Parliament for a committee of investigation. The Ministry "of all the talents," as it was called, opposed this application; and on a division the Government sustained such a defeat that resignation followed as a matter of course, and Lord Palmerston, who was known to be heart and soul against the Russians, came into power, thus gaining a great triumph over Lord John Russell, who had dismissed him from the Cabinet on the *coup d'état* question just three years before.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN; SOLDIER-SHIP AND GENERALSHIP.

But in the meantime a great battle—one of those soldiers' battles on which the country looks with especial pride, as proofs that the fighting power of the race has not decreased with the increase of ease and the conveniences of life in every class—had been won outside the walls of Sebastopol. On the 8th of November an unusual stir had been noticed by the men in the trenches to be going on within the beleagured city. There was much drumming and trumpeting among the besieged; and at times the shouts of men and the Russian "hourra" were heard. This seemed to portend some design in progress.

Those who had judged thus were right. Early on the morning of the 9th, an outpost sentry at the quarries of Inkermann, at the extremity of the English camp, heard what seemed to be the footsteps of a number of men approaching through the gloom. He fired his musket, and rushed to alarm the camp. It was an attack in force by an army of 50,000 Russians, under General Liprandi; and for hours there were only about 8,000 men, consisting of the Guards and three line regiments, to oppose the whole weight of the Russian onset. And on this occasion the Muscovites fought with a more grim persistency than ever. They had been inflamed to fury by the impassioned addresses of their officers, and by copious draughts of fiery spirit. Thus the struggle on the plateau of Inkermann was tremendous. As Wellington said of Waterloo, "it was a battle of giants." Of strategy and generalship there was simply none. The whole affair was a surprise. The soldiers saw the dark masses of their foes before them, and simply "went for" the long grey great-coats and black helmets, bringing down their foes as they best could, with bayonet thrusts, with clubbed muskets, and even with big stones seized up in the quarries and hurled at the advancing columns.

The terrible inequality of the battle was at length ended by the arrival of a large body of French troops under General Bosquet; and the Russian army retired sullenly within the precincts of the beleagured city,

having lost, it is said, 12,000 men. The English loss was estimated at 2,600, with nearly 150 officers; that of the French about 1,700. Inkermann was emphatically the great hand-to-hand struggle of the war, beginning before daylight, and lasting until the short November day was closing in. The *Times'* chronicler sums it up in a few words, as "the memorable battle of Inkermann, with its surprise, so little honourable to our general and the officers of his staff; its combats so glorious to our soldiers; and its results so fatal to the enemy and so memorable to us." It was a tremendous lesson to the foe as to what the British soldier can do, when he has to fight for his life against overwhelming odds.

THE TERRIBLE WINTER OF 1854-55.

The news of the splendid fight of Inkermann restored the courage of those weaker brethren at home who had begun to despond, and it seemed ungrateful to doubt for a moment the issue of a struggle in which we had such noble champions. But the difficulties of the army were only beginning; through the winter that began soon after, every form of want and suffering became familiar to our troops. "The army has been suffering in patience and in silence the most fatal and unnecessary misery," was the assertion of the leading journal, and the fact was too patent to be contradicted.

The winter of 1854 was one of unusual severity, and was ushered in on the shores of the Crimea by such a tempest as even the stormy Euxine in the roughest season of the year could seldom show. This storm made havoc of the camp, carrying away the men's tents, throwing down the wooden buildings in which large quantities of stores had been piled up; and on the waters it spread destruction far and wide among the transports and store-ships, many of which were sunk, some of them with their crews as well as their costly freight. The winter came upon the soldiers while they were still without warm clothing, nourishing food, medical stores, and general necessities; and the most lamentable part of the business was, that this want and misery resulted mainly from mismanagement. Balaklava, the seaport, is eight miles from the camp; and while the fine weather lasted a road should have been made. This had been neglected, and had now become impossible; and thus, while the ships in harbour were laden with stores, the camp was starving. "Within eight miles of them are clothes, food, materials for house building, fuel, and many other comforts," said Russell's account; "but the soldiers have been in rags, have been placed on half-rations, have been reduced to burrow in the ground for shelter, and driven to the utmost extremity to obtain

firewood from a surface of land saturated with rain. There have been guns and ammunition in abundance at Balaklava, while the siege has been interrupted for want of guns and ammunition." Indeed, during the winter months the siege became little more than a blockade; but still the men were patient and uncomplaining, and showed an admirable disposition, in which their officers set them a good example of making the best of very untoward circumstances. One very healthy symptom was noticed among all this dismal category of inefficiency and blundering. When it became patent that the military departments at home and the general system had hopelessly broken down, there was no disposition to hide or to excuse any of the blunders. On the contrary, open discussion, outspoken criticism, and in many cases unqualified censure became the order of the day.

In France, where, on the other hand, the only news that might be published from the seat of war was officially communicated by the Government, and every newspaper editor and proprietor lived in dread of the terrible "three warnings" or *avertissements*, after which his paper was liable to be suppressed, the condition of the French army, its behaviour, and every particular concerning it, were described in the most hopeful fashion; and, indeed, the Continent wondered at the revelations of incompetency and want of system voluntarily avowed in England. But there was another side to all this. Errors once frankly avowed in the face of the whole nation were sure to be quickly corrected; and it was not likely now that the country knew the truth that the mistakes of that fatal winter would be repeated.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT; CONTINUANCE OF THE WAR.

At the beginning of March 1855, a piece of news was flashed across Europe that took the nations by surprise and gave rise to various conjectures regarding the further prosecution of the war. The Emperor Nicholas was dead. That restless, ambitious man, who had spilt the blood of his subjects like water, and had deemed a seventh part of the world too small an empire to suffice him, had passed away from the scene of his labours and his crimes, before it was even generally known that he was sick. The immediate and ostensible cause of his death was congestion of the lungs, brought on by an attack of influenza. But to say that the autocrat of all the Russias died of a broken heart would be not far from the truth. For more than a quarter of a century his policy had been a preparation for the great game he had at last played and lost. Incessant anxiety, strenuous exertion, and bitter disappointment had all contributed to break down that colossal

frame; and the news of another baffled attempt of his army is said to have finished the ruin that overwork and hidden despair had begun. Never had a ruler so completely sown the wind to reap the whirlwind.

It was at first expected that his successor, Alexander II., would gladly seize this opportunity to put an end to a war for which he was not responsible. But not even a Russian autocrat is so entirely despotic that he can afford to slight the wishes and outrage the feelings of the great mass of his subjects. Russia had been deeply humiliated by the defeat during the war, to which, moreover, something of a religious character had been imparted by the manifesto of the Czar. There were strong hopes that the fall of Sebastopol might be averted; and in view of the doubtful state in which affairs then stood, the new Czar could not without risking his throne accede to a peace in which he would have to yield points of importance. Accordingly, with the spring active operations were resumed, and the prospect of a termination to the war seemed as remote as ever.

The Emperor Nicholas seems to have cherished a hope that the siege of Sebastopol would be abandoned at the setting in of the Russian winter. He had been accustomed to say that Russia had two generals on whom she could rely,—General January and General February; and the disappointment of this hope was finely illustrated at the time by the genius of John Leech the artist, who in a cartoon in *Punch*, entitled, "General Février turned traitor," represented Death in the Russian uniform laying his icy hand, not on the foes of the Czar, but on the Emperor himself. General February had turned his weapons against the monarch who claimed him as an ally.

Affairs assumed a better aspect with regard to the army as the winter passed away. Strenuous exertions were made to remedy the evils that had caused the collapse, and gradually such improvements were made that operations could be resumed with vigour. Among the reforms carried out, none were more important than the improvements in hospital management, and in the important science of nursing the sick. These improvements are due in a great measure to the energy and self-devotion of Miss Florence Nightingale, a lady who had made all questions connected with nursing in hospitals a subject of study for many years, and had gained practical experience of the working of various institutions at home and abroad. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary for War, induced Miss Nightingale to proceed to the East with some ladies qualified and willing to act under her directions, and a staff of reliable and skilful nurses. The hospital at Scutari soon assumed a very

different appearance, dirt and confusion disappeared, and for the first time it was fully recognised that sanitary hygiene and thoughtful care and tending of the sick have at least as much to do with the chances of recovery as medical skill. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of the work done by Miss Nightingale and her devoted band of gentle English ladies during the Crimean war.

THE BALTIC FLEET; BOMARSUND; HANGO;
THE BLACK SEA FLEET; THE STRAITS
OF YENIKALE.

The naval operations of the war had, on the whole, until now, occasioned disappointment, though that disappointment seems to have been based partly on a somewhat vague estimate of what the ships were really expected to effect, and upon the glorious traditions of such fights as Camperdown, the Nile, and Trafalgar. A repetition of such triumphs was not to be hoped for in the present war, because the Russian fleets would never, either in the Baltic or in the Black Sea, run the hazard of a general engagement. In the one case the ships took refuge in the harbour of Sebastopol; in the other they were safely ensconced behind the batteries of Cronstadt. The "Thrasonical brag" of Admiral Napier had accordingly little relevance to the actual state of affairs. The one great thing that must have cast lustre on his name would have been an attack on the Russian fleet, and its capture or destruction in spite of the fortifications of Cronstadt. There were different opinions as to the feasibility of such a scheme; but at any rate Sir Charles did not attempt it. Afterwards, as Member of Parliament for Southwark, he made a violent onslaught on the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, on whom he laid the blame that not more had been done. Sir James was not slow to retort, and hinted at incapacity in the commander as the reason why the Baltic fleet, reviewed before its departure by the Queen in person, and furnished with every appliance of modern warfare, had brought home so few trophies. The country, perhaps unreasonably impatient, seemed inclined to divide the blame equally between both; and there was much laughter at *Punch's* clever picture of "The great mud-flinging match between Charlie Pot and Jamie Kettle."

Yet the naval operations in the north were not without their value. The destruction of Bomarsund, a stronghold intended to be for the Baltic what Sebastopol was for the Black Sea, put an end to a menacing danger; and the injury inflicted on the enemy by the capture of merchant ships and the stoppage of his maritime trade, suggested many useful scruples as to the peril of provoking a dangerous enemy.

An incident that called forth a shout of execration was the so-called massacre of Hango Head, where a boat's crew rowing ashore under a flag of truce was treacherously fired upon by Russian soldiers, and some of its occupants killed, in defiance of the laws of civilized warfare. Far more important, however, were the operations of the Black Sea fleet. The first attempt at bombarding Sebastopol from the sea was, as we have seen, a failure; and the action of the Russians in sinking ships at the mouth of the harbour between Forts Paul and Constantine, precluded all chance of a stand-up fight, such as took place when the French and Spanish men of war came sailing out of Cadiz Bay in 1805; but the sailors, formed into a naval brigade, had done very valuable service on shore; and the fleet itself, by forcing the Straits of Yenikale, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, by the subsequent taking of Kertch, and the destruction of an immense amount of stores considered by the enemy to be in complete safety, had been of great and signal use.

Another ally had also joined the Western Confederacy. This was the King of Sardinia, who, acting under the advice of Count Cavour, proceeded to establish a claim on the consideration and gratitude of the English and French nations by sending a force to co-operate in the great work then in hand. The Piedmontese soldiery were fortunate in having an opportunity of proving their gallantry, when their position at Traktir Bridge, on the Tchernaya, was fiercely attacked by the enemy, in a desperate attempt to raise the siege, on August 16th; and the gallantry with which they behaved greatly raised the nation and the cause they represented in the opinion of Europe, and gained for the kingdom of Sardinia a place at the council-board of European sovereigns when the articles of peace came to be discussed.

OPERATIONS OF 1855; THE 18TH OF JUNE;
RENEWED EFFORTS; FALL OF SEBAS-
TOPOL.

Early in 1855 Lord John Russell was despatched on a mission to Vienna, to endeavour to bring about a peace on conditions that should guarantee the integrity of Turkey, and limit the pretensions and check the ambition of Russia. The negotiation failed entirely; and Lord John Russell himself was very severely criticised and driven from office, on the ground that he had advocated at Vienna a policy he afterwards denounced in the House of Commons. His reputation as a statesman suffered great damage; for the English are rather disposed at all times to forgive injudicious counsel

manfully persisted in than a weak halting between two opinions.

The visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to London, where they were received with the most cordial hospitality by the Queen and the Prince Consort, seemed a token that the Anglo-French alliance was in a healthy condition, and the *coup d'état* forgotten.

At the beginning of June the allies thought the time was at hand for striking a decisive blow, and putting an end to the tremendous labours of the protracted siege. On the 7th of that month an important outwork, the Mamelon, and another important post, were captured; and arrangements were made for a general attack on the 18th, a day considered to be of good omen, for it was the fortieth anniversary of Waterloo. But the attempt, though followed up with the most self-sacrificing gallantry, was repulsed by the stubborn foe; and the shock of this misfortune, acting on a frame weakened by long and strenuous exertions and by sleepless anxiety, brought on an illness which carried off Lord Raglan with terrible suddenness.

The regret at the loss of a brave and devoted chief was increased by the unhappy favouritism that was allowed to prevail in the choice of his successor. General Simpson, who now became Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, had not a single qualification, except seniority, for the important post assigned to him. And, indeed, one of the greatest advantages gained through the Crimean war was the conviction forced upon England that family influence and wealth and military traditions must no longer be allowed to bar the way to merit; that the system of "taking care of Dowb" (an expression borrowed from a telegram that was sent to head-quarters at the same time with the intelligence of General Simpson's appointment to the command, and meant that an officer named Dowbiggin was to have something done for him) was a pernicious one, unworthy of a great nation.

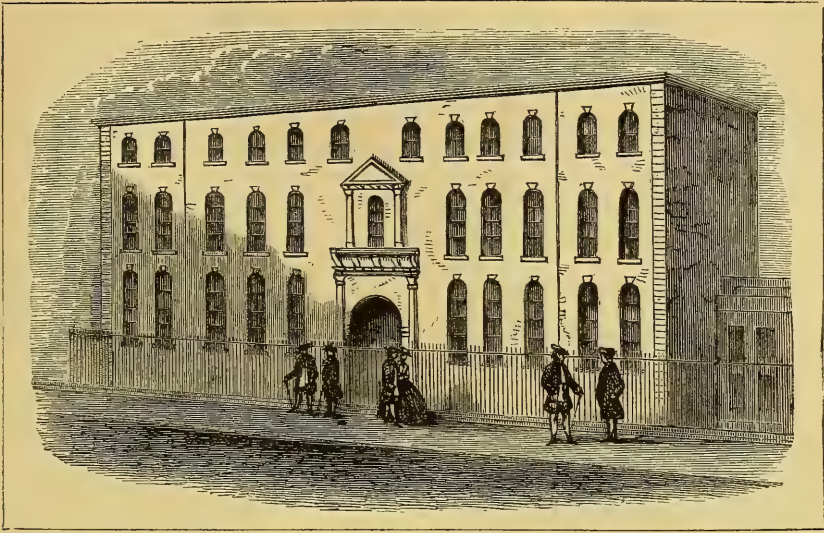
The disastrous effect of the appointment of General Simpson was quickly seen when the question of a new attack upon Sebastopol came to be discussed. After the death of Marshal St. Arnaud the command of the French army had devolved upon General Canrobert, who, feeling himself unequal to

its responsibilities, had resigned it in favour of General Pelissier, a veteran whose skill had been proved in Algeria, where his reputation for humanity, however, had suffered grave injury by the suffocation of some hundreds of Arabs in the caves of Dahra. The Mamelon, held by the French, was but a few yards from the important Malakoff tower, a most important position. On the other hand, the Rifle pits, the position gained by the English, was a long distance from the Redan battery, which it was their task to take, and during the whole way the attacking force would be exposed to a withering fire. It was felt that General Simpson erred gravely in thus allowing an almost impossible task to be allotted to his army, while the French had only to attack a point within fifteen yards of their trenches.

The result was as might have been anticipated. The French succeeded in their attack on the Malakoff, over whose tower the tricolor was soon waving. The English attacked the Redan most gallantly, succeeded in mounting the parapet, but could not establish themselves in the place, for the supports urgently required to back up their attack were not sent. General Simpson would attempt nothing more that day, alleging that the trenches were too crowded; but in spite of wretched generalship, the task of the allied armies at Sebastopol was done. The bombardment of the last few days had terribly shattered the place, and Prince Gortchakoff, conscious that it was no longer tenable, moved his army from the south to the north side in the night on a bridge of boats, leaving the city a heap of ruins.

With the taking of Sebastopol the war virtually ended, although the Treaty of Paris, by which it was definitely closed, was not signed until the 30th of March, 1856. The chief stipulations were: That the integrity of the Turkish Empire should be acknowledged; the navigation of the Danube thrown open; the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia were to be placed under the protection of the Western Powers; but the article that chiefly hurt the pride of Russia,—a clause, indeed, from which she has contrived at a later period to shake herself free,—declared that the Black Sea should be neutralised, its navigation being open to the merchant ships of all nations, but to the armed fleets of none.

H. W. D.



THE OLD SOUTH SEA HOUSE, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE:

THE STORY OF A SPECULATIVE MANIA.

"See Britain sunk in Lucre's fœtid charms,
And France revenged of Anne and Edward's arms."

How the Bubble Rose—The South Sea Company—The Bait held out—John Law in France—The Mississippi Scheme—Excitement in Paris—Excesses and Speculations—Failure of the Mississippi Scheme—Fate of Law—Reverses—Plan to Pay the English National Debt—The Bank and the South Sea Company—Passing of the Bill—The Race for Wealth—A Cloud of Bubbles—The South Sea Scheme *in excelsis*—The Beginning of the End—Fraud—A Falling Off—Ruin and Retribution—Nemesis.

HOW THE BUBBLE ROSE.

WE will here place two instances of public credulity together; although the circumstances of each are different, yet there is a similarity between them, inasmuch as the subscribers to the "Mississippi Scheme" and the "South Sea Bubble" were all and severally actuated by the same idea—love of gold, a desire to make money.

"Gold," we are told in the opera of *Roberto il Diavolo*, "is a chimera." Perhaps; at any rate it has a great many followers, and if, like a "Will-o'-the-Wisp," the desired property escape the grasp of the pursuer, he will never believe he was in error. The "luck" was against him—neither his common sense nor his own action was at fault; his greed did not lead him to plunge madly into speculation. No; he was tempted. Yet our first parents could and did plead so much. The serpent beguiled them; the Golden Calf has wondrous power of attraction too.

The notorious South Sea Company had its origin in the fertile brain of Harley, Earl of Oxford. The Ministry (Whigs) had been overthrown, and a large deficit appeared likely in the public accounts,—for the credit of the nation was not of the best in 1711. There had been many troubles in the latter period of Anne's reign. Harley himself had been stabbed by Guiscard; a few weeks after his re-appearance he was created Earl of Oxford. The Government and Court had fallen into a most degraded state at this time. Bribery and corruption, intrigues and manoeuvres of all kinds were rife, and when occasionally some good action appeared it was brought about by base and unworthy means. Such was the state of things when Harley proposed to put public credit right by providing for the Army and Navy expenses, and for the floating National Debt of ten millions.

A Company was formed, and the merchants who composed it agreed to take all the responsibility if the Government would guar-

rantee them 6 per cent. This arrangement was agreed to; and in order to secure themselves certain permanent duties were imposed. The duties upon silks, tobacco, wines, and certain other articles were appropriated to pay off the guaranteed interest, and then the South Sea Company became an accomplished fact. Harley dangled the bait of riches from Spanish seas in the eyes of the creditors. People had heard of the riches of the territories beyond the sea, and every one fancied that when the Company had obtained the monopoly of trading thither the gains would be enormous. So they would have been, no doubt, had the Company possessed the desired permission. However, the Company was incorporated; it was entitled by Act of Parliament as "The Governor and Company of Merchants of Great Britain trading to the South Seas and other parts of America."

But the English Minister had reckoned without Philip of Spain. By the Peace of Utrecht, negotiated under Lord Bolingbroke, the *Assiento*, or privilege to supply the Spaniards in South America with negro slaves from Africa, had been ceded to England instead of remaining with France; but Philip did not see the use of extending trading permission to his rivals. The contract was limited to the despatch of one vessel a year with a cargo of goods, and this privilege with the *Assiento* was handed over to the South Sea Company by the Government. The King of Spain likewise imposed hard conditions upon the concession, and Oxford and his party were greatly incensed and disappointed at the turn of affairs. Nevertheless, the public supported the South Sea Company, although the first cargo could not sail till 1717; but after all nothing came of the arrangement, for England and Spain fell out (in 1718), and the South Sea Company's factories were suppressed and their agents cast into prison. Things looked serious when Parliament met in 1717, and King George pointedly referred to the state of public finance in his speech, and recommended that some decisive measures should be adopted to reduce or extinguish the National Debt. The Bank of England and the South Sea Company each came forward as the most entirely disinterested saviour of their country, and made certain proposals to Parliament. The latter Company offered to accept a reduction of interest to 5 per cent. if their capital of ten millions were increased to twelve. "The House debated for some time, and finally three Acts were passed called the South Sea Act, the Bank Act, and the General Fund Act. By the first the proposals of the South Sea Company were accepted, and that body held itself ready to advance the sum of two millions towards discharging principal and interest of the debt due by the State. By the

second Act the Bank received a lower rate of interest for the sum of £1,775,027 15s. due to it by the State, and agreed to deliver up to her cancelled as many Exchequer Bills as amounted to two millions sterling, and to accept of an annuity of £100,000, being after the rate of 5 per cent., the whole redeemable at one year's notice. They were further required to be ready to advance in case of need a sum not exceeding £2,500,000 upon the same terms of 5 per cent. interest, redeemable by Parliament. The General Fund Act recited the various deficiencies which were to be made good by the aids derived from the foregoing sources."*

JOHN LAW IN FRANCE.

It was just about this time that Law was reaping the fruits of his Mississippi scheme in France. The Rue Quincampoix was the meeting-place for all classes of society. John Law had the control of all the State finances, and had created the Royal Bank of France. Favoured by the Regent, notes were manufactured, and the whole country was inundated with a paper currency, and, notwithstanding the opposition of the Parliament, Law prospered. In 1719 a grant was made to the Mississippi Company of the exclusive privilege of trading to India, China, and the South Seas, and to all the French possessions. New shares were created, and such a brilliant prospect was held before the public, that the applications for these new shares numbered six times the amount of the issue. The Rue Quincampoix was daily and nightly besieged by applicants. No one could drive up, for the people blocked every approach. The grand dames had to come on foot; courtesy was put aside; ladies were elbowed by merchants, servants, and Churchmen. There was no respect of persons. The thirst for gold had seized upon all alike; and as in the desert men will fight for a drop of water, so in the Rue Quincampoix they jostled and fought for the approach to a Scotch adventurer. Buying and selling was the order of the day. Jewels, title-deeds, private papers, even contracts were carried to the Bank premises to be changed into scrip. Anything that would fetch money was carried there, and from six in the morning until nine at night, the pressure and struggling of the maddened crowd almost exceeded belief. Soldiers were employed to clear the street, thieves came boldly forward and robbed many a *grande dame* of all she had in the world.

Law, of course, was all-powerful, and the most extraordinary tales are related of the manner in which high-born ladies schemed and plotted for an introduction. One told her coachman to upset the carriage when

* Mackay

he perceived Mr. Law approaching, and for many days the opportunity did not occur. At length the desired occasion arose; the coachman acted faithfully, the carriage was injured, Law came to the lady's assistance, and ushered her into his house. Once there the lady confessed the stratagem, and became a subscriber to the Mississippi Stock. On another occasion a lady raised an alarm of fire, and caused Law and the other guests to hurry away from table. The alarmist, however, "went for" the financier, who, seeing the danger (of the interview), and perceiving the plan, hurried away in an opposite direction. The state of things in Paris can hardly be realized now. Many servants, and amongst them even Law's own coachman, made large sums of money by gambling. Thousands of new shares were created, and hundreds of thousands could have been disposed of. "There was paper enough afloat to build a church as high as Nôtre Dame," said the people. Payments in specie were forbidden if above the value of ten louis, and before very long all cash circulation had virtually come to an end, and any one who was suspected of retaining sums of money was denounced by friends or acquaintance or servants. A son actually laid information against his father, and it is a significant commentary upon the low state of public morality to relate that public indignation was aroused against the Regent because, instead of rewarding the miserable informer, the Duc d'Orleans caused him to be arrested.

One day the Duc was himself called upon by the President Vernon, who said that he had come to lay information against a man who was keeping back five hundred thousand livres. The Regent was very indignant, but justly rebuked the President. "Ah!" he said, "you are descending to a sorry trade in informing me of such a thing." The President smiled grimly as he answered, "I denounce myself only; the money is mine—at my house; if my money is for the King's service it no longer belongs to anybody, and I prefer gold to the Controller's notes."

But though there was a certain farcical side to the assumption of the many beggars so suddenly put upon horseback, and although suddenly enriched tradesmen and artificers gave themselves airs, the losses of others were the cause of great crimes. The Count d'Horn and a friend actually murdered a broker for his money. The crowd demanded vengeance, and it was satisfied. Notwithstanding the appeals and interest made for the young man—notwithstanding his youth and good looks and all his pride of race—he suffered. Philip of Orleans, although connected by ties of kindred with the assassin, permitted the law to take its course, and

made no effort to save the homicide. He and his accomplice were broken on the wheel in the Place de Grève; a terrible punishment and a warning.

Until the opening of the year 1720 the tide of extravagance continued to flow in Paris. No one seemed to heed the warning that paper money alone must ere long ruin the public credit, and bring destruction and ruin upon speculators, and even lead France to bankruptcy. Now and then some speculator would carefully take his notes to the Bank and get cash for them, then investing the proceeds in diamonds, send his wealth away in safe keeping, or remit it to England till the bubble had burst. For there were not wanting signs that the great financier's scheme was beginning to collapse. An application was made by the Prince of Conté for some Indian stock, and Law, who considered himself a far greater person, declined to oblige the Prince. The latter was very indignant, and at once demanded the value of his shares in specie. Three carts were sent to the Bank, and the money was carried away in open day. This gave the people a hint, and many brokers acted upon it; but the "many headed" populace declined to sell, and blamed the Prince of Conté for his ill-judged call. De Conté was personally unpopular, while Law was then in high favour. Had he not enriched Paris, given an impulse to trade, and made hundreds of fortunes? Law applied to the Regent complaining of De Conté's action, and so influenced Orleans that he peremptorily desired the Prince to refund two-thirds of his money to the Bank, and De Conté was compelled to comply. But the stone had been taken from the foundation, and could not be replaced in its former position. The Bank began to feel the want of support, and as smaller deposits were reclaimed day by day, soon a feeling of distrust crept in, and the public, as liable to panic as to the hope of gain, began to feel uneasy. Specie was becoming scarce, money was being sent out of the country, and notwithstanding an edict published which declared coin to be 10 per cent. below the value of paper, the latter did not obtain any accession of confidence.

The natural consequences now began to show themselves. People retained what little gold they possessed, paper was not sufficient to keep trade going, and a desperate expedient was at length resorted to by Law. He prevailed upon the Regent to forbid specie payments. This was the most unpopular edict that could have been promulgated. People were denounced if they were seen with even a golden "louis," and the whole country was speedily ripe for revolution. The value of paper money was entirely destroyed, and no one was permitted to purchase any

precious stones or to retain more than £20 sterling (five hundred livres) in his possession in specie. Things could not exist long, and a bold stroke was commanded. Shares in the Bank and the paper notes were declared to be only one-half their full value. This was a rough-and-ready mode of equalising matters, as it had been ascertained that there was twice as much paper in the country as there was coin.

FAILURE OF THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

The Parliament declined to pass the suggested edict and to reduce the value of the currency, and the notes were accordingly declared of full value again. On that edict being promulgated, the Bank stopped payment; then Law was dismissed, and most terrible scenes were enacted. People rushed to the Bank demanding specie, and were refused payment. Cries and curses with scenes of violence prevailed. The cashiers through the iron gratings could only endeavour to appease the multitude, and fortunate it was for the Bank officials that they were protected by the gratings. Still the consternation and fury of the people increased. A man fell and was at once trampled to death. Ere long two others equally unfortunate succumbed, and a cry of horror arose from the crowd as the three dead bodies were carried to the Palais Royal to be exhibited to the Regent as his handiwork.

Meanwhile Law had presented himself at the Palace, and had been denied admittance. He hastened home, and barely escaped the vengeance of the populace. His hotel was attacked, and his family assailed in the streets. A guard was despatched to preserve the house from attack, but even the sturdy Swiss found their protection unavailing, and Law was removed to the Regent's apartments under arrest to save him from the vengeance of the people. Neither the Regent nor the King's name could quell the popular excitement so long as the author of it was in the country and a Director of the Royal Bank. It is related that he even persuaded the Regent that the finances could be restored, and laid many plans before the Duc with that object. The Regent seemed to believe the financier, and even took him to the opera to show his confidence in him. But when the audience perceived the Scotchman in the Royal box they testified their indignation in no measured terms, and Law thought it more prudent to withdraw. He retired before the performance came to a close, and hurried away to Fresnes to find the ex-Chancellor, D'Aguesseau, who had been formerly dismissed for opposing the Mississippi scheme. His aid was now sought, and people had great faith in his honesty of purpose and in his capability for restoring the public credit. But even his

influence was not sufficiently great, and disorder still reigned.

D'Aguesseau was brought to Paris, and the unpopular edicts concerning the possession of money were immediately rescinded. Any one could keep what money he pleased. Thus a feeling of security was established, and a project was set on foot to dispose of the discredited notes. Twenty-five millions of new notes were made at 2½ per cent., the revenues of the city of Paris being pledged for their redemption; the Bank's paper was called in and burned in front of the Hotel de Ville, to the great delight of the spectators and holders of new notes. The Bank was then opened again, and coin was provided to pay off the notes when tendered.

The market for rates of bonds was in the Place Vendome, and there men and women fought and struggled to obtain the money. Silver and copper was paid away by the Bank, and had to be carried somehow, inconvenient though it was.

"On the 9th of July the multitude was so dense and clamorous that the guards stationed at the entrance of the Mazarin Gardens closed the gate and refused to admit any more. The crowd became incensed, and flung stones through the railings upon the soldiers. The latter threatened to fire upon the people. At that instant one of them was hit by a stone, and taking up his piece he fired into the crowd. One man fell dead, and another was severely wounded. It was every instant expected that a general attack would have been made upon the Bank" (Mackay).

The progress of the popular measures is expressed in the following rhyme, translated by the writer from a French ballad sung in the streets about this time, and quoted in "Scenes Historiques."

"Monday shares I had obtained—
Tuesday millions I had gained :
Wednesday furniture I bought—
Thursday I a carriage sought :
Friday eve I gave a ball,
And next day was in hospital !"

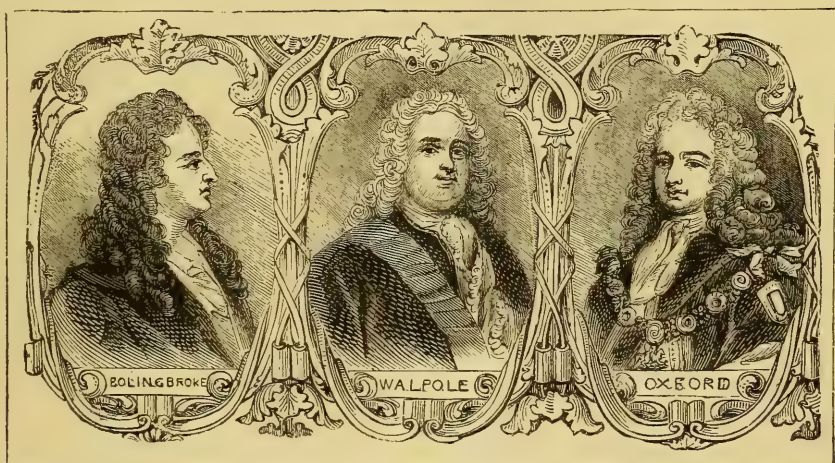
This is but a sample of the many epigrams and ballads which were sung at the time. Of course also numerous caricatures were printed and eagerly purchased. In all of these Law, or "Lass" as he was called in French, was subjected to torment and obloquy in various ways. And so Paris amused herself while bleeding from many national wounds inflicted. Law wisely kept indoors, or when he did leave his apartments it was in a closed carriage or surrounded by a guard of soldiers. In October the whole of the Mississippi Company's privileges were withdrawn, and as a consequence the shareholders were called upon to pay up the full value of their holdings. This they declined to do, and many attempted to escape; some succeeded, but the majority of the would-be

travellers were arrested, and the most stringent application of the law was directed to be imposed upon them.

LAW A FUGITIVE.

The author of all the prosperity and its terrible reaction speedily discovered that France was not the land in which he could any longer dwell in safety. His life even was not secure from day to day, and he requested permission to retire to the country. The Regent assented, and even offered Law money to leave the country. This the latter refused, and departed to Venice. Law said at that last trying interview with the Regent, "I confess I have committed many faults. I committed them because I am a man, and all men are liable to error; but I declare to you most solemnly that none of them proceeded from wicked or dishonest motives,

Louis XIV., who rejected it. Law went into Italy and studied his monetary schemes, fully believing in them himself. Circumstances favoured him, and the confusion which reigned in France gave him the opening he had long desired. He presented himself to the Regent and was favourably received. The Duc d'Orleans disliked trouble, business was a worry and a care. Law put his schemes before him and would save him all the trouble of financing, and finally a bank under the title of Law's Bank was established. This was the first round of the ladder, and the Scotchman stepped boldly upon it. He paid notes on demand and in current coin—that is, in the coin current at the time the issue was made. At that time specie deteriorated in some cases very suddenly, and therefore when Law paid full value, no matter what the market value was, his fame as a public



STATESMEN OF THE "BUBBLE" PERIOD.

and that nothing of the kind will be found in the whole course of my conduct."

Many people have condemned Law as a knave and as a man who took good care of himself and raised a fortune upon the ruins of other people's wealth. He has been called hard names, and an adventurer he doubtless was,—a gambler certainly. From his youth up he had been vain and ambitious and a favourite with woman-kind. Chronicles tell us that he was at one time named "Beau Law" by women, and sneered at by men as "Jessamy John." He was a most successful gambler, and in the favour of ladies of all classes Law made the most decided advances or they were made to him. In consequence of one of these affairs he was challenged to a duel, and shot his adversary dead. Law was thereupon arrested, but managing to escape, he hastened to France, where he proposed a financial scheme to

benefactor rose high. His notes superseded coin, and were valued more highly; the country felt they had a man of genius to guide them. Prosperity again peeped in, and commerce held up its head. The Regent was delighted, and favoured Law in every way. Then the great Mississippi Scheme was broached. Its rise and progress and its fall we have sketched.

John Law fled from France, and left it, as has been declared, "almost a beggar." He certainly possessed no property out of France except what personal effects and jewels he took with him. Everything he had possessed was confiscated, and nothing would have pleased the people more than his arrest and execution. To say that he was not desirous of wealth and power would be absurd. He was ambitious, and brought his undoubted financial talent to bear upon the confused state of things in France. He found a remedy

but he was too sanguine, and fell, as he thought, a victim to the enmity of the people. Whatever may be advanced against him, it must be confessed that he seems to have believed in the success of his plans; and it is certain that he died in poverty and obscurity. He was the cause of no advantages that he did not share, it is true; but when the reaction set in he willingly went with the tide, and did not seek to enrich himself at the expense of those who have been called his victims.

He seems to have entertained some hope that after all he might be recalled to France to heal the financial troubles of that country, but when the Regent died all such hope, if he seriously relied upon it, was taken away. He passed some time in England after the breaking of the South Sea Bubble, but finally retired to Venice, where, in the year 1729, he died in poverty. The following epitaph was written upon him: "Here lies the celebrated Scot, an unequalled financier, who by his rules of Algebra crippled France." The original was written in verse, and in French, thus:—

"Ci git cet Ecossais célèbre
Ce calculateur sans égal
Qui, par les règles d'Algebre
A mis la France à l'hôpital."

Now we may pass from the Mississippi Scheme to English affairs.

A PLAN TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT.

It was while John Law was holding his Court in Paris, and his clients were struggling who should be first in applying for shares in the great scheme, that the managers and directors of the South Sea Company were engaged in making themselves secure, and began to solicit parliamentary influence on their side. Their project was nothing less than the payment of the National Debt of England, and we will see how they prospered.

The King had returned from the Continent at the end of the year preceding, November 1719, and had opened Parliament; and the Bill for limiting the Peerage was one of the first that received the Royal assent. It was during this session, in January 1720, that the House in Committee undertook the consideration of the public debts. The South Sea Company conceived the notion that they could pay off the national liabilities by an extended trade. Sir John Blunt, a financier modelled upon Law's pattern, who was Chairman and one of the influential minds in the directorate of the South Sea Company, proposed and argued in favour of the scheme for consolidating the funds, and endeavoured to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer to that view. Sir John Blunt's proposal included the extinction of the irredeemable annuities which had been granted during the reign of Queen Anne for periods of ninety-

nine years, and the entire extinction of the National Debt within a period of twenty-six years, provided that the funds were so massed and that certain commercial privileges were bestowed upon the Company. The State debts amounted in all to £30,981,712, and this great sum was to be cleared off in the time specified, interest at 5 per cent. being paid to the Company until Midsummer 1727. After that date it was proposed that the State should have the option of redemption, when interest would be reduced to 4 per cent.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Aislabie) opened the debate in the House of Commons in February 1720, and in a powerful speech in favour of the proposal, he contended that the suggestion of the South Sea Company ought to be entertained by the House. He said that if the proposal were carried through prosperity would rapidly follow and the nation would be free. Mr. Secretary Craggs followed on the same side, and assumed that the proposal would be immediately welcomed by all in the House. However, this confidence was not at once responded to. Members had evidently not made up their minds to the great advantages pointed out in the Chancellor's speech. The Government had done its best to introduce the subject in rosy colours, but quite fifteen minutes elapsed before any one continued or rather took up the subject. At last Mr. Broderick, the Member for Stockbridge, rose, and while expressing his confidence in the proposal, and though willing to assist the Ministry in bringing the country to its former position—a position which could not be assumed until the National Debt was discharged—yet he thought some advantage would be gained by throwing open the subject to competition, so to speak. There were other great financial establishments besides the South Sea Company. The nation was entitled to make the best bargain it could, and he ended by proposing that other corporations should be invited to tender, as it were, for the accomplishment of the much-desired end.

The Government, or rather its Ministers, had scarcely expected this. They had counted upon the acceptance of their proposition, and had committed themselves to the South Sea Company through the Chairman, Sir John Blunt. They were quite unprepared with any alternative scheme, and had no opposition to offer to the not unreasonable proposal. Finding themselves in a corner, they lost temper, and showed fight, talking at random. With assumed virtuous indignation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer denounced the alternative suggestion as undignified, as putting the nation up to auction, and that no haggling details should be permitted to interfere with such a spirited arrangement, that it should be carried on

with that spirit, etc. A remark that it was that spirit which had nearly ruined the nation did not tend to improve the temper of the Ministers, and the insistence by Sir Joseph Jekyll that the matter should be approached without heat and not hurriedly, brought up Aislabie to explain, but he was only laughed at. Mr. Walpole then proceeded to argue in favour of the amendment which had been suggested, and strongly recommended that the proposals of other corporations or capitalists should be received.

A wrangle ensued with the Ministers, who declared Walpole had now put forward a far less practicable scheme, but the member proved his opponent wrong in figures and in facts. The result was that the Chairman of Committee vacated his place, and the House resuming, agreed to Mr. Broderick's amendment to receive all proposals that might be sent in. The Bank of England had a good deal of support in the House, and a plan which promised such advantages to the Company undertaking it was not to be thrown aside by them, or to be handed over without a struggle to a financing company of untried capabilities while the Bank stood aside. An old public servant was not to be thrust out by a new comer, however brilliant his promises. So the Ministerial proposal was postponed for five days to give time for tenders and applications to be made.

THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

Bidding became very brisk. The South Sea Company agreed to incorporate £30,000,000 of debt into their stock, and the sum of £3,500,000 into the exchequer on the terms already referred to. The Bank suggested a three-years' purchase, which, when compared with their opponents' proposition, showed an advance of £2,000,000 sterling. The South Sea Company, however, held a meeting, and decided to outbid the Bank of England at any cost. They accordingly made a second proposal, offering not only £500,000 more, but also four-and-a-half years' purchase upon all the annuities they should take into their capital stock, which, had the whole been taken in, would have amounted to £3,567,500; thus their whole offer was equal to £7,567,500. Besides all this they offered to circulate £1,000,000 in exchequer bills gratis, and to pay 3 per cent. interest for that £1,000,000, as also one year's purchase upon such annuities as should happen not to come into the Company's capital before March 1st, 1721.*

This extravagant offer quite put the Bank in the shade; and, although that corporation came forward again and endeavoured to retrieve itself, the South Sea Company's scheme

was accepted, and the preparation of the Bill was proceeded with. While this was being done, the Company actually endeavoured to absorb the East India Company and even the Exchequer; and, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all the rest. But this bold stroke fortunately was opposed, and though it was never seriously believed by the public, even the very possibility of the Company being in a position to make such an offer, sent up the stock to 126 per cent. at the Christmas 1719.* It was at one time suggested that the Bank and the Company should divide the transaction between them; but Sir John Blunt is reported to have said, "We will never divide the child,"—referring, of course, to the "judgment of Solomon."

The discussion in the House followed, and Walpole opposed the measure vehemently. More sharp-sighted than the rest, or more honest than his opponents, he perceived the ultimate determination of all these schemes. He foresaw the South Sea Company masters of the finances of the country, and that gambling on 'Change, already rife, would only be increased by such impossible terms as were promised fulfilment. If such business were encouraged, every one would hasten to enrich himself to the neglect of his solid business, and a spirit of gambling would arise to ruin them. So he proposed a limitation of the stock, that the premium should cease at a certain figure, and he endeavoured to introduce a clause, as the Bill was going through the House, to the effect that the South Sea Directors should be compelled to fix the number of years' purchase they would grant to the annuitants. But this suggestion was negatived, Walpole's warnings were disregarded, and the Bill passed the Commons on the 2nd of April, by a majority of 117—172 to 55. No delay was experienced in the Lords. On the 4th the Upper House carried it, notwithstanding some strong condemnation, comparing it to the "Trojan horse" which contained the hostile troops of Greece at the siege of Troy. "It was ushered in with pomp and acclamation, but contrived for treachery and destruction." The King assented to the measure in a few days, and then Walpole published his veto in a pamphlet; but, Cassandra-like, his prophecies were unheeded. Yet, notwithstanding his condemnation of the Ministry, Walpole was on the eve of accepting office under them. On the 4th of June he was named Paymaster-General, after he had succeeded in reconciling the King and the Prince of Wales.

While the debate was proceeding in the House the Directors of the South Sea Company were not idle. They set various rumours in circulation, and did all in their power to

* Northonek's "London."

* See Anderson's "History of Commerce," vol. ii.

increase the price of their stock, and succeeded. Spain was to grant the English every facility for trade. Silver and gold were to be as drugs in the market, and 300 or 400 per cent. was stated to be the advantage awaiting the successful or indeed any speculator with the Company. Such baits took. The greedy public swallowed hundreds of pounds like so many oysters. There was no limit to the credulity of the people, and any warning from the Lords was looked upon as was the cry of the poor fanatic who called out against Jerusalem before its destruction, or of "Solomon Eagle" in the story of "Old St. Paul's." As soon as the royal assent to the Bill became known London went mad. Change Alley became a centre for the greatest gambling that perhaps even London has ever witnessed. The Royal Exchange was then no more. It had played itself out in fire, the bells chiming "There is no luck about the house" as it was being consumed; and the South Sea House was the centre of the mercantile interests at that time. The old "South Sea House," in Threadneedle Street, is now "New South Sea Chambers," but in those days it was a very important and "handsome brick and stone" edifice. In Lamb's "Elia" that charming essayist mentions the building, and moralizes upon it.

"Reader," he says, "in thy passage from the Bank, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I daresay thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide and disclosing to view a grave court with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out,—a desolation something like Balchutha's. This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul has long since fled. Peace to the manes of the Bubble! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud home for a memorial! Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation, with the Bank and the 'Change and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces insulting thee, as it were, their poor neighbour out of business. To the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me—old house, there is a charm in thy quiet, a cessation, a coolness from business and indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful. With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms at eventide! They speak of the past,—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would float by me, stiff as in life!"

Every one hastened into the city to buy South Sea stock, and the excitement was a rival to that which had existed in Paris the year before. The nation became intoxicated with the increasing thirst for gold, and though for a day or two after the Royal assent had been given to the Bill the stock fell a little, perhaps purposely, to let the Directors bring in their friends on easy terms, in a short time

it rose. Five days after, on the 12th April, the rate of subscription was £300 per cent., and at this two millions were rapidly subscribed. Then it rose to £340, and allotments sold for double the instalments paid up. The struggle for scrip was tremendous on 'Change.

"There stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble,
To buy and sell and see and hear
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
"The greatest ladies thither came
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley!"

A journalist of the time has placed on record the following:—

"Our South Sea equipages increase daily. The city ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea houses; the gentlemen set up South Sea coaches and buy South Sea estates. They neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and tithe; for the rest they take all by the lump, and pay forty or fifty years' purchase."

But the Directors were by no means satisfied with their venture even then. In order to keep their promises they were obliged to exaggerate everything, and by playing upon public credulity endeavour to meet their engagements. They gave out that the next dividend would be 10 per cent., and those who had not invested were thus tempted, while those who had plunged, sought to add to their holdings and to reap thereby more profit. The plan succeeded well enough. A million sterling was quickly netted, and a premium of 400 per cent. was put into the pockets of the Company, and the stock rose by degrees and by official artifice finally to 1,000 per cent.

MORE BUBBLES ARE BLOWN.

The term "bubbles," which so aptly describes the character of these undertakings, was invented by the public about this time, when so many spurious schemes were set on foot to beguile investors. When Parliament had been prorogued, the Ministry had forbidden all formation of new companies, and had issued a royal proclamation to that effect, inveighing against any raising of stocks or shares without legal authority. But in the then existing state of the public mind such a prohibition was useless. Every day fresh and, in many cases, ridiculous proposals met with ready acceptance. No doubt many of the associations professed worthy objects, not so much because they were for public benefit as for their own—that is, the benefit of the promoters. This is still the idea in Stock Exchange circles. The trail of the serpent is over them all. The only business was



THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE EXCITEMENT; A SCENE IN CHANGE ALLEY.

done in gambling. To quote a financial authority of the period, we may add: "The South Sea stock must be allowed the honour to be the gold table, the better sort of these bubbles the silver tables, and the lower sort the farthing tables for the footmen."

The extraordinary purposes for which these bubbles were originated would astonish all who are not acquainted with them had we space to give them in detail. Yet they were received in good faith, and money was eagerly subscribed. We have seen a list of no less than eighty-six such schemes. In Anderson's "History of Commerce" full information will be found upon all these topics, and the absurdity of some of them is apparent. We take a few at random:—

- "To make salt-water fresh.
- To make oil from flower seeds.
- For extracting silver out of lead.
- For importing jack-asses from Spain, in order to obtain a finer breed of mules.
- For the fattening of hogs.
- For the supplying the town of Deal with fresh water.
- For a wheel for perpetual motion.
- For assuring of seamen's wages.
- For furnishing the city of London with hay and straw."

One very adventurous and ingenious person actually put forth a Company entitled "A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." The ingenious gentleman referred to opened a small office one morning, stating in his prospectus that he required £500,000 in 5,000 shares of £100; £2 to be paid on application, the interest to be £100 per share per annum. Even on these terms so many subscribers came in that in a few hours the adventurer had netted £2,000, and wisely or unwisely decamped the same night. There is no reason to doubt that had he required £5 per share on application, he would have obtained it as easily. He was a minnow amongst the South Sea Tritons. Even the Prince of Wales was infected with the prevailing epidemic, and lent his name to a Company against the remonstrances of his advisers. Mr. Secretary Craggs, himself deeply involved in the scheme, writes to Earl Stanhope:—

"Though the Speaker and Walpole wrote to dissuade the Prince from his being governor of this Copper Company—though they told him he would be prosecuted and mentioned in Parliament, and cry'd in the Alley upon the foot of Onslow's insurance, Chetwynde's Bubble, Prince of Wales' Bubble, etc.,—he has already got £40,000 by it."

Again, writing to Pulteney, he says:—

"It is impossible to tell you what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowd of those that possess the redeemable annuities is so great that the Bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables in the streets."

We need scarcely dwell longer upon the scene. Every one can picture the wild excitement. Verses and caricatures became common. We have already noticed the fact that the name "South Sea" was applied to many articles just as "Pickwick" gave his name to a cigar, and Taglioni to wearing apparel, as things were in Duvernay's day *a la cachuca*, and later still named after the polka. Epigram and satire poured upon the bubbles, which burst almost as soon as they were blown, and worst of all incurred the opposition of the great South Sea Company itself. "That bubble was then full blown," as Mr. Mackay remarks; and Prior says, "I am lost in the South Sea! The roaring of the waves and the madness of the people are justly put together." Sir Isaac Newton was asked when the bubble would break, and replied that, "with all his calculations, he had never learned to calculate the madness of the people."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The opposition of the South Sea Directors to the smaller fry was unfortunate for their own scheme. Like the rod of the patriarch, they wished to swallow up all the others; and by directing public attention to the absurdities and shortcomings of others, they let some light in upon themselves. Under such circumstances a little rift will speedily be enlarged; a tiny aperture in an embankment of a reservoir will soon let the water forth. This pin-hole let a stream of light and truth in upon the South Sea Bubble, the breath of suspicion was too strong—it broke it! In August 1720 the mania had reached its culminating point; the stock stood at 1,000. But when it became publicly known that Sir John Blunt, the good Methodist Chairman, who was apparently piety itself, had taken advantage of the public confidence and quietly sold out at an enormous premium, taking with him many of the Directors, then the duped or self-duped investors began to think there was something wrong. The Directors were soon accused of partiality, and the stock began to decline with alarming steadiness.

Such a state of things could not be allowed to continue, and the Directors were determined to put a stop to such a tendency if they could. A meeting was called, those interested—and who was not?—sought admittance, the Directors mustered in force, and the Deputy-Governor was put in the chair. Mr. Craggs made a speech, and while advocating union, thanked the Directors for their conduct of affairs; and a Mr. Broderick declared that the South Sea Corporation had brought peace on earth, and made all people happy. Self-congratulation was the order of

the day; but all the votes of confidence passed failed to assure the public, now aroused to a sense of danger. Scarcely had the glorious prospects and wondrous goodness in past days been sounded, than the stock of this beneficent Company fell deeper and deeper still to 640, and in twenty-four hours had gone down another 100 per cent., and so on till it stood at 400.

It is worth remarking that when the Company had been at its highest state of prosperity the Directors had proposed to merge the East India stock and the Bank of England in their undertaking. The stocks of those corporations rose respectively up to 445 and 260. Thus, says a writer, the value of these advanced stocks and that of the South Sea Company equalled five hundred millions sterling, *five times the current coin of all Europe*, and double the value of all the land in England. Fabulous riches were promised to stock-holders, and enormous rates of interest were held out to investors. The profits were to be obtained from the exclusive trade and the difference in the interest paid the differences in the price of stock; the premiums being enormous, etc. These fabulous profits are thus touched upon in a contemporary ballad—

"What need have we of Indian wealth,
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.

"Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds,
They bring in wealth, 'tis granted,
And lodge their treasure in the clouds
To hide it till it's wanted."

Even then the first symptoms of decay were to be noted, and when the shares had touched 1000 per cent. the expected reaction set in, and "beggars no longer rode on horse-back."

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Broderick to Chancellor Middleton will show the pitch to which events had risen in September 1720. Speaking of the arrogance of the Directors of the South Sea Company he says :—

"Wee made them kings, and they deal with everybody as such; those who submit and subscribe are at their mercy, those who doe nott are to be oppress in such manner as shall make what is due to them of little use, . . . while the gaine obtained by fraud and villanous practices is to turn to their advantage. I foresaw this from the beginning, and have as many witnesses of it as persons as I converse with, but I owne I thought they would have carried on the cheat somewhat longer. Various are the conjectures why they suffered the cloud to break soe early. . . . Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary; what the consequences of that will bee time will shew. I know what I thought from the beginning, and feare itt is very near at hand. The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond expression, and the case so desperate that I doe nott

see any plan or scheme so much as thought of preventing the blow, soe that I can't pretend to guess att what is next to be done."

Again he writes, a few days after :—

"A great many goldsmiths are already gone off, and more will daily. I question whether one-third, nay one-fourth can stand itt."

Mr. Broderick was right. Nothing that the Directors could do was able to place the Company up to their former position. As the Chancellor D'Aguesseau had been recalled from his retirement at Fresnes to put the French finances right, so Walpole was recalled from Houghton to steer the ship of State safely out of the South Sea shoals. His advice, which had been scorned and derided in the day of prosperity by many, was now eagerly sought. His clear head and business talents were reckoned upon to pull the dupes out of danger. He was implored to come and make terms with the Bank, and endeavour to induce that corporation to take up a portion of the South Sea bonds and circulate them.

But the Bank did not appear to enter into the negotiation even when Walpole came up in response to the public request. They feared, not unnaturally, that they would be drawn into the vortex with the sinking Company, and overwhelmed with it. Still they found they had no alternative. As the National Institution they must endeavour to save the nation from the effects of its folly, and after a conference with a numerous and influential assembly of merchants the Bank agreed to circulate a certain amount of the South Sea bonds.

Next day the dying Company held a large meeting to consider the proposal of their great rival, and authorized any arrangement with the Bank which the Directors thought right to make. It is needless to say that the public anxiety was very great, and general consternation was only slightly abated by the report of these negotiations.

The Bank Directors sat to receive the news of the result of the Company's meeting, but were informed that no decision had been arrived at. At last it was decided to meet the South Sea Company half way, and to endeavour to make some arrangement for supporting the public credit. An account was opened for a subscription of three millions at 5 per cent. interest and £15 deposit, and it was at first eagerly responded to. But just then the news of John Law's flight and disastrous ending came to England, and panic again set in. The French edict declaring Law's paper money worthless, aggravated the distress; Hope spread her wings, and the South Sea stock fell faster and faster. A run set in, and the Bank even was in a quandary. Bankers and others were in difficulties; they could not stem the current.

Many were "broke" and fled, and the Sword-Blade Company had to suspend payment. This panic set in on the 28th of September. Fortunately the next day was kept as a holiday in the city, and the Bank of England was able in the interval to make arrangements for its own protection. The South Sea Company was abandoned to its fate, the suggested plan was never carried out, for the Bank declined to pursue the scheme. South Sea stock fell to 135 and even lower. But on that Michaelmas Day it reached 175,—25 per cent. discount! The tactics of the Directors had proved abortive. Their offers of 50 per cent. dividend had failed to secure a response. The ruin came quickly when the Bank withdrew its support, and the Company, which had a narrow escape of being legalized upon the 1st of April, died on the eve of the great "goose" anniversary.

So many had suffered that it is no easy matter to enumerate the professions of those who were ruined. Clergymen and laity, lords and ladies, were all included. Even Gay the poet, who had had some hundreds given him by Craggs the younger, lost his investment, which had, when he declined to sell it, risen to the value of £20,000. Although his friends urged him to part with his stock, which, be it remembered, had cost him nothing, he declined. He was begged by Fenton to sell a portion of it, so as to "ensure him a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day," but the poet, dreaming of splendour in the future, persisted in retaining his stock, and the result was disastrous. Gay was greatly affected by the calamity, says Johnson in the "Lives of the Poets," and sank so low that his life was endangered.

This was a loss, and many thousands had a like fate. But Ministers, including Walpole, who had so persistently abused the South Sea scheme, and yet who were not above dabbling in its stock, "got out" without any loss, and in most cases with immense profits. The people heaped indignant words upon all connected with the Company, and the "very name of a South Sea man grew absolutely abominable in every country." From the Prince of Wales downwards, epithets were heaped upon all connected with it; but all this time the people, the ordinary stockholders, who had lost, did not seem to think themselves to blame in the least. They discharged their attacks upon those above them, and no one will deny that the Ministry and the Directors of the Company were greatly to blame; but the British public was angry because they lost, not because the transactions were questionable. Had they all come out gainers—though such a thing was impossible—there would have been no uproar, no matter what commercial sins the South Sea Company had been guilty of. Swift has

left on record his impressions of the time in the following verses:—

"There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, tho' deep as hell—
Change Alley is the dreadful name.
"Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold, and drown.
"Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."

The King had been hastily summoned from Hanover, and he arrived in England in November. Just a year before he had opened Parliament, and had put before the House the question of the public debts; now he had to arrange or sanction a means of securing the nation from bankruptcy. Parliament was summoned for the 8th of December, and meantime people thought nothing was too bad for the authors of the South Sea scheme.

THE RESULTS OF THE GAMBLING.

There were but very few righteous to be found in the city. It is stated by those who took pains to enumerate the numbers of the highest class in England who did *not* plunge into the South Sea Bubble, that Lord Stanhope with the Dukes of Argyll and Roxburgh were the only three. Lord Townsend was generally considered guiltless, while Walpole, Sunderland, the Duke of Portland, and others made and lost immense sums. Several noblemen were actually reduced to beg colonial appointments. But it was rumoured, and not without foundation, that the King and his Ministers—particularly the latter—had made large profits. It is undeniable that bribes of immense amount were distributed in stock by the pious Sir John Blunt and his more worldly associates to ensure the Parliamentary success of the scheme. Walpole, however, at the King's request, undertook to manage the business, and devoted himself to it with success, as will be seen.

When the King opened Parliament he recommended prudence and care in dealing with the great question before the House, and it was necessary to find a remedy for the great evil which had fallen upon the country in as pacific a spirit as possible. Notwithstanding the common sense of this advice, the debate which ensued was very acrimonious and bitter against the Directors of the South Sea Company. Walpole had spent much time in maturing his proposal, and had succeeded in gaining the consent of the East India Company and the Bank of England to engraft some portion of the dishonoured stock of the "Bubble" on theirs. But the general feeling in the Commons was revenge, and members apparently cared more for the hu-

miliation of Stanhope and his colleague Sunderland than for all the schemes for the restoration of the public credit.

THE SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

Pulteney moved the address that memorable day, and assured His Majesty that the House would approach the subject with all care and due temper, and proceed to apply such remedies as would restore confidence and credit. An amendment was suggested that the address should state, "as far as was consistent with the honour of Parliament, the interest of the nation, and the principles of justice." This amendment of Shippen's was seconded, and a violent debate followed. The Ministers came in for a share of invective, and the Directors of the defaulting Company of course got no quarter. Sir J. Jekyll hinted that some who were not Directors were equally or almost as criminal, and hoped they would be punished. Lord Molesworth was very bitter and excited. He declared that the Directors were truly the paricides of the country; that as such they should be judged, and, following the Roman precedent,—which decreed the sewing up of paricides in sacks and casting them into the Tiber,—he advocated the like judgment upon the authors of the South Sea scheme, and that they should be thrown into the Thames. In the Parliamentary history of the time these very vehement opinions, shared by many members, will be found in full.

Mr. Walpole endeavoured to allay the storm. His idea was to restore the confidence of the nation before any measures were taken to punish the offenders. If London were set on fire, he urged, we should not waste time in endeavouring to inquire after the incendiaries; we would first endeavour to extinguish the flames. "Public credit had received a dangerous wound, and lay bleeding, and they ought to apply a speedy remedy to it. For my part, I never approved the South Sea scheme; but since it cannot be undone, it is the duty of all good men to assist in retrieving the mischief. With this view I have already bestowed some thought upon a proposal to restore public credit, which in proper time I will submit to the wisdom of Parliament." The result was the amendment was negatived; but next day a most revengeful clause was added and carried. On the 12th of December the Directors were ordered to lay a full account of all their proceedings before the House; and Sir Richard Steele declared that England—a nation of greater weight and credit than any other in Europe—had been reduced to distress by a few "cyphering cits"—a species of men of equal capacity—the faculty of cheating alone excepted—with the animals which had saved the Roman Capitol! This

pleasant little hit was duly appreciated. Mr. Walpole objected to the Directors being thus called up before the House; but the motion was carried, and the Directors were called upon to account for their proceedings.

This was on the 12th. On the 14th complaint was made of the slow progress made. Next day some documents were forthcoming, and four days afterwards a Select Committee was moved. On the 21st December Walpole introduced his remedy, which proposed to "engraft nine millions of South Sea stock into the Bank of England and a similar sum into the East India Company on certain conditions." The remaining twenty millions were left to the South Sea Directors to account for. A Bill was brought in, and after some opposition was carried, the Directors and all concerned in the Company being at the same time prevented from quitting the country. The Act likewise forbade any transfer, documentary or otherwise, of their estates or other property. These Bills were quickly carried, and the irrepressible Jacobite, Shippen, determined to have a fling at Craggs, the Secretary of State, and, while admitting that it was a good move to restrain the Directors of the Company, said there were other men in high places who were no less guilty! As he gazed sternly at Mr. Secretary Craggs at the time, that gentleman rose and declared he was willing to give satisfaction to any man if such a remark were intended for him! A tremendous uproar ensued—Lord Molesworth joining in the defiance—until Mr. Secretary Craggs condescended to explain that he meant only verbal or documentary "satisfaction"; and eventually a Committee of thirteen was appointed. The Directors begged to be heard in their own defence, but that was denied them, and the Select Committee proceeded to examine the books and papers of the Company. This body was known as the Committee of Secrecy.

When these arrangements were perfected, a great excitement was caused by the intelligence that Knight, the cashier or treasurer of the South Sea Company, had fled, carrying with him some very important documents. He had managed to escape in disguise, and reached Calais in safety. No such commotion had been caused in London for years. The doors of the House were ordered to be locked, and the keys laid upon the table, and if an enemy were at the gates of the city a greater alarm could scarcely have been excited. The House at once voted a petition to the King, to command the arrest of the fugitive, and to offer a reward for his apprehension. No time was lost, and the same evening the royal proclamation was issued, and the sum of £2,000 was offered for the arrest of Knight.

In the House the excitement did not speedily subside. General Ross, one of the Committee, said that "a train of the deepest villainy and fraud that hell ever contrived to ruin a nation" had been discovered. Four members—Directors of the defunct Company—were immediately expelled the House, and summarily arrested, and all their papers were seized. Messengers were sent to the Continent to request the arrest of Knight if he could be found. The "good" Sir John Blunt was summoned to answer for his deeds, but declined to criminate himself upon the ground that he had already answered the questions put by the Committee of Secrecy. He could not be induced to remember anything, and was ultimately desired to withdraw. And now arose a very painful debate, which had serious consequences. The young Duke of Wharton, already notorious as the leader of the Hell-fire Club,—a young man of brilliant talents and unrivalled profligacy,—rose in the House, and made a most scathing attack upon Earl Stanhope. The latter, with much indignation and excitement, denied the charges made against him. The Duke had compared the Earl to Sejanus, who had sown dissension in the Imperial family, and made the Emperor hateful to his subjects. Such an attack was too great, and the Earl, with much warmth, retorted, reminding the Duke of Brutus, who had sacrificed his worthless son. The Earl was terribly angry, and was led from the House suffering from a determination of blood to the head. Next day he died! He was a great loss to the nation, and it is stated that the King regretted him very deeply and sincerely. As for the young Duke, he was much affected, and seldom spoke in the House again. He resumed his wild courses, and finally degenerated to such a level that he was attainted for treason in after life.

NEMESIS.

We now have arrived at the last act of the drama,—or tragedy it might be called, for ruined people became desperate, and at least one death is attributable to the South Sea Company. The Secret Committee presented their report to the House of Commons on the 16th of February, 1721, at the same time premising that the greatest difficulties had been put in their way. Certainly the Report was calculated to astonish all but those who had been behind the scenes. The manner in which the books of the Company had been kept was, to say the least, curious. No cashier or book-keeper, no manager, could have been ignorant of the nature of the entries unless he was aware of the utter falsity of the whole business. In these days we occasionally hear of "cooked" accounts, of manipulation of moneys and false entries,

but any modern swindling in these respects—at least any that comes to light, for are we not improving in everything, even in fraud?—have not shown the barefaced contempt for the public that the South Sea Company displayed. False and fictitious entries were plenty. In many cases large sums of money had been entered to the credit of blanks! The names were known but not entered, so no claim could be made against the individuals in the event of collapse. Leaves were wanting, books and documents were missing, erasures and alterations were frequent. Entries of fictitious allotments had been made to facilitate the Bill in the first instance, and entries of sales at absurd and entirely false and imaginary prices, showed by what means the Company had been floated in the first instance. These were some of the facts and transactions brought to light.

The Committee had, however, by strict cross-examination, unearthed these facts. The officials were rigidly questioned. It was discovered that the Directors held stock for imaginary purchasers, and had actually disposed of scrip to the amount of one million two hundred thousand pounds, to be held for intending purchasers. But these people never appeared, and had made no deposits on account, nor given any other security. The reason of this was apparent. If the scheme succeeded the people thus interested would claim their holdings, for it was quite understood that certain blanks represented certain grand personages. If, on the contrary, the Company came to a sudden end, these persons had nothing to fear. It was a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose"! The manipulation of this amount of stock had been placed in the hands of the "good" Sir John Blunt, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Chester, Mr. Holditch, and the wily cashier Knight, who had been apprehended near Liège by the British Minister at Brussels, and placed for safety in the castle at Antwerp. We may add that negotiations for his surrender were proceeding, when the object of so much solicitude escaped from custody, and put an end to the controversy.

But the Committee found plenty to occupy them in London. Of the sums placed to the credit of certain persons to induce them to carry the Bill through Parliament, we find the following amount of stock:—

To the Earl of Sunderland, at the request of Mr Craggs	£50,000
To the Duchess of Kendal (mistress of George I.)	10,000
To the Countess of Platin (a lady of equal standing)	10,000
To the two nieces of the Countess	10,000
To Mr. Craggs (senior)	30,000
To Mr. Charles Stanhope, Secretary to the Treasury	10,000

This gentleman had also received the further sum of £250,000 in "differences" through the Brokers, in whose books his name had been altered to Stangape. It also came out that Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had had dealings in South Sea stock to the aggregate amount of £754,450, and had advised certain subscriptions without any legal reason, and in defiance of warrant. "That on the third subscription Aislabie's list amounted to £70,000, Sunderland's to £160,000, Craggs' to £659,000, and Stanhope's to £47,000, and that in the pawned stock which had been sold, there was by means of Mr. Knight a deficiency of £400,000.* After this sensational report there were several others issued, but through the absence of documents, and particularly of one of the chief offenders, Knight, the Committee were unable to clear matters up as fully as was desirable.

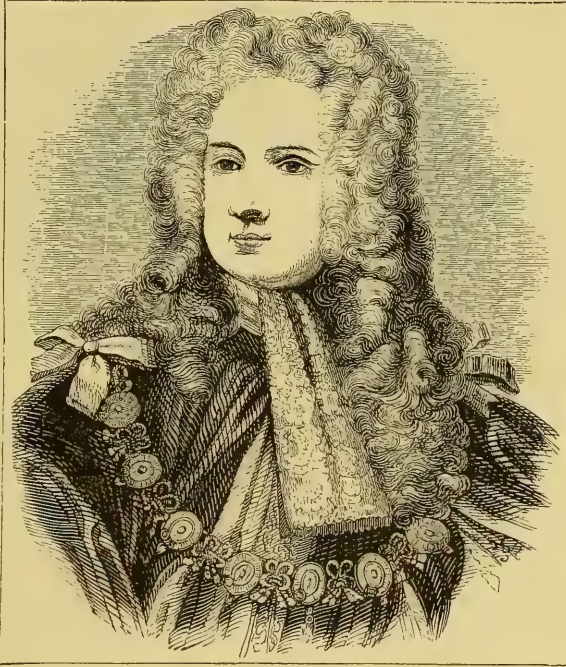
THE FATE OF THE DIRECTORS.

The report was laid before the House, and even as it was being read to the indignant and revengeful members assembled, secretary James Craggs, one of the most implicated individuals, died of small-pox, and anxiety no doubt accelerated his end. The father of the deceased Minister, who held the appointment of Postmaster-General, was so affected by the disclosures that he took poison. Meanwhile a Bill passed through Parliament for the relief of those who had suffered, and the Directors were condemned to make good, as far as their means went, the loss occasioned to the public. No doubt this was just in a certain sense; but there must have been many individuals not connected with the Company, except as brokers and "jobbers," who made large fortunes, but were never called upon to

make good the losses incurred. Punishment to be deterrent should fall alike upon all the parties concerned. The public were deluded, it is true, but they were also warned fully and repeatedly that the Company was not all that fancy painted it. It was right that the swindle should be exposed, the swindlers punished, and their gains taken from them. Still we doubt whether they should have been prosecuted and made to disburse the estates and money they had possessed before the South Sea scheme was initiated.

But the losers of course thought otherwise, and Mr. Charles Stanhope was first brought to the bar of public opinion. He pleaded

non-responsibility, and threw the blame upon his brokers and Mr. Knight. He had paid for his stock, and as to that unfortunate change of name in the broker's books he was quite ignorant of it. It was pretty evident that the name in the books had been altered from Stanhope, and things would have gone very badly with Mr. Stanhope had not his relatives made all the interest possible. By the exertions made, and in consideration for his lately deceased uncle, Lord Stanhope, who, it will be remembered,



GEORGE I.

had died after his passage of arms with the Duke of Wharton, the accused was acquitted by a narrow majority of three. There could be no moral doubt of his liability, and popular discontent ran very high. The mob was very indignant, and riots were anticipated.

The most important criminal was next arraigned. Mr. Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, a prominent statesman, was accused of encouraging the South Sea Company in its extravagant and illegal proceedings for his own benefit, and had conspired with others to that end. His guilt was patent. No one cared to defend him. After a debate in which he found little favour, he was declared guilty, and ordered to be expelled the

* "Pictorial History of England."

House of Commons. He was at once committed to the Tower and ordered to render an account of his estate, so that it might be applied for the benefit of the sufferers. There was no excuse for him. A person in such an important office should have been above using the influence he possessed for the ruin or deception of the public whose financial position he should have secured. The general satisfaction with which the late Chancellor's sentence was received indicated pretty plainly in what direction the feelings of the multitude were tending. Bonfires were lighted on Tower Hill, and the populace danced round the flames like so many demons rejoicing over the condemnation of a soul. The delightful intelligence that Sir G. Coswell, the head of the firm of brokers Coswell, Tamon, and Co., had also been expelled the House and sent to the Tower, was the signal for renewed acclamation and rejoicing.

The Earl of Sunderland's was the next case examined, but there was no direct evidence to compromise him. He was declared to have been rather a dupe than a knave, a tool of the Directors,* and it was stated that he lost large sums in the Company. He was acquitted by a majority of sixty-one, but the people refused to believe in his innocence. Scenes similar to those which had greeted the Stanhope judgment took place, and all London was in a ferment. Mr. Craggs died at this time, as already mentioned, and, some say, by poison.

But although the public mind and the Commons House had dealt rigorously with some of the delinquents in high places, the verdicts and sentences pronounced upon them fell far short of the decisions promulgated against the Directors of the South Sea Company. Nothing was too bad for them; while the Court favourites who had prospered, the grand ladies and the favourites of the King, were permitted to retain all they had grasped, the Directors were trampled ruthlessly underfoot. These "monsters of pride and covetousness," the "Cannibals of Change Alley," these traitors to their country, were persecuted, not prosecuted. Legal forms were not strictly followed. Their estates were confiscated, and many of them were reduced to far greater straits than they had ever been, and made poorer than when they had begun. "Several of the Directors," says Macpherson, "were so far innocent as to be found poorer at the breaking up of the scheme

than when it began." No distinction was made—all were adjudged to be equally guilty, and a general confiscation took place. A list is on record of the sums allowed.

In an old History of London we find the particulars. Out of his fortune, stated to be £183,000, Sir John Blunt, the Chairman, obtained only £5,000. In such proportions were the awards made—Sir John Fellows got £10,000, Sir John Lambert £5,000, out of fortunes estimated at £243,000 and £70,000 respectively; Gibbon, the grandfather of the historian, was likewise allowed £10,000 out of £106,000—such was the violence of the proceedings and the arbitrary manner in which the cases were treated.

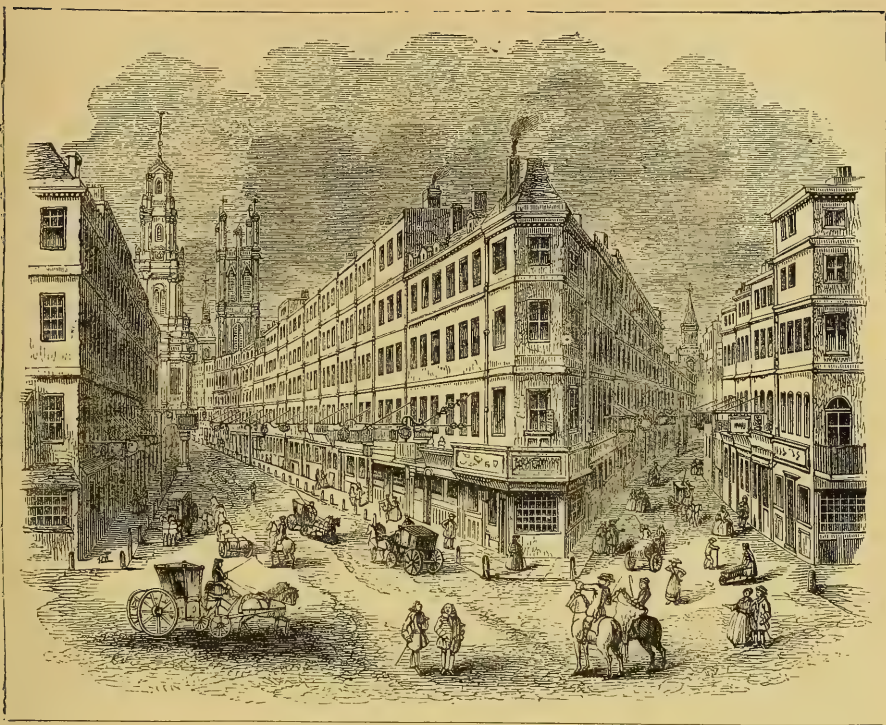
The Earl of Sunderland resigned the Premiership, and was quickly succeeded by Walpole, on the 2nd April, 1721, one year from the passing of the South Sea Bill; and for more than twenty years this great statesman retained his long-desired position at the head of affairs. But the nation now looked to him to restore public credit, and his first care was directed to that object. In the address to the monarch the evils and the remedy were pointed out, and the resolutions to re-establish credit which had already passed the House were incorporated in a Bill. The whole stock of the South Sea Company was put down as £37,800,000. When the reading of the Bill was proceeding the proprietors of the redeemable funds claimed that they should not be condemned to lose a penny, and an uproar was excited so great that constables had to interfere. The Riot Act was read, and many individuals arrested, who cried out, "You first pick our pockets and then send us to gaol for complaining." The result of Walpole's measure was that the proprietors obtained a dividend of something over 33 per cent. The charge has been brought against Walpole that he concluded a collusive bargain with the Bank of England, and made a good thing out of the transaction; but the accusation was never supported.

So the great and extraordinary excitement ended. Thousands were ruined, and a few were enriched. Subsequent panics seemed to show that the public had by no means lost its craving for riches. But into these speculations it is not our purpose to enter. We have stated facts as we have collected them, and we close our paper wishing

"PEACE TO THE MANES OF THE BUBBLE."

H. F.

* Mr. Broderick to Lord Middleton.



CORNHILL AND LOMBARD STREET IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WHAT CAME OF A "NO POPERY" CRY:

THE STORY OF THE GORDON RIOTS.

"Toleration is a late ripe fruit in the best climates."—BURKE.

A Vast Meeting in St. George's Fields—Lord George Gordon—Other "Trojans"—Catholic Relief Bill, 1778—The London Protestant Association—Coachmaker's Hall—The Mob in Palace Yard; Their Behaviour—Peers and Bishops Assaulted—Scenes in the Commons—Gordon Threatened—Friday Night—Chapels Attacked—Saturday's Grim Repose—Probable Influence of the Weather—Sunday—Riot in Moorfields—Monday—Three Divisions of the Mob—Savile House Gutted—Edmund Burke the Statesman—Tuesday—Scenes at the House—"Jemmy Twitcher"—Burning of Newgate—Richard Hyde and Barnaby Rudge—Burning of Mansfield's House—Clerkenwell Prison—Black Wednesday—Flight of Catholics—Dr. Johnson's Stroll—Langdale's Distillery Burned—The Prisons Fired—Attacks on the Bank—London under Martial Law—Edward Dennis *alias* Jack Ketch—Thursday—After the Carnival—Trial of Lord George Gordon.

A PROTESTANT MOB; SAINT GEORGE'S FIELDS.

THE threatening aspect of the sky on the 1st day of June, 1780, bursting forth into loud thunder claps and bright lightning flashes in the evening, augured badly for the weather of the next day, and thousands in the squares and purlieus

of London, looking out of their windows into the night, or cosily sheltered in the ale-houses from the north-east wind, had reason to fear that Lord George would not have so large a muster of patriots on the morrow as his "glorious cause" deserved. But in the night the strong wind fell to a soft whisper from the south-east, and the sun rose in the

heavens as he ought to do in the heart of summer, beating bright and hot on the rooftops and on the great dome of St. Paul's cathedral. The city and its suburbs were astir betimes; and in the early morning groups of men and lads, with a sprinkling of women, in holiday costume, from the rope factories of Wapping, from riotous, silk-weaving Spitalfields, from golden Clerkenwell, from boisterous Moorfields, from dingy courts and alleys, might be seen streaming over London Bridge, through the toll-gates of Blackfriars, and over the Bridge of Westminster. By the hour of ten a vast sea of human heads, the hat on each adorned with a blue cockade, covered the large space of open ground known as St. George's Fields, on the Surrey side of the river Thames. This was the spot where the holidayers from the lowest ranks of London were accustomed to revel in the "Dog and Duck" gardens, the haunt of the vilest scum of Southwark and the city; and not a man, woman, or child that day but remembered or heard of the massacre that had taken place there twelve years before, when John Wilkes, now chamberlain of this same metropolis, was led before the King's Bench upon a charge of treason.

The sight impresses us with the vastness of London, now grown so huge that the "breed of chairs" had almost died out, and old men shook their heads in melancholy surprise as they looked on squares and streets of brick, where in their early days they had seen cows feeding peacefully. But why this huge assemblage, reaching perhaps to the number of one hundred thousand souls? Is it only some festal day? Or is it that London, the beating heart of England, has been driven into fever heat by the ruinous waste of money in battling with the fleets of France and Spain, or maddened by the sacrifice of millions of pounds and thousands of brave Britons beyond the broad Atlantic, or is eager to express its sympathy with the citizens of England's great American colony in their determined struggle for independence?

No: there is no spirit at work so patriotic and so noble. The air is rent with shouts of "No Popery!" and banners, with the same inscription are floating languidly over the heads of the assembled thousands, who parade the Fields and marshal into four divisions,—the London, the Westminster, the Southwark, and the Scotch,—waiting impatiently for the arrival of the hero of the day. From portions of the vast host there rises the melody of sacred songs, while across the Fields there also shrieks the wild and stirring music of the Scottish bagpipe. At eleven o'clock, just one hour after the time fixed for meeting, the news spreads like wildfire from end to end of the expectant host that Lord

George Gordon, the young champion of the Protestants, has reached the ground.

This important idol of the hour is a man of nearly thirty, of feminine appearance, with the air and manners of a Methodist, a sinister cast in his eyes that betokened either knave or madman, and long lank hair falling on his shoulders. He has already given orders to the various divisions as to the line of march, and is making his last speech on the spot where, according to tradition, now stands the great Catholic cathedral of St. George, when a gentleman, who was one of his supporters, drives up furiously, leaps from a carriage, and hurries with difficulty to the ring, anxiously informing the hero that the keeper of the Guildhall of Westminster dreaded the outbreak of a riot if more than thirty or forty persons marched to the House of Commons with his Lordship with the Protestant petition. The hero calmed him with the pleasant news that he meant to go alone, and that the glorious petition was to follow him to the lobby of the House, there to wait till he received it and laid it before his honourable fellow-members. In a fainting condition his Lordship enters a coach by the favour of its lady owner; and as a knot of forty men press around, eager to accompany their leader, he calls out, "No, by no means; I shall be greatly obliged to you, gentlemen, if you will go back."

Meanwhile sober Thomas Evans drove to the other end of the field, where the crowds stood in marching order, six in a row, with their faces turned towards the city. He asked what they meant to do. "To march to the city!" was the answer; but they assured him of their determination to make no riot. When the quiet citizens at home looked out from the windows or from the roofs as these miles of human beings tramped in perfect order and "great decorum" along their respective routes over the three bridges, there were few or none who dreamed that in a few days flames and smoke would be darting and rolling upwards on every hand into the sky that hung so bright above,—the Government of the mightiest nation of the world be shaken into helpless terror,—and the metropolis itself be threatened with as complete a destruction as when the Plague had raged a century before.

"What!" wrote Samuel Romilly, then a student of Gray's Inn, "summon 40,000 fanatics to meet together, and expect them to be orderly! What is it but to invite hungry wretches to a banquet, and at the same time enjoin them not to eat?" And what, pray, is the meaning of those handbills that have been circulated industriously through the crowds, stating that as it was suspected that Papists intended to mingle in disguise among them for the purpose of

raising riots, the Protestants should not return their violence or insults, but calmly hand them over to the constables? Did not the wearing of a badge tend to intimidation and disorder? What do those thousands of well-dressed tradesmen, lingering in the Fields after the vaster multitudes have marched away, know or care about the Protestant religion? Their idea was a sweeping one,—that "a stop was to be put to public preaching and public teaching!" It is significant, too, that a little after the hour of noon a group of drunken men, not only furnished with the blue cockade as an emblem of determined Protestantism, but armed with great bludgeons, is seen standing on London Bridge, one of the inebriates brandishing his club and swearing that it was "all *their* association."

CATHOLIC RELIEF BILL OF 1778.

England had been weighted with heavy sorrows during the past few years; the country had been throwing away millions on millions in a struggle with her own American daughter,—millions that had more wisely been tossed into the maw of the Atlantic; and George III. and his drowsy undertakers were butting their heads against the gates of Gaza to the tune of the sarcastic eloquence of an Opposition that embraced some of the most conspicuous orators of our country,—Burke and Fox, Dunning and Savile. It was a battle of demigods. The cause of popular rights was taking mighty strides; England was stirred with a trumpet blast calling for annual parliaments and universal suffrage. In the midst of these terrible alarms a bill was introduced into the Commons by a sound Protestant and noble statesman, Sir George Savile, towards the close of the session, in May 1778, and hurried through both Houses with pleasant compliments, not so much as a comfit or comfort to Catholics, as an honest clearance of a scandal from the statute-book of England. It was accounted a very little thing. The "relief" simply consisted in sweeping away enactments then totally unnecessary or "at all times a disgrace to humanity,"—statutes of the reign of William III., which forbade a Romish priest from officiating or teaching under pain of treason; gave to the nearest Protestant heir the right of seizing the possessions of his father and brother and other Catholic kinsmen during their lifetime; and prevented Papists from acquiring property in England. "The lowest and basest of mankind," the informing constable, could compel an English magistrate to inflict on priests all the shameful penalties of this "wicked and absurd" bill, which had originated in the worst days of political

faction, and found a place in our code of laws, not from any malice against Catholics themselves, but merely as a shuttlecock in the struggle of political parties. Unhappily these Draconic statutes were not suffered to lie dead. Every person of that communion was obliged to fly from the face of day; the clergy skulked in the garrets of private houses, or sheltered themselves under the wing of foreign ministers. "The whole body of the Catholics," said Burke, "condemned to beggary and to ignorance in their native land, have been obliged to learn the principles of letters from the charity of your enemies."

What the cause of Protestant intolerance lacked in numbers within the walls of St. Stephen's was made up for by the persistence of Lord George Gordon, a scion of the "Mad Gordons" of Huntly, who sat as member for the pocket borough of Ludgershall, and was the most perfect bore ever privileged to assist in the legislature of Great Britain. In spite of the fact that he was only the laughing-stock of members, who jested about his uniting Popery and small beer, and even told him (it may be read in Hansard) he had "a twist in his head, a certain whirligig which ran away with him, if anything relative to religion was mentioned," he was elected President of the London Protestant Association, which now awoke from its lethargic state. Never was there made a more foolish choice.

THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION; MEETING IN COACHMAKERS' HALL.

Zealous meetings were held at St. Margaret's Hill, at Greenwood's Rooms, at the "Old Crown and Rolls" in Chancery Lane, and the "London Tavern;" a furious "appeal" was put forth, stamped with the very spirit of Popery, parading the terrible consequences that would follow from the opulence of Catholics, and defining toleration with the absurdest bigotry as the "allowing every man to profess his own faith if not evidently repugnant to the Holy Scriptures"! Finally, advertisements and handbills summoned "all the true Protestants of Great Britain and of civil and religious liberty" to rally round "the glorious cause" before it was too late, and invited those of London and its environs to sign the Protestant Petition which lay at the chairman's house in Welbeck Street every morning till twelve o'clock.

By these means no less than 40,000 signatures were placed on the immense volume of parchment, but they included no "more than one archdeacon, reprobated in this by all his brethren, and a few, *very* few, of the inferior clergy;" while the rest, to quote a pamphlet *cum grano salis*, were "taken from the dregs of the populace . . . from the fanatic followers

of Wesley and others like him, and from the scum of the Scotch fanatics, whom that nation has thrown out in such numbers upon this country. Nay, the very women and children have been called in to swell the number of deluded wretches, who could not even write their names, and who, consequently, must have been ignorant of the purport or meaning of the instrument they were prevailed on to sign with their marks."

The match now only needed to be put to the big gun. On the evening of May 29th, 1780, a meeting was held in Coachmaker's Hall, where Lord George launched forth into an harangue of the most fiery nature, and was received with rapturous cheers. If they meant to spend their time in mock debate, they might get another leader; the Scotch had succeeded by their firmness and unanimity; he rallied his timid supporters with being opposed to "going up with the petition." From all parts of the hall there rose the shout of "No, my lord!" He himself would go to the gallows for the cause; but unless 20,000 men met him at St. George's Fields on the following Friday to support him by their presence, he declared his determination not to present the petition to the House. It was suggested by some moderate adherents of the Association that the people might take to drinking so early in the day; but the chairman haughtily protested that the Associators were "not a drunken people."

THE MOB IN PALACE YARD.

By the hour of half-past two on Friday the 2nd of June the several divisions from St. George's Fields had crossed the Thames, and the large opening between the Parliament House and Westminster, all the avenues of the House and the adjoining streets, swarmed with "blue cockades." Cries of "No Popery!" "A Repeal!" were frantically shouted from thousands of lusty lungs.

The crowd, eager as they might be to have a peep at the interior of the House of Lords and the splendid tapestry representing the defeat of the Armada, were diligently repulsed from the door by the Black Rod. Not the Commons, but the Peers, who as yet had no

more to do with the petition than the man in the moon, were the special target for the hisses, groans, and assaults of the mob. As the coaches passed, blue banners waved from the tops of houses in Whitehall to guide the cheers, or groans and kicks, of the crowd below. Neither age, nor service, nor sacred dress shielded any one from the fury of the surging mass.

Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England, who had been almost murdered in the Wilkes riots, had his carriage windows broken, the panels beaten in, his robes torn, his wig dishevelled, his face pelted with mud, and was only rescued, it is said, by the Archbishop of York, who rushed down the stairs and gallantly carried him off "in Abraham's bosom." Lord Stormont, after drifting for half an hour

in the clutches of the mob, appeared in the solemn assembly to tell how the miscreants had leaped on the wheels and box of his carriage, broken it in pieces, and taken "the most impudent liberties" with his person. Although there were constantly new arrivals, each in worse plight than his predecessors, the House was thin, owing to the fact that some of the peers, such as Lord Sandwich, thinking discretion the better part of valour, had returned home till the tempest was over. The bolder spirits who ventured into the raging throng met with the most disgraceful treat-



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.

ment, some however escaping with no greater loss than that of wig and bag. The Duke of Northumberland, accompanied by a gentleman dressed in black, who was yelled at as his Jesuit confessor, was forced from his carriage, and after emerging from the jostle of the "pious ragamuffins," found his watch and snuff-box gone. Lord Bathurst, the venerable President of the Council, after being pushed about rudely and kicked in the legs, was pulled in by the attendants of the House from the clutches of the miscreants. The Bishop of Rochester, at first mistaken for the Archbishop of York, suffered the severe indignities intended for that worthy gentleman. The Bishop of Lichfield also made his appearance with his gown in tatters. But worse than all these misfortunes was the determined outrage on the Bishop of Lincoln,

brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. When his carriage was stopped, the bishop stormed at the insult; whereupon the fanatics pulled him out, struck him in the face with his wig, and throttled him till the blood spouted from his lips. The wheels were torn from his carriage; he was rescued in a fainting state, and hastily conducted into an attorney's house near by, in Palace Yard, pursued by the infuriated mob.

The House of Peers, during the whole period of its existence and in the stormiest days of political excitement, probably never exhibited such a pitably grotesque appearance as in the first few hours of these senseless riots. "Some of their Lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smutted with dirt; most of them as pale as the ghost in *Hamlet*, and all of them standing up in their several places and speaking at the same time." Mansfield trembled on the wool-sack like an aspen leaf. The blame was thrown, and justly, upon a Ministry that truckled to the rioters of Scotland by "scandalous and cowardly concessions," and now suffered a wild rabble to act at large in the freedom of their own will without any civil or military power to confront them. It appears that an order for the preservation of the peace, placed in the hands of North by the Cabinet, in consequence of the boast of Gordon on the previous day that he would bring his legions with him, was simply forgotten by the drowsy Premier.

Mansfield now empowered the justices, two of whom were present and were summoned to the bar, to disperse the mob if possible, but only a hundred constables could be found. For the space of four hours the doors were locked, but in the uproar, which waxed louder and louder, all transaction of business was futile, save that which decided upon an adjournment till the following day. The peers who had commenced the day with the courage of Roman senators, now departed in pusillanimous haste, on the principle of *sauve qui peut*, leaving the venerable Mansfield in the House alone. The Earl remained for two hours in his private room, meditating

over a cup of tea on the folly of the "mad Gordon," the bigotry of his fellow Scotsmen, and the pig-headed ignorance of the most ignorant of all mobs, that of London scum; and thereafter the great and wise Chief Justice drove away in peace to his mansion in Bloomsbury Square.

SCENES IN THE COMMONS; GORDON TALKS TO THE MOB.

Lord George was followed to the doors of Parliament by the small Westminster column, which had the honour of bearing the immense roll of parchment, almost as much as one stout Protestant could carry on his head, and the triumphant bundle was in the first instance deposited in the lobby. There it had

a sufficient body-guard, for the blue cockades closely blocked the passage up to the very door, incessantly assailing the ears of the House by chiming the name of Lord George Gordon, and shouting with all their might "A repeal, A repeal! No Popery, No Popery!" The attacks on members, however, were comparatively slight. "All their religion," said Horace Walpole, in his cynical humour, "consisted in outrage and plunder; for... General Grant, Mr. Mackenzie, and others had their pockets picked of their watches and snuff-boxes." The



GENERAL CONWAY.

worst mishap was that of Mr. Wellbore Ellis, who was pursued into the Guildhall, the windows of which were then broken and the doors forced, the gallant member finally escaping from the window by a ladder, after a stout defence with broomsticks by the keeper and the constables. No members, it is said, were allowed to pass through the lobby without repeating the cry of "No Popery," accepting a blue cockade, and promising to vote for the repeal. To Gibbon, the historian, who sat as member for Liskeard, and held the pleasant sinecure of a Lord Commissioner of Trade, it was "the old story of religion," and the tumultuous crowds appeared to him as "forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, started out of their graves."

When the Speaker had taken his seat upon

the gilt chair with the mace before him, and the clerks were placed in order at the table, it could hardly be expected that Lord North, the easy, corpulent Premier, dressed as usual with powdered wig and in his court robes, over which lay the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and the other members who had courageously attended, should sit in silence upon the morocco cushions, and lean peacefully on the low backs of the benches. "It would be impossible," says a contemporary record, "to describe the astonishment, sense of degradation, horror, and dismay which prevailed." On that memorable day two attempts were made to force the door, which was locked for four hours.

When "some degree of order" was obtained, the Protestant champion, seconded by Mr. Alderman Bull, was permitted by the House to introduce the petition, signed, as he declared, by nearly 120,000 Protestant subjects, "praying the repeal of the Act of last session in favour of the Catholics." The gigantic document then made its appearance in its own impressive person in that august assembly. His Lordship moved that it be taken into immediate consideration, and was again supported by his henchman of true British name. During the progress of a most violent debate, in which it was contested that this motion was contrary to all established forms of procedure, the foolish "Jack of Leyden" kept up a constant fire of intercourse with his adherents in the lobby, indecently running every minute to the door or windows and bawling to the populace. He certainly, wittingly or unwittingly, "did everything in his power to promote a massacre," by holding out some of the most conspicuous statesmen "as obnoxious persons and enemies to a lawless and desperate banditti." He shouted at the door or from the gallery that overlooked the lobby:—"I shall come out and let you know what is going on in the House!" When the crowd pressed violently on the doorkeeper, who exclaimed, "For God's sake, gentlemen, keep from the door," he simply said, "Pray, gentlemen, make what room you can; your cause is good, and you have nothing to fear." He denounced Burke to them. In another of his irritating confidences he marked out the Speaker as having uttered the slander that they had all come there under pretence of religion; again he told them that "Mr. Rous has just moved that the civil power be sent for," cheering them with the counsel, "But don't you mind; keep yourselves cool; be steady." Within the House he actually insulted the Premier with a threat that he could have him torn to pieces, and pointed him out for the indignation of the populace by shouting, "Lord North calls you a mob." "Gentlemen," said the reckless orator in his insinuating

conversational style, standing within the walls of St. Stephen's, the sacred and time-honoured seat of England's prudent legislature,—“gentlemen, the alarm has gone forth for ten miles round the city. You have got a very good prince, who, as soon as he shall hear the alarm has seized such a number of men, will no doubt send down private orders to his ministers to enforce the prayer of your petition. The Scotch had no redress till they pulled down the mass-houses, and why should they be better off than you?”

Expostulations were addressed in vain to such a maniac. When General Grant came behind him and endeavoured to pull him back into the House, exclaiming, "For God's sake, Lord George, do not lead these poor people into danger," he only made that forcible appeal the basis of another maddening sally: "You see in this effort to persuade me from my duty, before your eyes, an instance of the difficulties I have to encounter from such wise men of the world as my honourable friend behind my back."

Some of the hotter members even talked of marching out, sword in hand, and cutting a passage through the mob. "My Lord George," said a kinsman of that hopeless person, holding a sword pointed at the agitator, "do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his, but into your body." General Conway sat down beside him and told him firmly: "My Lord, I am a military man, and I shall think it my duty to protect the freedom of debate by my sword; you see, my Lord, the members of this House are this day all in arms. Do not imagine that we will be overpowered or intimidated by a rude, unprincipled rabble. There is only one entry into the House of Commons, and that is a narrow one. Reflect that men of honour may defend this pass." Colonel Holroyd told Lord George that the fittest place for him was Bedlam, took his seat beside him, and followed him about, preventing any more appeals to the fury of the crowd.

THE MILITARY CALLED.

The tumultuous mob grew wilder as the hot afternoon passed away. At last, when the venerable assembly which represented the people of Great Britain had been befooled by a crazy scion of a family known as the "Mad Gordons," and had fumed for half the day in an idle and irresolute passion, with its doors locked against an unarmed mob, the justices of the peace were empowered to call out the whole force of the country to quell the riot. A party of foot guards and horse arrived, the latter under the direction of Justice Addington. He was stormed with hisses, but portions of the crowd were not yet

beyond being amenable to courtesy and good order, especially on such high pressure; for on assuring them of his peaceable intentions and his willingness to dismiss the soldiers if they would give their word of honour to disperse, the tide turned in his favour. The cavalry rode away from Palace Yard, three cheers for the magistrate rang through the air, and six hundred of the more sober "Protestants" retired from the shadow of St. Stephen's, let us hope to riot no more, but take other means for securing "the peace of Jerusalem."

The lobby cleared, the division took place, with the result that 192 voted for considering the petition on the following Tuesday, and only six for Gordon's motion. The hero of the day walked from the walls of Parliament still a free citizen. If Ministers or members went away contented to "fret at whist or sit aside to sneer and whisper scandal," and entertained the pleasant thought that the tempest of "pious ragamuffins" had spent its fury, they were sadly mistaken, "for already," to use the words of Gibbon, "the scum had boiled up to the surface in the huge cauldron of London." There were already tokens of the coming storm. About six or seven a coach was stopped in Palace Yard by a set of boys and pickpockets, "not the least like the Protestant Association." Lord George drove away on that memorable evening in the carriage of Sir James Lowther, bidding the remnant of the mob, who asked if the Bill was to be repealed, to "go home, be quiet, make no riot nor noise;" but before he had reached his residence in Welbeck Street at a quarter to eleven, the storm raised by his foolish bravado had already burst into flames.

FRIDAY NIGHT; ROMISH CHAPELS ATTACKED.

Although the law of England forbade the adherents of the Catholic faith from having chapels of their own, it was their custom to attend the services in those which existed for the private use of foreign ambassadors. At that time there stood, as there stands still, close to the gloomy archway that leads from Duke Street into Lincoln's Inn Fields, a Popish chapel, which is regarded with reverence by Catholics as their oldest religious house in London. It was attached to the residence of the Sardinian ambassador. As the chief centre of Popish worship in London, it was the first target for the fury of the populace. Hardly had the tumult died away at Westminster, when several hundred rioters, emboldened by the shade of night, made their way to that rich fortress of Popery, forced an entrance, demolished the altars, tossed the ornaments, books, benches, and velvet cushions into the street, and set the heap alight. Rushing into the chapel with burning brands, they set fire to the interior.

Poor Madame Cordon, wife of the Sardinian Minister, then in a most delicate condition, was found in such a state of terror and weakness that she could scarcely stand, and was only rescued by the gallant efforts of a gentleman who dragged her to his residence in the Fields close by. The firemen came upon the scene with their toy-squirt engines, but were compelled to stand at ease. The high-constable arrived near midnight. Dashing into the midst of the crowd, he seized one of the most conspicuous by the collar, but amid cries of "Knock him on the head!" the prisoner was rescued; he then hastened to the barracks at Somerset House, and returned with one hundred men armed with bayonets. By the efforts of the firemen the flames were prevented from spreading further than the chapel; but, with the exception of two silver lamps, which, by the way, were stolen, all the valuables perished, including a painting which was said to have cost the sum of £2,500. Thirteen rioters were taken to the Savoy prison to be brought up at Bow Street in the morning,—among the number an apprentice glazier, a footman, a printer, a couple of carpenters, a tailor with the appropriate name of Isaac Hemmaway, and a journeyman coachmaker from Long Acre, who was seriously wounded in the stomach by a soldier's bayonet while escaping from the chapel. On Saturday an immense crowd assembled in Covent Garden to see the rioters brought up for examination. An attempt was made to rescue them from the military escort in Little Duke Street, spurred on by a bare-headed waiter from the "Blue Posts," in Covent Garden. Several of the prisoners acknowledged they were Roman Catholics!

While the rioters were busy at the Sardinian chapel, another party found its way to Warwick Street, Golden Square, where stood another mass-house, under the wing of old Count Haslang, "a prince of smugglers as well as Bavarian Minister," whose residence was stored with "great quantities of 'run' tea and contraband goods." The rioters did not, however, accomplish much damage before the arrival of the military.

SATURDAY'S GRIM REPOSE; SUNDAY RIOT IN MOORFIELDS.

On Saturday the House of Lords passed a motion for an address to the King, calling for the punishment of the perpetrators and abettors of the outrages, and throughout the city the conviction reigned that the *bourrasque* was over. Whether the lull was due to the unpleasant dullness and dampness of the morning it would not be safe to say; yet we imagine that atmospheric conditions had something to do with the progress of the Gordon riots. With the exception of the first

day, Friday, London suffered during the whole period from an attack of wintry weather.

The impression of sober people that the mob had finally dispersed was soon to be sadly shattered. The quiet of Saturday was only the grim repose of the sweeping whirlwind. On Sunday afternoon, while a cold wind blew from the north-east, an immense rabble of several thousands gathered suddenly as if by magic in the district of Moorfields, then chiefly tenanted by dealers in old furniture, and adorned with such buildings as the madhouses of Old Bethlehem and St. Luke, and emphatically the centre of dissent, by the possession of Whitfield's huge brick tabernacle. They marched with the now familiar shouts of "No Papists!" "Root out Popery!" to a new mass-house in Ropemaker's Alley. The riot lasted all night, and was continued on the following day. During this time they "gutted" the chapel and the houses of several Catholic families, leaving only the bare walls standing, and made a huge conflagration of books, crucifixes, images, relics, altars, pulpits, pews, benches, beds, and blankets, in an open part of the district; and not content with pulling down the house of the Catholic teacher, they rushed in thousands to the school in Hoxton. The Guards arrived on the scene before the hour of ten on Sunday night, but they simply "watched the mob with decent temper." A child fell out of its mother's arms and was trampled to death by the surging crowd; and the brutal attack of Moorfields hastened the death of the much respected priest, Richard Dillon, who had lived in the district for six-and-thirty years. His house was made a total wreck, his books and furniture were committed to the flames; not even a bed was left him on which to rest, and this barbarous treatment gave a fatal shock to his health and spirits.

MONDAY'S WORK; SAVILE HOUSE GUTTED; EDMUND BURKE.

The rioters were at work early on Monday morning, having now tasted the sweets of lawlessness and plunder; and their energies were kindled by a shameless report,—which Walpole suggests was spread by the insinuation of "Saint George Gordon,"—that the Papists had burned a Presbyterian chapel on the preceding night.

Three of the rioters of Saturday were that morning remanded to Newgate; and on its return the military escort was pelted by the mob. One irate son of Mars levelled his gun, but it was knocked up by his commanding officer—an act of humanity which did not serve to appease the rioters, who compelled the soldiers to retreat in haste. "When grace, robbery, and mischief make an alliance," wrote the cynical gossip of Strawberry

Hill, "they do not like to give over;" and now the rioters were not prepared to obey the resolution circulated in the morning by the Protestant Association, requesting all true Protestants to show their best interest by a legal and peaceable deportment, and they were ready to defy the proclamation of the Government, offering a reward of £500 for the discovery of persons concerned in the destruction of the Sardinian and Bavarian chapels.

They divided into three parties,—one marching in triumph to Wapping; a second marched to Nightingale Lane, in East Smithfield. Both of these destroyed the Catholic chapels in their respective routes, plundered houses, and threatened to extirpate the entire sect; but the chief honour or dishonour of the day belongs to the third party, which bore in triumph the relics of the Moorfields tragedy, and presented itself most worshipfully before the residence of "the Apostle" in Welbeck Street. After performing this act of devotion, the rioters proceeded to wreak their vengeance on the houses of the high constable and a coachmaker in Little Queen Street, the two chief witnesses against their comrades now safely locked in Newgate. These acts of petty spite were totally eclipsed by the attack aimed at the great Liberal statesman, Sir George Savile, whose claims upon the gratitude of the masses were cancelled by the fact that he was author of the obnoxious bill. Savile House, which stood in the fashionable square known as Leicester Fields, was stripped of its valuable furniture, books, and pictures by the ferocious band of rioters, who then formed a huge bonfire in the square, and tore out the iron rails in front to serve as weapons. The mob dispersed on the arrival of the Horse Guards. This blow struck terror into the fashionable world. On the west side of the Fields stood the large and handsome mansion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, frequented by Johnson, Boswell, and all the luminaries of the stage and literature, and haunted by the fairest and highest ladies of the land, who pined to be immortalized by the skilful brush of the great artist. The painter struck his pen through all his appointments till the rioting had ceased. The blow might well give further alarm, for in "Petty France," and other slums around the Fields and in Soho, the inhabitants were chiefly foreign Catholics.

Edmund Burke had heard about nine o'clock in the evening that his house was to undergo the vengeance of the mob when Savile's had been disposed of; and he hastened home, instantly removing all papers of importance. Government had been apprized of the design, and a force of sixteen soldiers was sent, without his desire or knowledge, to take possession of his "little tenement."

In this way the residence of the great champion of Catholic emancipation was saved ; but Burke himself, thinking that the soldiers might be better employed during the spreading tumult than in guarding his " paltry remains," carried off his wife, books, and furniture to a safe shelter, and boldly mingled with the blue cockades.

TUESDAY NEAR AND IN THE COMMONS.

A new era of the riots has commenced. "We are now come," wrote the author of that racy play, *The Road to Ruin*, "to that period of desolation and destruction, when every

ing days, had taught the necessity of sterner measures ; and at half-past one, when prodigious crowds began to muster, parties of horse grenadiers and light horse were stationed near the House, completely guarding the narrow pass between the Commons and Old Palace Yard ; and the approaches to the Commons were lined with foot guards with fixed bayonets, forming an avenue, through which members might safely reach the chamber. Still this was a work of no small difficulty. Members who lay under conviction of no great political sin procured an "open sesame," through the army of Pro-



THE RIOTS OF 1780; SACKING THE HOUSES OF CATHOLICS.

man began to tremble, not only for the safety of the city, but for the constitution, for the kingdom, for property, liberty, and life, for everything that is dear to society or to Englishmen." Fires were needed, though it was the 6th of June, in the grates of London citizens, and we cannot wonder that the blue cockades, who rushed again in thousands towards Westminster to learn the fate of their petition, should have chafed under the chill inclemency of Nature. The Tower, St. James's, St. George's Fields, and other public places were guarded by troops. All the military were on duty. The riot of Friday, and the criminal doings of succeed-

testants, by having their names chalked on their carriage-panels along with the glorious words "No Popery." Fearless Edmund Burke mingled in the crowds of rioters, whom he found "rather dissolute and unruly than very ill-disposed," boldly avowed his part in the detested bill, declared that he had always been the advocate of the people, and took no umbrage at the cries of fanatics who reviled him as a Jesuit in disguise, nicknamed him "Neddy St. Omer's," and caricatured him as a monk stirring up the fires of Smithfield.

The mob, not intimidated but rendered more ferocious by the display of martial power, paraded the streets with flying colours

and to the strains of music. The intolerant temper of the crowd was worked upon by the distribution of a handbill entitled, "True Protestants, no Turncoats;" and perhaps the thought of blood was stirred by allusions to Bloody Mary and the existing horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. By three o'clock weapons were to be seen in the shape of bludgeons of peeled oak; but the temper of the military was simply splendid, and the only outburst of anything like military spleen occurred in the wounding of one man by a soldier who had himself been struck by a huge billet of wood.

The single brutal sally of the day was bestowed on Lord Sandwich *alias* "Jemmy Twitcher." At three o'clock Burke's unfortunate butt was desecrated at the corner of Bridge Street. The crowd would not permit him to advance further in spite of his determination and the attendant party of six light horse; his horses' bridles were seized; a shower of stones fell, the windows of his chariot were smashed, the horsemen fled, leaving him to the tender mercy of his assailants, and leaping from his carriage he took refuge in a coffee house. Justice Hyde, who was parading on horseback, rushed up to the rescue, and found his Lordship with a gash on the side of his head, a determined fellow standing over him with a bludgeon, threatening that if he did not murder him now he would do so "before he had done with him." Sandwich refused the offer of a large escort to clear the way for him to the House of Peers, and driving back with all imaginable speed to the Admiralty, he penned an epistle to Lord Mansfield, who acted as chairman of the Lords during Thurlow's illness. Speeches full of indignation were made, and the Lords adjourned till Thursday.

Two hundred members of the Commons had braved the storm. Catiline himself appeared, and took his seat calmly with a blue cockade in his hat,—a circumstance to which the future Earl of Carnarvon called attention, declaring that he would not vote while a member sat flaunting the ensign of riot in their faces, and threatened to move across the room and tear it out. After a show of resistance, his Lordship was deprived of his sacred token; but even when several members had delivered the most bitter invectives against the conduct of the "Protestant" bigots, and Burke had uttered his lamentation over the deplorable state to which Parliament was reduced, with a bludgeoned mob waiting for them in the street, and soldiers with fixed bayonets at their doors to support the freedom of debate, he had still the courage or foolhardiness to step away for the purpose of haranguing the mob,—an intention, however, which the violent hands of members prevented him from

accomplishing. The House speedily adjourned till Thursday, as the Lords had done, after passing resolutions anent the riots, and agreeing to consider the great Protestant petition when the tumults had subsided.

THE BURNING OF NEWGATE.

There was a strange stillness at Palace Yard at six o'clock, ominous as the dead calm that hangs over the earth before the bursting of a tempest. When the Apostle emerged from the House, after braying with his trumpet to no purpose, he drove away with one of his supporters, Sir Philip Clerke, who asked the protection of his Lordship in the crowd. At the corner of Bridge Street he informed the Associators of the talk and work of the Commons, and advised them to depart home in quietness. Instead of showing meek obedience, they unyoked the horses from his carriage, and dragged it through the crowded thoroughfares, through Temple Bar and the City, as far as the residence of Alderman Bull in Leadenhall Street, refusing to listen to the appeals of the honourable baronet, who desired to be let out at Whitehall. By this time the fury of the populace was in its final and wildest shape; and his Lordship, as he drove along and bowed his foolish head, beheld an immense host besieging Newgate prison.

Conspicuous among the rioters in Palace Yard was a sailor named James Jackson, who carried a flag of dirty blue with a red cross. Determined on revenge against the magistrate who had read the Riot Act, he raised the cry, "To the house of Justice Hyde—ahoy!" and when an hour had passed in the complete destruction of that building, the sailor shouted again, "Ahoy for Newgate!" Meanwhile the house of Mr. Rous, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, had been utterly demolished.

It was after six o'clock when the hoarse cry, "Ahoy for Newgate!" was raised. The mob rushed along after three flags—one of which was that of Jackson; the second of green silk, with a Protestant motto; the third, the unfortunate flag of the Protestant Association. On the fatal march an inflammatory handbill, with the terrible title of "England in Blood," was distributed among the crowd. After passing through Long Acre, picking up by the way the spokes of cart wheels, mattocks, and crowbars, they swept down Holborn to the famous prison, the governor of which at that time was Mr. Akerman, the "esteemed friend" of Boswell, who has commended him to all generations for his "intrepid firmness, tenderness, and liberal charity." In that sink of filth and iniquity there lay the four rioters of Saturday, a host of wild malefactors and pitiful debtors, and at least four

condemned felons who were to be "turned off" on Thursday by Jack Ketch,—John Sparrow, who had robbed a man in the Green Park of a silver watch and three shillings; John Early, who had robbed a man in Stepney Fields of a guinea, seven shillings, and some halfpence; John Carr, who had robbed a gentleman near Kensington Gravel-Pits of money and a silver-headed cane; James Purse, sentenced to death for an outrage; and probably three others, of whom one had stolen a cow, the second committed a highway robbery, and the third the same crime, with the additional brutality of chopping off two of the fingers of his victim. The keeper of Newgate was not unaware of the intended attack; for during that afternoon, while engaged in the prudent process of packing up his plate for removal, he received a visit from a friend of one of the prisoners, who left him with a curse and the cheering remark that "he should be the one hung presently." At seven o'clock the vast crowd, armed with bludgeons and spokes of cart-wheels, and following in perfect order a small party of thirty men, who marched three abreast, and were provided with iron crowbars, mattocks, and chisels, halted at the door of the keeper's house, which had been locked, chained, and bolted. They demanded the release of their imprisoned comrades. The ringleader, who bore the appearance of the "well-dressed, respectable person" of our modern police news, knocked and rang three times, and having received no answer, ran down the steps, and bowing to the crowd, pointed to the door like a stage spectre, and vanished. Incited by a group of "well-dressed" persons standing in the Old Bailey, the menial band proceeded to active service in three detachments—one of which attacked the governor's house, a second the debtors' door, and a third the main entrance to the prison. The windows of the house were instantly shattered by a shower of bludgeons; two men—one of whom was a young lunatic Quaker—drove a scaffold pole through the parlour shutters; a lad, who was attired, like Hyde, in a sailor's jacket, mounted on a man's shoulders, and with head as hard as a negro's or a nether millstone, battered in the broken shutters; and then at last the mad Quaker and a chimney-sweeper's boy scrambled into the house amid the cheers of the frantic crowd. The work now reached its climax and reward. The pictures, worth £2,000, and the furniture of the cultured and tasteful governor were flung from the windows by the furious lunatic, and immediately the sparks from the pile and the building flew over the heads of the wild spectators. In vain did the tenants of adjoining houses plead their innocence, and pray for mercy on their homes; for what

recked Thomas Haycock, a frantic waiter from the St. Alban's tavern, as he shouted to the mob that they were supported by noblemen and members of Parliament, or the negro servant with the appropriate name of Benjamin Bowsey, as he urged his comrades eagerly to go ahead with the work of destruction? The store of wines and liquors, said to be worth the handsome sum of £500, was broken into, brought up in pails and hats, adding to the joy, the energy, and fury of the frantic crowd.

At the prison gate stood Francis Mockford, a waiter, with a blue cockade, holding up the main key and shouting to the turnkeys with an oath to open to him, and an uproarious tripeman, "well known to the police," swore that "he would have the gates down, curse him, he would have the gates down." Instantly pickaxes and sledgehammers fell upon the great gate in the Old Bailey, under the fierce direction of the bludgeoned tripeman, to whom a servant of Akerman shouted through the hatch, "George the tripeman, I shall mark you in particular." Another negro, of the good old English name of Glover, battered at the gate with a gun barrel, and thrust it at the faces of the turnkeys through the grating, while another demon tried to split the door with a hatchet. These were but feeble blows against the huge and massive gate, and efforts were now made to fire it by piling up the furniture from the keeper's house, while within the heroic turnkeys pushed down the blazing heap with broomsticks, and dashed water against the gates to prevent the melting of the lead that soldered and secured the strong hinges—determined but baffled work, for the fiendish fire was fast shooting from the red-hot house into the fire-lodge and chapel, and one after another the wards were struck by the flames. The prisoners escaped, or were dragged out through the sea of flame by the legs, arms, and hair. Thus fell unfinished Newgate, a loss to the nation of £140,000—no part fit for further use, even a year later, but the grim condemned cells, nine feet by six, with their naked and impenetrable walls, the sight of which brought tears in those old hardened days even to the eyes of the lightest-hearted and most hardened felon.

For a fiercely graphic picture of the storming of Newgate, we cannot do better than refer our readers to that which has been drawn by the inimitable pen of Charles Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge," contenting ourselves with the descriptions bequeathed to us by two distinguished writers of the time. "Upon the keepers refusing to release their comrades, the rioters began," says Holcroft, "some to break the windows, some to batter the doors and entrances into the cells with pick-axes and sledge-hammers,

others with ladders to climb the vast walls, while others collected fire-brands and whatever combustibles they could find, and flung them into his dwelling-house. What contributed more than anything to the spread of the flames was the great quantity of household furniture, which they threw out of the windows, piled up against the doors, and set fire to; the force of which presently communicated to the chapel, and from this, by the assistance of the mob, all through the prison. A party of constables, nearly to the amount of one hundred, came to the assistance of the keeper; these the mob made a lane for and suffered to pass till they were entirely surrounded, when they attacked them with great fury, broke their staves and converted them into brands, which they hurled about wherever the fire, which was spreading very fast, had not caught."

A still more vivid picture is given by George Crabbe, the young poet, who had come up to London to find employment more suited to his tastes than that of apothecary in a little country town. He informs us that at half-past seven "the engines came, but were only suffered to preserve the private houses near the prison. . . . By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders, they descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the street in their chains. . . . You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to

so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they too all made their escape. . . . About ten or twelve of the mob getting to the top of the debtors' prison whilst it was burning, to halloo, they appeared rolled in black smoke mixed with sudden bursts of fire—like Milton's infernals, who were as familiar with flame as with each other."

The Protestant Association forsooth! Negroes and madmen, drunken sailors and waiters, were the demoniacs let loose by the vanity and recklessness of the pious debauchee, Lord George Gordon. Poor crazy Dick Hyde, some four-and-twenty hours after he had shone so nobly at the siege of Newgate, entered the house of a humble woman near Covent Garden, wearing an old grey overcoat, and a flapped hat covered with wet paint. She offered to dry it for him, but he resented her officious kindness: "No! you're a fool. My hat is blue, it is the colour of the heavens. I would not have it dried for the world." Does not this incident strikingly remind us of Barnaby Rudge?

OTHER DEEDS OF TUESDAY.

The mob and felons were masters of the city. Lawless bands spread like a lightning cancer over the metropolis, defying or possibly hobnobbing with the soldiers that were being disposed

in the different quarters of London and Westminster supposed to be most in danger, and heeding nothing the orders given at eleven o'clock to the trained bands—the same as that in which John Gilpin held the dignity of captain—to beat immediately to arms and command every housekeeper to be ready to march out at sound of drum. But scarcely had the iron fetters been struck from the Newgate felons when the Bow Street office and the adjoining house of the blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding, half-brother of the author of "Tom Jones," were attacked and gutted. All through the night the work of villainy went on. The poor magistrates at Hicks's Hall fled precipitately from that famous session-house with their effects. Panic-stricken citizens bowed to the demand of the mob that lights should be placed in their windows to celebrate the destruction of Newgate—while these wretches were busy break-



DR. JOHNSON.

ing open the doors of the new prison at Clerkenwell and setting the gaol-birds free; regaling themselves with good old ale at the ruins of the "Ship" in Duke Street, where mass was said on Sunday after the destruction of the Sardinian chapel; wreaking further vengeance on the representatives of order by burning the house of Justice Cox, in Great Queen Street, and a second house of Justice Hyde, in Islington; far and wide, alike in fashionable and obscure streets, sacking and consecrating to the flames the possessions of Catholics, in Park Lane (Lord Petre's house), in Bunhill Row, in Moorfields, in Golden Lane, in Devonshire Street, and in the Little Turnstile, Holborn.

BURNING OF MANSFIELD'S HOUSE; A FEMALE FIEND.

Towards midnight the venerable Earl of Mansfield was sitting in his mansion in Bloomsbury Square, when a detachment of Guards arrived to take possession of his doomed house. The grand old judge of seventy-five, and enlightened friend of toleration, who had defended the affirmation of Quakers, who had knocked the Corporation of London into "a cocked hat" for their persecution of a dissenter, who had denounced the prosecution of a priest as being "as bad a persecution as that of Procrustes," was afraid that the sight of red coats might exasperate the mob, and they were stationed in a church at a little distance. Half an hour had passed—distant yells were heard—a vast crowd of human fiends swept round the corner of the square with torches and other combustibles towards his own mansion—still he did not stir until he heard a battering at the outer door. Then the old man fled with his Countess, leaving behind his pictures and the irrecoverable labours of a long and devoted life, the great library founded when he was a boy at Perth, the cherished records of a wide and noble friendship, books with marginal notes by the very hands of Pope and Bolingbroke, letters that should have proved imperishable memorials of his times, wise books written by his own hand to be given to the world when he himself had passed away. Universal suffrage! And yet that crowd, which counted among its leading spirits "an

handsome young woman about eighteen," named Letitia Holland,

"A bruising pugilistic woman,
Such as I own I entertain a dread of,"

forbade pilfering, with the disinterested principle of a Parisian mob, one old ragged bigot even tossing into the burning pile a piece of silver plate and heap of gold, swearing that it would not go in payment of masses. The soldiers were beaten back; they were reinforced; the Riot Act was read; a few fired, four men and one woman fell, and others were wounded. The rioters promised to disperse and allow the engines to play upon the funeral pile of Mansfield's wealth and wisdom, if the soldiers retired; the latter did so, only to see the mansion of the Chief Justice of England reduced to ashes.



EDMUND BURKE.

"See then—the Vandals of
our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burned to dust a
nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!"

Poetry and faiths aside, the weather was cold and the times were bad, so that poor folks and felons were in mood to enjoy a bonfire, a rich wine-cellar, and a blow at the highest representative of English law!

BLACK WEDNESDAY;
PRISONS ON FIRE;
FUIMUS; MARTIAL
LAW.

The mob, with an "infernal humanity," sent round notices to the keepers of the prisons and to several Catholics, informing them of their purposed time of call. The

city, from king to servant maid, was filled with fear. "A universal terror had seized the minds of all; they looked at one another, and waited with a resigned consternation for the events which were to follow." Only a few, like Gibbon, a "known Protestant," had no fear as to themselves. The wildest rumours were afloat: that insurgents had risen in Bristol and elsewhere; that 30,000 colliers were on their way to London; that 70,000 Scots were coming to "eat us, and hang us, or drown us;" that the lions were to be let loose from the Tower and the lunatics from Bedlam; that the dwellings of Ministers, of every bishop, of every Catholic of every justice, the Bank, the Arsenal at Woolwich—in short, every building in or near

London that represented the wealth, the strength, and the law of England, were doomed to destruction. Catholics and others removed their goods, and fled into the country or waited in horror for the approach of evening. Five guineas would not obtain the service of a chaise for a ten miles' drive; ladies and gentlemen sent away their jewels and fled from their mansions; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose house was strongly garrisoned like those of Savile and Rockingham, was content to lie on the sofa in Lord Clement's drawing-room; even the amiable Bishop Newton trembled for the labours of his life, and sheltered himself among the peaceful shades of Kew. To complete the comedy, every shop from Tyburn to Whitechapel was closed that afternoon; on almost every house there hung a bit of blue rag; "No Popery!" was scrawled on doors and shutters; and "the very Jews in Houndsditch and Duke's Place were so intimidated that they followed the general example, and unintentionally gave an air of ridicule to what they understood in a very serious light, by writing on the shutters—"This house a true Protestant." A mob of several thousands took a trip into the country to regale themselves with the wines of Mansfield's house at Caen Wood; the gates of the Fleet Prison were thrown open and the prisoners occupied the day in removing their effects, the rioters deferring the demolition of that infamous den till evening, in answer to the wishes of the criminals and debtors. In the very streets of the capital of England might be seen the most novel specimens of highway robbery—for example, a man on horseback stopping passengers and refusing to accept anything but gold; and at broad noon three boys marching along Holborn, armed with iron bars that had been wrenched from the railing of Mansfield's house, huzzing and shouting the cry of the Protestant Association, and extorting money at every shop. Portly old Samuel Johnson (even he was told by his friends that he was in danger) took a stroll past Newgate gaol, reflecting on "the cowardice of a commercial place" as he saw a hundred "Protestants" plundering the Sessions House of the Old Bailey, "at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day." From "What-was-London," Richard Burke wrote a letter to a friend, in which he said:—

"If one could in decency laugh, must not one laugh to see what I saw,—a single boy of fifteen at most in Queen Street, mounted on a pent-house, demolishing a house with great zeal, but much at his ease, and throwing the pieces to two boys still younger, who burnt them for their amusement, no one daring to obstruct them? Children are plundering at noonday the city of London! . . . *Finimus.*"

At last the "Gordian knot," as the punsters of those times talked, was cut by the Solicitor-General, who gave it as his opinion, in a Tory Cabinet Council held that afternoon, at which the Whig Lord Rockingham appeared in a state of undress and with dishevelled hair, that a riotous assembly could be dispersed by the military without waiting for forms or the reading of the Riot Act. "Then so let it be done," said the excited King; and the military massacre was placed in the hands of Lord Amherst, the conqueror of Canada, who carried out his work with such stern severity that he was represented in caricature as slaughtering geese, and uttering the lovely distich—

"If I had power,
I'd kill twenty in an hour."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT; LANGDALE'S DISTILLERY; THE PRISONS FIRED.

At nine o'clock on the evening of that terrible day, a young gentleman drove away with three companions in a hackney coach, not to the play or the fashionable gardens of Ranelagh,—though these were in full swing as if the city were in perfect peace,—but to look upon the fearful sight of burning London, which he described in after years as worse than the Great Fire, because men had at that time only to contend with the devouring element; worse than the Parisian outrages even under Robespierre and Bonaparte, although the former converted the metropolis of sunny France into a charnel-house. Leaving the coach at Bloomsbury, he saw in Holborn an appalling picture of devastation, where Langdale's house and distilleries were wrapped in smoke and flame, in front of which was an immense multitude of men and women, some with infants in their arms; the liquor running in the kennels and middle of the street, and lifted in pailfuls to the mouths of the besotted mob; so little riot or pillage for all this, that he could not easily conceive "who worked this enormous mischief," until he saw distinctly at the windows men who, while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture, and threw it into the street or tossed it into the flames. At last the Horse Guards arrived and dispersed the crowd. Walking down towards Fleet Market, he beheld an indescribable spectacle from the declivity of the hill beside St. Andrew's church. From the other house and store of Langdale, near the north end of the market, a pinnacle of flame shot upwards like a volcano, and by the brilliancy of the illumination the church seemed to be scorched and the hands of the clock were as distinctly visible as at noonday,—a sight that "would have inspired the beholder with admiration if it had been possible to separate the object

from its causes and its consequences." The air was calm and the sky unclouded and serene, except where it was obscured by the volcanoes of smoke, that from time to time produced a temporary darkness. No guards were to be seen, and at St. Andrew's churchyard "a watchman, with a lanthorn in his hand, passed us, calling the hour, as if in a time of profound tranquillity!" Walking down through narrow lanes, Wraxall reached the centre of Fleet Market, and beheld the sparks from the newly fired prison filling the air and falling in showers on every side; he heard the discharge of platoons towards St. George's Fields across the river, and saw the "sublime sight" of King's Bench prison completely wrapt in flames. Had he been present, he might also have seen four men drinking and smoking unconcernedly on its roof until the flames beneath compelled them to leap down into the blankets held out by their comrades, and a chimney-sweep of sixteen, who had forty guineas in his pocket, shot upon the roof like a dog. At Blackfriars Bridge, which was held by the military, numbers of the rioters were shot down and tossed into the river. The prisons were destroyed. The new gaol of Surrey was saved by the determination of its keeper, who, like the heroic locksmith in "Barnaby Rudge," pointed his blunderbuss, declaring that "as many as would might enter the prison, but none should return alive."

A GENERAL VIEW; DENNIS THE HANGMAN.

Many pages would be needed to give any thing like an adequate picture of the fires and the carnage of that night, of the poor women who died of fright, and the drunkards who perished in the burning ruins. There was no sleep for the King or the humblest of citizens. "Let those who were not spectators of it, judge what the inhabitants felt when they beheld at the same instant the flames ascending and rolling in clouds from the King's Bench and Fleet prisons, from New Bridewell, from the toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge, from houses in every quarter of the town. . . . Six-and-thirty fires, all blazing at one time, and in different quarters of the city, were to be seen from one spot. During the whole night, men, women, and children, were running up and down with such goods and effects as they wished most to preserve. The tremendous roar of the authors of these horrible scenes was heard at one instant, and at the next the dreadful reports of soldiers' muskets, firing in platoons, and from different quarters; in short, everything served to impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation." Two attempts were made upon the Bank in the course of the evening: the first

of them led by a brewer's servant on horseback, who had decorated his steed with the chains of Newgate; but these attacks were repulsed, by no power of Lord George Gordon, who appeared upon the scene, but by the determined efforts of the military and John Wilkes, who, if he had had his will, would not have left a rioter alive. The inhabitants of Westminster were in consternation lest an attempt should be made to destroy the Houses of Parliament; many persons in the vicinity removed their more valuable goods; and an official of the Commons prudently carried off to a secure refuge all the journals and other books of the House.

The distillery of Langdale, and the once famous inn of "Simon the Tanner," in the district of Bermondsey, were not the only establishments of that kind which were attacked by the appetite or fury of the rioters. The well-known firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., was then represented by Mr. Thrale, the husband of Samuel Johnson's clever female friend. "Mrs. Thrale's house and stock," wrote the Doctor to his gossip Boswell, "were in great danger. The mob was pacified at their first invasion with about fifty pounds in drink and meat, and at their second were driven away by the soldiers."

Among the houses consumed on the night of Black Wednesday was that of Mr. Bovis, a Papist, who kept a chandler's shop in the New Turnstile, Holborn. There, one of the most active among the fiends was no less distinguished a person than Edward Dennis, *alias* Jack Ketch, common hangman, who was condemned to death on the third day of July for assisting in pulling down the house of Mr. Bovis, notwithstanding the defence made by that amiable person that he was forced to do so, the mob swearing that if he did not lend a hand in burning the goods they would roast him alive! Poor Jack! the cool, bungling hangman, who had "turned off" so many to the delight of George Selwyn and the huge London that feasted on those monstrous tragedies; who, when the Rev. Mr. Hackman dropped the handkerchief under the cart in April 1779, ran to pick it up, keeping "the poor wretch some moments in that horrid state"—he himself sentenced to death! Dickens has thought fit to make Ketch move about, unknown as a free agent—an absurdity in itself, in speaking of days when the hangman was a most notorious figure, and quite against the fact. He was detained in prison apart from other criminals because of the horrid odour in which he was held by them; on trial recommended to mercy, and respited, probably for future service, till the hanging season was over, thereafter, it might be, to be "turned off" himself.

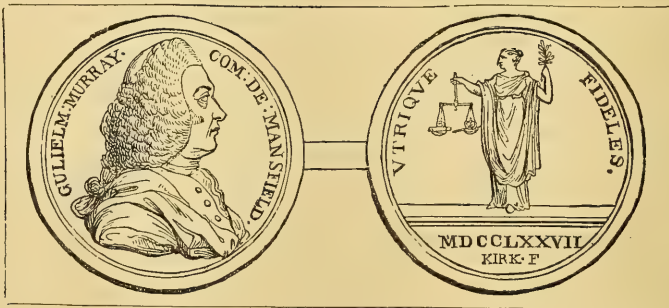
AFTER CARNIVAL; GORDON'S ACQUITTAL.

"After Carnival Lent ever follows." Thursday dawned. Although the run upon the Bank was less by many thousands than on the preceding days, the shops were still closed from Tyburn to Whitechapel. Ten thousand soldiers from various counties were encamped in Hyde Park; in all the wards the people formed themselves into bands to patrol the city; the students and members of the several Inns of Court shouldered muskets for their own defence; even the Protestant Associators attacked the drunken rioters at the King's Bench Prison, near the spot where they had assembled on the preceding Friday in the highest hope and fervour. Felons were hunted to their holes, or picked up as they stood gazing at the cells from which they had so strangely escaped; and drunken people were found in scores asleep on the streets or in the smoking ruins of demolished buildings. Lord Amherst's report stated that less than 300 were killed and died in the hospitals; but doubtless many were not accounted for, having been carried off by their friends, or tossed into the Thames, or burned in the blazing houses. Rockets were discharged on Thursday evening to inform London that all was quiet.

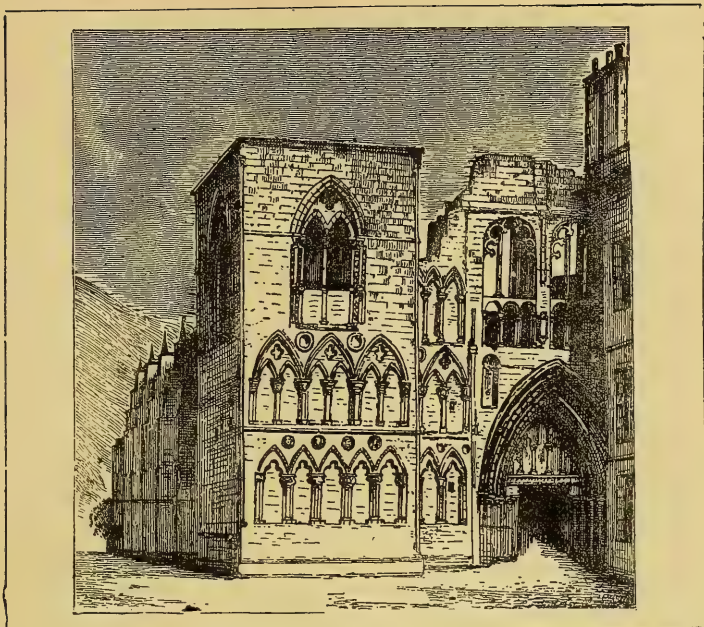
The foolish originator of these terrible tragedies was conducted to the Tower under the strongest guard that ever in England accompanied a prisoner of state, was tried before Lord Mansfield on the 5th of February, 1781, but was finally acquitted, after a brilliant defence by Erskine. During the trial he maintained a show of religious enthusiasm. He had a quarto Bible before

him all the time the proceedings lasted, and professed great indignation at not being permitted to read some chapters from the prophecies of Zechariah. Fisher, the Secretary of the Protestant Association, who had burned the books of the Society, was examined in the Tower and discharged. Of the one hundred and thirty-five persons who were brought to trial at the Old Bailey and St. Margaret's Hill, the greater part were mere "apprentices, women, a black girl, and two or three escaped convicts;" and Horace Walpole was of opinion that "half a dozen schoolmasters might have quashed the insurrection." The future fortune of Lord George Gordon was eminently pitiful,—a tragi-comedy of the strangest character. "Few individuals," said one of his contemporaries, "occupied a more conspicuous or a more unfortunate place in the annals of their country under the reign of George the Third. He will rank in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, the incendiaries of the Plantagenet times, or with Kett, so memorable under Edward the Sixth." After his release, he attempted for a time to keep his programme before the nation and the government; he appeared in the autumn of that year as a candidate for an accidental vacancy in the representation of London, but did not go to the poll; he was finally converted to Judaism, even undergoing the rite of circumcision, and died in Newgate prison on the 1st day of November, 1793, while under sentence for a libel on Marie Antoinette and a noble member of the French Ministry. His remains were interred in an obscure burial-ground attached to a chapel of ease, on the east side of Hampstead Road, London.

M. M.



MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF CHIEF JUSTICE MANSFIELD.



HOLYROOD PALACE; THE CHAPEL.

SCOTLAND'S SORROW:

THE STORY OF FLODDEN FIELD.

"Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield."

A Troublous Period—King David and Edward Balliol—The Douglas Family—Accession of the Stuarts; Chevy Chase—James I., the Royal Poet—James II.; A Turbulent Vassal—James III.; Archibald Bell-the-Cat—James IV.; Happy Auspices Unfulfilled—The Barton Family—A Gallant Fight—Causes of Quarrel between England and Scotland—Vigorous Measures of the Scottish King—A Medieval Story—How James IV. prepared for War—Obstinacy of the King; The War continued—The Opponent of James—Position of the Armies—Letter of Surrey to King James—The Plan of the Battle—The Battle of Flodden—The Decisive Moment; Death of the King—Disastrous Nature of the Defeat—Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrew's; Scotland's Day of Sorrow—Conclusion.

A TROUBLOUS PERIOD.

THE battle of Bannockburn had secured the independence of Scotland, and had exalted Scottish patriotism to its highest pitch. Never had the nation stood so high in her own eyes, or in those of the world, as during the reign of Robert Bruce. There were fresh conflicts with the English, and still victory declared on the side of the Scots. By the Treaty of Northampton, in 1328, King Edward III. re-

nounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of Scotland, and gave his sister Joanna to Bruce's son to wife. Next year King Robert died. He was the greatest king Scotland ever had. But on his death fresh troubles began, which again brought Scotland into utter misery. The first cause was one which recurred again and again in the course of the next few years—the minority of the sovereign who succeeded. Bruce's son, David, was only four years old on his father's death.

But this evil was aggravated by others. The two great divisions of the country, the Highlands and Lowlands, were inhabited by two different races: the Highlanders were Kelts; the Lowlanders, English in race and manners. The Scottish Parliament consisted not of two chambers, as ours, but of one, comprising the peers or great nobility, specially summoned by the King, bishops and mitred abbots, smaller barons, elected by the smaller vassals, and answering pretty closely to our county members, and "commissioners" appointed by the borough towns. A measure passed in Parliament became law by the king touching it with his sceptre. But, unfortunately, the great barons in the Highlands, and also in the mountains on the English border, had acquired a power within their own domains which made them almost independent of the King's authority. They exercised the right of judging and punishing crimes; and they defended themselves against encroachments of their neighbours to such an extent that very frequently there were wars going on between them; and feuds were begotten, not only deadly in themselves, but hereditary. Not only so, but they were continually at war with the Lowlanders, from a conviction that the latter had no business in the country. Had Robert Bruce lived longer, he might probably have done much to bring peace to the country; but to have a child of four years old on the throne in troublous times was sure to increase evils.

KING DAVID AND EDWARD BALLIOL; THE DOUGLAS FAMILY.

Randolph, Earl of Murray, an able but relentless man, was the first regent; but he died in 1332, and was succeeded by the Earl of Mar, nephew to King Robert. The country was not only in difficulties through internal discords, but also through an English invasion. Edward Balliol, son of him whom Edward I. had made King, took advantage of King David's minority, and made claim to the throne. He was joined by a party of English barons, entered Scotland, and defeated and slew the regent. Then, in order to establish himself, he acknowledged Edward III. as his liege lord. The Scottish nobility were furious at this, and rose in defence of their independence; but Edward III. met and totally defeated them at the battle of Halidon Hill (July 19th, 1333). No hope appeared on any side. Only four castles and a small tower acknowledged the sovereignty of David.

Yet in spite of these terrible adversities; in spite, too, of the skill and courage of Edward III., the Scots were delivered by means of their indomitable love of independence. They could not bring large armies into the field, but they could harass and

worry their enemies. They knew the country, and they had the good-will of the natives; and day by day they would surprise castles, cut off convoys of provisions, destroy scattered bodies of men. In all these things they were now under the leadership of Sir William Douglas, commonly known as the Knight of Liddesdale, a member of a family second to none in the roll of its brave deeds in Scottish history. He was favoured by Edward III. becoming involved in his great French war, and his culminating achievement was the capture of Edinburgh Castle. This rendered Balliol's cause hopeless, and King David returned to Scotland. But again internal quarrels began. The Scots, weakened by these, yet boastful of their former victories, invaded England, and were defeated by an English army at Neville's Cross, near Durham, October 17th, 1346. King David was made a prisoner, and was shut up in the Tower of London for eleven years. But though the English overran the Lowlands, it became more and more evident that a permanent conquest was impossible. King David died at Edinburgh Castle in 1371, and in him the male line of Bruce was extinct.

ACCESSION OF THE STUARTS; CHEVY CHASE.

But Robert Bruce's daughter, Marjory, had married Walter, the hereditary Lord High Steward of Scotland; and so deeply were the Scottish people attached to the family of Bruce, that they now offered the vacant throne to the son of this Marjory. His name was Robert Stewart,—the name being derived from the office which his fathers had so long held. This, then, was *the accession of the house of Stewart, or Stuart*, as it is often spelt. It reigned over Scotland until 1688, after which the male line went into exile, as readers of history know. But a descendant by the female line reigns happily over both England and Scotland to this day.

In the reign of Robert Stuart was fought the battle of Otterburn, so well known to us through the grand old ballad of Chevy Chase. The leader on the Scottish side was William, Earl of Douglas, who possessed almost a sovereign authority in Southern Scotland. He invaded England, and laid waste the country round Newcastle, but was encountered by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, the greatest man in those parts; and the result was that the English were defeated, Northumberland's sons being made captive; but Douglas was killed.

In 1390, Robert II. was succeeded by his son, Robert III. The feuds between the Highland clans still continued, to the great misery of the country. One of these feuds, the memorable combat between the Clan Chattern and Clan Kay, has been made famous

by Sir Walter Scott's beautiful novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth." Another event of this reign has also become a standard passage in English literature. A fresh border feud led to the battle of Homildon Hill, between Earl Douglas and Hotspur, the son of the Earl of Northumberland. And all readers of Shakespeare will remember what glorious use the great dramatist has made of it in his play of *Henry IV.* Another trouble of this reign arose out of quarrels in the royal family. The King was weak of body, and somewhat infirm of purpose. His brother, the Duke of Albany, who would be the next heir if King Robert's children were out of the way, sowed dissensions between the King and the Duke of Rothesay, the heir apparent; and the unhappy prince was seized by Albany, shut up in a fortress, and starved to death. The King suspected, but did not know as a certainty, that his son had perished through Albany's intrigues. He had only one son left, named James, and he determined to send him to France to be out of Albany's way; but an English vessel captured him, and he was kept close prisoner by King Henry IV. for eighteen years. Soon after his capture, poor old King Robert died broken-hearted (April 4th, 1406).

JAMES I., THE ROYAL POET.

James I., who thus became a king while in captivity, was the greatest of the Stewart kings. He was the greatest king of his time in Europe. Henry IV. had no right to make him prisoner, but he took great care to give him an excellent education. He was beautiful in face and form, and excelled all his nobles in martial sports and athletic exercises. His poem, called "The King's Quhair," *i.e.*, the king's little book, is a love-poem in honour of his wife, the Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. He may be regarded as the first Scottish poet, as Chaucer the first English. During his English captivity, the Scottish feuds continued; Albany was regent so long as he lived, then his son took his place. But all was so miserable, that the Scots exerted themselves to get back their King. They offered a considerable ransom; the English were glad to accept it, for James, in his captivity, had wooed the fair Joan of Somerset, great grand-daughter of King Edward III. It was hoped that this alliance would dispose King James to peace with England. He came, in his thirty-fourth year, back to his distracted home, and was crowned, with his Queen, May 21st, 1424. He forthwith assembled his Parliament, and made excellent laws; but he soon found out that what was needed was not laws, but the enforcement of obedience to them. To this, then, he devoted himself. Terrible disorders need terrible remedies,

and he began his course of stern justice by condemning the late regent and his sons to death for murders and cruelties during his captivity. He laboured hard and wisely; Parliaments were regularly convened, and the country was rapidly falling into such order as had never been known before. But his severity could not fail to raise up enemies against him; and on the 20th of February, 1437, at the monastery of the Black Friars in Perth, whilst the King was enjoying the society of the fair Queen, whose voice had captivated him on the slopes of Windsor, a band of conspirators, headed by one Robert Graham, whom he had banished for violence and fraud, rushed into the room and murdered him. Poor Queen Joan fled to Edinburgh with her little son, and so effectually roused the loyal Scots by her courage and indignation, that within a month the traitors had all been tortured to death.

JAMES II.; A TURBULENT VASSAL.

Again was the unhappy kingdom thrown into the troubles and discords of a regency. Two regents were appointed, the one to guard the King's person, the other to administer the kingdom; but they fell to quarrelling with each other, and had, moreover, to contend with one more powerful than either,—Archibald, the great Earl of Douglas, lord of the whole south of Scotland, and also Duke of Touraine, in France. They contrived to murder him treacherously, but only increased thereby the power of his family. When the King came to man's estate, he tried to conciliate William, Earl Douglas, by making him Lieutenant-General of Scotland; but nought would content the proud noble but independent sovereignty; and he not only did acts in defiance of the King's commands, but entered into an alliance with the Earls of Crawford and Ross, who possessed almost royal authority in the east and north, to defend each other in every quarrel against every man, the King included. So arose a long civil war, which ended in the downfall of the great house of Douglas, and tranquillity again seemed to settle upon Scotland. But when, in 1460, King James determined to retake Roxburgh Castle from the English, into whose hands it had fallen, and laid siege to it, he was killed by the bursting of a cannon.

JAMES III.; ARCHIBALD BELL-THE-CAT.

James III., who reigned from 1460 to 1488, ruined his own peace and that of his kingdom by giving himself to unworthy and unprincipled favourites. Moreover, his nobles despised him because he was a coward. They held a secret council to consult how to meet the evil, and one of them told the fable of the mice who resolved to affix a bell to the cat's neck, but could not carry out the resolve be-

cause no mouse could be found to do the duty. But in reply, Archibald, Earl of Angus, sprang up, exclaiming, "I will bell the cat!" and "*Bell-the-Cat*" he was called from that day to the end of his life.

He was as good as his word; for on that very day the lords, under his leadership, seized the whole body of parasites and hanged them. For a while the lesson seemed to have profited the King; but before long he had returned to his former follies, to which he added an insatiate thirst for money. He would do nothing, whether as favour or as right, without a gratuity, and he thus accumulated a vast hoard of coin, plate, and jewels. A fresh league was formed, headed by Angus Bell-the-Cat; the King heard of it, and fled to the north, leaving his son in safe custody at Stirling Castle. But the leaguers bribed the governors to commit the prince to them; and at length battle was joined at a stream called Sauchieburn, only a mile from the field of Bannockburn. It was the 18th of June, 1488. On the King's side were 10,000 Highlanders, 10,000 men from the western counties, and the burghers of various towns. On the other side were the men of the East Borders and of East Lothian, and those of Liddesdale and Annandale. In the centre were the rebel lords, bearing with them the young Prince James, and displaying the broad banner of Scotland. What followed is well told in Kinloch's charming little "*History of Scotland*":—"The first shower of arrows had barely whizzed through the air, and the long spears of Annandale had just begun their bloody work on the royal army, when the King lost heart. He was mounted on a fiery steed, which he could not manage (it had been presented to him by Lord Lindsay before the battle); the clamour of war dismayed his unaccustomed ears; he saw his own banner unfurled against him; he knew that his own boy was in the enemy's camp; and the remembrance of an old prophecy, that a lion should be devoured by its own whelps, gnawed his heart. It was too much for James III., and, turning his horse's head, he galloped from the field."

DEATH OF JAMES III.

As he rode down the brae to cross the Bannockburn, a woman, who had come to a spring for water, startled at the sudden appearance of a man in full armour, suddenly dropped her pitcher; and his startled horse flinging him to the ground, he fainted away. A miller and his wife carried him to the corner of their mill; and with returning consciousness he asked for a confessor, murmuring in the bitterness of his soul, "I was your king this morning." The woman immediately ran out into the road, and cried

loudly for a priest for the king. The cry was soon heard, and a man hurrying up announced, "I am a priest; where is the King?" She led him into the mill; and kneeling down by his sovereign, the man inquired, with a concerned face, if he thought he might survive by the aid of surgery. "I believe that I might; but," added the dying man, "let me make my confession and have the Eucharist." The stranger bowed his head, and gave earnest attention to the gasping story of sin and suffering. When he had heard all he cared to know, he bent yet closer to the King, and, drawing a dagger from the folds of his dress, stabbed him to death.

One who visited it two years ago writes:—"The scene is absolutely unchanged. The bridle road is narrow, and descends the steep hill-side to the murmuring shallow stream of the Bannock, here called the Bloody-ford, from a tradition that it ran red with blood on the battle-day of Bruce. The mill is passed a few paces before arriving at the stream. It is not now a mill, but the old mill-lade and dam remain, though dry. It is a cottage with a ground-floor only, a thatched roof, and with picturesque stepped gables, as is so common in Scotland. The stone walls are immensely thick, and no other house is within immediate sight of it. The spring is on the face of the hill, a few paces above the mill, and with only the bridle-road between the two. Any one coming down the road finds himself suddenly close to the spring round a turn of the road, having been, till then, invisible and unheard, owing to the height of the banks between which the road runs. It was curious that a damsel was actually drawing water at the spring as I came upon it. One hand rested on the large flagstone which covers the recess of the spring; the other was raising the pitcher from the sparkling water, which filled the bason and trickled over the margin of the little pool. Looking suddenly up at the sound of my steps, and seeing a gigantic Englishman before her, she made a motion as though to drop the pitcher. It was exactly the old coincidence. A horse starting here, at a noise at the well, *must* swerve round and spring up the bank, to avoid dashing his shoulder against the mill wall. A man in heavy armour could not possibly have kept his seat; and the fall from this height in armour would be fearful. I never saw a scene which brought a historical tragedy so vividly before my mind as this. It is as yet untouched in all its details."

JAMES IV.; HAPPY AUSPICES UNFULFILLED.

So perished James III., in the flower of his life, for he was but thirty-six years old. It was a sad augury for the son who now suc-

ceeded him, and the catastrophe of whose own life is the main subject of the present paper. The remonstrances of the clergy,—if he had not already discovered the truth for himself,—taught him that he had committed a wicked action, and, among other tokens of repentance, he wore an iron girdle under his clothes, and added a fresh link every year.

His administration of Government was wise, and his authority over his nobles great. Scotland enjoyed unwonted prosperity, and Henry VII., who had become King of England, sought to make lasting peace between the two countries. He gave his daughter Margaret to James to wife. They were married at "St. Lambert's Church on Lammermoor," in June 1502. In the treaty of mar-

They had refused to make any amend; therefore the King of Scotland authorized the family of Barton to make reprisals, and capture any Portuguese vessels they might meet with. Thereupon Andrew Barton, a daring seaman, cruized about in the English Channel with two strong ships, and stopped not only Portuguese vessels, but English vessels going to Portugal. King Henry, therefore, fitted out two vessels, under the command of Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Earl of Surrey, who chose out first—

"The ablest gunner in all the realm,
Good Peter Simon was his name,"

and a skilful Yorkshire bowman, named William Hustler,* and with these and many "pikes, and guns, and bowmen bold," he



OLD WINDSOR CASTLE, THE PLACE OF CAPTIVITY OF JAMES I.

riage all mention of English claim over Scotland was carefully omitted.

So far well. But the accession of Henry VIII. to the English throne was the beginning of fresh ill feeling. There were several causes for this. The two brothers-in-law were personally jealous of each other. The French king flattered and courted the Scottish.

Then James was anxious to make a strong fleet and to extend his commerce, as he had numerous good harbours, and that was, more than any age before, a time of sea enterprise. And so he gathered a royal navy of sixteen ships.

THE BARTON FAMILY; A GALLANT FIGHT.

Now it so happened that a Scottish seaman, named John Barton, had some thirty years before been captured by the Portuguese.

sailed out at Thames' mouth. After three days' sail he fell in with a merchant who had been robbed by Barton, and who was now called upon by Lord Howard to direct him to the pirates' whereabouts. The merchant demurred, he was such a terrible foe to meet:—

"He is brass within and steel without,
With beams on his topcastle strong;
And eighteen pieces of ordnance stout
He carries on each side along.
"And he hath a pinnacle richly dight,
St. Andrew's cross that is his guide;
His pinnacle beareth nine score men,
And fifteen cannons on each side."

Nothing daunted, Lord Howard insisted on the merchant guiding him; and next morning they came in sight of Sir Andrew Barton.

The grand old ballad from which we have

* Erroneously called "Horley" in the old ballad.

quoted then goes on to describe the fight. Barton had heavy beams hung at the end of his yards, to throw down upon any ship that attempted to board him. One sailor after another mounted to do so, as the English ship drew alongside, but the unfailing skill

fell mortally wounded. The pirate ship was boarded, and carried off in triumph.

"Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seal and ring;
'Such a noble prize have I brought your grace,
As never did subject to a king."



PERCY AND DOUGLAS AT THE BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE.

of Hustler brought them down. At length Sir Andrew himself mounted. Hustler had but two arrows left. The first struck the pirate on the breast, but bounded back from his armour of proof. He had reached his beam, and was already moving it when Hustler, spying a spot left exposed under his arm, sent an arrow through it, and he

"'Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,
A braver ship was never none,
Now hath your grace two ships of war
Before in England was but one.'"

CAUSES OF QUARREL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

James IV. was very angry at the confisca-

tion of the vessels, and this was one cause of ill-feeling between the kings. Others supervened. Some English borderers had killed King James's Warden of the Marshes, and James declared that King Henry was protecting the murderers from justice. One of these was named Heron. The English Government sentenced him to death, and believed that the sentence was executed. But a heap of stones only had been buried in the coffin. We shall hear of Heron again.

Whilst things were thus ready for an explosion, King Henry invaded France in July 1513, and laid siege to Terouenne, or *Tirwan*, as it is called in the old ballads.

Now let us quote some stanzas of an ancient verse chronicle :—

"Before King Henry crossed the seas,
And o'er to France he did transfleet,
Lest that the Scots should him disease*
He constituted captains meet.

"For he perusing, in presence,
Of English kings, their barons bold,
He saw how Scots in their absence,
What damage they had done of old.

"He for the Earl of Surrey sent,
And Regent of the north him made;
And bade him, if the Scots were bent,
The northern borders to invade;

"That he should raise a royal band
In Bishoprick † and in Yorkshire,
In Westmoreland and Cumberland,
In Cheshire, and in Lancashire.

"And if thou need Northumberland,
Quoth he, 'there be strong men and stout,
That will not stick, if need doth stand,
To fight on horseback or on foot.

"There is the doughty Dacres old,
Warden of the West March is he:
There are the sons of Kendal bold,
Who fierce will fight and never flee.

"There is Sir Edward Stanley stout,
Who martial skill doth never lack,
From Lathom House his line came out,
Whose blood will never turn their back.

"All Lancashire will live and die
With him, so also will Cheshire;
For through his father's loyalty
This kingdom first came to my sire.

"Lord Clifford too, a lusty troop
Will there conduct,—a captain wise;
And with the lusty knight, Lord Scroop,
The power of Richmondshire will rise.

"The wardens all take heed you warn
To harken what the Scots forecast;
If they the signs of war discern,
Bid them the beacons fire full fast." "

The ballad goes on to tell how Lord Surrey ‡

accepted the trust, marched northward, and set his watches, to prevent the surprise which Henry rightly anticipated his brother-in-law would attempt. Then it goes on to describe the proceedings of the Scottish King when he knew that King Henry had "fared forth" to France.

"King James his courage 'gan to increase,
And of his council craved to know
If he had better live in peace,
Or fight against his brother-in-law.

"'Alas!' said he, 'my heart is sore,
And care constraineth me to weep,
That ever I to England swore
Or league or love a day to keep,

"'Had I not entered in that bond,
I swear now, by this burnished blade,
England and Scotland both one land
And kingdom one I could have made.'

"Then stood there up a baron stout,
A lusty laird of Douglas blood:
'My liege,' quoth he, 'have thou no doubt,
But mark my words with mirthful mood.

"The league is broke, have thou no dread:
Believe me, liege, my words are true;
What was the English admiral's deed,
When Andrew Barton bold he slew?

"Your ships and armour too he took;
And since their king did nothing fear
To send his aid against the Duke
Of Gelders, your own cousin dear.

"Hath not the bastard Heron slain
Your warden with his spiteful spear?
The league and peace are therefore vain;
My liege, you nothing have to fear.'

"Then manful Maxwell answered soon,
'My liege, the league is broke by right,
For the English king ought not to have gone
Against your friends in France to fight.

"What greater kindness could you show
Unto your friend, the King of France,
Than in English blood your blade to imbrue,
Against their land to lift your lance?

"You see what damage to you was done
By English kings in time of old;
Your border burned, and Berwick town
Still by strong hand they from you hold.

"Wherefore, more time let's not consume,
But fiercely fight that land again.'

* * * * *

"And then stood up haughty Lord Hume,
Of Scotland the chief chamberlain.

"My liege,' quoth he, 'in all your life
More lucky fate could never fall;
For now that land, with little grief,
Unto your crown you conquer shall.

"King Henry, you shall understand,
Is gone to France with all his peers;
At home is left none in the land
But jolt-headed monks and bursten friars.

* Disturb, harass.

† Durham.

‡ He had been knighted for his bravery at the battle of Barnet; had fought for King Richard III. at Bosworth; had been sent to the Tower by Henry

VII., but, at the end of three years, having received proof of his high integrity, Henry raised him to dignity and honour at his court, and he was chosen to convey fair Margaret to Scotland to marry James IV.

" 'There's not a lord left in England,
But all are gone beyond the sea;
Both knight and baron, with his band,
With ordnance and artillery.' "

Then King James put questions as to who had gone with King Henry, and heard the list of great lords—Percy of Northumberland, Talbot, Buckingham, Cobham, and a hundred others.

"The King then asked his lords all round
If war or peace they did prefer.
They cried, and made the hall resound,
'Let peace go back, and let's have war.' "

VIGOROUS MEASURES OF THE SCOTTISH KING.

And thus was James led to send his summons to Henry to desist from attacking the French king; and the minstrel tells how Henry received the embassy, and bade the messenger take back his defiance, whilst, according to custom, he gave him a handsome present.* But the defiance never was conveyed to James, for before the messenger returned he had begun the war. He did not do so, however, without urgent remonstrances and entreaties against it from wiser heads than his own. Anne of Brittany, the Queen of France, urged him on, working on his romantic and chivalrous feelings, while his own queen, Margaret, prayed and supplicated him to refrain. She bade him remember that she had but one son, and that an infant, and that he was running a senseless risk, and making discord where there might be peace. His angry reply was that she was the King of England's sister, and her advice, therefore, unpatriotic.

A MÆDIEVAL STORY.

Strange warnings came to him, probably got up by friends who saw his folly and desired to reach him through his superstitions. Thus, as he was attending mass in Linlithgow church, on the anniversary of his father's death, a figure appeared to him, habited like one of the saints in the windows, professing to be sent by the Blessed Virgin Mary, and warning him both against war and against his personal vices. Then the apparition vanished, but the King, and those to whom

King James's letter and King Henry's reply are both in existence, dated July 16th and August 12th respectively. James dwells at great length on the Heron business, and many other small grievances, but there is a want of reality about the whole letter. It gives the impression of a man who wants to quarrel. Henry retorts that Scotland has given many injuries to England, that he knows him not as a competent judge in so high a matter as the invasion of an enemy, and concludes as follows :—"And as ye do with us and our realm, so shall it be remembered and acquitted hereafter by the help of our Lorde, and our patronne Saint George."

he told it, believed that the mysterious visitor was the apostle St. John.* Another day, somewhat later, when 100,000 men were already gathered for the war, a voice was heard at midnight from the Market Cross of Edinburgh, while the King was sleeping at Holyrood, citing the King to death within forty days. But nothing moved him; and he commenced badly enough. Let the minstrel once more take up the tale.

HOW JAMES IV. PREPARED FOR WAR.

- "Then every lord and knight each where,
And barons bold in musters met;
Each man made haste to mend his gear,
And some their rusty pikes did whet.
- "Some made their battle-axes bright,
Some from their bills did rub the rust,
Some made long pikes and lances light,
Some pike-forks for to join and thrust.
- "Some did a spear for weapon wield,
Some did their lusty geldings try,
Some all with gold did gild their shield,
Some did with divers colours dye.
- "The tillmen tough their teams could take,
And to hard harness them conflate;
One of a share can shortly make
A sallat for to save his pate.
- "Dame Ceres did unserved remain,
The fertile fields did lie untilld;
Outrageous Mars so sore did reign
That Scotland was with fury filled.
- "Whereof the King, in heart full fain,
His men had all things ready made,
Did then command his chamberlain
In England for to make a raid.
- "The chamberlain, Lord Home, in haste,
Who border-warden was also,
Within the English borders brast [burst]
With full eight thousand men and moe.
- "They entered in Northumberland
With banners bravely blazed and borne,
And finding none who could withstand,
They straight destroyed the hay and corn.
- "And spoiled and harried all abroad,
And on each side in booties brought;
Some coursers got, some geldings good,
And droves of kine and cattle caught.
- "And stately halls and houses gay,
And buildings brave, they boldly burned;
And with a mighty spoil and prey,
Toward Scotland they then straight returned.
- "Sir William Bulmer, being told
Of this great road and wild array,
Did straight forecast all means he could,
The Scots in their return to stay.
- "Two hundred men himself did lead,
To him there came the borderers stout,
And divers gentlemen, with speed,
Repai'd to him with all their rout.
- "They were not all a thousand men,
But knowing where the Scots would come,
The borderers jest this course did ken,
And hid them in a field of broom.
- "The Scots came scouring homewards fast,
And proudly pricked forth with their prey;
Thinking their perils all were past,
They straggling ran clear out of 'ray.

- "The Englishmen burst forth apace,
And skirmished with the Scots anon;
There was fierce fighting, face to face,
And many a one was made to groan.
- "There men might see spears fly in speels,
And tall men tumbling on the soil,
And many a horse turned up his heels;
Outrageous Mars kept each a coil.
- "The Scots their strength did long extend,
And broken ranks did still renew;
But the English archers in the end
With arrowshot full sore them slew.
- "The English spears, on the other side,
Among the Scots did fiercely fling,
And through their ranks did rattling ride,
And chased them through moss, mire, and ling.
- "Six hundred Scots lay slain on ground,
Five hundred prisoners and more;
Of Englishmen, slain in that stound,
The number was not past three score.
- "In August month this broil befel,
The day still black with Scottish blood,
As diverse old men yet do tell;
The Scots it call 'The devilish road.'"

OBSTINACY OF THE KING; THE WAR CONTINUED.

The warning of this most un auspicious beginning of the war was lost upon King James, though it was echoed from the lips of some of his best counsellors. He assembled a great army, placed himself at the head, and entered England, near the castle of Twisell, August 22nd, 1513. Again he gathered great spoil, and took many border fortresses. The same ballad chronicle that we have been quoting states that he was balked at the castle of Norham, until a traitorous soldier, who had dwelt in it for thirty years, offered to show him a secret entrance for a rich bribe. James took advantage of the offer, captured the castle, and then hanged the traitor.

The acquisition of the castle of Ford cost him dear. He had taken the owner of it prisoner in Scotland, and now the beautiful lady of the castle set herself to amuse and delay him, like another Judith. He began a course of dalliance and folly, as also, it is said, did his son Alexander Stewart (of whom more hereafter) with her daughter, and twenty days were spent here in folly and worse, while the provisions which had been brought from Scotland for the soldiers were being eaten up. At the end of that time she slipped away to the Earl of Surrey to inform him that his time was now come.

THE OPPONENT OF JAMES.

Meanwhile the Earl, having sent round his summons to all the northern shires to meet him on the 1st of September at Newcastle, hastened through Durham, where, having stayed to hear mass devoutly, and invoke the aid of St. Cuthbert, he arrived

at Newcastle on the last day of August, and found himself at the head of 26,000 men. The ballad gives a glowing account of the gathering,—of the anxieties of wives and children as they saw the men going forth in martial array,—of the many masses said on "hallowed stones,"—of the anxiety caused by a great storm, which, it was feared, would destroy the fleet of Surrey's son, the Lord High Admiral, which was on its way to Newcastle,—of the safe arrival of this fleet, and the cries of joy.

"Who, when the Earl of Surrey saw,
He thanked God with heart so mild,
And hands for joy to heaven did throw,—
His son was saved from waters wild.

"A merry meeting there was seen,
For first they kissed and then embraced;
For joy the tears fell from their ean,
All forepast fears were then effaced."

While the English forces were thus drawing to a head, the Scotch were rapidly becoming disorganized. Their provisions, as we have seen, ran short, and others went home to put their booty in safety.

Surrey, feeling his own strength, sent a cartel of defiance to the Scottish King. James was desirous of accepting it at once, but his lords endeavoured to dissuade him. Surrey, they said, was like a gambler, who offered to stake a crooked halfpenny against a rose noble. James angrily replied that on his return home he would hang anybody who should play the coward. Angus Bell-the-Cat, now a very old man, still urged caution; the irritated King scornfully replied that if he were afraid he might go home. He should have spared the old earl such an undeserved taunt. The old man burst into tears and retired; but his two sons remained, and perished in the battle. The King declared that he would accept Surrey's challenge.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

The two armies had now approached within five miles of each other. With the large scale Ordnance Map before us, we can follow all the movements with precision. The Earl of Surrey was at Wooler. Close by runs a stream called the Till—a stream of continuous doublings and windings, flowing northwards to join the Tweed, and along the east side of it for a couple of miles runs a plain called the Millfield. The Scotch were on Flodden Hill, an eminence surmounting, and in part surrounding, the north-west side of the Millfield. The whole district consists now entirely of enclosed fields with a few plantations; it was then an open flat, covered with broom. On the side where Flodden Hill overlooks the Millfield it is steep in descent. This part is called *Flodden Edge*. Along the level crest of it lay the Scottish army. Lord Surrey

beheld with so much misgiving the strength of the position that he sent a message to King James, inviting him to come down into the open Millfield and fight him, assuring him that this would be the more honourable and chivalrous course for him to take.

LETTER OF SURREY TO KING JAMES.

The original document, or a duplicate of it in Surrey's own hand, is preserved in the State Paper Office. As I do not know whether it has ever been printed, I subjoin it.

"Right high and mighty pryncce. So it is that

accomplysshing of yr honrble pmysse ye woll dispose yorselſe for yr parte like as I shall doo for myn to be to morrow with yor hoste in yor side of the playne of Mylfeld. In likewise as I shall w^t the king my souverayne lord subgitts on my side of the saide playne redy to give you bataille betweene xii of the clock and iiii in the aftrnoone upon sufficient warning by you to be given by viii or ix in the morning by the said present. And like as I and other noble men my compagne bynd us by this and our writing w^t our hande to keepe the same tyme for thentent above-said. It may like yor grace by your honorable act subscribed with yor hand to bynd yor grace for the accomplishing of this our desire. Trustyng that ye woll depeche our said psēnt lmedyaty for the long delay of so honorable a jorney we think shuld sounde



KING HENRY VIII. FROM A PORTRAIT BY HOLBEIN.

lately I sent unto you Rougecross pūrsuivant-at-armes, and by him advertized yr grace that I and my sovereign lords subjectts wod come to repress and resiste yr invasions of this the kyng my said sovereign lords Realme. And for that entent I offered to geve you bataill on this frydaye next comyng. Whrofe my message yr grace tok pleasr to hear as I am informed and by your herald Hay ye made aunswer that ye were right joyous of my desire and wold not fayle to accomlishe the same and to abide me there wher ye wod at the tyme of my message unto your grace. Albeit it hath pleased you to chaunge yor sayd promyse and putte yorselſe into a ground more lyke a fortresse or a camp than upon any indifferent [*i.e.* impartial] grounde for bataill. Wherlor finding the day appoynted soo nygh ap- prochyng I now desire of yor grace that for the

to yr dishonour. Written in the feld in Wolleshaugh this vii day of Septembre at v of the clock in the aftrnone.

"T. SURREY."
[and 14 others.]

But the King was hardly so foolish as Surrey must have thought him. He returned for answer that such a message did not become an earl to send to a king.

THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE.

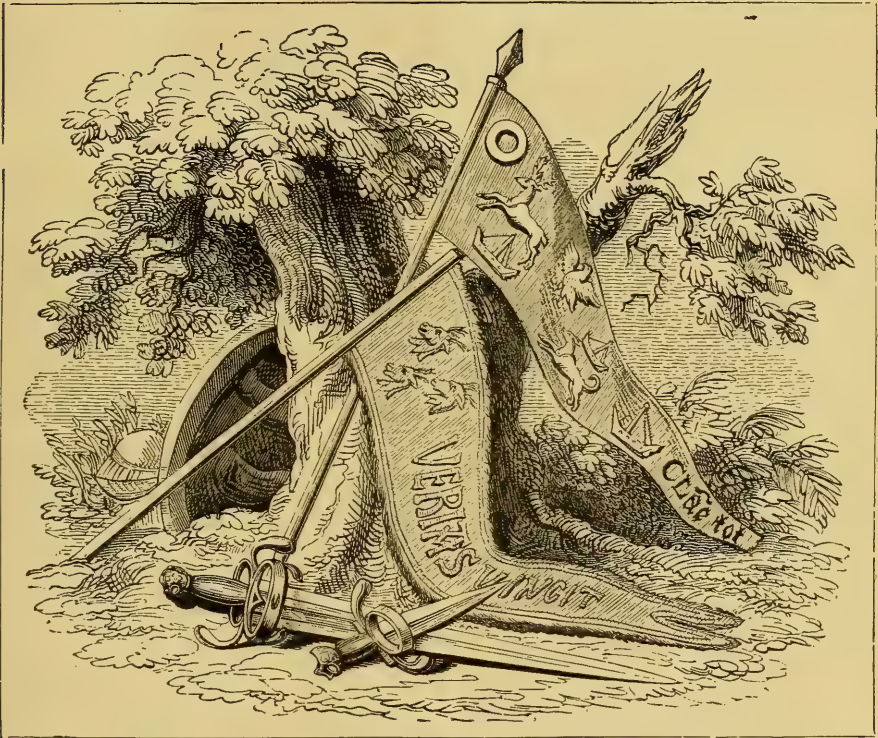
Surrey now felt himself in a serious strait. His men were running short of food. The chronicler Hall declares that for two days

they had fasted from everything but water.

Whilst Surrey was deliberating, a man in disguise came to offer his help, provided he were forgiven certain past transgressions. The promise was given, and he then revealed himself as Heron, whom we have already seen as sentenced to death for border warfare, and as having escaped. Surrey had thought him dead till now, but readily welcomed him, and placed himself under his guidance, and executed a daring plan. On "a foul and windy day he marched north-

quarry. Surrey was now northward of the Scots.

Next morning Surrey turned and passed the Till by Twissell castle, near the junction of the river with the Tweed. In so doing he placed himself in a position of great danger, for the passage was a very difficult one, and his army might probably have been destroyed before they had taken up their position across the stream. It was thus that Wallace had won the battle of Stirling. But King James refused. He thought more of displaying his personal prowess than of saving his country,



RELICS FROM THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN—PENNONS AND WEAPONS.

ward, past the Scottish lines which lay on his left, taking care to keep out of reach of their artillery, and on the evening of the 8th of September, he rested at Barmoor Wood, about two miles distant from the Scots, but hidden from them by a low hill. His march, indeed, had been seen by King James from a spot which is still called "The King's Chair," a heap of rocks in the middle of Flodden edge, on which the King sat, obstinately refusing all suggestions to attack them while in movement. The spot is now marked by a clump of firs, but has been greatly altered by the opening of a large stone

and he wanted a stand-up fight. He scornfully refused the advice of his lords; and when the commander of his artillery asked for leave to cannonade the English while crossing, he only got a threat to hang him if he fired a single shot.

We have seen an act of grace done by Surrey. Here is one recorded of King James on the morning of the battle. The young Earl of Caithness had incurred outlawry for revenging an ancient feud. He came now to the King, accompanied by three hundred men, and submitted himself to his mercy. The delighted monarch granted him an immunity,

and, because no other parchment could be procured; the skins were cut from a drum-head. The document is still preserved by the family. The earl and his gallant band perished to a man on the fatal field.

His crossing thus made good, Surrey took up his position on Brankstone Moor, between Scotland and King James's army. Then the latter was stricken with a sudden terror lest Surrey should enter Scotland without check, and lay it waste. King James therefore gave orders to set fire to the camp huts, and, under cover of the smoke, he descended the hill which slopes gently on that side, and marched up the opposite hill of Brankstone, on the side of which Surrey's army was posted. In this movement he was a good deal harassed by the English artillery, which opened fire upon him as he advanced. It was posted between the divisions of the English army.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 9th, 1513, the furious onset began, after a deadly discharge of arrows as the two armies neared each other. There were no tactics in the battle, no blunders. It was sheer hard fighting. First the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, attacked and repulsed the right wing of the English under Sir Edmund Howard, the general's second son. But a strong body of horse in reserve, under Lord Dacre, rushed to the rescue, and succeeded. Not only so, but they carried havoc into the midst of Home's men, who were chiefly rough borderers, and who, thinking that the victory was already gained, had begun to disperse in search of pillage. In the centre a desperate contest was carried on between James and Surrey, the King, forgetting that the duties of a commander were different from those of a knight, placing himself in the front of his spearmen, and surrounded by his nobles, who, though they grieved at his rashness, would not desert him. For a while his valour carried all before it, and the English centre was broken; but by this time Lord Dacre, having been successful on his side, charged the Scottish centre in flank until it reeled again. The Earl of Bothwell, however, came up with the Scottish reserve, and restored the day here.

On the Scottish right were the Highlanders and Isle men, under the Earls of Lennox and Argyll. These, galled by the showers of English arrows, and unable to reach the enemy with their usual weapons, the broadsword and axe, resorted to their usual method of fighting,—a method which had many a time been successful in former days, but was worse than useless in conjunction with Lowland spearmen. Their method was to rush rapidly on the foe, and retreat immediately

if successful. This they did now, in spite of all entreaties. The shock to the English lines was terrible for a moment, but the pikemen stood their ground, and the spent force, unable to recover itself, became altogether disorganized and routed, and fell back among the Lowlanders and threw them also into confusion.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT; DEATH OF THE KING.

Yet, in spite of this disaster on the right, the centre still held its ground desperately. The ground was become slippery and soft with blood, and the Scotsmen pulled off their shoes for a firmer footing. Suddenly Sir Edward Stanley, who had been in command of the English pikemen, who had so effectually withstood the Highland onslaught, called back his men from pursuing them, and turned on the rear of the Scottish centre. This movement was decisive. Engaged in front by Surrey, in flank by Dacre, in rear by Stanley, the King's battle even yet fought bravely against these fearful odds, and James continued by voice and gesture to animate his men. He was endeavouring to fight his way to the English commander, in hope of a personal combat, when he fell, pierced with an arrow and mortally wounded with a bill.* The Scottish nobles, with fierce loyalty, threw themselves around his body and fought desperately, until darkness put an end to the conflict.

So fierce was the passion, so resolute the Scots who were left alive, that Surrey dared not move all night. He held his men together, and waited for the morning. When it dawned, the Scottish artillery was seen standing deserted by the side of Flodden hill.† The men had disappeared. The result of the battle was doubtful no longer. A body of Scots, indeed, appeared on the hill, apparently about to charge down, but a discharge of English ordnance dispersed them.

There can be no question that one great cause of the English victory was owing to the skill and courage of the archers. Surrey, who was made Duke of Norfolk in reward of his victory, had an augmentation made to his arms, viz., on the bend, the Red Lion of

* An old letter, describing the finding of the body, says: "He had received many wounds, most of them mortal. He was wounded in divers places with arrows, his neck was opened to the middle, and his left hand almost cut off, so that it scarcely hung to his arm."

† There were twenty-two large brass cannon, and in particular seven of a very wide bore, all of the same size and make, called the seven sisters. These last were sent to Berwick; the rest were long preserved in the border fortress of Etall. There is a long and very curious MS. description of them all preserved in the Herald's College, London.

Scotland pierced through the mouth with an arrow. Let us hear the minstrel-chronicler once more :—

- "The Englishmen then feathered flights
Set out anon from sounding bow,
Which wounded many warlike wights,
And many a man to ground did throw.
- "The grey goose wing did work such grief,
And did the Scots so scour and skait [scatter],
For in their battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as rank as hail.
- "One from his leg the lance did pull,
One through his stomach sore was sticket ;
Some bleeding bellowed like a bull ;
Some through nose and mouth were pricket.
- "But yet the Scots still stout did stand,
Till arrow-shot at length was done ;
Then plied apace they strokes of hand
As they to closest battle run.
- "Then spears and pikes to work were put,
And blows with bills most dour were dealt,
And many a cap of steel through cut,
And swinging strokes made many swelt."

DISASTROUS NATURE OF THE DEFEAT.

This is the most disastrous battle in Scottish history, not in its ultimate results, but in its immediate loss. There was not, it is said, a noble family in Scotland that did not own a grave on Brankstone Moor. Twelve earls lay dead, lords, knights, and gentlemen without number.* Hall the Chronicler says: "Of the Scottes they slewe twelfe thousande, at the leaste, of the best gentlemen and flower of Scotlande ; and of the Englysh syde were slayne and taken not fiftene hundred men, as it appeared by the bok of wages when the souldiers were payed." Holinshed inclines to think the Scottish loss less than this, and the English greater.

ALEXANDER STEWART, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. ANDREW'S ; SCOTLAND'S DAY OF SORROW.

One of those who fell claims special mention—Alexander Stewart, Archbishop of St. Andrew's. He was the natural son of James IV. and Margaret Boyd, and was but eighteen years old. His father, intending him for high office in the Church, had taken great pains with his education, and sent him abroad. At Padua he studied under the great Erasmus, who declared him his best scholar. Pope Julius II., to oblige the King, had appointed him to the Archbishopric when he was but fifteen, and on his return to Scotland, in 1510, his father also made him Chancellor of the Kingdom, and he also received

two rich abbeys. He did not live, as we see, to perform any of his sacred functions.

One Andrew Pitcairn was killed with all his seven sons, but his wife gave birth to a posthumous son, and through him the family still exists, and possesses a charter stating the facts, signed by King James V.

How Scotland mourned for her calamity—not, indeed, despairingly, but with a pride in the devotedness of her sons, and for their fortitude under the calamity—is shown by all the literature of the period, both in prose and verse. She was proud of her dead King, proud of those who had given up themselves to die with him. And yet James IV. was anything but a model king. His bravery and chivalry none can doubt ; he was good-natured and generous, contrasting altogether with his avaricious father ; he excelled in athletics, and loved tournaments and jousting ; was fond of riding forth unknown, and lodging in poor men's houses, "that he might bear the common bruit of himself." But he was reckless and self-willed, and a shameful libertine, glorying in his shame, and parading his mistresses in splendour before the world.

Let us turn to a brighter page ;—how the people of Edinburgh waited in breathless anxiety to hear the news of their King's enterprise ; how they watched the beacon fires on the hills, and trembled as the signals given by them appeared to speak of disaster ; how at length a solitary horseman, Randolph Murray, appeared, and with tears and a few broken words uttered the sad tale,—all this is told in Aytoun's splendid lay, "Edinburgh after Flodden." And the same poem tells how the people wasted no time in unavailing regrets, but gave themselves first to prayer, then to defence. We shall not quote any lines from a ballad of which the reader will rejoice to read every word if he has not yet done so, but the proclamation is so curious, and so brave and wise, that we quote it at length :—

"x day of September. We do yee to witt ; for sa meikell [*forasmuch*] as thair is ane great rumber [*rumor*] now lattle rysin within this toun, toucheng our Sovereane Lord and his army of the quilk we understand thair is cumin na veritie as yet, quhairfore we charge straitlie and command in our said Sovereane Lord the Kingis name and the presidents for the provest and baillies within this burch [*borough*], that all maner of personis, nyhbours within the samen, have reddy their fensabill geir [*arms of defence*] and wapponis for weir, and compeir theirwith to the said presidents at jowing [*tolling*] of the comoun bell for the keeping and defens of the toun agains thame that wald invade the samyn.

"And also chairgis that all women and specially vagabounds that thai pass to thair labours, and be not sene upon the gait [*street*] clamourand and cry-and under the pane of banesing of their persons but favor [*on pain of banishing them bodily without respect of persons*] ; and that the other women of gude [*women of the better sort*] pass to the kirk and pray quhane tyme requires [*at the stated hours*] for our

* In 1783, a gold ring was found on the field, with the crest of the Campbells upon it. In all probability it belonged to the slain Earl of Argyll.

Soverane Lord and his army, and nyebouris being thairat [*townsmen who are with the army*], and hold them at their privie labors off the gait [*keep at their private occupations out of the street*] within their houses as affeirs [*as becometh*]."

The putter forth of this gallant proclamation deserves to have his name preserved. It was "George of Towris."

the British Museum, in which he commends the King for his desire to give the corpse Christian burial, and announces that he has commissioned the Bishop of London to take off all censures, give absolution, and duly bury in sacred ground. Why it was not done we cannot say; but Stow says that after the dissolution of the monastery of Shene, the



DEATH OF SIR ANDREW BARTON.

The body of King James was found on the field quite naked, was sent to Berwick-on-Tweed, embalmed, enclosed in lead, and sent to London. At the monastery of Shene, in Surrey, it lay long unburied. A papal interdict had been issued, forbidding him to go to war; it had not reached him, but practically it made him excommunicate. A letter of Pope Leo X. to King Henry is preserved in

body was found in a lumber room in its lead coffin; that a workman in brutal wantonness hewed off the head, and that Lancelot Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, at length carried it off and caused it to be buried in St. Michael's, Wood Street.

Scotland, in this hour of her supreme agony, found herself once more with an infant king. James V. was but seventeen months old

when he was crowned, twelve days after his father's death. Queen Margaret was appointed Regent, but her Parliament consisted now almost entirely of clergy, its other members lay buried beneath Brankstone Field. Probably with the hope of securing protection and help, she married the grandson of Angus Bell-the-Cat, only eleven months

But there was one person to whom above all others the restoration of peace was due, namely, Queen Catharine of Arragon. In true womanly spirit, she lost no time in sending an emissary of love and tenderness to her bereaved sister-in-law. It was one of her chaplains, who appears to have exercised his office with discretion and gentleness. This



THE PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

after King James's death, to the unutterable disgust of the Scottish people.

CONCLUSION.

The English showed forbearance after their victory. They could not forget that Scotland was now ruled by a princess of their own nation, a sister of their English King.

produced the following interesting letter, now in the Record Office. It is copied from the original manuscript, and now for the first time printed. The reader will see that poor Queen Margaret has acquired the Scottish peculiarities of spelling.

"Richt excellente, richt hie and mihty princess, oure richt dere and best-belovit sister We recommend

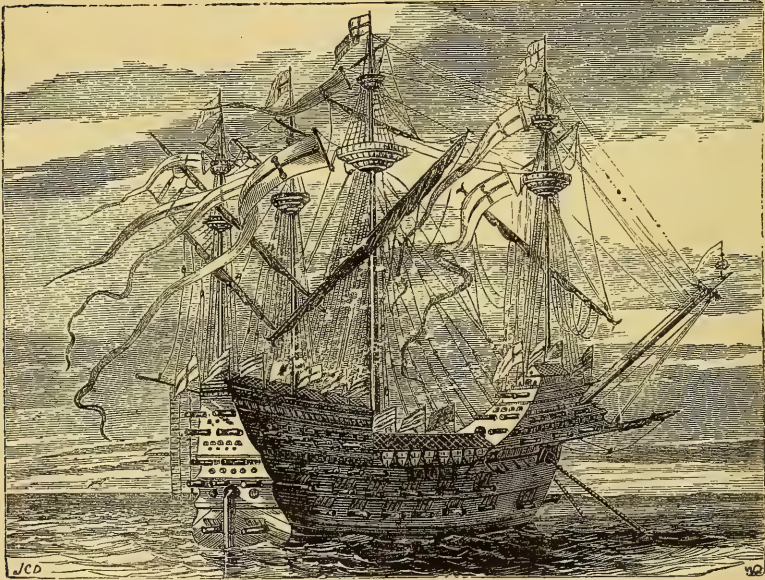
us unto you in oure maist hertie wise, and have
ressavit youre letter the vi daye of this moneth
written at Windsore the xviii daye of October ; and
be thankfull of ye same. We persave you richt sory
of ye adversitie lailtie happynit to us ye cause yarof
was unshoven or unknowin at all times unto us. We
als consider youre luvng and hertie mind towart us
and the grete compatiencie ye have for oure sake, as
youre wellbelovit in God frere Bonaventure Provin-
ciall of ye freres observant has shewin on youre behalfe
with fullwise and substantious consolations, quharof
wee give you oure hertlie thanke, and grete comfort
it is to us to know of oure brother and youre prosperous
gude helth, in quhom oure specciall traist is about all
next God ; Praying you deerest sister to have us in
remembrance towart bur brother yat for oure sake
oure derest brother's kindness may be knawin to our
lieges and Realm, lik as we have shawin at gude . . .
to ye said religious fader of quhai's message comfort

and minde shewin unto us yis time, we a richt glade
as knawis God. Quha richt excellent, richt hie and
mihty princes, maist dere and bestbelovit sister the
Trinity hav in keeping.

" Given under our signte, at oure toun of Perth,
ye xi day of November."

Angry feeling gradually died away. There
remained unbroken the tie of blood. The
young Scottish King was the grandson of a
King of England ; and thus, though a mighty
shock was coming on both nations in the
great religious struggle which was now just
about to break out over Europe, the founda-
tion was already laid of the happy union of
the two nations.

W. B.



THE "HENRY GRACE À DIEU," BUILT IN 1513, TWO YEARS AFTER FLOODEN.



"PAPER! PAPER!"

THE PENNY NEWSPAPER.

THE STORY OF THE CHEAP PRESS.

The Most Wonderful Pennyworth in the World—How did our Ancestors Exist when Newspapers were Few?—London News in the Country Parts—The Father of English Journalism—Nathaniel Butter Laughed at by Ben Jonson and Fletcher—Royalist and Parliamentary "Mercuries"—Origin of the *London Gazette*—Addison Reproving Newsmongery—An Unintended Prediction—Present Number of Local Papers—Imposition of a Stamp Duty—The Oldest Existing Journals—Birth and Growth of the *Times*—A Taxed and Dear Press—A Time of Poverty and Discontent—Defying and Evading the Law—Carpenter and Hetherington—Prosecutions and Imprisonments—"Pelham" to the Rescue—A Suggestion of Cheap Postage—Parliamentary Work—Mr. Ewart, Mr. Milner, Mr. Gibson, and the Select Committee—Resolute Attacks on "the Taxes on Knowledge"—Opposition to the Publication of the Stamp Returns—*Chambers' Historical Newspaper*, and Dickens's *Household Narrative*—The Railway Mania and Mushroom Journalism—Total Abolition of the Imposts—First Appearance of the *Daily Telegraph*—The Penny and Halfpenny Press.

THE most wonderful pennyworth the whole world affords is a Penny Newspaper. With a sheet of paper measuring about 3 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 2 in. (and sometimes half as large again when advertisements are plentiful), closely printed on both sides, the British reader is in possession of a chart of the habitable world, a record of its thoughts and actions, a picture in little of the workings of the great life which, crystallized in humanity, is to him the most immediately interesting item of the greater life of the universe. He could not, if he would, be an alien to his fellow-man. From every quarter

of the world, throbbing through the waves, pulsing through the air, borne through the darkness of the night as well as the sunshine of the day by swift messengers of iron, panting and crashing on iron roads, comes the voice of the world, a voice telling of joys and woes, triumphs and defeats, the plans of statesmen and projects of inventors, the mighty roar of the busy world, with its heroism and wisdom, its follies and its crimes, the "still, sad music of humanity." The newspaper is the focus in which are concentrated the rays of the moving world. No product of human ingenuity, no aggregate of skilled

labour, no marvellously contrived machinery, no accumulation of wealth, can produce any other pennyworth so rich, so exhaustive, so sympathetic and so powerful as the modern newspaper.

The cheap press is a growth of our own time, indeed, of the last quarter of a century. Before 1853, when the advertisement duty was repealed, and partially so until the penny stamp was discontinued, and till 1861, when the manufacture of paper was relieved from the excise duty, the newspaper was a giant in fetters. Now it is free and strong.

THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

We may be disposed sometimes to wonder how the good folks who preceded us managed to live and be tolerably happy without possessing some things which seem to us almost essentials of life. They travelled slowly, they knew very little of what was going on in the world beyond the little circles in which they lived, made their wills before starting on a fifty miles journey (in the course of which they rested for a night, perhaps two nights, on the road), thought town streets well lighted by a few dismal oil lamps, and were well content that by-roads should not be lighted at all, waiting for moonlight nights if they wanted to be out late. A few sleepy old watchmen toddled about the streets of the great towns; and if wayfarers were molested by Mohocks or other roysterers, beaten, robbed, or even burked, the moral was obvious,—"Keep early hours, and you will come to no harm." An enterprising youth went out to India, and spent the better part of a year getting to Calcutta or Madras, and nearly another year passed before the old folks at home could hear of his arrival. There were newspapers, indeed, but the editors possessed no greater facilities for obtaining news rapidly than did the public generally; and when they did publish news, the price of the journal was so high that even rich people limited their patronage of the press, and poor people could only get a glimpse at a newspaper now and then. In the early years of this present century the papers were so small that only a very little news could be given, even if more could have been obtained; and as we know that the world was very busy then, and may fairly suppose there were accidents and offences, and no lack of the material which newspapers now collect as their daily food—for human nature is very much the same in all ages—the conclusion seems inevitable, that people knew very little about each other, and that dwellers in one country had very indistinct perceptions of the character of dwellers in other countries. We know now an immense deal more about the campaigns of Napoleon than Londoners did at the time he

was defeating armies in Germany or penetrating to fatal Moscow; but then the knowledge was long coming, and, we now know, not very exact. If great newspapers with all modern appliances had been contemporaneous with Napoleon I., there would have been vigorously graphic accounts of the battle of Leipsic, or a dozen different descriptions of the burning of Moscow, by special correspondents, published in London the morning after the event. But our good forefathers lived and died knowing nothing of the railway or the electric telegraph; and if they had seen a modern double *Times* with supplement extra, would have been as much startled as the inmates of the castle of Otranto were by the spectacle of the stupendously big helmet.

SLOW WORK WITH NEWSPAPERS.

If we go back a little farther, say to the first half of the last century, fifty years or so before the *Times* was an infant Hercules, strangling snakes in its cradle, the condition of England, nearly newspaperless, would seem to us, living in bright journalistic light, almost deplorable. Not even "a squire or knight of the shire," living in Devonshire, Yorkshire, or Northumberland, was likely to know for a week or two what was doing in London, and news received in London from Devonshire, Yorkshire, or Northumberland was almost as scarce as news from Merv is now-a-days.

Scott scarcely exaggerated the difficulty with which news penetrated into remote parts of the country, when he described the process by which Sir Everard Waverley and his neighbours became acquainted with the doings in London:—"A weekly post brought in those days to Waverley Honour a *Weekly Intelligencer*, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the Hall to the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward, at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after the arrival."

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

Looking back still another hundred years, we see the very first streak of the dawn of newspaper light. There was long cherished a belief that a newspaper was published in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and enthusiastic collectors possessed a few copies of the *English Mercurie*, the first dated July 23, 1588, and announcing the destruction of the great Armada. Even so acute an antiquary as George Chalmers, and for a time even

Isaac Disraeli, were deceived ; but so recently as 1839 Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, proved to demonstration that the copies of the *Mercurie* were clever forgeries. The first English newspaper was the *Weekly News*, published in London, in 1622, by one Nathaniel Butter, a stationer who had failed in business, and who as early as 1611 had given himself to the collection of news, which he transmitted in manuscript to persons who were willing to pay for the luxury. These missives were known as "news-letters," and the name was adopted and still survives in some Irish journals, as the *Belfast News Letter* and the *Wicklow News Letter*. Until a few years ago, *Saunders' News Letter* was one of the best known of the Dublin newspapers. It was a bold venture of Nathaniel Butter to start a printed news-sheet, and possibly he had a very faint idea indeed of the important results destined to result from his act. Of course the wits of the time made merry over the little strip of paper—it was scarcely more—which appeared once a week from Butter's lumbering press ; but then professional wits are generally ready enough to make merry over anything from which they think they can extract comic "copy" ; and, besides, the name of the projector was tempting. In 1625, Ben Jonson produced at the Globe Theatre, Bankside, a satirical comedy, *The Staple of News*, in which he indulged in a fling at Butter and his associate, a well-known character about town, commonly known as "The Captain," who having been for years an oracle and gossip in Paul's Walk in the old cathedral, took to collecting such news as he could get for the benefit of the *Weekly News*. Jonson, in one of the scenes of the comedy, introduces a countrywoman, who tells the news-monger—

"I would have, Sir,
A groat's worth of news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to our Vicar."

The great man at the desk replies contemptuously, "Oh ! you are a butter-woman ; ask Nathaniel, the clerk, there." In Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, one of the characters, referring to the probability of the appearance of an apparition, says, "It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer ; a spirit that shall look as if butter would not melt in his mouth, a new *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus*." Poor Butter ! his name was made the subject of quips and quibbles in his lifetime, and perhaps the Butter was sometimes pinched for bread. Should he not have a memorial as the father of English journalism ?

ROYALIST AND PARLIAMENTARY "MERCURIUS."

Other collectors of news followed the lead of Nathaniel Butter, and various newspapers,

or rather news-pamphlets, appeared in the reign of Charles I. and during the Commonwealth period. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* says :—"Those who have wandered in the vaults of the British Museum, and contemplated the vast collection of political pamphlets and the countless *Mercuries* which sprang full armed, on either side of that quarrel, from the strong and earnest brains which wrought in that great political trouble, will not hesitate to discover amidst the hubbub of the Rebellion the first throes of the pen of England as a political power." In these small sheets there was little space for anything but brief news of fights and victories, and a few fierce polemical and political utterances ; and advertisements, in any mode, were as yet almost unknown. People made known their wants or announced their wares by means of the common crier, with his loud voice and louder bell. But in January, 1652, a poetical genius, who wished to celebrate the achievements of Cromwell in Ireland, inserted a notice in the Parliamentary paper, *Mercurius Politicus*, of the publication of "An Heroick Poem," entitled "Irenodia Gratulatoria, being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner." After that other advertisements appeared, some of them strange enough to us who live under very different social conditions.

While the great plague was raging in London in 1665 the Court removed to Oxford, and there was published *The Oxford Gazette*, for the purpose mainly of making Court and official announcements. When the King and the Ministers and Court officials returned to the metropolis, the name of the paper was changed to *The London Gazette*, which still survives, known by name to everybody, but scarcely ever seen by the general public.

Sir Roger L'Estrange, who had been appointed Censor of the Press after the Restoration—an office which would seem to imply that the swarm of little newspapers threatened to be troublesome to the King and his friends—began the *Public Intelligencer* in 1665, and the *Observer* in 1679. In 1688, the year in which Stuart James fled from England, and his daughter Mary and her husband William of Orange reigned in his stead, appeared the *Orange Intelligencer*, published twice a week, and consisting of a single leaf of paper about twice the size of the page now before our reader's eyes. The first number of the *Universal Intelligencer*, which appeared about the same time, had two advertisements.

ADDISON ON NEWSMONGERS.

The eagerness for news, like the green-eyed monster jealousy, described by Shakespeare, grew by what it fed on, and afforded

matter for amusement to the graceful wits and social censors of the Augustan age, as it had done for the coarser and more robust satirists of Ben Jonson's time. In No. 452 of the *Spectator* (itself, by the way, a successor under the same editor, Richard Steele, of the *Tatler*, which intermixed a little news with essays on morals and manners), Addison, heading the paper with a sage quotation from Pliny, to the effect that "human nature is fond of novelty," amuses himself by joking in his mild manner about the absorbing appetite for hearing and reading news displayed by the good folks of his day: "There is no humour in my countrymen which I am more inclined to wonder at than their general thirst after news." He suggests that the reading of history would be quite as exciting and much more satisfactory than the eager perusal of newspapers. "A honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he now bestows upon the productions of a single post. Fights, conquests, and revolutions lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of sea and wind. In short, the mind is not here kept in a perpetual gape after knowledge, nor punished with that eternal thirst which is the portion of all our modern newsmongers and coffee-house politicians."

The late Mr. Cobden was probably not so well read in English literature as is his friend Mr. Bright, and perhaps was unacquainted with this *Spectator* paper, or had forgotten it, when he made his famous comparison between the educational value of the modern newspaper press and the literature of antiquity, and complained that while a large number of our young men knew all about the position of the cities of Greece, and the battles in which the Spartans and Athenians took part, they knew very little of contemporary matters, and could scarcely tell where, for instance, Chicago was situated, or what was done there. If by a spirit of prophecy Addison could have known of Cobden's utterance, it is likely that he might have smiled serenely, but not at all likely that he would have altered a single word of the following passage:—"All matters of fact which a man did not know before are news to him; and I do not see how any haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrels of the Cantons [1712] than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors than

those of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Danube or the Boristhenes."

SATIRICAL SUGGESTION OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

The placid *Spectator* then quotes a letter from an imaginary correspondent, "a projector who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable curiosity of his countrymen," and who suggests the establishment of a local newspaper "which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny post. Such a means of obtaining information will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own." The intelligence to be furnished by such a paper is indicated by specimens:—"By my last advices from Knightsbridge, I hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the 3rd instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away." "By a fisherman which lately touched at Hammersmith there is advice from Putney that a certain person well known in that place is like to lose his election for church warden; but this being boat news, we cannot give credit to it."

Addison had many gifts, but not the gift of the spirit of prophecy. Perhaps he imagined his suggestion of local or parochial newspapers was as unlikely to be realized as was another suggestion which appeared also in the *Spectator*, that two persons on opposite sides of the globe might be able to communicate almost instantaneously with each other. Yet both these wonders have come to pass. We send telegraphic messages to the antipodes, and there are more than fifty local newspapers, confining themselves exclusively to the news of the neighbourhood in which they appear, published in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. The city of London alone keeps two special newspapers well supplied with intelligence and advertisements mostly of purely local interest. How Addison would have smiled placidly, how Steele would have roared with laughter, how happily might Pope have turned an epigram, or Arbuthnot have launched a witticism, if anybody had seriously proposed an *Acton, Chiswick, and Turnham Green Gazette*, yet such a publication has existed for more than a dozen years, and appears likely to exist for many years more; and one metropolitan parish alone, St. Pancras, is represented by two local newspapers. We may learn a lesson from the pleasant "chaff" of Addison: How many of the propositions which appear comical or Utopian to us may be very practical realities to the next generation.

IMPOSITION OF A STAMP DUTY.

In the year that Addison wrote the *Spectator* from which we have quoted (1712), by an Act of Parliament (10 Anne, c. 19), a stamp duty of one penny was imposed for a period of thirty-two years. Ten years before, the first daily paper had appeared, the *Daily Courant*, the first number of which was published on the 11th of March, 1702, by E. Mallet, at Fleet-bridge, the locality which has since been the cradle of nearly all the most influential London newspapers. At first it consisted of one page only, with a blank at the back. In those days, it would seem, there were no enterprising advertising agents to "farm" that page.

VENERABLE NEWSPAPERS.

Five newspapers established before the year 1700 in Great Britain, are still alive:—the *London Gazette* (1665), *Course of the Exchange* (1697), *Berrow's Worcester Journal* (1690), *Stamford Mercury* (1695), and the *Edinburgh Gazette* (1690); and seventy-four existing newspapers were first published in the last century, the oldest being the *Edinburgh Courant* (1705), the *Nottingham Journal* (1710), and the *Dublin Gazette* (1711). Several of the London dailies which have reached to our days were established in the last century—the *Morning Post* in 1722; the *Morning Chronicle* (extinct in 1862) in 1769; the *Public Ledger* in 1759; the *Morning Herald* (amalgamated with the *Standard* in 1869), and the *Morning Advertiser* in 1794. In 1769, and for two years afterwards, a daily newspaper, the *Public Advertiser*, which had lingered for many years in comparative obscurity, flashed into notoriety, and its issues were eagerly looked for, with fear and trembling by some, the reason being that the powerful and mysterious letters signed "Junius" appeared in its columns.

In 1753 it was computed that the aggregate number of newspapers annually sold in England, on an average of three years, amounted to 7,411,757; in 1760 it had risen to 9,464,790; and in 1767 to 11,300,980. In 1758, Johnson wrote in the *Idler*, "Journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The most eager peruser of news is tired before he has completed his labours."

BIRTH AND GROWTH OF THE "TIMES."

On the 13th of January, 1785, the first number of the *London Daily Universal Register* was published. Three years afterwards the proprietor changed its title and plan. John Walter was an acute and far-seeing man, a little over sanguine, perhaps, as to the advantage to be gained by the use of Lord Stanhope's "logographic" types, that is, with words and frequent combinations of

letters, as affixes and prefixes, cast in one piece, and so presumably saving time in setting up, an advantage by no means realized. On New Year's Day, January 1788, the *London Daily Universal Register* did not appear, but in its place there burst upon the world the *Times*, or *Daily Universal Register*, printed logographically, price three-pence. The imprint announced that it was printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic Press, Printing-house Square, near Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars, and the addresses of persons of whom the newspaper could be obtained were given—among them, confectioners, watchmakers, and silk-dyers. The *Times* so issued was a great advance on previous efforts in journalism. It consisted of four pages, each with four columns, and had sixty-three advertisements (including naval and official announcements). Poetry appeared in the paper, and there was a fair admixture of what might now be described as paragraphs of society gossip. How since then the *Times* has grown, what influence it has exerted, how many writers of high political rank and consummate ability have contributed to its columns, what have been its achievements in obtaining early and ample news—a recital of all this would form a deeply interesting chapter of modern English history. On the 28th of November, 1814, the paper was printed on a steam printing machine, made by König, the first ever used; and the latest machine now used for producing many of the largest newspapers was invented in the *Times'* office, and bears the name of the Walter Press.

A TAXED AND DEAR PRESS.

In the first quarter of the present century, about a hundred newspapers came into existence in the United Kingdom; but they had to struggle against heavy imposts. In 1776 the stamp duty had been raised to 1½d. for every sheet; in 1789 had been increased to 2d.; in 1794 another halfpenny was added; a penny more in 1797; and in 1815, for every sheet issued, a fourpenny stamp was imposed; and that rate continued until 1836, when it was reduced to 1d. on the sheet and ½d. on the supplement. In addition to the stamp, the paper duty, 3d. per pound for printing paper, was levied; and on every advertisement which appeared, no matter of what length, a duty of 3s. 6d. was imposed. The publisher of a newspaper was liable to very heavy penalties if he issued an unstamped copy, and was compelled, in London, to send every sheet of paper to Somerset House to be stamped before being printed on; and in the country, to certain local branches of the Stamp Office. All the expenses of cartage, etc., and the paper duty had to be considered in fixing the price at which the public could

obtain the newspaper, and every advertiser had to pay 3s. 6d. beyond the price at which the publisher would have been glad to insert the announcement, to meet the duty on advertisements. Advertisers were therefore few, and the publisher of a newspaper was compelled to depend almost entirely on the sale of the paper for support, the price being consequently high. Newspapers now selling for twopence or a penny a copy then charged sevenpence or eightpence, and it was not particularly easy to make fortunes even on those terms.

A TIME OF POVERTY AND DISCONTENT.

The working and poorer classes could rarely afford to purchase newspapers for themselves. One copy was circulated among the customers of a public-house, or was clubbed for by a dozen readers, and was handed from hand to hand until worn to a rag. The period between the close of the great war in 1815 and the introduction of the Reform Bill in 1831 was a transition period of almost unexampled importance in the annals of this country. The poorer classes suffered terribly; food was dear, wages low; there were thousands on thousands of unemployed, and the introduction of machinery caused a panic, unfounded, indeed, but terrible in its results. Radicalism began to assume form and consistency. The assertion of abstract rights, the denunciation of the aristocracy, which had been so conspicuous for a few years after the French Revolution, had been for a time in abeyance during the struggle against Napoleon and the outburst of national feeling against the French. Enthusiasts and doctrinaires still talked and wrote; but the master passion of the people was hatred of the French—a fire fanned into almost uncontrollable excitement by a victory at Trafalgar, or another achievement in the Peninsula by the Great Duke. Peace was signed, the war fever subsided, and the working classes at home were easily persuaded that the upper classes were their natural enemies, that manufacturers and users of machinery were deadly tyrants, and that the Congress of Vienna was the first step towards a practical reassertion of the claim of princes and statesmen to do as they liked, quite independently of the wishes of the people. Riots broke out, machinery was destroyed by "Luddites," who professed to be led by a mythical Captain Ludd (as unreal a personage as the Captain Rock of Ireland, or the Rebecca of Wales); and Luddites, when caught, were mercilessly hanged. Radical leaders with considerable oratorical powers, Radical writers ready with the pen, inflamed the popular mind. Meetings were held and suppressed by force. At St Peter's Field, long afterwards known as Peterloo, the

site on which now stands the Free Trade Hall of Manchester, a meeting summoned by Henry Hunt to prepare a petition for the reform of Parliament was suppressed by military force, six persons being killed and many wounded. In the same year the famous, or infamous (some persons prefer the latter epithet), Six Acts, better known as the Gagging Acts, were passed for the purpose of suppressing seditious meetings.

Suffering and writhing under what it was not unnatural to consider as oppression, hundreds and thousands of the working and lower middle classes cultivated this Radicalism, and nursed their wrath. Resistance to political authority, if it dared not be open, was not the less sullen and resolute; and with dislike to political authority was allied dislike and distrust of religious teaching. Freedom, it came to be thought (as it was thought in the revolutionary times in France), could only be achieved by a subversion of all institutions, and with the institutions must go the faiths on which they were based. Stronger and stronger grew these volcanic forces, more alarming the indications of a possible earthquake. The Reform riots were an ominous muttering, and the concession on the part of King and Lords was none too early. The popular leaders naturally desired an outlet in the newspaper press for the advocacy of their opinions; but the press was so heavily weighted that the influence of even the most democratic journals was comparatively feeble; and the law which rendered the publishers of newspapers liable to imprisonment and fine for articles offensive to the Crown or the Government was an additional check of no slight power. A free press was demanded, but a free press was exactly what the Ministers of the day were not disposed to concede.

DEFYING AND EVADING THE LAW.

A few active spirits on the popular side resolved to evade, or even defy, the law. The people, in the language of a writer of the time, were "hungry and thirsty for news and political controversy." Weekly pamphlets appeared with digests of general news and political information, and sold for twopence a copy. They were eagerly bought, for a regular newspaper could not be procured for less than sevenpence. In 1830, Mr. William Carpenter, a journalist, a clear and forcible writer, possessed of considerable political information and an ardent Radical, discovered, as he supposed, a mode by which he could produce an equivalent to a newspaper, and yet evade the law. The result proved that he was more ingenious than successful. He issued a prospectus of a publication entitled *Political Letter*, and headed the

announcement with the title, "Liberty of the Press Asserted." After adverting to and denouncing the Acts of Parliament by which the publication of newspapers was regulated, Mr. Carpenter proceeded to say that he had discovered a method of evading them. He intended to bring out his publication at irregular periods, and in such a form that the numbers would be apparently unconnected with each other. It was astonishing, he remarked, that persons connected with the newspaper trade had not already discovered so obvious a mode of evading the law. His publication would assume the form of a "Political Letter," addressed to a friend or enemy, as the case might be, and containing a comprehensive digest of important events and passing occurrences, with original observations by himself. The price of each "Political Letter" was to be fourpence; and as no newspaper which paid the stamp duty could be brought out at that price, he reckoned on a circulation extensive in proportion to the cheapness of the paper. Being a practical man, with an eye to business, Mr. Carpenter reminded advertisers that his publication afforded them a capital opportunity of appealing to the purchasing public. In the first number, "A Letter to the Duke of Wellington," Mr. Carpenter said: "Believing that your Grace is often greatly misled as to what is going forward in the world, I have resolved to avail myself of this correspondence to lay before you a faithful chronicle of passing events, from which I am sure your Grace will not fail to derive materials for serious reflection, and for the framing, also, of some public measure of importance." Then follows a summary of intelligence from France, Belgium, and other places. In the next number, "A Monitory Letter to Sir Robert Peel," that statesman is treated to reports of a parish meeting in St. Pancras, of a political banquet at Birmingham, and of stack-burning and other outrages in Kent, besides the official summary of the state of the revenue, a considerable amount of foreign intelligence, doings in the corn, hay, and meat markets, and in the money market, preceded by the announcement, "The following information, Sir Robert, will be useful to you."

A SUCCESS AND A PROSECUTION.

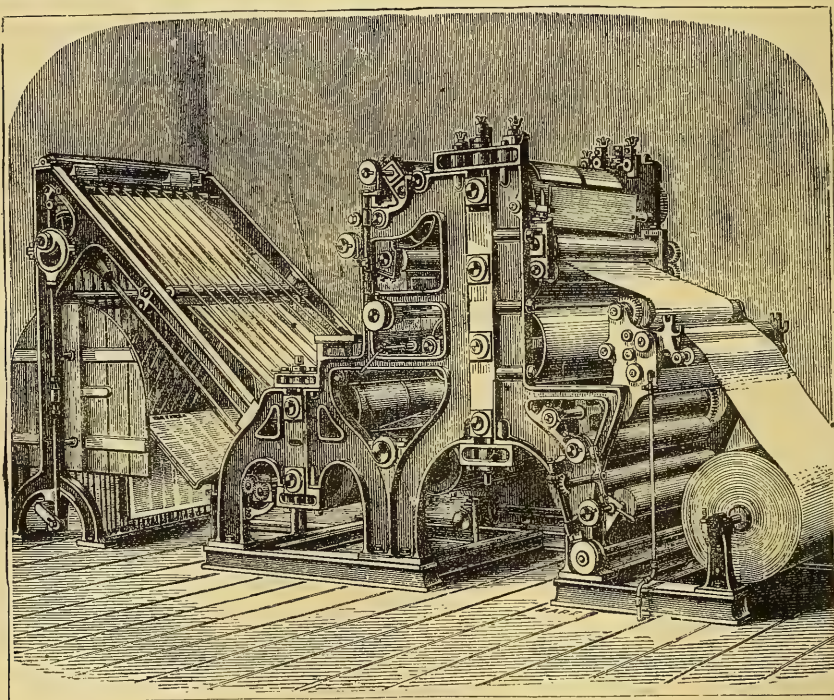
The first "Political Letter" appeared in an octavo form, but was so successful that a larger page was adopted, with woodcut caricatures and devices as headings, very much in the style of George Cruikshank's illustrations to the pamphlets and political skits published by William Hone, but exhibiting far less humour and finish, and probably by Robert Cruikshank, George's brother and far-off imitator. The circula-

tion, about 3,000 for the first "Letter," made a jump to 19,000, and ultimately reached 63,000, a prodigious number for those days. Of course the Government determined to take action in the matter; but the Duke of Wellington's administration went out of office in November 1830, and Earl Grey's ministry, which followed, had for a time other matters to think about. At length, however, on the 14th of May, 1831, Mr. William Carpenter appeared in the Court of Exchequer on an information filed by the Attorney-General (Sir Thomas Denman, subsequently Lord Chief Justice), at the instance of the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties. The information contained twelve counts, in some of which the defendant was charged with having published and exposed for sale a certain weekly newspaper without having previously made and deposited in the office of the Commissioners the affidavit required in such cases by the 38th George III., c. 78. For every instance of publication without such affidavit the defendant became liable to a penalty of £100. In other counts the defendant was charged with "having on divers days" published a weekly newspaper, without having paid the duty of fourpence imposed upon every number of every such paper, by the 55th of the same King; and for every omission in the payment of the duty he had incurred a penalty of £20. The publication was charged to have taken place upon the 9th of October, 1830, and on sixteen other subsequent days, and the description of the paper was varied by calling it "a paper answering the purposes of a newspaper, and containing news, intelligence, or occurrences." The Attorney-General contended that the publication was a newspaper according to the definition given of a newspaper in the Act 60, George III., cap. 9:—"All pamphlets and papers containing any public news, intelligence, or occurrences, or any remarks or observations thereon, or upon any matter in Church and State, printed in any part of the United Kingdom, for sale, and published periodically, or in parts or numbers, at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days between the publication of any two such pamphlets or papers, parts or numbers, where any of the said pamphlets or papers, parts or numbers respectively, shall not exceed two sheets, or shall be published for a less sum than sixpence exclusive of the duty, shall be deemed and taken to be newspapers, within the true intent and meaning of the several statutes." Mr. Carpenter addressed the jury for six hours; but the Lord Chief Baron (Lord Lyndhurst) said, in summing up, that he was most clearly of opinion that the paper was a newspaper, and the jury returned a verdict for the Crown. The Attorney-General pressed

for only one penalty for each class of offences, amounting to only £120; but the defendant was of course liable for the amount of the stamp duty on the whole of his publication.

Yielding to the necessities of the case, Mr. Carpenter took out a stamp, so converting his publication into a regular newspaper, and charged sevenpence a copy. The result was an immediate fall of the circulation to five hundred, and very soon afterwards the "Letters" died. The former purchasers not only objected to the increased price, but the publication was no longer a defiance of the law, and was therefore uninteresting.

impressed at Somerset House on newspapers; but in the centre was the representation of a printing-press, with "Liberty of the Press" marked on the sheet just lifted from the types; and above and below it, in the places filled in the real stamp by the amount of the duty, the phrase, "Knowledge is power." In the preliminary announcement on the first page, there was an abundance of italics, capitals, and dashes, then considered essential to vigorous political writing, and so plentifully employed by Cobbett and others. A short specimen may be enough for more modern readers:—



THE WALTER PRESS.

WILLIAM HETHERINGTON IN THE FIELD.

Another and more doughty champion, with a clearer perception of the popular taste, then appeared in the field. William Hetherington, a bookseller and news vendor in the neighbourhood of Holborn, published on the 9th of July, 1831, the first number, price one penny, of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, announcing it to be "established contrary to law, to try the power of *might* against *right*." It consisted of eight pages, about the size of the well-known *Family Herald* of later days. In the upper corner of the first page appeared a device resembling in size and shape the stamp then

"We buckle on our armour of patience and perseverance—we draw forth our sword of reason, and we brave the whole host of tyranny. Defiance is our only remedy;—we cannot be a slave in all: we submit to much—for it is impossible to be wholly consistent—but we will try, step by step, the power of RIGHT against MIGHT, and we will begin by protecting and upholding this grand bulwark and defence of all our rights—this key to all our liberties—THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS—the press, too, of the IGNORANT and the POOR! We have taken upon ourselves its protection, and we will never abandon our post; we will die rather . . . 'THE POOR MAN'S GUARDIAN' will contain 'news, intelligence, and occurrences,' and 'remarks and observations thereon,' and 'upon matters in Church and State, leading, decidedly, to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution of the tyranny of this country, as BY LAW established,' and also 'to vilify the abuses

of religion' . . . despite the 'laws' or the will and pleasure of any tyrant or any body of tyrants, whatsoever, anything hereinbefore, or any-where-else, contained to the contrary, notwithstanding."

This comical and audacious paraphrase of the technical language of the Act of Parliament he was so deliberately violating was rather a neat specimen of Mr. Hetherington's vein of humour. The first number contained reports of Mr. Hetherington's appeal to the Middlesex Sessions against a conviction obtained by the Commissioner of Stamps

at Bow Street Police Court; of the trial of Cobbett for publishing an article in his "Register;" and articles on the trial of the Rev. R. Taylor for blasphemy, and the proceedings in Parliament, with abundance of italics and capitals, interjections of "Oh! oh!" and "Ha! ha!" and an amount of strong language and full-flavoured epithets rather trying to the nerves of readers accustomed to the more elegant and certainly not less vigorous journalism of the present day.

MANY PROSECUTIONS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Between 1831 and 1835, about seven hundred prosecutions for selling unstamped newspapers were instituted, and nearly five hundred persons suffered fine or imprisonment. Some of the offenders were mere sellers, whose political opinions were *nil*; others, like Hetherington, were men of considerable ability, who fought for a cause as well as for the means of establishing a profitable trade in cheap newspapers. One of these men was John Cleave, a dealer in newspapers and periodicals, who was after-

wards a prominent, able, and temperate member of the Chartists' Convention which met in the large room of the Dr. Johnson Tavern in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a year or two before the abortive demonstration on Kensington Common, in which Chartist agitation ended so ignominiously.

One of the projects for evading the stamp duty was the production of a "Political Handkerchief," on which items of news and comments should be printed, which would, the suggestor argued, "answer all the ends

of a weekly journal." We wonder whether Dickens was thinking of this when he made Old Weller talk about sending "moral pocket-handkerchers to the young niggers."

There was unquestionably a widespread sympathy with the persistent attempts to obtain a cheap press. Politicians of the "advanced" order desired an extended means of appealing to the masses of the people; and men of literary tastes objected in the abstract to the "taxes on



MR. EWART MOVING THE REPEAL OF THE ADVERTISEMENT DUTY.

knowledge," as the imposts began to be called. A Parliamentary champion of great popularity as an author and no mean powers as an orator soon appeared upon the scene.

"PELHAM" TO THE RESCUE.

On the 14th of June, 1832, the author of "Pelham," Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, moved in the House of Commons these four resolutions:—"1, That all taxes which impede the diffusion of knowledge are injurious to the best interests of the people; 2, That it is peculiarly expedient at the present time to repeal

the stamp duty on newspapers ; 3, That it is also peculiarly expedient to repeal or to reduce the duty on advertisements ; 4, That it is expedient, in order to meet the present state of the revenue, to appoint a select committee to consider the propriety of establishing a cheap postage on newspapers and other publications." In his speech he remarked, "A newspaper was in truth almost the only publication (religious ones excepted) that the poorer classes were ever tempted to read ; and above all, it was the only one in which they could learn those laws for the transgression of which ignorance was no excuse. A newspaper, then, was among the most popular and effectual modes of instructing the people." The speaker then proceeded to describe the existing taxes on newspapers,—a duty of threepence per pound weight on the paper, or about a farthing a sheet ; a duty of fourpence on every copy of a weekly paper, with a discount of twenty per cent. for a daily paper, and a tax of 3s. 6d. upon every advertisement. Comparing the results of an untaxed press in America with a taxed press in this country, he showed that in the British Islands there was only one paper a week for every thirty-six of the population, while in Pennsylvania there was a newspaper to every fourth inhabitant. The cause of this discrepancy was that in one country the newspaper sold for less than a fourth of what it sold for in the other. In one year twelve of the daily papers in New York had published 1,456,416 advertisements ; but in the same year the 400 papers of Great Britain had published 1,020,000 advertisements. In America, advertisements could be inserted at a low rate ; in this country, in consequence of the duty levied by Government, the price was high, "the charge for the insertion of an advertisement of twenty lines in a London paper, if published every day throughout the year, would amount at the year's end to £202 16s. In New York, the same advertisement for the same period would be £6 18s. 8d."

It was scarcely fair, however, for Mr. Bulwer to attribute all this "preposterous disparity" to the advertisement duty, which on the 313 insertions in the London daily paper amounted only to £54 15s., the remainder of the total being charged by the proprietors of the paper ; and, after all, the balance of the charge (£148 1s. 0d.), after deducting the duty, was a matter for the consideration of the advertiser himself, for if he had not derived an advantage from paying it, he would have ceased to do so ; and that advantage probably was greatly in excess of that experienced by the New York advertiser who paid only a little less than £7 in the course of the year.

CHEAP POSTAGE SUGGESTED.

To compensate in some measure for the removal of the stamp and advertisement duties, Mr. Bulwer suggested a cheap postage for printed matter, that all newspapers, poems, pamphlets, tracts, circulars, printed publications of whatever description and weighing less than two ounces, should circulate, through the medium of the General Post, at the rate of one penny ; if through the twopenny or threepenny post, at a halfpenny. He would also propose that all works under five ounces should circulate through the same channels, and at a low and graduated charge. Bulwer has many claims on the admiration of his countrymen ; but, perhaps, few persons know how nearly he approached the proposition for establishing cheap postage. In the course of his speech he asked, "What could be so monstrous a principle as that any tax should be requisite for a man to publish his opinions ? A tax on opinion is a persecution of opinion ; it is a persecution of poverty also. If we say that no one shall declare his sentiments without paying a certain sum, and if, not being able to afford that sum, he yet does publish his sentiments, and is fined (that is, in consequence of his poverty, cast into prison) for the offence, you punish him not for the badness of his opinions, but you punish him, that, being poor, he yet dares to express opinions at all. We have been monopolizing the distribution of other blessings, let us, at least, leave opinion untaxed, unfettered, the property of all men. . . . Is it not time to consider whether the printer and his types may not provide better for the peace and honour of a free state than the jailer and the hangman ?—whether, in one word, cheap knowledge may not be a better political agent than costly punishment ?"

Lord Althorp, on the part of the Government, thinking that it was not a fitting time for discussing the subject, which required a considerable amount of preliminary inquiry, and involved financial considerations, moved the previous question. Mr. O'Connell, in a brief and temperate speech, supported the resolution ; and after some debate, Mr. Bulwer, yielding to what he perceived to be the general feeling of the House, withdrew his motion, announcing, however, that he would reintroduce it at some future time.

VESTED INTERESTS.

The proprietors of the existing newspapers were by no means anxious for a reduction of the duties, which would bring a host of rivals into the field. Readers were daily increasing, and their only choice lay among the journals *de facto*. The stamp, advertisements and paper duties were paid by the

public, not by the owners of the newspapers, who, perhaps, however, would not have objected to a slight reduction of the advertisement duty sufficient to attract more advertisers, but not to encourage new ventures in journalism. The London daily papers were the *Times*, steadily rising in circulation and influence; the *Morning Chronicle*, a formidable rival; the *Morning Post*, beloved of the fashionable world; the *Morning Herald*, champion of the Tories and the clergy (sometimes disrespectfully styled "my grandmother"), and the *Morning Advertiser*, the publicans' paper. There were three evening papers, the *Standard*, Tory, under the editorship of Dr. Giffard, a slashing writer; the *Courier*, a very ably conducted journal, and enterprising in the matter of foreign news; and the *Globe*, a Whig organ. The leading weeklies were, for the agriculturally minded country gentlemen, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*; the *Observer*, credited with extraordinary means of obtaining political and official information; *Bell's Life in London*, the oracle without a rival of all who were interested in horse-racing, pugilism, ratting, pedestrianism, yachting, and angling; the *Sunday Times*, started by the once ardent Radical, Daniel Whittle Harvey, Member for Finsbury, and afterwards Commissioner of the City Police; and, last and biggest, the *Weekly Dispatch*, Radical to the backbone. The last-named newspaper had attained an enormous circulation for those times, by its vigorous denunciation of the Police and the new Poor Laws; the audacious and often outrageously outspoken letters signed "Publicola," written by Daniel Williams, and letters of a different kind, signed "Censorius," by a writer named Whittle, who attacked common informers and tricks of trade generally. This great Radical paper, of course, had, in the abstract, the greatest desire to advocate popular liberties, but could scarcely be expected to approve of the conduct of Hetherington, when he started an unstamped *London Dispatch*, imitating the tone as well as the title of the original, and selling it for less than a third of the price. The provincial newspapers, many of which are now so able and influential, rivalling the leading metropolitan organs, were little known beyond their own localities, and did not possess London offices and agents in Fleet Street as they do now. At this time there were about 300 newspapers in existence in the United Kingdom.

REDUCTION OF THE DUTIES.

In 1833, the advertisement duty was reduced to 1s. 6d.; and in 1836, the stamp duty was lowered to 1d. In that year, we find from an official return, 36,000,000 stamps were impressed. The opposition to "the taxes on knowledge"—a phrase by that time

in general use—grew in activity. An association was formed, with an active secretary, Mr. Collet, and no exertions were spared to interest the people in the subject, and urge upon Parliament the necessity of repealing the taxation. That such a remission was right in principle few denied; and it was only because they could not see their way to sparing the money that one Chancellor of the Exchequer after another turned a deaf ear to the appeal. Newspaper proprietors saw that it must come, and "resigned themselves to the inevitable," doing their best in the meanwhile to "make hay while the sun shone." The *Times* was a colossal property, priding itself on being one of the institutions of the country, and could afford to smile at the idea of competition; the *Dispatch* yielded a profit of about £20,000 a year to the proprietors, and, with an enormous capital at command, hoped to be able to hold its own. There was, in those days, no Reuter to supply telegraphic information (the telegraph, like Guy Fawkes in the once popular comic song, "warn't aborn till arter that") to all comers at a fixed rental, and intelligence of important events could only be obtained at a great outlay, by relays of post-horses, mounted messengers, and, as railways became available, by special engines, costing large sums of money. No doubt if the imposts were removed, many new journals would be started; but something more than ambition and enterprise would be required, and the wealthy occupiers of the position knew by experience—an experience very amply confirmed in later years—that although some large fortunes could be made, many more could be lost in newspaper speculations.

PUBLICATION OF THE STAMP RETURNS.

One incident of the stamp duty was objectionable to some newspaper proprietors,—the annual publication of the number of stamps issued, specifying the number required by each newspaper. As a stamp on every copy was compulsory, of course the circulation of each journal was made known, and advertisers were able to judge of the advantages offered. The great newspapers were pleased with this, because their superiority in circulation was officially announced; but the others objected to their comparative poverty being made known. So great, on the whole, was the objection to this return, that it was discontinued in 1837; but when a committee (the proceedings of which will presently be referred to) was appointed in 1851, it called for the omitted returns, and they were published as an appendix to the report. Early in the session of 1853, Mr. Brotherton moved for a continuation of the return, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Glad-

stone) refused to assent to the motion, on the ground that it would be an unjustifiable interference with the private business of the proprietors of newspapers, and the Government objected to publish private information respecting any classes of persons engaged in business—"the returns of income might as well be made public." Mr. Brotherton withdrew the motion.

MR. EWART'S MOTION.

The Parliamentary advocates of the remission of the taxes were not idle. On the 7th of

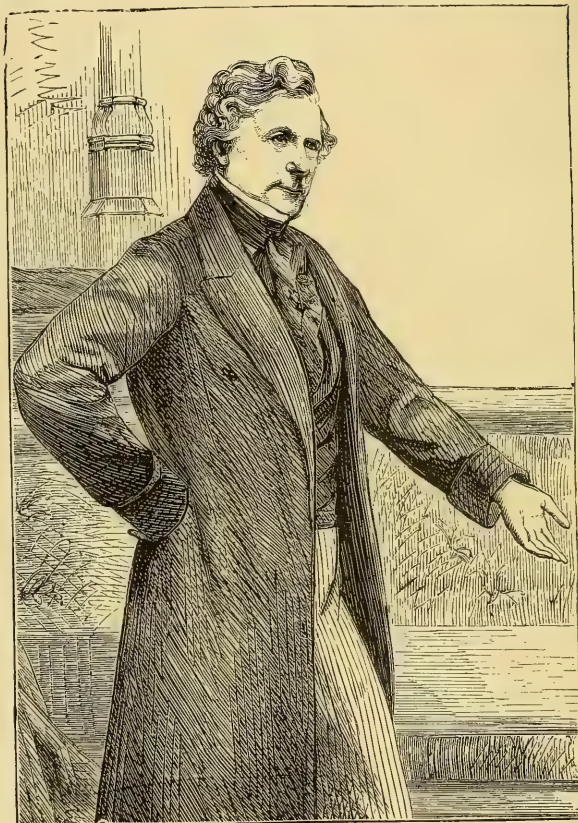
May, 1850, Mr. Ewart introduced a resolution for the repeal of the advertisement duty, described by him as "a tax which pressed upon literature to such a degree that Mr. McCulloch did not hesitate to characterize it as amongst the heaviest burdens in the way of taxation that impeded the production of literary works. It was a tax on the poor, for the humble author of a sixpenny pamphlet, the distressed needlewoman on her appeal for employment, paid as heavy a tax as the wealthier capitalist upon the amount of a vast estate for sale." Previous to the reduction of the duty in 1833, the number of advertisements in newspapers averaged 700,000 or 800,000 a year; but after the reduction they gradually increased until they reached about 2,000,000 annually; and, argued Mr. Ewart, that increase was undoubtedly due to the reduction of the duty from 3s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. Mr. Milner Gibson seconded the resolution. Sir Charles Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed the motion on the part of the Government. "It was utterly impossible," he said, "that

the financial credit of the country could be sustained if all the sources of public income were frittered away,"—a discovery certainly very creditable to the astuteness of the Chancellor. On a division, the resolution was supported by 39 votes; but there were 208 against it. Among those who voted in the minority were Hume, Cobden, and Bright.

A RICH HARVEST OF ADVERTISEMENTS; THE RAILWAY MANIA.

A striking proof of the pecuniary value of advertisements to newspaper proprietors was

afforded at the time of the great railway mania of 1845, when so many schemes were launched, when draughtsmen were worked to death in preparing plans to be deposited at the Board of Trade, when extemporised surveyors and levellers cropped up by the thousand, and when the newspapers published sixteen or eventwenty-four extra pages of advertisements, the prospectuses of new lines possible or impossible. Dozens of newspapers assuming railway titles were started for the sake of the advertisements, and for a few weeks went on merrily. One daily paper,



MR. MILNER GIBSON OPPOSING THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

even, the *Iron Times*, was launched by a clever journalist, Thomas Littleton Holt, who had gained a large experience as a projector of periodicals, and for a time it was a flourishing concern. When the advertisements disappeared, when "stags" ceased to gamble around the Stock Exchange, and "scrip" was no more the absorbing subject of everybody's talk, the papers vanished as suddenly as they had appeared, and the ingenious projectors were left to seek new resources in "fresh fields and pastures new."

REPORT OF A PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

On the 7th of April, 1851, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the present state and condition of newspaper stamps. The members were—Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Tufnell, Mr. Ker Seymour, Mr. Rich, Mr. Stafford, Mr. Cobden, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Sir Joseph Walmsley, Sir T. F. Lewis, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Colonel Mure, Mr. Shafto Adair, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Sotheran, and Sir W. Molesworth. A considerable number of witnesses, among them several proprietors and managers of important newspapers, were examined; and on the conclusion of their labours the Committee reported to the House; and there can be little doubt that the report considerably influenced Parliamentary opinion. In the last paragraphs the Committee said :—

“The established newspapers, particularly the London daily press, collect the valuable information which they report to the public at a very great expense, and publish it at a very costly celerity. It has been stated, that if the newspaper duty were abolished, there would be a great temptation to the numerous halfpenny and penny publications which would then spring up to pirate the public intelligence collected at so much cost and exertion. It has been proposed that some short privilege of copyright should therefore be conferred. In conclusion, your Committee consider it their duty to direct attention to the objections and abuses incident to the present system of newspaper stamps, arising from the difficulty of defining and determining the meaning of the term ‘news,’ and the inequalities which exist in the application of the Newspaper Stamp Act, and the anomalies and evasions that it occasions in postal arrangements; to the unfair competition to which stamped newspapers are exposed with unstamped publications; to the limitation imposed by the stamp upon the circulation of the best newspapers, and to the impediment which it throws in the way of the diffusion of useful knowledge regarding current and recent events among the poorer classes, which species of knowledge, relating to subjects which most obviously interest them, call out the intelligence by awakening the curiosity of those classes. How far it may be expedient that this tax should be maintained as a source of revenue, either in its present or any modified form, your Committee do not feel themselves called upon to state; other considerations not within their province would enter into that question. But, apart from financial considerations, they do not consider that news is of itself a desirable subject of taxation.”

EFFECT OF THE STAMP ON SUPPLEMENTS.

In the next session (April 22nd, 1852), Mr. Milner Gibson, who had on the former occasion supported Mr. Ewart, took the lead in opposing the taxes on knowledge by proposing resolutions on the subject. He asserted, on the authority of Mr. Mowbray Morris, manager of the *Times*, that the effect of the stamp duty on the supplements (one halfpenny) was to render it necessary for the managers to prevent the circulation going beyond a certain amount; for when the fund for the advertisements in supplements was exhausted, then, as far as the supplement was concerned, profit ended and loss began, so that the circulation must be stopped. “Thus,” continued Mr. Gibson, “the effect of the stamp is first to lessen the circulation of the leading paper to half what it might be, and also to effect all the other papers by causing a declining circulation, and, what was worse than all, to prevent the working classes from having any newspaper at all.”

The resolution affecting the paper duty—“That such financial arrangements ought to be made as will enable Parliament to dispense with the duty on paper”—was first debated. Mr. Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer, opposed the resolution, not on principle, but because “we must consider the ability which we have to relieve the industry of the country, and which is the wisest direction in which we can move, so as to redress any wrong or to effect any good.” On the resumption of the debate a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Cowan, Member for Edinburgh, and a paper manufacturer, supported the resolution, and Mr. Gladstone spoke at some length, to the effect that he objected to support an abstract resolution which might embarrass the Government in its financial plans, but he should be heartily glad when the time came that the duty might be repealed. Mr. Hume spoke strongly in favour of the resolution, reminding the House that the question was not that they should immediately repeal the paper duty, but that financial arrangements ought to be made which would enable Parliament to dispense with that duty; and, with regard to the results of its removal, he said that he knew of persons who were at that moment ready to embark £20,000 in a daily newspaper to be sold for a halfpenny. The three resolutions were lost by majorities of 88, 99, and 65.

DICKENS'S “HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE.”

A new interest was imparted to the question in the following December. Mr. Charles Dickens had started a monthly summary of news, entitled the *Household Narrative*,

similar in size and general appearance to his popular *Household Words*. The idea was not original, for nearly twenty years before, at the time when Carpenter and Hetherington were endeavouring to establish unstamped newspapers, the brothers Chambers of Edinburgh started *Chambers' Historical Newspaper*, to be published on the 1st of every month, at the price of threehalfpence. The first number, of sixteen pages folio, appeared on Friday, November 2nd, 1832. The publication not only called itself a newspaper, but actually was one, containing foreign, colonial and home news, "latest news of the month," prices of the public funds, lists of bankrupts, etc., etc., and social and political leaders. At the end of three years it was discontinued.

Although sanctioned by this precedent, the Stamp Office authorities considered the *Household Narrative* to be a newspaper within the meaning of the Act, although published at intervals of more than twenty-six days, and therefore liable to stamp duty. An information was filed against Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the publishers; and three of the four judges of the Court of Exchequer were of opinion that the publication was liable to the duty, but Mr. Baron Parke held that it was not liable. An appeal to the Court of Exchequer Chamber would have been made, but Lord Derby's ministry went out of office on the 17th of December, and was succeeded by the ministry formed by the Earl of Aberdeen. Mr. Gladstone, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, thought it right to adhere to the opinion of the majority of the Court; and being extremely anxious, for the sake of literature, to prevent the litigation likely to occur, in order to settle the question definitely, the Attorney-General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law, and give a substantive definition of a newspaper which would exclude from the operation of the stamp duty the publication in question, and other publications of a like nature containing news, but not published at intervals of less than twenty-six days. On the second reading of the Bill, the Attorney-General pointed out that, under the existing definition, a paper sold for more than sixpence was not liable to the duty. The object was to establish the law and make it uniform with regard to all classes of newspapers, whether large or small. The Bill was read a second time without a division, and receiving no opposition in the Lords, became law.

SUCCESS OF MR. MILNER GIBSON.

The early part of the session of 1853 was marked by another effort on the part of Mr. Milner Gibson, who, on the 14th of April, a

few days before the time fixed for the introduction of the Budget, again submitted his three resolutions, and notwithstanding the protest of Mr. Gladstone against abstract resolutions on financial matters before the introduction of the ministerial scheme, carried that which referred to the advertisement duty by a majority of 31, the number being 200 to 169. The resolution respecting the newspaper stamp was lost by 98 to 280.

It was almost compulsory on Mr. Gladstone to include a reduction, if not abolition, of the advertisement duty in his Budget. A resolution passed by a considerable majority of the House must not be slighted even by the most powerful of ministers. The Budget was introduced four days after the discussions on Mr. Gibson's resolutions; and Mr. Gladstone proposed to discontinue the stamps on newspaper supplements, and to reduce the advertisement duty to sixpence. He was evidently annoyed at the interference by resolution with his carefully prepared scheme. In the previous debate he had said that if the House undertook to settle the ways and means by resolutions introduced by private members, the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer might as well be abolished.

When, on the 1st of July, the resolution for reducing the advertisement duty to sixpence was formally put to the Committee, Mr. Milner Gibson moved as an amendment "that all duties now chargeable on advertisements be repealed in accordance with a resolution of the House on the 14th of April last." Mr. Cobden supported the amendment, which, however, was rejected by a majority of 12; 97 voting for it, and 109 against. Mr. Crawford then moved, that instead of the figure 6, a cipher (0) should be inserted. On a division the Government was beaten by a majority of five; and when the amended resolution was put as a substantive motion it was carried by 70 against 60. The mode of procedure appeared unusual, and Mr. Hume, who certainly was in favour of the remission of the duty, asked the Speaker if the House were in order in carrying a resolution so worded. The Speaker decided that the amendment was strictly in order; and so, to the unconcealed annoyance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the duty on advertisements passed into the limbo of dead imposts, and was seen no more.

ABOLITION OF THE NEWSPAPER STAMP.

One great step in advance had been made, but much more remained to be achieved. In 1854, the indomitable Mr. Milner Gibson succeeded in carrying a resolution in favour of discontinuing the stamp; and in the following session an Act (18 and 19 Vic. cap. 27) was passed, by which the stamp on

newspapers, as such, was abolished, except that it would be employed henceforth for postal purposes only.

In introducing the Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, acknowledged that the subject had become "not simply a question whether we shall retain, or shall not retain, a revenue of £200,000, but it is whether we shall enter on a crusade against a large portion of the existing newspaper press for the sake of enforcing a law which can only be enforced by the verdicts of juries, which are sometimes doubtful in their result." The second reading of the Bill was carried in the Commons by a majority of 54, and in the Lords no division took place.

The public received the benefit of the reduction, paying a penny less for a newspaper; and of course the circulation of the journals increased considerably, and many new ones were started, many of them, however, doomed to an early death. That was a wonderful year for newspapers, the incidents of the war in the Crimea being of painful and absorbing interest.

THE RISE OF REUTER.

The time was at hand, however, when the practical monopoly enjoyed by the wealthy newspapers was to receive a shock. Mr. Reuter, an industrious purveyor of commercial and monetary intelligence for the Continent, was perfecting arrangements destined almost to revolutionize the machinery by which newspapers obtained intelligence. On New Year's Day, 1859, the Emperor of the French, at the diplomatic levee, addressed some ominous words to the Austrian ambassador, rightly taken as a prelude to a declaration of war. An agent of Mr. Reuter flashed the words across the Channel, and the *Times* published them, before they were known even to the Ministers themselves. The readers at first disbelieved, then doubted, then became aware that Mr. Reuter was indeed a wonderful personage, whose unknown agents possessed marvellous means of procuring intelligence. Very soon it appeared that he had means of obtaining authoritative news from almost every part of the habitable globe. He established an office, and for an annual subscription any newspaper could receive copies of all the telegrams which arrived at any hour of the day or night. The small papers paid the subscription, and were at once on an equality with the *Times*, *Standard*, or *Daily News*; the provincial papers published at Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and almost everywhere else, had precisely the same intelligence which the metropolitan newspapers could supply, and at the same time, having received it by

telegraph from Reuter's office in London. From the office in Moorgate Street an active brigade of lads were perpetually carrying the orange-coloured envelopes, containing "manifesto," or more familiarly "flimsy," copies of the telegrams received. The success of the plan was complete, and the unfailing authenticity of the telegraphic intelligence supplied by Reuter inspired the public with confidence. It is not too much to say, that an absolute contradiction of news furnished by his agents is almost unknown. In another way, not only Reuter's system, but the use of the submarine and other telegraphs generally, greatly affected newspapers. Not only were they all nearly on a level as to the receipt of intelligence, but the brief telegraphic information "discounted" the interest of the detailed narrative. Formerly the result and the details came together; now the elaborated story had the freshness taken off it by the few words passed through the wire, and was perused at leisure almost as stale news. Times had changed, and newspapers changed with them.

BATTLE OF THE PAPER DUTY.

But the paper duty remained. At length Mr. Gladstone succeeded in removing the burden; and the mode by which he did so marks a memorable episode in Parliamentary history. The great Budget of 1860, that famous modification and rearrangement of so many imposts, included a proposition for totally abolishing the excise duty on paper. The remission was intended not only as a relief to the book and newspaper trade—not only as the removal of the last remaining of the taxes on knowledge, but was applicable to many other trades and manufactures in which paper could be advantageously employed. Mr. Gladstone said he had received communications from the representatives of sixty-nine trades in which paper could be made use of if the duty did not stand in the way. He proposed that the duty should be abolished after the 1st of July. The immediate loss to the revenue would be £1,100,000; but so much less labour would be required in the Inland Revenue establishment that a yearly saving of £20,000 would be effected. The Chancellor also proposed to get rid of the impressed stamp on newspapers for postal purposes.

There was considerable opposition in the House of Commons to the abolition of the paper duty; and divisions were taken at every stage, the majorities in favour of the resolution being less and less. The Bill founded on the resolution passed, however; but when it reached the House of Lords, Lord Monteagle moved its rejection, and found a powerful supporter in Lord Lyndhurst, who, although in his eighty-ninth year, made

occasional displays in the House which showed that "e'en in their ashes lived the wonted fires." He emphatically declared that the House of Peers had a right to refuse assent to propositions for repealing taxation ; and that in the existing state of European politics it would be most unwise to reduce the revenue which might be called on to meet great emergencies. The cheap press was not popular with many members of the House, who thought that to cheapen paper would be to offer facilities for disseminating dangerous, if not absolutely revolutionary doctrines. The foreboding of the aged Lyndhurst, combined with this dislike, caused the Bill to be rejected by a majority of 80.

Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, was not the man to accept this rebuff quietly. He at once obtained the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the practice of each House with regard to Bills imposing or repealing taxes. The Committee met, examined witnesses, and carefully inquired into precedents, and came to the conclusion that the Lords had a constitutional right to reject a Bill imposing a tax. One member of the Committee, no less a person than Mr. Bright, dissented from the conclusion, and drew up a report of his own, in which he denied that the Lords had a right to reimpose a tax which the Commons had repealed, because if they did so, the Commons would not have absolute control over the taxation of the country. Palmerston appears to have accepted Mr. Bright's view, for on the presentation of the Committee's report, he proposed and carried a series of resolutions, re-affirming the claim of the Commons to "a rightful control over taxation and supply." Mr. Gladstone, always nervously sensitive to a "snub," protested against "the gigantic innovation ;" but Lord Palmerston took the matter more easily. Mr. Gladstone would have liked to fight the matter out at once, had time permitted ; but it was absolutely necessary to settle the finances for the year, and he contented himself with carrying a resolution for removing, in accordance with the provisions of the commercial treaty with France, so much of the Customs duty on imported paper as exceeded the Excise duty on paper made in this country. He had another arrow in his quiver.

GLADSTONE'S TACTICS.

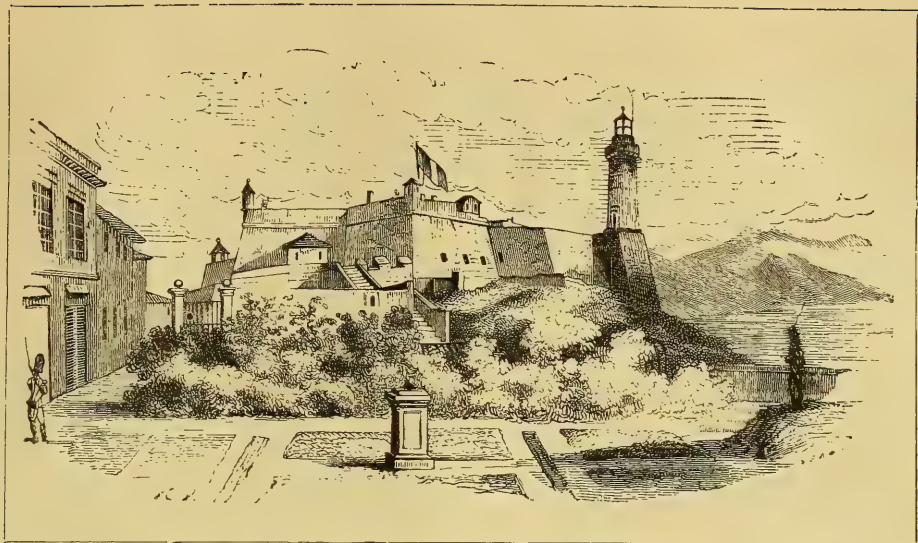
On the 15th of April, 1861, the Chancellor of the Exchequer came forward with another Budget, and announced that he estimated a surplus of nearly £2,000,000, and among other remission of taxation proposed to repeal the paper duty.

After considerable opposition the resolution was carried, and then Mr. Gladstone announced that he intended to include all the resolutions in one Bill, and in that form the Bill went up to the House of Lords, where it passed without a division, their Lordships apparently not desiring to continue the fight.

THE PENNY PRESS A TRIUMPHANT FACT.

The Newspaper Press was at length free from special imposts. One by one the advertisement duty, the stamp duty, and the paper duty had disappeared ; and the effect was a general lowering of price to the public and the appearance of many new journals. Most of the weeklies, *Lloyd's*, *Reynolds's*, the *Weekly Times*, among them, reduced their price to one penny. The *Dispatch* held out till 1869, then came down to twopence, and in 1871 accepted its fate and fell to the inevitable penny. On Friday, January 29th, 1855, appeared the first number of the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*, price twopence. It consisted of four full-sized pages and twenty-four columns. In an announcement as the leading article the editor said, "We have resolved that the advertising columns of the *Telegraph and Courier* shall in no instance exceed the first page ;" but occasional supplements of advertisements were promised. On Monday, the 20th of August, the words "and Courier" appeared in very small type under the chief heading, and a few weeks afterwards vanished altogether. At that time the paper had less than three columns of advertisements, all told. On the 17th of September, the *Daily Telegraph* lowered its price to one penny. In due time, the *Standard* (formerly an evening paper), having become amalgamated with the old *Morning Herald*, retained the former title, and was published at one penny. In the autumn of 1881, the aristocratic and fashionable *Morning Post* descended to the plebeian penny. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its young opponent, the *St. James's Gazette*, reduced their charge from twopence to a penny at the opening of 1882. Of the 2,080, or thereabouts, newspapers now in existence in the United Kingdom, about 1,190 have been started subsequently to 1861, when the paper duty, the last shackle of the Press giant was struck off ; and about 1,160 of all the newspapers published belong to the ranks of the Penny Press, with a lively family (the *Echo* being eldest) of nearly forty little brothers at "only one half-penny each."

G. R. E.



CASTLE AT PORTO FERRAJO, NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT ELBA.

FROM ELBA TO WATERLOO: THE STORY OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

"The desolator desolate!—the victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate a suppliant for his own!"
BYRON.

Napoleon I. becomes Ruler of Elba—Description of the Island—A great King and a small Empire—Activity and Prosperity in the Island—The Emperor's Plans of Improvement—Want of Good Faith towards him—His Pension—Errors of the Bourbon Government in France—Demands of the *Emigrés*—Priestcraft and Intolerance—The Emperor's Return to France—Flight of the Imperial Eagle to Paris and the Tuileries—The Government and the Army—Attachment of the Troops to Napoleon—Flight of the Bourbons—Plan of the Campaign of 1815—The Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blücher—Active Operations—The Historical Ball at Brussels—Battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras—Retreat and New Position South of Waterloo—The Great Battle—Incidents of the Day—A Defensive Position—The Issue of the Conflict—End of the Vanquished Conqueror's Career.

NAPOLEON I. BECOMES RULER OF ELBA.

HOWEVER various may be the opinions expressed by historians and biographers on the character and actions of the great founder of the imperial house of the Bonapartes,—whether we find that unscrupulous leader of many legions covered with fulsome laudation, and represented as a little lower than the angels, as in the *Lives* written by Hazlett and Abbott—or represented in the light of a "Scamp Jupiter," a successful trickster, destitute of human feeling and of honest principle as he was full of genius and mental resource, as he is represented in the "Representative Men" of Emerson, and in Sir Walter Scott's somewhat long-winded book,—on one point at least his puffers and detractors

are fully agreed, namely, as to the consummate ability, energy, and courage with which he fought out the struggle to the bitter end in 1814. Surrounded on every side by overwhelming numbers of elated foes, his own troops harassed by fatigue, and rapidly melting away in the series of desperate battles crowded together in the space of a few weeks; compelled to make one small army do the work of four or five; and with the net closing round him, in spite of the furious bounds of the hunted lion, the achievements of the short campaign of 1814 excited the highest admiration for the military qualities of Napoleon, even among those who hated him most; and even to the last suggested the advisableness of making a compromise with the man who proved him-

self capable, under the most unfavourable conditions, of inflicting so much damage upon all who ventured to take the field against him. Thus at the Congress, opened at Chatillon early in the year, an opportunity was offered to the "vanquished victor" to end the contest by an arrangement that would have still left him at the head of the French nation, though with greatly curtailed power and territories. But "double or quits—all or nothing," was the game at which Napoleon loved to play; and a slight gleam of success was sufficient to rekindle in him all the arrogance of ambition. He had fought five battles in as many days, and had been victorious in each—at Champaubert, Montmirail, Chateau Thierry, and Vauchamps; and his sanguine temper and untiring activity prevented him from seeing that no amount of temporary success could do more than retard by a few weeks his ultimate fall in the face of the tremendous forces arrayed against him. He let the last chance of accommodation with his enemies pass away, by his evident chicanery to gain time at Chatillon; and thus the allies were compelled to take the resolution they successfully carried out, namely, that of marching on Paris, and compelling the capital to surrender before the Emperor, with his exhausted and worn-out army, which was daily being lessened by desertion, could arrive to its rescue; and on the 31st of March, Paris capitulated.

Napoleon had penetrated the design of his enemies; and after beating back more than one of their armies towards the frontier, had suddenly turned from the pursuit, and hastened with forced marches towards Paris. But it was too late. Before he reached Fontainebleau, the sound of distant cannonading warned him of what was going on around the capital; and at Fontainebleau itself the fatal news reached him that Marmont and Mortier had given up the contest, and then he knew that the game of ambition was over. For a few days he lingered with the wreck of his army at Fontainebleau, undecided what course to take, and drinking the cup of humiliation to the very dregs. For the imperious Master of Europe had made but few friends, even in the days of his success. His best and truest counsellor had been lost to him on that fatal day, when Duroc, mortally wounded, clasped his hand, and uttered those emphatic words of warning which for a time shook even the conqueror's iron soul, and robbed him for a few hours of his self-possession. To his marshals he had been liberal of titles and rewards; but they were conscious of being only tools in his hands; and in the mind of nearly every one of them rankled the remembrance of harsh or unjust words and scornful treatment, from the man in whom

gigantic intellect was found joined to utter coldness of heart, whose aspirations were "pent within the circle of a sword-sweep," and who was beloved only by those too far removed from him by their humble position to know anything of his personal character. Even those whom he had accounted his friends, and had distinguished by marks of especial favour,—Oudinot, Berthier, Ney,—deserted him when their interest and his fortunes diverged. There are few pages in history more pathetically illustrative of the depth to which human greatness can fall, than are furnished by the events of those few days at Fontainebleau, when the fate of the fallen Emperor was to be decided by the kings on whose necks he had had his foot only a few short years before.

The Abdiel of the Empire, "among the faithless faithful only found," was brave, true-hearted Marshal Macdonald, whose Scottish descent was nobly apparent in the honour with which he clung to the chief whom fortune had so completely deserted. The cold heart of Napoleon, wrung with an anguish that even made him attempt self-destruction, was touched at Macdonald's fidelity; and in a few pathetic words he acknowledged that he had given this true and gallant gentlemen too much reason for dissatisfaction, and expressed his sense of the noble revenge the Marshal was taking.

For it was Macdonald who acted as the intermediary between the fallen Emperor at Fontainebleau and his triumphant foes in the capital; and it was greatly owing to his exertions that a shadow of sovereignty was still left to the fallen ruler of millions.

It was arranged that Napoleon—who had at first vainly endeavoured to preserve his dynasty, by offering to abdicate in favour of his little son, the King of Rome, and had afterwards signed an unconditional abdication of the French throne—should receive, for himself and his descendants, the sovereignty of the little island of Elba, the Ilva of the ancients, situated a few miles from the coast of Tuscany; and he was to retain the title of emperor. Elba had come into the possession of France in 1802. It certainly seems a strange oversight that the discrowned Cæsar should have been permitted to take up his residence at a point within an easy distance of the French coast; and can only be explained on the assumption that his power was considered to be over and gone—completely a thing of the past.

As regards its physical features and capabilities, Elba is, in many respects, a favoured spot. The high mountains, of which it is chiefly composed, contain an abundance of mineral wealth; copper, iron, lead, and even gold and silver, being

reckoned among its products, besides quarries of slate, marble, and granite. The tunny fishery is the chief source of support to the inhabitants next to the iron mines, for which Elba was famous even in ancient times. In some parts the land is well adapted for agriculture; and a great variety of wild flowering plants, here as elsewhere in beautiful Italy, "own the kindred soil, nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil." Altogether, it was far from an undesirable domain of which Napoleon took possession on the 4th of May, 1814, having arrived there, on a British ship, on the 3rd,—the day on which the restored Bourbon king, Louis XVIII., made his entry into Paris.

A GREAT KING AND A SMALL EMPIRE.

During his journey southward through France, before embarking on the British ship of war that was to convey him to his new home, the Emperor had practical experience of the mutability of popular favour. As Coriolanus was "by the voice of slaves whooped out of Rome," so was Napoleon followed by the execrations of the populace, who had worshipped him in the day of his success; he had at last been compelled, for safety, to travel in disguise. In Porto Ferrajo, the capital of Elba, he was received, on the contrary, with every sign of welcome and rejoicing; the inhabitants shrewdly considering that the residence of so distinguished a man among them as their ruler, could not fail to draw many visitors to the island, and to bring increased prosperity. In this conjecture they were perfectly right. "Never," says Bussey, "was Elba so busy or so prosperous as during the abode, among its sea-beaten rocks, of 'the Emperor'; never did its ships traverse seas infested with Moorish pirates with so much impunity, as while they were protected by the golden bees of Napoleon."

The Emperor himself seemed pleased with his reception, and soon manifested much of his old energy and activity. Within a few days he had made a tour of inspection through the whole island, examining, questioning, and planning, as was his wont. "It must be confessed that my empire is very small," he observed with a smile, when he found how soon his territory was traversed; and, indeed, his new subjects were only about twelve thousand in all. It was not in his nature to be without projects, or without finding work to do. He immediately set about improving his little principality. New roads were laid out, new fortifications begun, new buildings for salt works and for the tunny fishing were commenced, as well as a handsome house for the Emperor's sister, the beautiful Pauline, Princess Borghese, who was soon to join him, with his mother,

the venerable Madame Letitia. It seemed as though he had thoroughly adapted himself to his altered fortunes, and was content to end his career as the ruler of this little sea-girt empire.

Soon afterwards, General Cambronne arrived, with about four hundred soldiers of the old Guard, who had volunteered to serve the "Little Corporal" under these changed circumstances. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell also came, as British Commissioner; which shows that the British Government, at least, did not feel quite secure as to Napoleon's intentions, and accordingly considered it advisable to have a confidential agent on the spot, to keep a vigilant eye upon his proceedings. In his "Life of Napoleon," Sir Walter Scott speaks of Elba, during the Napoleon year, as resembling a huge barrack, "filled with military, gens-d'armes, refugees of all descriptions, expectants, dependents, domestics, and adventurers." In truth, a somewhat dangerous and explosive compound of elements, and one that might easily, if incautiously handled, burst into a flame.

Among the visitors admitted to an interview by the Emperor was Lord John Russell, destined afterwards to do many notable things as a British statesman. To him Napoleon expressed some amount of doubt as to what the Duke of Wellington would do, now that the contest was over; and could hardly be made to believe that the illustrious warrior, his task as a military leader being finished, would simply take his place as a British peer in the civil councils of his country. The Emperor could hardly conceive the idea of a distinguished career or exalted usefulness apart from the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

It was obviously the interest, no less than the duty, of the restored government of France to be scrupulous in fulfilling the conditions of its treaty with the exiled Emperor, that he, on his part, might have no pretext for breaking his share of the compact, or endeavouring to disturb the new state of things. But the fatality that attended all the proceedings of the first ministers of Louis XVIII. seems to have betrayed them here into a fatal blunder, the consequences of which were disastrous in the extreme. On his abdicating the throne, the allies had covenanted to pay Napoleon a yearly pension of six millions of francs; and this sum was to form an item in the "grand livre," or national budget of France, and was to be paid in advance to the ruler of Elba. With a parsimony equally unjust and shortsighted, the French Government withheld this pension; and when Lord Castlereagh—who, though by no means a very sagacious minister, yet had sufficient sense to see the danger of the proceeding—addressed the

Government of Louis XVIII. on the subject, he was told in reply that the conduct of Napoleon, in recruiting soldiers in Corsica for his guard, had been equivocal, but that some means would be taken to afford him "some help,"—a subterfuge unworthy of the administration of a great country.

Meanwhile Napoleon was in real and serious pecuniary embarrassment. The revenues of his island empire being considerable, he depended chiefly upon the pension so unrighteously withheld; and had the mortification of finding himself obliged to stop the improvements and works he had taken in hand, and to quarter his guards upon the inhabitants, who were unable to pay taxes. His earnest remonstrances to the French Government were entirely unheeded; and to one who has for years had at his disposal the resources of a great kingdom, this embarrassment was as novel as it was galling.

Thus, not unnaturally, the suspicion arose in his mind that the sovereignty of Elba had not been given to him in good faith, but merely as a temporary measure, until the allies should consider it safe to dispose of him in another quarter. And as to his ultimate destination a dark foreboding had taken possession of him. The island of St. Helena, in the South Atlantic, long held by the East India Company chiefly for the supply of fresh water it afforded to their ships, was purchased by the British Government; and Napoleon was haunted by the apprehension that to this far-off island of St. Helena he was in due time to be transferred. And so in the capital, Porto Ferrajo, whose name he had changed to Cosmopoli, Napoleon sat meditating on these things, and maturing a resolution that was soon to startle all Europe.

THE BOURBON GOVERNMENT AND ITS ERRORS.

When Talleyrand, the most versatile, clear-headed, and unscrupulous of political intriguers, declared that the Bourbons "had learned nothing and forgotten nothing" in exile, he might with equal justice have extended his bitter epigram to the adherents and followers of that self-deluded race. With the Restoration there came thronging back to France an infinite number of *émigrés*—people whose royalism was far more intense than that of the King their master, and who were utterly unable to appreciate the change that a most eventful quarter of a century could not fail to make in the sentiments and ideas of an active and quickwitted nation. All that these people could understand was the bare fact that the good cause had triumphed, that the usurper had been cast down from his high estate, and that the King was to enjoy his own again; and to their minds the

reinstatement of the King involved as a necessary consequence that they themselves were to be restored to the positions they had held before the Revolution had sent them flying for dear life, to the protection of foreign lands. King Louis XVIII., a fat, good-natured gentleman enough, would have been content to take the goods the gods had provided him, and to content all parties, so far as it was practicable. Like Charles II., he had not the slightest wish to "go on his travels again;" and like a later chief magistrate of France, "*j'y suis, et j'y reste*," was the motto he felt inclined to adopt; and he had been content to acknowledge the altered spirit of the time by the concession of important privileges to the French people,—such as the "Charte," which guaranteed to them a certain amount of constitutional freedom; the abolition of the consolidated taxes, which were looked on as a great national grievance; and that most important element in a popular government, the freedom of the press. The words of the King himself, repeated from mouth to mouth with great satisfaction, in which Louis XVIII. declared that there was nothing changed by his return, that there was only one Frenchman more in France, were taken as a royal promise that existing rights should be preserved.

But the King did not keep his word; probably the influences around him were too strong to allow him. The returned *émigrés* looked upon France as their exclusive property, which they now demanded to have restored to them, in the condition in which they had left it more than twenty years before. In the good old times of marquises and feudal lords of the manor, none but men of noble birth could be officers in the army. Consequently the returned exiles claimed to be put in the places of the veterans of Austerlitz, Wagram and Smolensk, who were dismissed accordingly, or compelled to retire on utterly insufficient pensions to make room for commanders who had never seen a shot fired in anger. Béranger the poet made terrible fun of these untried warriors, and contributed not a little to spread abroad the disgust excited by their usurpation. In the public offices, too, officials, against whom nothing could be urged except that they had received their appointments under the Republic or the Empire, were turned away, to make room for the "supporters" of the restored dynasty. A censorship of the press was established, as rigid as ever that of Napoleon had been; estates purchased in open market under the Republic and Empire were handed back to the former possessors, who, by the law passed under a government of acknowledged legality, had been declared to have forfeited them years before; and the

sense of the people was continually outraged by the denunciation of every political act done since the overthrow of the monarchy as wicked and heinous. The power of the priests was also restored, under the patronage of the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., who in his bigotry and his inability to temper zeal with discretion, as well as in his ultimate fate, furnishes a parallel to the English James II.; like whom, indeed, he was fated, after a few years of misrule, to end his life in exile. The Jesuits, the most obnoxious of all the ecclesiastical orders, come flocking back to France; and

discontent that should ripen into a harvest of hate.

The extent to which the illiberal spirit of the Government was carried, appeared in the case of Mademoiselle de Raucourt, an actress of the *Théâtre Français*, which excited intense indignation in Paris, and almost provoked a riot. At the age of sixty Mademoiselle de Raucourt died; and the obsolete law, which pronounced those of her profession excommunicate, and therefore denied them the rites of the Church in burial, was actually revived in her case. The scandal was the greater as the woman's



MEETING OF THE EMPEROR AND MARSHAL NEY.

for a time their influence was paramount in every department; and the Legion of Honour, the coveted prize that had inspired many a deed of daring and self-devoted courage during the period that had just closed so mournfully, was systematically degraded by being scattered broadcast among the lowest and most despicable of the spies and intriguers who did the dirty work of the Government. It seemed as though the partisans of Louis were bent on showing the old feeling of contempt for the "canaille," in its most offensive form, upon every occasion. Never did men work more industriously to sow among the nation they came to govern the seeds of a

reputation was without a stain. When the corpse was refused admission into the church of St. Brigue, the people were roused to fury. An immediate application to the King to order the interment was met by a refusal, on the ground that His Majesty could not interfere in a matter that concerned the ecclesiastical authorities alone. But the populace persisted, and the fellow actors and actresses of Mademoiselle Raucourt declared, in a second application to the King, that unless the rites of the Church were accorded to their dead sister, they would go over in a body to the Protestant faith; whereupon His Majesty gave way.

What would have been said in England if Christian burial had been denied to Mrs. Siddons on the score of her profession?

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN FROM ELBA TO FRANCE.

It had been arranged by the Treaty of Paris, that two months after the signing of that document a Congress should meet in Vienna, to discuss various matters of paramount importance to the Governments of Europe, and especially to readjust the frontiers of the various nations; on the general principle of rewarding, with an increase of territory and other advantages, those Powers who had been prominent in the struggle against Napoleon, and punishing by curtailment and restrictions those unfortunate rulers, who, like the King of Saxony, had thrown in their lot with the fallen Emperor. Various circumstances delayed the meeting, and the Congress did not assemble until the 1st of November.

It was a most brilliant gathering. All the Powers of Europe were represented by their most distinguished public men. The astute Metternich was present on behalf of Austria. The interests of Russia were placed in the experienced hands of Nerselrode, with Rasumowsky, Capo d'Istria, and Stockelberg as his coadjutors; Lord Castlereagh, and Wellington, lately raised to the rank of a duke, with a grant of £400,000 to maintain the dignity of his exalted position, watched over the interests of the British Empire; while Talleyrand and Dalberg were the deputies of the restored Government of France; Prince Hardenberg, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, the brother of the great traveller and scientific author, were present for Prussia; while Freiherr von Stein, who had done so much for the regeneration of Germany, and was especially known as the trusted friend and adviser of the Emperor Alexander, was there to give to the deliberations of the council the weight of his sagacity and experience, though not as the officially accredited representative of any separate State. The whole affair was a strange incongruous mixture of diplomacy and fiddling, of grave diplomatic conferences and balls and masquerades; feasting and statesmanship, intrigue and "bon-ton" frivolity. Vienna was crowded with wealthy strangers, princes and their retinues, Hungarian and Bohemian magnates blazing with gold and jewels.

Factions and cliques were soon formed among this motley assembly; and it was not long before serious differences threatened to arise. Indeed, the great Powers who had united to put down the power of the French Emperor were ready to go to war with each other for the division of the spoil; when suddenly, at the beginning of March 1815,

the intelligence came like a thunderclap upon them that Napoleon had broken loose from Elba, and had landed in France. Rough old Blücher burst into the room of the English envoy, with the blunt inquiry, whether the British Government had or had not a squadron on the Mediterranean coast of France? It seemed incredible that such an enterprise could have been carried into effect unchecked.

THE FLIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL EAGLE TO PARIS.

The startling news was true. Napoleon, dissatisfied and alarmed at his situation in Elba, had at the same time been kept accurately informed by friends, among whom were Fouché, his former Minister of Police, Davoust, Maret, Carnot, and others, of the course of events in France; and as the popular discontent increased, hints were given that a remedy would presently be found for the evils complained of. Among the army especially, which was deeply offended at finding itself, after years of favour and supremacy under Napoleon, slighted and undervalued by the Bourbon Government, this expectation was raised and kept alive. The violet was chosen as a sort of mysterious emblem, and worn by the secret partisans of the exiled Cæsar; among whom it was whispered that when the spring brought back the violets, Père Violette also would come again; and the Father Violet in question was Napoleon.

Among the little army he had gathered round him in Porto Ferrajo, or as he called it, Cosmopoli, Napoleon had suffered some idea of his intended enterprise to get abroad, so that more enthusiasm than astonishment was aroused when, on the 26th of February, the announcement was made to the seven or eight hundred men of whom the force consisted, that their chief was about to embark for France. The men, among whom were four hundred of the Old Guard, were delighted at the prospect of seeing their country again, and raised the old shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with unanimous heartiness. The embarkation at once began; on the evening of the same day the expedition sailed from the island in six vessels, of which the brig *Inconstant*, that carried Cæsar and his fortunes, was the chief.

The armament arrived safely at Cannes, near Fréjus, and Napoleon at once began that famous march towards Paris, which has been somewhat magniloquently, but not inaptly, described in one of his own proclamations by the expression that "the Imperial eagle should fly from steeple to steeple through France, until he alighted on the towers of Notre Dame." During the passage to France, several of those proclamations

had been prepared by which Napoleon knew so well how to work upon the passions of the more vainglorious of the French nation. Soberminded men talked of the stilted language and exaggerated fustian of his announcements to the army; but he well knew the people he was addressing. He now declared that in his retreat he had heard the voice of the French nation calling him back; he reminded the French of the victories he had been gaining in the short campaign of 1814, and attributed the blame of the capitulation of Paris to Marmont and Augereau; had he been better seconded, he would have driven the allies out of France. These proclamations were distributed as he moved on with his followers with great speed towards Grenoble. Everywhere his advent was hailed with enthusiasm by the people, whom he roused against the restored dynasty by reminding them of the bitter fact that the Bourbons had been re-seated on the throne of France by the power of foreign bayonets. "When Charles VII. re-entered Paris," so ran the text of one of these proclamations, "and overthrew the ephemeral throne of Henry V., he won his sceptre by the valour of his followers, and did not hold it by the permission of a Prince Regent." A paragraph in one of his proclamations to the army of France reads like a paraphrase, or rather a parody, of Shakespeare's speech of Henry V. to his troops before the battle of Agincourt: "Soldiers, come and range yourselves under the banners of your chief. His existence is identified with yours; his rights are yours, and those of the people; his interest, his honour, his glory, are your interest, honour, and glory." Then came the sentence about the eagle and Notre Dame. "Then you will be able to show your scars with honour," the proclamation continued; "then you may boast of what you have done. You will be the liberators of the country. In your old age, surrounded and honoured by your fellow-citizens, they will listen with respect while you recount your high deeds; while you exclaim with pride, 'And I also was one of that grand army which twice entered within the walls of Vienna, of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Lisbon, of Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain imprinted upon it by treason and the presence of the enemy. Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country! and eternal infamy to the French criminals, in whatever rank they were born, who for twenty-five years fought beside foreigners, tearing the bosom of their country!' The allusion to the "foreigners" and their partisans was a subtle appeal to the national pride. It was brilliantly successful, and it seemed likely that the Imperial eagle's return to its former nest at the

Tuileries would be hailed with acclamation. Whether it would be suffered to establish itself there once more was another and a very doubtful question.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ARMY.

The news of the landing of Napoleon was received by the Government in Paris at first with blank bewilderment, and then with scornful incredulity. It was represented to the King that this last attempt of the usurper would be as short-lived as it was desperate. In the official journal, Bonaparte was represented as wandering among the mountains, deserted by his few followers, and certain to be speedily arrested. The marshals who had abandoned his cause the year before to worship the rising sun of the Bourbons were particularly emphatic in their demonstrations of loyalty to their new master. Marshal Soult, the wily "Monsieur Renard" of the soldiery, issued a fiery proclamation, in which he contrasted the well-grounded claims of the legitimate monarch with the frantic lunacy of an adventurer who desired to plunge France into civil war. Masséna wrote from the south, setting forth the certainty of Bonaparte's speedy capture; and Ney, before joining a large force with which he was to march southward, promised Louis XVIII. that he would bring back the disturber of Europe as a prisoner in an iron cage.

But the heart of the French army turned, not unnaturally, towards the chief whose name was associated with twenty years of unexampled conquest and glory. Soon after his landing, Napoleon was encountered at Vizille by a line regiment despatched against him. Trusting in the power his presence always exercised over French soldiers, Napoleon advanced alone to meet his opponents, who at sight of him became instantly converted into friends and partisans. They raised the old shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and went over to him in a body. At Grenoble, the people forced open the gates, and declared for Napoleon. Colonel Labedoyère and the 4th line regiment did the same thing; and it appeared that the soldiers had tricoloured cockades concealed in their shakos and in the regimental drums, ready to be displayed when the time came. A great force, sent out under the Comte d'Artois, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and Marshal Macdonald, likewise went over in a body to Napoleon. Ney, at Lons-le-Saulnier, also deserted his new master's cause, to join the man with whom all his own glory was identified. It is supposed that the brave, weak man was sincere when he made the promise to Louis XVIII. about the iron cage; but that the sight of his old master was simply too much for him, and he

at once resumed the old habit of obedience to the guiding spirit, whose behests he had been accustomed to obey.

Thereupon the Bourbon Government fled, the King getting across the frontier with all speed, and betaking himself to Ghent, from which safe retreat he watched the progress of events. He was at best a negative, apathetic man, the representative of a system that had become effete and superannuated.

The Congress of Vienna, however, had been roused into activity by the gravity of the crisis. All questions of dispute were put aside for the time, in the presence of the great and pressing danger. The Duke of Wellington emphatically reminded Talleyrand that he considered himself the soldier of the King. It was at once determined that the Powers must stand together, to maintain the restored Government in France. It was resolved that Napoleon Bonaparte, by appearing again in France in arms, had put himself beyond the pale of society, and drawn upon himself the public vengeance (*vindique publique*). The four great Powers, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, entered into a fresh compact against Napoleon, each Government binding itself to put 150,000 soldiers into the field, or to furnish an equivalent in money for each man short of the minimum number; and the other states of Europe were invited to join the coalition; an appeal to which they responded,—with the exception of Sweden, where Bernadotta was discontented at not having received the French crown, and Portugal, which, exhausted by the long Peninsular struggle, required repose. Thereupon the Congress broke up; for the question of redistribution of power and rectification of frontier was necessarily postponed in the presence of the more pressing danger. Meanwhile Napoleon had reached Paris, and on the 4th of April was once more at the head of the Government. Conscious of the desperate nature of the game he was playing, he endeavoured to conciliate goodwill by a profession of moderation; acknowledging the errors into which, in his former rule, he had been betrayed, and promising that the French should enjoy constitutional freedom under his renewed sway. He also made overtures for peace to the various Governments; but his letters were either returned or left unanswered; and he soon understood, that as to the army he owed his return to France, to the army also he must look for the establishment of his authority. And he made active preparations for the struggle he saw to be inevitable.

THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.

Napoleon was soon convinced that his promises of moderation, of reigning as a

constitutional monarch, and of abstaining from war, would have no effect upon the allies, who were determined to look upon him as an enemy, with whom no compact could be made. Accordingly he nerved himself for a task whose difficulties he well comprehended; for he would shortly have Europe in arms for his opponent.

The crisis seemed to have given him back all his former activity. He toiled incessantly to bring the army, which, under the Bourbon system, had been diminished until it numbered only 90,000 available men, into an effective state, and to increase its numbers by offering inducements to volunteers and veterans to join the standards: to have resorted to the conscription would have deprived his cause of all its popularity.

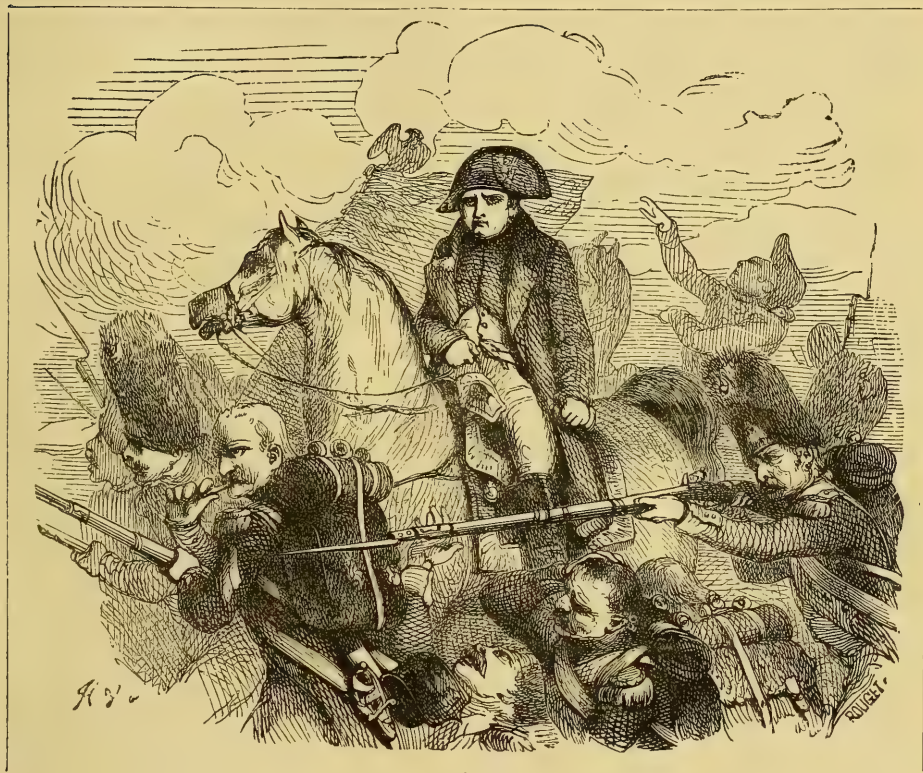
On the 1st of June the Parisians were treated to an imposing spectacle, when, in the assembly of the Champ de Mai, the lately returned ruler, in the midst of an immense crowd, took the oath of adherence to the Constitution, declaring that his aspirations, his glory, and his happiness had always been indissolubly bound up with the welfare of France. The ceremony ended with a distribution of eagles to the various branches of the army, and a general march-past before the Emperor's throne, amid all the pomp of martial music and acclamation.

The situation was exceedingly serious, as the Emperor well knew. Europe was arming to prevent his re-establishment on the throne of France; and he calculated that the levies would amount to a million of men. By great exertions Napoleon had been enabled to raise the French army to about half that number; but only 217,000 were armed, equipped, and in a condition for taking the field immediately. They were divided into seven great corps, and placed respectively under the command of Ney, Reille, Vandamme, Gerard, Rapp, Loban, and Suchet. The cavalry were placed under the command of Excelmans, Killerman, Grouchy, Pagot, and Michaud. Massena was appointed governor of the important fortress of Metz; Davoust became Minister of War, and Marshal Soult, the astute Monsieur Renard, Major-General of the army.

To attack his enemies in detail, and endeavour to dispose of the armies of one nation before another should be ready to oppose him, was the plan the Emperor resolved, after mature consideration, to adopt; and, indeed, it is doubtful if he could have done better. England and Prussia, with large contingents of Dutch, Belgian, Hanoverian, and Brunswick troops were already in the field. If he could obtain a victory over these by attacking them separately, before Russia and Austria, with Bavaria and the rest of his enemies, were ready, the

resolution of the allies not to treat with him would probably be shaken, especially as the Opposition in England would dislike the prospect of a protracted and expensive war, and he might secure a peace on favourable terms. Moreover he was aware that the recent union of Belgium with Holland was exceedingly unpopular with the former nation, the Belgians looking upon themselves as annexed to the Dutch in the manner of a dependent province; and it was considered that they would much rather be joined to

to the selection of the leader to be sent to cope with him. The Duke of Wellington, the hero of the long Peninsular struggle, was the one man to whom this vitally important duty was naturally to be entrusted. The Duke had from the first expressed himself ready to undertake any position in which he could be useful. Accordingly he accepted the command of the army; and by the beginning of April 1815, he had established his headquarters at Brussels. His advice as to the plan of operations was to act in concert



NAPOLEON ON THE EVENING OF WATERLOO.

France than to Holland. The Emperor might therefore hope to see them come over to his side at the first opportunity. Accordingly the French army was put in motion towards the Belgian frontier; and Napoleon, quitting Paris at daybreak on the 12th of June, proceeded to Avesnes to place himself at their head.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MARSHAL BLÜCHER.

From the moment when it became known in England that Napoleon and his army must be encountered, there was no doubt as

with Prussia and Austria, bringing such a force into the field as should make the contest short, sharp, and decisive. "The war would linger on," he said, "and end to our disadvantage," if anything were attempted with a small force. His experience in the Peninsula had fully taught him that lesson. Consequently great exertions were made to provide the Duke with as numerous and efficient an army as could be brought together on so short a notice.

The conjuncture was not favourable. Many of the splendid soldiers of the Peninsular

war, troops thoroughly seasoned and disciplined, with whom, to use the phrase of their illustrious chief, a commander "might go anywhere and do anything," had been disbanded and dismissed to their homes with small gratuities or pensions. Another portion of the British forces had not yet returned from America, having been engaged there in the foolish and preventable war in which the nation had been involved by the Ministry. Many of the regiments had been filled up at the last moment with raw recruits, or with volunteers from the militia. Indeed, such was the want of time, that many were despatched to the seat of war in the militia jackets they wore when they were drafted into the line. They were not exactly the kind of force the Duke would have chosen to command against the greatest captain of the age; but "their hearts were in the trim," and the youngest stripling soldier upheld the honour of his country manfully during that short but eventful campaign.

Combined operations, for the purpose of striking a great blow, formed the plan of the Duke; while Napoleon on the other hand, was determined to force on a contest at the earliest moment, and attacking each of the allies separately, to crush them one by one.

The Duke was certainly fortunate in his officers. Picton, Ponsonby, Lord Uxbridge, better known afterwards as the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Saltoun, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, with Clinton, Colville, Alten, Sir Alexander Gordon, and a number of other distinguished names brighten the roll of the campaign of 1815. Men and officers alike were full of zeal.

The number of the army under the Duke of Wellington in Belgium amounted to 78,500 men. The British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops formed about two-thirds of this force; the rest were Germans, chiefly from Brunswick and Nassau. Among the infantry were the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders, and the 33rd Regiment, in which the Duke had begun his career in the army. The Horse Guards Blue and the Life Guards, with some regiments of heavy dragoons, and fourteen regiments of light dragoons, made up the cavalry force.

Blücher, the brave old field-marshal, "Marshall Vorwärts," or "Forward," as his soldiers called him, from his eagerness to advance, was in command of the Prussian forces, numbering in all some 130,000 men; but of these only about 80,000 were available for immediate service. When the Duke received intelligence of Napoleon's march upon Flanders, he made preparations for effecting a junction with Blücher so soon as it should become apparent in what direction Napoleon's attack would be made. Blücher had the courage of a lion, and an amount of

energy marvellous in a man of seventy. But he was a veteran whose first period of service dated from the times of the great Frederick and the Seven Years' War, and his method was obsolete. Napoleon looked upon him as merely a brave "sabreur," and Napoleon's estimate of a military leader was generally correct.

Napoleon's plan, which Lamartine designates rightly as "the only one suited to the exigencies of the time, the natural genius of the Emperor and his troops, and, finally, to the genius of impetuosity and despair," was to concentrate his army on the Sambre, to advance to Charleroi as speedily as possible, and fall upon the Prussians at the point of junction of their army with that of the English; then, having driven them back upon Luxemburg, to attack the English in turn, and hurl them back towards the coast. This would leave him the command of Belgium; and he would then be free to turn his forces against the two fresh armies that were advancing against him on the Upper and Lower Rhine, and who were to be vanquished like the rest. It was a desperate scheme, which could only have succeeded by a marvellous union of genius and good fortune.

ACTIVE OPERATIONS; HISTORICAL BALL.

Among the English quartered in and around Brussels, there was in general but a vague idea of the nature of the work in which they were engaged, and of its tremendous possibilities. The prevailing impression at first was, that Bonaparte was to be crushed without a struggle; and the old delusion concerning a military promenade to Paris was revived. The Belgian capital had never been so bright and joyous, so full of gay company, as during the month of May and the first half of June 1815. There were *fêtes* and entertainments of all kinds in abundance; there was a sound of revelry by night throughout the Belgian capital, long before that memorable ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, which subsequent events have made matter of history. The more experienced among the officers, however, especially those who had seen service in Spain, were of the opinion which Thackeray, in *Vanity Fair*, puts into the mouth of the plucky Irish colonel, that some of the dancers would soon be dancing to a tune they little expected. During all this time, however, the Duke himself, while preserving his usual imperturbable aspect, and even taking part in the gaieties that were going on, was vigilantly watching the course of events, and preparing for the encounter.

When the Emperor joined his army, he at once proceeded to stimulate the zeal of his troops, and to awaken their thirst for glory, by those speeches that seem so bombastic

and inflated when read in cold blood, but which had frequently such a wonderful effect when spoken in the presence of an excited and eager soldiery. On the 14th of June, the anniversary of the great victories of Marengo and Friedland, he delivered one of these speeches, reminding his hearers that "these Prussians, now so insolent," had been beaten at Jena, Montmirail, and elsewhere by French armies much inferior to them in number. He roused the hatred of his hearers against the English by allusions to the English "prison-ships," in which a number of their countrymen had perished; represented the Belgians, Hanoverians, and other nations as unwilling allies of his enemies, who would be glad to quit the alliance to which they were only bound by fear of the vengeance of the great Powers, whose princes were the foes of justice and of the rights of nations. "Soldiers! we have forced marches to make," said the Emperor, in concluding his address, "we have dangers to encounter; but let us be constant, and the victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of our country will be reconquered. For every one who has a heart, the moment has now come for victory or death."

It was on the 15th of June that Napoleon at daybreak marched from Beaumont towards the Sambre, the passage of which river was speedily effected. He then attacked and took the fortress of Charleroi, which was occupied by the Prussian General Ziethen. He divided his army into two parts; himself advancing with the main body towards Fleurus against the Prussians, while Marshal Ney was ordered, with a body of 40,000 men, to move on towards Fleurus, and so to Quatre Bras. The name Quatre Bras applies to the four roads leading respectively to Charleroi, Namur, Nivelles, and Brussels, that here intersect each other. The object of Ney's movement was to operate against the English, and prevent their junction with the Prussians, whom Napoleon meant to attack without delay.

The Duke, in his head-quarters at Brussels, had received early intelligence that the French army was now in motion, and of the general disposal of the two bodies. He at once gave orders that everything should be in readiness for marching out of Brussels at a moment's notice; but, like Nelson at Copenhagen, he evidently thought it would not do to be in a hurry; and accordingly everything was done with a quietness and deliberation which in some quarters has been misrepresented as evidence of ignorance or indifference. The Duke knew perfectly what he was about, and understood the necessity of avoiding anything that would cause a panic in the capital. Therefore everything seemed outwardly to

go on as usual; and when the Duchess of Richmond, who had invited a large and brilliant company, including many officers of the English army, to a great ball for the evening of the 15th, inquired whether the entertainment should not be put off, the Duke requested that it should proceed, as though nothing unusual had happened.

This is the ball described by Byron in the immortal verses in which the poet portrays the cannon's opening roar as mingling with the sounds of revelry. Something must be allowed in the way of latitude to a poet describing a tragic scene. There was no sound of cannon to interrupt the festivities at the Duchess's brilliant party; but certain it is that, while the dance was proceeding in the festive halls, the bugles were blowing in the streets and squares of Brussels; and by the Duke's command the men were being rapidly and quietly mustered, and marched out of the city, in perfect order, on their way to that field whence so many of them were never to return. The necessary orders had all been given, and the general officers had been instructed to attend the ball, and to take an opportunity of retiring separately and quietly, to join their various corps, that anything like alarm or confusion might be avoided. It is related that the brother of the Duchess, the Duke of Gordon, in command of the 92nd (the Gordon) Highlanders, had, at his sister's request, ordered various non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment to be in attendance, as the Duchess wished them to show her foreign guests how the national Scotch dances were performed by men to the manner born. Before twenty-four hours were over, the dance of life was over for many of the gallant fellows who had good-humouredly contributed to the amusement of the Duchess's guests.

The Duke himself stayed to occupy the place of honour at the supper-table, and to return thanks, when General Alava proposed his health, and that of the army he commanded. Then, with a quiet bow and smile to the assembled guests, he quitted the ball-room, to devote himself to the tremendous task before him; and within the next three days the fate of France and of Europe for many a year was decided.

With all the care that had been taken to avoid undue excitement, it was a sad breaking up, that of the brilliant *fête* of her Grace of Richmond at one in the morning of the 16th of June. Byron's description of the hurrying to and fro, of the distress and tears, of the "checks all pale that but an hour ago blushed at the praise of their own loveliness," is true enough, if his introduction of the cannon, and of the effect of the sound on "Brunswick's fated chieftain," is imagina-

tive. Very many parted there to meet no more in this world ; so sudden had been the summons, that many of the officers marched to join their regiments in festive attire of silk stockings and pumps. As a writer on these events has observed, it was a rough transition from the delights of the ball-room to the stern realities of the battle-field, but illustrative of the vicissitudes that form part of the life of the soldier, whose philosophy must be always that of Wolfe's favourite song,—

“ Why soldiers, then,
Should we be melancholy, then,
Whose trade it is to die ? ”

The manner in which the march from Brussels was effected was admirable in its evidence of cool self-possession and perfect management. It was not till long after the Waterloo year that the absurd story that the Duke had been “ surprised ” on that occasion began to gain currency ; and it was copied into at least one history whose author ought to have known better. The Duke simply waited, in perfect readiness to move, until he could feel sure in what direction the attack of the enemy would be made ; and then he led forth his army to repel that attack in the most efficient way.

LIGNY AND QUATRE BRAS.

To the strains of martial music the various regiments marched from the Place Royale of Brussels, not without much lamentation and many tears from the populace, especially the fairer portion, as well as from their own friends and compatriots ; for the British army, notably the Highlanders, had become exceedingly popular during a few weeks' stay in Brussels. Eight infantry regiments, forming the fifth division, under the heroic Picton, and divided into two brigades, under Sir James Kempe and Sir Denis Pack, with the Duke of Brunswick's corps and some Nassau troops, moved upon Quatre Bras. They numbered 15,000 men in all, and had neither infantry nor cavalry to support them. On the other side Marshal Ney was marching towards Quatre Bras with all speed.

Napoleon, whose game depended on promptitude, had pressed forward with such speed as considerably to harass his troops. He came in sight of the Prussians about noon on the 16th, and found their army about 80,000 strong, including 9,000 cavalry, and with 250 guns, occupying the heights of Bry, from Sombref to St. Amand, with the rivulet and village of Ligny in front of them. The Duke of Wellington, having ridden across the country to Bry, had an interview with the old Field-Marshal ; and having by personal observation convinced himself that the threatened attack of Napoleon on the Prussians would be a real one, and concerted

measures for co-operation with his ally, he rode off towards Quatre Bras, where Picton's division had by this time arrived.

At about three in the afternoon, Napoleon began the battle against the Prussians by a tremendous cannonade, under cover of which his infantry and cavalry advanced to the attack with great gallantry and determination. The Prussians replied with equal bravery. Every house and barn in Ligny and the neighbouring hamlets became a fortress ; for six hours a deadly strife was waged ; and so great was the exasperation on both sides, that no quarter was given. The French were burning to avenge the insults of the invasion of their territory in 1814, and the defeat of Leipsic, in the previous year ; while the Prussians still remembered with unappeased hatred the terrible disaster of Jena, the subsequent occupation of their capital, and the purloined sword of Frederick the Great. After wavering for a long time, victory at last favoured the French. The intrepid Blücher, whose seventy-three years had not robbed him of his energy, encouraged his men throughout the day with untiring zeal. But his horse was killed under him, and entangled him in its fall ; a charge of the enemy's cavalry swept past the old leader as he lay bruised and helpless on the ground, and passed him again presently in full career. It was only owing to the drizzling rain that had begun to fall, and the descending shades of evening, that he escaped being recognised and made prisoner by the enemy. His aide-de-camp, Von Nostitz, remained by him until some of his own soldiers, missing their leader, made a desperate charge and carried him off ; but when he had been borne from the field, the battle was lost ; and the advancing French drove the Prussians back in the direction of Wavre and Gembloux.

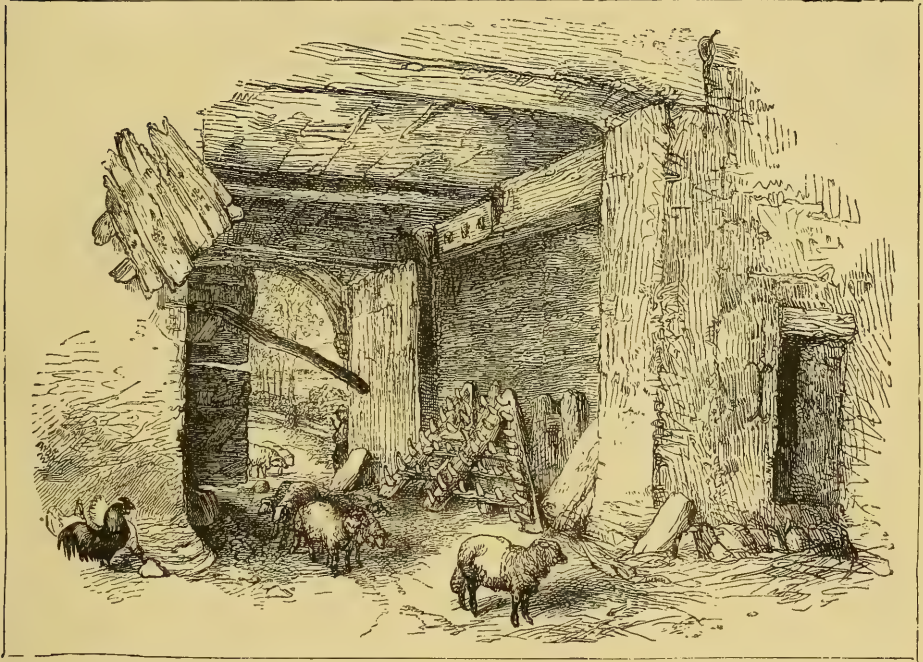
Thus the first object of Napoleon had been, as he supposed, completely gained. The Prussians were in retreat, and the next thing was to prevent their rallying and forming a junction with the English. For this purpose, Marshal Grouchy was ordered by the Emperor to pursue the Prussians to a sufficient distance to render their reappearance on the field of battle impossible, and then to return with his 35,000 men and assist in the operations against Wellington. This task Grouchy failed to fulfil ; and to his shortcomings, which were suspected to be the result of deliberate treachery, Napoleon afterwards persisted in attributing, in a great measure, the tremendous disaster that brought ruin upon the French army two days later. Grouchy, on his part, published a defence, in which he retorts the blame upon the Emperor. Whether he did his best, and merely blundered, or treacherously

betrayed the cause he had taken up, will always remain a doubtful point. Certain it is, that several of the French generals had become conscious of the desperate nature of Napoleon's enterprise; and that one at least, General Bourmont, with two colonels, went over to Blücher just before the battle of Ligny began, mounting the white cockade in lieu of the tricolour. The brave old Field-Marshal was far more disgusted at the treachery than pleased at the acquisition of these notable allies. "It's all the same what symbol the fellows set up," he grumbled, "rascals are rascals always."

While Napoleon was gaining the victory,

who wore the death's head and cross-bones on their caps, as a token at once of mourning and of vengeance for their Duke, mortally wounded at Jena,—charged gallantly, and repeatedly made a diversion in favour of their allies, it was a most anxious time.

Many of the soldiers in Picton's division were young recruits, whose very impetuosity might bring disaster. But they behaved nobly, and showed themselves thoroughly amenable to command. At their great chief's orders they formed squares, standing four deep, the leading files kneeling to receive the enemy's charge, and with the musket resting against the knee forming a double *chevaux-de-*



THE GATEWAY AT HOUGOMONT.

destined to be his last, the British army and its German allies were enduring a hard fight at another point. On the morning of the 16th, Marshal Ney, with some 40,000 troops, attacked the Belgian contingent, under the Prince of Orange and General Perponcher, whom he compelled to fall back upon the cross-road of Quatre Bras. The battle was about to conclude, with entire discomfiture of his opponents by the fiery Marshal, when Picton's division, arriving from Brussels, appeared on the scene; and the Duke and his staff likewise arrived. The British cavalry and artillery had not yet come up; and though the "Black Brunswickers,"—a body of hussars

frise of bayonets, over which the rear ranks fired at the advancing foe. Over and over again the heavy cavalry of the enemy, the formidable cuirassiers, came thundering against these squares, and strove to break them, but in vain. The horses could not be brought to face the glittering bayonets, and invariably drew off to the right and left when they came close to the living ramparts. It was here that, in heading a most gallant and spirited charge of his black horsemen, their young leader, the "Brunswick's fated chieftain" of Byron, met a hero's death.

Among the regiments, who all acquitted themselves well, the 42nd and 92nd Highlanders may be singled out for especial praise;

the 92nd especially distinguishing itself by a tremendous charge against the French at seven in the evening, when the battle had been maintained with great fury for five hours. This charge cost the regiment its gallant leader, Colonel Cameron, who, with three other officers, was struck down.

The 28th Regiment, known as the "Slashers," and the Royal Scots, led to the charge by Sir Thomas Picton in person, also excited admiration by their daring and endurance, conspicuous even among that gallant body, where "groom fought like noble, squire like knight, as fearlessly and well;" and fresh spirit was infused into the hearts of all, when the Guards, under Sir Peregrine Maitland, appeared upon the scene. Ney made the most frantic efforts to secure the victory he saw slipping from his hands, as the long midsummer day drew towards a close; but the British ranks, wofully thinned by shot and shell, still stood imperturbable, and were not to be driven off. When night approached, the French marshal sent for a reserve corps he had kept back for a final effort; but found, to his mortification and disgust, that it had been removed by Napoleon, who had called it up to his own aid against the Prussians at Ligny. When the fight had raged ten hours, the exhausted assailants were called off, and the battle of Quatre Bras was as surely a victory for the British, with their allies of Hanover and Brunswick, as Ligny was a triumph for Napoleon.

But it was a victory dearly purchased by the loss of 2,251 men and officers in the British army alone; and the losses among the foreign troops would bring up the list of killed, wounded, and missing to more than double the number; 5,000 is the general estimate, and the carnage among the French had been even greater. The Highlanders had suffered terribly, having been for some hours prominently engaged. It is recorded how the piper of the 92nd, at ten o'clock that night, "played up" to collect his comrades. "Long and loud blew Cameron," says the account; "but although the hills and valleys echoed the hoarse murmurs of his favourite instrument, his ultimate efforts could not produce above one-half of those whom his music had cheered on their march to the field of battle."

RETREAT, AND A NEW POSITION SOUTH OF WATERLOO.

The Duke of Wellington passed the night after Quatre Bras on the field of battle by a fire made for him by some men of the 92nd. It had been his intention to attack Ney next morning in the position at Frasnes, to which the Marshal had retired; but the disastrous news of the discomfiture of the Prussians at Ligny, and their consequent retreat, necessi-

tated a change in his plans; for now Napoleon would be at liberty to act with his whole force against him. Accordingly, in the morning of the 17th, the order was given for the army to fall back, to take up a new position nearer to Brussels. The retreat was effected in perfect order by the three roads leading to the new position; and military authorities have agreed that the movement, executed in the face of an advancing enemy, was a masterpiece of skill. The cavalry, under Lord Uxbridge, most gallantly covered the retreat, a service of great danger and difficulty; for so soon as Ney found that the British army was falling back, he launched his heavy cavalry against the covering force; and the day was signalised by furious charges and counter-charges of the horsemen of the two armies; the most splendid and effective being that of the Life Guards. "Its rapid rush down into the enemy's mass," says a chronicler of these events, Captain Siborne, "was as terrific in appearance as it was destructive in its effects; for although the French met the attack with firmness, they were utterly unable to hold their ground for a single moment." The charge in question is further described as having rendered the enemy far more cautious in his pursuit. The Duke had been strongly reinforced, and the artillery and rocket brigade did good work in keeping back the pursuers.

The work on the 16th and 17th had been very heavy for the army that took up its position on the field of Waterloo, the centre being in front of Mont St. Jean, on the evening of the latter day. First there had been the march of twenty miles from Brussels; then the harassing and protracted fighting at Quatre Bras; and lastly, the retreat, pursued by an eager and untiring foe. The weather also on the two days had been excessively hot; but now a tremendous thunderstorm cooled the air, though it saturated the ground and converted the roads into deep mud. During the night the rain at intervals fell in torrents, so that the bivouac on the field of Waterloo was far from a desirable one.

During the day the Duke had found means to communicate with Blücher, to whom he announced his intention of offering battle to the French, from his position, on the following day, if Blücher would support him with two Prussian army corps. Gallant old "Vorwärts" sent back word in reply that he would come, not with two corps, but with the whole Prussian army; and in the face of great difficulties he kept his word. On receiving this answer, Wellington proceeded to make the best dispositions in his power for strengthening himself for the morrow's fight. The centre of his position was three hundred yards in advance of the farm of Mont St.

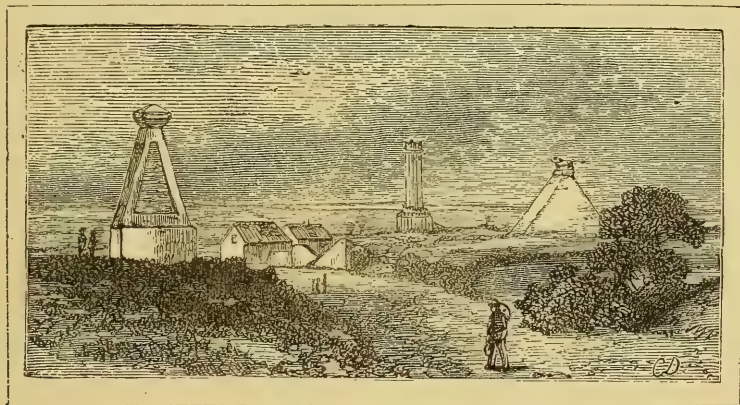
Jean, and three-quarters of a mile south of the village of Waterloo,—a long, straggling, double row of houses on the road leading southward from Brussels to Charleroi. On a row of heights across this road the British army was drawn up, the reserves and a part of the force being posted in the declivities between the undulations, to hide them from the view of the enemy. The farmhouse, or rather château, known as the Château Goumont or Hougoumont, on the right of the Duke's position, was immediately strengthened, as far as practicable, by piercing the walls for musketry, and other means; for the Duke saw at once the great importance of occupying it, and the danger of having his line pierced if it were taken by the enemy. To the north-east of Hougoumont another farmhouse, known as La Haye Sainte, was likewise occupied. Some companies of the

on raw carrots or turnips, dragged out of the soddened ground.

Napoleon exhibited exultation on finding the British army drawn up opposite him on the following morning. "*Ah, je les tiens enfin, ces Anglais!*" is his recorded expression. Still he was in no hurry to begin the contest, and let hour after hour go by unemployed. It is conjectured that he was awaiting the return of Grouchy, considering the Prussians as hopelessly beaten and scattered. Others have thought he waited till the ground, saturated by the rains, should be more practicable for artillery. Be that as it may, it was not until nearly noon that he gave the signal for attack, and the famous battle of Waterloo began.

THE GREAT BATTLE AND ITS ISSUE.

On the part of the English, Waterloo may



MONUMENTS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Guards and Brunswick troops were stationed at Hougoumont, while La Haye Sainte was entrusted to a part of the German Legion. The forest of Soignies, supposed to be the "forest of Arden" of Shakespeare, in the rear of the Duke's position, offered a convenient and safe retreat in case of repulse; for a pursuing foe would hardly venture into its depths.

The French, following close upon the heels of their foes, took position on the opposite heights; the space between the two armies forming a shallow valley about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The French underwent the same discomforts in their bivouac as those suffered by their foes; and are said to have been far worse off in the matter of commissariat, for the speed with which they had marched had not enabled the waggons to keep up with the advance, and many a poor soldier supped that night

be described as a battle of endurance. A series of tremendous onslaughts were made by the French, and these were successively beaten back by the steady and stubborn valour of their foes. The quaint remark made by the Duke himself during its progress, as he rode past a regiment in the thick of the fight, well describes its nature: "Hard pounding, gentlemen," said the imperturbable chief; "let us see who can pound longest." In a letter to a friend he described "our battle of the 18th" as a strife of giants. "Never did I see such a pounding match," he wrote. "Both parties were what in boxers' language would be called gluttons." And again, "Bonaparte did not manœuvre at all. He simply advanced in the old fashion, in columns of attack, and was beaten off in the old fashion."

The unaccountable delay of Napoleon,

who had everything to gain by promptitude, caused the battle not to begin until about noon; when the French Emperor sent six battalions of infantry, under his brother Jerome, to attack the British position at Hougoumont, which was defended by the Guards and by the Brunswick troops. In a short time the battle became general along the whole extent of the lines.

The French never fought better. Their attacks were most vigorous, and were renewed again and again with equal fierceness and determination.

Especially about Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte did the conflict rage, through the long June afternoon and evening, with unexampled fury. The Coldstream Guards defended the former important point, which was considered the key to the English position, in a way that gained them immortal honour, under their brave leaders, Lord Saltoun, Colonel Macdonnell, and Sir John Byng. "Your Grace need not fear for Hougoumont, for Saltoun is there," was the answer of an *aide-de-camp* despatched to see how things were going at this important point. The old gateway at Hougoumont still bears traces of the conflict of that day on its smoke-blackened and bullet-scarred beams. The court-yard was held against the assailants with the most stubborn determination, and all the efforts of the French to get possession of Hougoumont were vain.

At La Haye Sainte they were more successful. The unfortunate failure of the defenders' ammunition enabled them to take the place; from whence they advanced with great determination against the allied position, but only to be driven back with great loss; for Picton's division, with its gallant leader at its head, charged them, and hurled them back discomfited; gaining this success, however, at the price of the life of the brave Picton himself, who fell struck by a musket-ball in the temple while leading his men to the attack.

The union brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Royal Dragoons, the Enniskillen Dragoons, and the Scots Greys, under the command of the Earl of Uxbridge, signalled itself by a tremendous charge, in which 3,000 of the enemy and two eagles were captured. Here it was that the gallant Sir William Ponsonby fell.

The advance of the French cuirassiers against the British centre was beaten back in a similar manner by the Life Guards and Blues, under Lord Edward Somerset. The fire of the artillery on both sides was tremendously heavy during the whole day. The defensive position in which the English were so long kept was naturally most harassing; for thousands were struck down by the

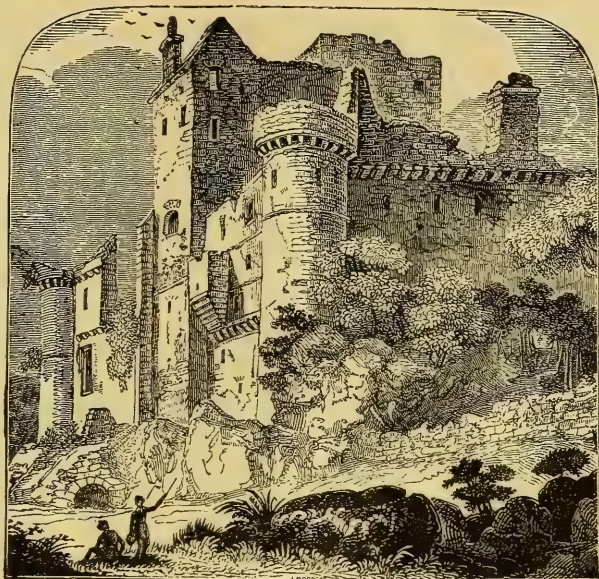
enemy's artillery fire as they stood in their ranks. Thus, as the Duke passed in front of the regiments, he was frequently received with urgent cries, begging him to allow his men to charge; but his invariable reply was, "Not yet, my men, not yet."

It was at four o'clock that a more combined effort than they had yet attempted was made by the French cavalry to sweep the British infantry from their position. But the English formed into squares, and, as at Quatre Bras, the French cavalry found these impregnable, and after the most gallant exertions and the heaviest losses were compelled to retire. Napoleon, meanwhile, had been watching with surprise and disquietude the stubborn resistance of foes, who, according to his idea, had been beaten, though they did not seem to know it, and who ought to have retired from the field hours before. On this point, however, Soult, who knew the quality of these troops, undeceived his master, assuring him that the British would stand until they were cut to pieces, but would not give way. How the long day ended has been told a hundred times. The Prussians had gallantly striven to redeem their leader's pledge of coming to the support of the English; and through roads in which their gun carriages sometimes sank axle deep in the mire, were struggling onward to the scene of strife, while Grouchy still came not.

The evening had come when Napoleon made his last effort by sending forward the Imperial Guard, which he had kept in reserve. The "deliberate and sedate" valour of the English, never more confident and steady than towards the close of a hotly-contested day, was here brilliantly displayed. The long thin lines that had stood all day on those heights were ready as ever for the combat, when their leader, profiting by the confusion caused among the foe by the tremendous artillery fire, and the volleys of musketry poured into Ney's advancing columns, gave the long-wished-for word for the whole line to advance; and when the British came pouring down from the heights they had occupied all day, spite of shot and shell sabre and bayonet, and then Napoleon, aghast amid the rout of his legions, declared that his men were in inextricable confusion, and that the battle was over: "*Ils sont mêlés ensemble—c'est fini!*" and with the wreck of his army he turned and fled.

From Elba to Waterloo, the Hundred Days, had been a period of short but intoxicating triumph; from Waterloo to St. Helena was the next and the last stage in the life journey of the vanquished conqueror

H. W. D.



AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH FEUDAL CASTLE.

SCOTLAND'S GREAT VICTORY:

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

"Stories to read are delitable,
Suppose that they be nought but fable ;
Then should stories that soothfast [true] were,
And that were told in good manèr
Have double pleasure in the telling.

I tell of Robert of Scotland,
That hardy was of heart and hand ;
That of his praise and chivalry
In far-off lands renown'd was he."

BAREBOUR'S "*Bruce*."

Introduction—Britons, English, Picts, Scots—Scotland, Edinburgh—A Glance at the early Scottish Kings—The English Connection begins—Want of Unity of Races in Scotland—Wars with England, Battle of the Standard—The King of Scotland becomes the King of England's Vassal—Progress in Wealth—A Heavy Trouble begins—The Trouble Thickens—England the Arbitrator—Humiliation—Scotland Arises, but is Trampled down—Wallace to the Rescue—Still Unconquered—Robert Bruce—King Edward's Vow of Vengeance—The Avenger laid low—Adventures of the Fugitives, etc.—Brighter Days begin—King Edward II.—Frivolity takes the place of Fierceness—The Siege of Stirling Castle—A Battle imminent—Site of the Battle—The Battle—Flight of King Edward—Bruce's Nobleness in Triumph—Results of the Battle.

INTRODUCTORY ; BRITONS, ENGLISH, PICTS, SCOTS.

ALL readers of history know that the island which we call Great Britain contains the three portions, England, Scotland, and Wales, and that it once contained a Celtic population, most commonly known by the name of "Britons." This island of Britain was conquered by the

Romans, and held in subjection nearly five hundred years. Then there came into the southern part a new race of Teutons, or Germans, and these are generally named the "English." For more than five hundred years the English settlers were divided into seven kingdoms, then they were joined in one (A.D. 814).

It is the purpose of the present narrative

to trace the growth of the nation inhabiting the northern part of the island. I suppose our first memory of its history is that the Britons, when their Roman conquerors left them, weakened by their long subjection, found themselves greatly harassed by "the Picts and Scots." The reader might easily imagine to himself that he knew who the Scots were, but was not so clear about the Picts, and yet might be mistaken on the first head. The Picts were really the whole inhabitants of Northern Britain, except the south-west portion of it, comprising the modern counties of Argyll and Dumbarton, and the isles of Arran, Islay, and Jura. Here the *Scots* had settled themselves, a colony whose native home was Ireland. This must be remembered to begin with when we study the history of our sister nation of the north.

SCOTLAND ; EDINBURGH.

In the middle of the ninth century the Scots overcame the Picts, and so all the country north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde came to be called *Scotland*, after the conquerors (A.D. 843). The land south of this had varying fortunes ; sometimes it was a separate kingdom, sometimes it was subject to the King of Northumberland. In 617, the latter kingdom had become for the time the most powerful in the Saxon heptarchy, and its king, Edwin, carried his conquests as far as the Forth, and founded a city, named after him, Edwin'sburgh—Edinburgh. From that time the country south of the Forth, known by the name of Lothian, was really English in blood. The Scottish kings, however, pushed southward by invasions of the Scandinavians in the north, pressed within the English border, until about the beginning of the eleventh century Lothian was given to them to be held, not as part of Scotland, but as an English earldom ; they acknowledging the supremacy of the English king over this territory. There was another portion of which we have not spoken. *Strathclyde* was the name of the district which now comprises Cumberland and the south-west counties of Scotland. It had been conquered by the English, but was granted to the Scottish crown as an appanage. Thus it will be seen that the Scottish kings held three separate dominions on three different tenures ; the first of which, the kingdom of Scotland, was quite independent of England, but not the other two.

A GLANCE AT THE EARLY SCOTTISH KINGS.

Meanwhile Scotland had become converted to the Christian faith, and the history of the conversion of the north forms a beautiful chapter in the records of missionary enterprise, though it is not part of our present

subject. Nor can we speak of the earliest kings of Scotland ; but in 1004 we note the accession of Duncan. There is a tradition that his succession was secured by the murder of one, who had a better claim ; if so, judgment followed the deed. The murdered man's sister, Gruach, married the Chief of Moray, Macbeth ; and he revenged the deed by murdering Duncan in a smith's hut. Shakspeare's magnificent tragedy, therefore, has some truth in it, but more fiction. Macbeth ruled wisely and well, but Duncan's father got up a rebellion in favour of the dead king's sons, Malcolm and Donald. They were assisted by Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and after a long struggle, Macbeth was defeated and slain. The new king, Malcolm, is brought into close connection with English history by his marriage, and from this time, more than ever, the manners and language of the Scottish Court are English, and not Celtic. To see how this marriage came about we must turn to England for a little.

AN ENGLISH CONNECTION BEGINS.

The Danish conquests had wrought great woe to England for the time being, though good in the end came out of them.

When Edmund Ironside was murdered in 1016, his two sons fell into the power of Cnut. They were sent first to Sweden, then to Hungary ; and in this latter country, which was ruled by a good king, they were well and happily nurtured. One died there ; the other, after some years, was invited to England by his cousin, Edward the Confessor. Two years afterwards he also died, leaving a son and two daughters ; the son, Edgar, being the youngest, apparently only six years old. But though he was the lineal descendant of Alfred the Great, the Confessor made no reference to him in his will. Not only his youth but his foreign connexion, probably barred him from the succession in Edward's eyes, who bequeathed the crown to Harold. How William the Norman fought Harold, and slew him, and became King of England, we need not pause to tell. The little Edgar was presented to him ; William took him up in his arms and kissed him, promised to be his friend, and kept his word. But the friends of the three children, apparently dreading some treachery, resolved on sending them back to their mother's relations in Hungary. They were driven by storm on the Scottish coast, and were brought to King Malcolm. He remembered his own obligations to the old English court, became their partizan, and encouraged two disaffected English lords to revolt against the Conqueror. This was in 1071. The rebellion was quelled ; then William marched to the north, crossed the Forth, and was met by Malcolm, who swore solemn fealty for Lothian and Cum-

berland, thereby admitting William's royalty. This trouble was at an end then. Next year Malcolm married Edgar's beautiful sister, Margaret; the other sister went into a convent.

Queen Margaret thus found herself the chief lady in a court which was little better than a horde of untamed, savage warriors. By her gentleness she civilized them; and to her, more than to any one, we must attribute the nobler and better view of life and its duties which grew up in the northern court. King Malcolm was slain in 1093, and his good Margaret only survived him a few days. Then heavy troubles fell upon Scotland for five years, after which Malcolm's son Edgar succeeded, and reigned prosperously. When the Red King was slain in the New Forest, his eldest brother, Robert, was in Italy, and Henry Beauclerc, the Conqueror's youngest son, seized the crown. He strengthened his position both with the Scots and the English by his marriage with Malcolm's daughter Edith. The Scots were pleased for the honour done to them, and the English because Edith was connected with their ancient dynasty. Her name was changed, however, to Matilda or Maude, to please the Normans, who disliked Saxon names.

WANT OF UNITY OF RACES IN SCOTLAND.

As the Scottish kings came more and more to attach themselves to English customs, and to look upon Lothian as their richest possession, they alienated the dwellers in the old Pict country in a great degree from them. There was in fact the same sort of antipathy which we see between England and Wales later on, and between England and Ireland now, *i.e.*, the antipathy between Teutonic and Celtic blood. Many troubles arose out of this during the "English period," as it is sometimes called, which began with the marriage of Malcolm and Margaret. Thus in the reign of Edgar (1097-1107) the King of Norway invaded the northern part of the country, and the "lords of the Isles" declared in his favour. In the next reign the men of Moray rose again; but the King, Alexander I., put them down with such vigour as to win for himself the surname of "The Fierce." The next king was David I., who by his marriage with the heiress thereof became English Earl of Huntingdon. But when he went to take possession of his new fief, the Moray men again rose, and on their defeat, Moray was divided among the Norman knights who had helped King David.

WARS WITH ENGLAND; BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

When Stephen was made King of England, David took up the cause of his niece Matilda; and his armies, comprising Scots from the north, Northmen from the Orkneys, Teutons

from Lothian, committed great ravages in the northern counties. The English barons, though themselves torn with contentions between Stephen and Maude, were indignant at the doings of the Scottish king, and made common cause against him, and met him at Northallerton, in a battle known as the Battle of the Standard. The English were drawn up round a standard, which consisted of the consecrated host, elevated on a ship's mast, with banners of saints floating around it. One main cause of the Scottish defeat on this day occurred again and again in after years, and was in great measure the cause of the disaster at Flodden, namely the different mode of fighting adopted by the men of Lothian from that of the northern Highlands. The former were well-armed, well-disciplined men, who would stand their ground; the latter were wont to rush with terrific force on the enemy, in the hope of breaking their ranks; but if they failed in this, they retreated in order to make a fresh attempt. Unfortunately for both themselves and their allies, this retreat too often had the effect of throwing the latter into confusion. In the present case the English arrows drove back the Highland men, and the battle was lost. David, however, still continued to fight until his death at Carlisle in 1153. After him came in succession his two sons, Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. The latter, aiding the rebellious sons of Henry II. against their father, was by him surprised and captured at Alnwick, and sent a prisoner to Falaise in Normandy, 1174. There King Henry gave him his freedom on condition of signing a treaty that he would hold the whole kingdom of Scotland on the same terms that he and his predecessors had hitherto held Lothian, that is, as a vassal of the King of England.

THE KING OF SCOTLAND BECOMES THE KING OF ENGLAND'S VASSAL.

Next year, in accordance with this treaty, the King of Scots, with his nobles, did homage to the King of England in York Minster. This treaty held good until Henry's death. Then Richard I., being in want of money, released King William from his bond on the payment of 10,000 marks, retaining, however, on the old footing the suzerainty of Lothian. And in accordance with this, on the accession of King John, William did homage for Lothian, as was the manner before the Treaty of Falaise. These points are all-important to note, as much turns upon them in the great after struggle.

PROGRESS IN WEALTH.

Meanwhile the progress of commerce and the growth of free towns had greatly increased, and the increase of William's power is shown by his being able to hold his court at

such far-off places as Nairn and Inverness ; and although there was one of the usual risings in Moray at the accession of his successor Alexander II. (1214), it was put down more easily than had ever been the case before. Alexander III. (1249-1266) married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. He went up to Westminster to do homage to Edward I. for his English fiefs, as his forefathers had done. Edward claimed the

death of her grandfather Alexander, for his only son died a year or two before him.

THE TROUBLE THICKENS.

King Alexander had been killed by falling from his horse over a cliff. The suddenness of the event had contributed to the confusion which followed it. Six regents were appointed to govern on behalf of the three-years-old queen ; three of them being chosen from the



KING ROBERT BRUCE.

overlordship of all, but it was not admitted, nor did he then attempt to enforce it. But now fresh troubles were to arise, and to produce most important results.

A HEAVY TROUBLE.

In 1281, King Alexander's daughter Margaret married the heir to the throne of Norway. She only lived two years after this, leaving an infant daughter. This daughter became heiress to the Scottish crown on the

land north of the Forth, and three from Lothian and Galloway. The incident shows how much the different portions of the country still held aloof from each other. The regents had not long to hold their office, for on her way to Scotland the "Maid of Norway" died. As she was the last lineal descendant of William the Lion, her successor had to be sought from the descendants of his brother David, Earl of Huntingdon. There were many claimants, but the real contest lay be-

tween three. David had left three daughters. John Balliol, Lord of Galloway, was grandson of the eldest; Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, a Norman by descent on the father's side, was son of the second; and John Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny, son of the third. The latter, too, had clearly no right, unless the country were regarded as a fief of the English crown, and not an independent kingdom. In that case, indeed, the fief was divisible among the representatives of the three heiresses; but in the case of an independent kingdom, the choice was between Balliol and Bruce. According to our present ideas, Balliol's right would be incontestible.

ENGLAND THE ARBITRATOR;
HUMILIATION.

All Scotland looked to Edward I. to settle the difficulty, for by universal consent he was overlord over Lothian, though the rest was matter of dispute. He opened a Parliament at Norham, in 1291, to settle the question, and began by claiming overlordship of the whole country. The Scots were taken by surprise. The lords and many of the claimants were fain to yield. They saw no practical evil likely to ensue, for they were mostly Normans themselves, and allied in many ways with the English nation. The Commons, indeed, refused to admit Edward's claim, but they were feeble and unable to act. He carried his point, therefore, and was acknowledged as overlord of Scotland, and the fortresses were handed over to him as a pledge of this till he should make his award. He decided, and rightly, according to the principles of modern law, in favour of Balliol, as the representative of the eldest daughter. The award was accepted, and Balliol did homage to Edward for his kingdom.

SCOTLAND ARISES, BUT IS TRAMPLED
DOWN.

But the wound thus caused rankled in many a breast, and before long Balliol refused to admit the right of the English king to hear appeals against his legal decisions. To this step he was urged not so much by the Scots as by Philip the Fair, King of France, who was jealous of the great and unprecedented power of the English monarch, and hoped, by kindling strife between the two nations of Great Britain, to gain an opportunity to seize the English possessions in France. A war of England against both nations was the consequence, but we have to follow only the northern. The first result of it was the destruction of Berwick-upon-Tweed. It had been the greatest merchant city of the north; it never became a great town again. Edward then marched north-

wards, Bruce joined his standard, the great towns opened their gates, Balliol himself surrendered, and was sent to an English prison. The submission was complete. Edward carried away the sacred coronation stone from Scone, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, underneath a stately chair, which has been used as the coronation chair of English monarchs to this day.

A HERO APPEARS; SIR WILLIAM
WALLACE.

But a very few months saw all his schemes undone. One cause of anger to the Scots was that they saw English clerics and barons intruded into Scottish lands; another was that the strict administration of justice spoiled the doings of freebooters and cattle-lifters—just and unjust alike clamoured against the English usurpation. An outlaw knight, Sir William Wallace, called the people to fight for their national freedom and birthright, and the response was enthusiastic. In September 1297, Wallace, with the army thus called together, met the English, under John de Warrenne, near Stirling. The English were crossing the Forth by the only available bridge, and half of them had got over when Wallace fell on them and cut them to pieces; the remainder of the English army fled over the border. Then Edward himself took the field. He came with an immense host, and met Wallace, July 22nd, at the battle of Falkirk. The struggle was fierce and bloody, and ended with an utter rout of the Scots.

And still Scotland was unconquered. Her national life had been roused by Wallace's patriotism. Edward was hard put to it for supplies, and the French war also was so dangerous to him that he had to withdraw homewards. In 1304 he came again, again was acknowledged as overlord by the nobles, proceeded to make arrangements for better administration of justice in Scotland, and once more returned to London, carrying Wallace with him as a prisoner, he having been betrayed during the King's visit. There seems too much reason to believe that he had gratified his hatred to the English by horrible cruelties ever since the Falkirk defeat; but Edward's conduct towards one whom the Scots loved was unwise. Wallace was tried as a traitor in Westminster Hall, and hanged. His head was stuck on a pole on London Bridge, and the four quarters of his body were sent to be hung up in four Scottish towns. The resentment of the Scots was bitter and lasting.

STILL UNCONQUERED; ROBERT BRUCE.

Hardly was the sentence executed when they again rose in arms, headed by Robert

Bruce, the grandson of the original competitor with Balliol. His father and grandfather had been partizans of the English crown in the war with Balliol; but now that Balliol was withdrawn, and Scotland seemed altogether at the mercy of the conqueror, Bruce revived his grandfather's claim to the crown. Comyn, one of the Scottish nobles to whom he had communicated his views, disclosed them to the English, whereupon Bruce stabbed him to death in a church in Dumfries, and then, feeling that there was no longer any possibility of temporizing, he went to Scone and had himself crowned king. It seemed a desperate step; for King Edward, half-maddened with fury, once more marched towards Scotland, vowing terrible vengeance.

KING EDWARD'S VOW OF VENGEANCE.

He would "execute vengeance for the contempt done by Bruce to God and the Church, after which he would never more bear arms against Christians, but would finish his days in warring against the infidels in the Holy Land." His son Edward also,—whom with three hundred other youths he knighted at starting for the war,—vowed never to tarry two nights in one place till he arrived in Scotland. King Edward was now old, however, and could move but slowly. Having reached Lanercroft, in Cumberland, he determined to rest there; but he sent justices to Berwick to try all prisoners, especially those that were accused of complicity in the death of Comyn; and all against whom a conviction could be obtained were ruthlessly hanged and quartered. The Countess of Buchan, who had put the crown on Bruce's head, was sentenced to be shut up in a wooden cage on the top of one of the towers of Berwick Castle, and Bruce's sister in like manner on Roxburgh. But this combination of the sword of justice with that of war, the execration of the Church,* the

piercing domestic wounds,—all were unable to break the courage of Bruce and his people. On the contrary, the spirit of insatiable revenge was kindled afresh every day by the sight of the cruelties inflicted with the forms of law, and the people determined to spend the last drop of blood before yielding. The English King, more in desperation, perhaps, than in the effort of a great mind, and in order to confute a report of his death which had gone abroad, set out once more for Scotland. But his race was run. On the first two days he advanced only at the rate of two miles a day. On the third he rested. On the fourth he reached the village of Burgh-on-the-Sands. He was carried—unable to walk and hardly to speak—into a house. Next day the end came.

THE AVENGER LAID LOW.

Barbour, the Scotch poet, tells—let us hope his tale is not true—that the King knew himself dying, and was making his arrangements for his kingdom when the tidings reached him that some prisoners had just been taken. Thereupon he "grinned," and, to the horror of the bystanders, ordered them to be all hanged and quartered.

"Wonder there was of sic saying,
That he that unto death was near
Should answer upon such manère,
Withouten pity and mercy.
How might he trust on Him to cry
That rightuisly doth doom all thing,
To have mercie for his crying
On one that through his felony
At sic a point had no mercy?"

So writes the stern poet. The cruel sentence was executed, and was followed the same day by the King's death. It was July 30th, 1307.

ADVENTURES OF THE FUGITIVE KING.

The Earl of Pembroke took up the campaign as English general on King Edward's death, and led an army across the border. He found himself unresisted; Bruce had

* The Cardinal of Spain came to Lanercroft just at this time with a message from the Pope respecting the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Isabel of France, and was induced to gratify Edward by joining the English bishops in cursing Bruce. "He put on his vestments with the other bishops who were present," says the chronicler Hemingford, "and with lighted candles and the ringing of bells, they terribly cursed Bruce and his fellow malefactors." In Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lord of the Isles," the Abbot of Icolmkill, addressing Bruce, thus vividly paints the terrors of excommunication:—

"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why, I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts Paradise and opens hell?
Anathema, of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey;

Expels thee from the Church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer,
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife;
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Hunts thee when living, and when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound:
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
And such the well deserved meed
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed."

It is noticeable that, in spite of repeated bulls, the native Scottish clergy, throughout the whole struggle that followed, took no heed of this excommunication, but continued to perform their functions.

fled for his life. After most distressing hardships he crossed the Frith of Clyde to Cantire, and thence, diffident of his safety, he sought it in the small and almost deserted Isle of Rauchrin [Rathlin], in the wild Atlantic. His adventures are among the foremost in the records of Scottish heroism. They have found a chronicler in the poet we have just referred to, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen. Some of them are very likely legendary, but they one and all indicate the conviction of a high and noble character, raised up by God to be the deliverer of a nation. By way of specimen, we will quote one story from him, modernizing only sufficiently to make the language intelligible to the general reader. This story belongs to a period following soon after his coronation :—

" To the King Robert again go we
That in Rauchryne with his menyé [following]
Lay till winter near was gone,
And of that isle his meat has ta'en.
James of Douglas was angry
That longer they should idle lie;
And to Sir Robert Boyd said he,
' The poore folk of this country
Are charged upon great manère
Of us that idle ly thus here.
And I here say that in Arran,
In a strong castle built of stone,
Are English men that with strong hand
Do hold the lordship of the land.
Thither go we; it well may fall
That harm them in some thing we shall.'
Sir Robert said, ' I grant there till [agree thereto]
To lie here more were little skill;
Therefore to Arran pass will we,
For I know right well the countree;
Also the castle right know I.
We shall come there so privily,
That they shall have perceiving,
Nor yet witting of our coming.
And we shall near ambushed be
Where we their outcome plain may see.
So shall it on no manner fall
But scathe them in some wise we shall.'
With that they armed them anon,
And of the King their leave have ta'en,
And went them forth straight on their way.
Into Cantire soon come are they:
Thus rowing always by the land
Till that the night was near on hand;
To Arran then they went their way,
And safely there arrived they.
And in a glen their galley drew,
And soon they made it fast enough:
Their tackle, oars, and eke their steer [helm]
They hide all on the same manère,
And held their way on through the night,
So that before the dawn of light
They were ambushed the castle near,
All armed upon their best manère;
And though they wet were, and weary,
And through long fasting all hungry,
They thought to hold them all privy
Till that they well their point might see.
Sir John of Hastings at that tide,
With many knights of mickle pride,
And squires, and also yeomanry,
In truth a goodly company,
Was in the castle of Brathwike.
And oftentimes, when it would him tide [please],

He went a hunting with his men,
And so the land abandoned then,
None durst refuse to do his will.
And he was in the castle still
The time that James, lord of Douglas,
As I have told, ambushed was."

A convoy, with the victaile and clothing, coming in three boats, is captured by Douglas and his men. Some are slain, and the rest raise a cry of terror.

" When they that in the castle were
Did hear the folks so cry and roar,
They issued forth then to the fight;
But when the Douglas saw that sight,
His men to him he gan to rally,
And forth to meet them he did sally.
And when they of the castle saw
Him coming on them without awe,
And how they fled without debate,
And so were followed to the gate
And smitten down, as they in passed;
The gate they straightway barred fast,
That they might come at them no more.
Therefore they left them each one there,
And turned to the sea again,
Where lay the men that they had slain.
And when they that were in the boats
Saw how they came, and how they smote
So grievously their company,
In haste they put themselves to sea,
And rowed away with all their might.
But soon the wind, as in despite,
Against them made the breakers rise,
That they could wield [master] the sea no wise;
And as they durst not come to land
They tossed about, a helpless band.
That of the three boats sunk were two.
When Douglas saw that it was so,
He seized the arms, the clothes, the food,
The wine, and everything of good
That he found there, and went his way,
Right glad and joyful of his prey."

Our next story must be in plain prose. It is one of the best-known stories of King Robert Bruce. Tidings came to him in Rauchrin of the execution of his brother by King Edward, and of skirmishes in which his followers were defeated, till he was quite in despair. One morning he lay upon his bed, sick at heart, and deliberating within himself whether any good purpose was to be served by his making further attempts on behalf of his country. Would it not be better to betake himself to the Holy Land, and fight against unbelievers? For then he might also make his peace with the Church, which had been broken by the murder of Comyn. But then, on the other hand, the inner voice of conscience told him that whatever the popular religion of the time might think, it was a plainer duty which lay before him to fight to the death for the restoration of the freedom of the country that he loved so dearly than to slink away to a land far off. Here indeed he might fail, but it would be cowardly, yea wicked, to leave his country deserted because the achievement of her liberty was the harder task.

Thus he ruminated ; and as he did so, he looked up to the roof of his chamber, and saw a sight which engrossed his attention. A spider, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring, as its custom is, to swing itself from one beam to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which to stretch its web. Six times, as Bruce counted, it failed. He bethought himself that he had fought six unsuccessful battles against the English, and waited for the omen of the seventh attempt. By that he would be guided, and he looked on with eagerness. The attempt was renewed. The spider gathered all the force it could muster, and swung itself again. It was successful !

The reader who shall visit Westminster Abbey will see the incident depicted on one of the stained glass windows of Henry the Seventh's Chapel,—a memorial of one who was descended from the brave Bruce, and whose last years were spent in a manner worthy of her ancestor's name, in working bravely and zealously on behalf of the poor of Westminster,—Lady Augusta Stanley.

BRIGHTER DAYS BEGIN.

King Robert accepted the omen, and went forth from Rauchrin island full of courage and joyous hope. First he crossed to Arran. Inquiring if there were any strong men there, a woman answered that a strong body of men had lately come thither and slain the English warden, and that they were dwelling at "a stalwart place" hard by.

"' Dame,' said the King, ' would thou me wiss
To that place where their dwelling is ;
I shall reward thee but lesing [without lying],
For they are all of my dwelling ;
And I right gladly would them see,
And so, trow I, they would see me.'
' Yes,' said she, ' Sir, I will blithlie
Go with you and your company,
Till that I show you their repair.'
' That is enough, my sister fair.
Now go we forward,' said the King.
Then went they forth without letting [hindrance],
Following her as she them led ;
Till at the last she showed a shed
To the King, in a woody glen,
And said, ' Sir, here I saw the men
That ye speir [ask] after make lodging ;
Here, trow I, is their repairing.'
The King then blew his horn on high,
And made the men that were him by
Hold themselves still and all privie,
And soon again his horn blew he.
Then James of Douglas heard him blow,
And in a moment gan him know,
And said, ' Of truth, yon is the King ;
I know long time since his blowing.
A second time King Robert blew,
And then Sir Robert Boyd it knew,
And said, ' Yon is the King, no dread,
Go we forth to him with all speed.'
So to the King they all did hie,
And knelt to him all courteously ;

And blithely welcomed they the King,
Who joyful was of their meeting.
He kissed them, and kindly speired
How each and all of late had fared.
They told but [without] leaving everything,
Then praised they God for this meeting."

King Robert's next step was to cross to the mainland of Scotland. He knew that he would be near his birthplace, and therefore likely to find friends there. He sent a trusted servant over first to reconnoitre ; and if he saw good hope of support, he was to light a beacon fire. The messenger saw no such hope, for the English seemed strong ; but, by accident, some one unknown to him happened to light a fire, which Bruce took for his sign, and crossed. When he found out the mistake, however, he resolved to stand his ground.

Little by little men gathered to him ; he won many successes, and many of his followers did brave deeds of arms. Still, as we have already seen, so long as Edward I. lived, Bruce could only carry on desultory warfare and harass the enemy. He could not set up a court. But the English were afraid to venture into the open country, as they had formerly done. They lay still in their garrisons and waited for fresh help from the King of England.

DOUGLAS'S LARDER.

One ghastly story of those days we must chronicle. Douglas—the same whom we have seen with King Robert at Rauchryne—found to his disgust the English in possession of his castle, which they had stored with corn and wine and cattle to help the English army when it came. He fell upon it suddenly, on Palm Sunday, whilst the garrison were at church, slew or imprisoned the soldiers within the church, and then, as he knew he would not be able to hold it against the forces which would be sent against him, he resolved to render it uninhabitable and the provisions useless. He was, moreover, infuriated by the murder of a favourite servant. So he caused all the barrels of meal and wheat and malt, and all the hogs-heads of wine and ale, to be staved in, and the contents to be mingled together in a great heap. With this he mingled the flesh of the cattle which he had slain ; and then, horrible to tell, he slew his prisoners, and flung their dead bodies into the hideous heap, the name of which has come down in history as *Douglas's Larder*. Then he flung dead horses into the well to poison the water, set fire to the castle, and went away.

But let us leave King Robert for a while with his brave though too often cruel heroes, and cast a look on the English Court under its new monarch.

KING EDWARD II. ; FRIVOLITY TAKES THE PLACE OF FIERCENESS.

The weak and dissolute youth who had succeeded Edward I. seemed to think that he should not be really king unless he contemned and counteracted his dead father's will. Having received at Roxburgh the fealty of such of the Scots as were disaffected to Bruce, he returned to Carlisle and thence to London. Hither he recalled Gaveston.

formidable union of nobles and prelates had been formed, that Edward was obliged to send Gaveston out of England, and he therefore made him lieutenant of Ireland.

The news came that Robert Bruce had overcome his enemies in Western Scotland ; but as these victories were at a distance from the English border, no uneasiness was felt at the English court. Moreover, although in the early part of 1308 Edward had married Isabel of France, her father, Philip, jealous



A BATTLE WITH THE ARCHERS.

a companion in vice, whom his father had banished. He talked much of what he intended to do in Scotland, and issued orders of preparation for carrying on the war ; * but all other concerns were put aside for idle and base pleasures with the favourite, whose rapacity and insolence still further embittered the hatred of the English nobility towards him. At midsummer 1308, such a

always of English power, was inclined to favour Scottish independence ; and as the Pope was now his absolute tool, Philip used him also to favour Bruce. The two combined to persuade Edward to make a truce with Robert to last from the beginning of 1309 till All Saints' Day in that year. The respite from danger which this seemed to offer induced the wretched King to recall Gaveston from Ireland, and the two companions in evil met at Chester in June of that year. Perhaps the fury in England at

* *E.g.*, there was one order for "three thousand salmon to be barrelled" for provisions.

such shamelessness induced the Scots to break the truce. At any rate they did so, and preparations were renewed in England for fighting.

The campaign opened with evil auguries for the English King. The nobility were angry and shocked at the abuses and crimes of the King and Gaveston; and when Parliament met in the beginning of 1310, they were able to carry a measure empowering twenty-one persons, prelates, earls, and barons, to *ordain*, i.e., set in order, every reformation which they saw necessary in the royal household.

The Scots were now active and confident. The first English measure was the sending a fleet to the relief of Perth, which Bruce was besieging; and the maritimetowns of England were requested to fit out ships, each according to its ability, amounting in all to forty, for transporting a body of troops from Ireland, who were coming to the King's aid. In the beginning of August Edward came to Northampton, whence he issued summonses to his military tenants to be at Berwick, with the service that each owed him, on the day of the Virgin's nativity (Sept. 8th).

In September he entered Scotland, and on the 20th was at Roxburgh. He had left a disaffected country behind him, some of the greatest of his barons having refused to follow him so long as Gaveston was in his company. He led his army as far as the Friths of Forth and Clyde, destroying and ravaging the lands of the Scots, while they, without hazarding a general engagement, made sudden and fierce attacks from their woods, caves, and morasses.

In one of these attacks three hundred English and Welshmen were cut off. Scarcity of provisions and severity of weather forced Edward in the beginning of November to retire to Berwick, where he spent the remainder of the season in the company of the Queen and nobles. In Scotland the dearth was so terrible that many were obliged to feed on the flesh of horses and other carrion.

From Berwick Edward sent Gaveston as Commander-in-Chief into Scotland, in order that he might have the opportunity of winning military glory. He is said to have acquitted himself with courage and ability, for he led his army across the Firth of Forth, and endeavoured to bring the Scots to a battle. They, however, eluded him by retiring into mountains and behind morasses.

The English Parliament, however, refused any compromise. The Ordainers ordered Gaveston into perpetual exile; the Parliament ratified this, and the favourite passed over into Flanders.

Bruce saw the advantage he possessed in

fighting against an incapable king. Entering England by the Solway Firth, he ravaged the parts adjacent; then returning, he captured the strong fortress of Dumbarton, and early in 1312 he took Perth, executing all Scotsmen who had opposed him, but treating the English with consideration.

And in the face of all this, the miserable King could not conquer his infatuation for Gaveston, brought him back from Flanders, reversed all the proceedings against him, and took him in his company to Newcastle, on his way to Scotland. But the barons had a leader in the Earl of Lancaster, the King's cousin, who was not only very able and courageous, but the richest man in the country. They declared at once that they would enforce the *Ordinances* by arms. Edward, according to the Monk of Malmesbury, secretly went to Bruce to beg for an asylum for Gaveston, until the storm was blown over, offering to confirm the Scottish crown to him. But Bruce replied that he could have no confidence in the promises of a man who had violated his solemn oath to his own lieges. There was no help here, then. Gaveston fled to Tynemouth, thence to Scarborough. In the castle there he was besieged; was presently captured; and on Blacklow Hill, near Kenilworth, he was put to death as a traitor, July 1st, 1312.

In August, Bruce, having taken and destroyed many other castles, entered England again, burnt Hexham and a great part of the city of Durham. Next year, while the inhabitants of Roxburgh were holding festival on Shrove Tuesday, Sir James Douglas took Roxburgh; but a greater achievement was won by Randolph, the King's nephew, who, on the 14th of March, took Edinburgh Castle. He, with thirty men, clambered up the face of the tremendous rock on which the fortress is built in the thick darkness of night, planted a ladder against the wall, and threw himself into it.

In the midst of all this, the English King and Queen went to France for six weeks. They were not happy together, and seemed to have gone there to endeavour to come, by Philip's help, to a better understanding. Bruce was not idle. He had given a pledge to the French King not to invade England, and kept it, but he reduced the Isle of Man to submission, and placed it under the government of his nephew Randolph. He also spent much time in training his men to fight on foot, which proved of the greatest use to him in his great battle next year.

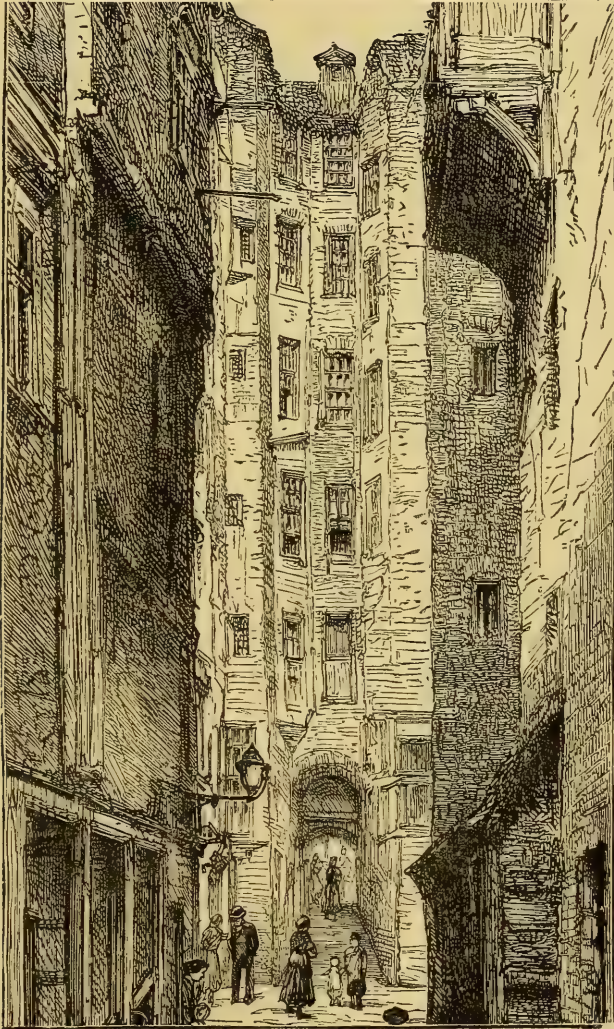
On King Edward's return, he immediately called on the Parliament for money for the Scottish war. It was granted, Parliament showing itself willing to befriend him now that Gaveston was out of the way. But when he set out on the march, the Earl of

Lancaster still refused to accompany him, as did some other influential lords, in consequence of his refusal to ratify some other *Ordinances*.

THE SIEGE OF STIRLING CASTLE ;
A BATTLE IMMINENT.

Edward Bruce, King Robert's brother,

that he would deliver the castle up to the Scottish King by a given day, if the English King should prove himself unable to relieve him. The relief of this castle was the object on which King Edward was now bent. Robert Bruce, animated by his past successes, and confident in the valour of his troops, resolved to risk a battle. He was



OLD EDINBURGH.

emulous of the glory of Douglas and Randolph, had laid siege to Stirling Castle, but it was a fortress of extraordinary strength, and the English governor, Sir Philip Mowbray, was able to hold out against him ; but as the siege continued, Mowbray promised

wise as well as bold, and used every precaution where so much was at stake. He knew that his army was far inferior to the English in point of numbers, and especially in cavalry. And he knew also that the ground in front of Stirling was most commodious

for himself, considering these circumstances. Here, then, he determined to await the English army.

About the 18th of June, 1314, King Edward set out with an army of about 100,000 men, 40,000 of them, according to Barbour, were horse, and of these, 3,000 "in complete plate and mayl," who were to be placed in front of the battle. There were 52,000 archers. Such an army had never marched out of England before. They were divided into ten bodies of 10,000 each. "The whole country round shone with arms and ensigns." The Earls of Gloucester and Hereford led the van. As the army could draw no supplies from a country not only desolated by war but purposely stripped of everything which might help the invaders, multitudes of carriages moved with the army,* conveying not only provisions and baggage, but also articles of luxury and splendour, which soon afforded a rich spoil to the conquerors.

THE SITE OF THE BATTLE.

The village of Bannockburn lies about three miles south-east of Stirling. The writer of these lines visited it just ten years ago. The Bannock flows through the middle of the village, its waters but little tainted with the forges of the nailers. Low hills lie on the north, here and there covered with woods, and on the south, on the other side of the carse (valley), you see a bold barrier of downs. This was the spot which King Robert chose on which to stand his ground. His rendezvous was the Torwood, on the high road between Falkirk and Stirling, whither, on Saturday, June 22nd, 30,000 men had assembled. These he led to Bannockburn on the evening of that day. For he knew that the English, to reach the castle, must either come here, or through a morass.

But let the minstrel chronicler, Barbour, take up the tale awhile. He had probably his information from old men who had been eye-witnesses of the battle.

"The worthy king when he has seen
His host assemble all bedene [as bidden],
And saw them wilful [full of good will] to fulfil
His pleasure, with good heart and will;
And to maintain well their franchise,
He was rejoiced many wise.
Then straightway called his council he,
And spoke them thus: 'Lords, now ye see
That Englishmen with mickle might
Have all prepared them for the fight,
For they yon castle would rescue.
Therefore 'tis good we settle now
How we may let [hinder] them of this aim,

* Malmesbury says, "The multitude of carriages, if extended in a line, would have occupied sixty leagues."

Now let us their way close to them,
That they pass not with our consent;
We have with us, them to prevent,
E'en thirty thousand men and more;
Now make we straight battalions four,
And place ourselves in such manere,
That when our friends have comen here,
We to the New Park* hold our way,
For that gait certes pass must they.
But if they will belowt us go,
And on the marshes passing so,
We shall be at advantage there,
And judge we it right speedful [prosperous] war
To go on foot unto this fight,
Clothed all as one in armour light;
We risk us if on horse we fight,
Since all our foes are men of might,
And better horsed are they than we,
And we shall in great peril be.
And if we fight on foot, perlay [in faith],
Advantage we shall have, I say,
For in the Park, among the trees,
The horsemen cumbered be always.
The ditches, too, that are there down
Shall put them in confusion.
They all consented to that saw [saying],
And so within a little throw [short time]
Their four battalions ordered they."

He forthwith proceeded to arrange his order of battle. Randolph was appointed commander of the van, Edward Bruce of the right wing, Sir James Douglas of the left. In the rear of the left was the King, ready to direct the whole, and to supply assistance where it should be needed.† Each man was clothed in a light armour, which a sword could not easily penetrate. Each had an axe at his side, and a lance in his hand. On their right flowed the Burn, and in front of them was a formidable marsh, most difficult for heavy-armed horsemen to traverse. There was one dry spot of firm ground in the midst of it, and here Bruce had caused pits to be dug, covered over with branches of trees and grass.

The minstrel's graphic touch shows us in a moment the character of these "pits."

"In the plain field, then, by the way
Where it behoved that pass must they
The Englishmen, if that they would
Through New Park to the castle hold,
He caused that many pots be made,
A man's knee deep, a foot round braid [broad],
So close that they might likened be
To honey-comb that's made by bee."

These pits, or "pots," as the poet calls them, had sharp stakes inserted in them, and

* This was the name which the site of this battle then bore.

Along the lowest part of the carse or valley.

† His position was displayed to the whole host by his "standard pole," i.e., a strong pole, sometimes fixed upon wheels, in the present case upon a great stone, and on the top of it was a framed banner. Thus, in case of difficulty, every one knew where he was. The stone, called the *Bore Stone*, is still in its place on the field. Tourists having begun to break it up, the owner of the land has protected it with a grating.

were, of course, certain to throw down and damage horses that trod in them.

Next, King Robert detached his nephew Randolph to watch the lower road, through the carse. The event proved afterwards how wise was this precaution. Then, finally, he disposed of his gillies, or camp-followers. He sent them with all the carriages, baggage, and provisions, over a hill in the rear, which to this day is called Gillies Hill.

which Bruce had spoken, was all but impassable, but that by artificial means they might make it otherwise. So they filled up the pools in the morass, and threw bridges across the streams. Eight hundred picked men, fully armed and mounted, "yearning to do chivalry," as Barbour expresses it, were put under the command of Lord Clifford, with instructions to avoid the New Park, and to pass under St. Ninian's church on the



COMBAT OF THE INFANTRY.

The morning of Sunday the 23rd was spent in fasting, in prayers, and confession. In the evening the van of the English came in sight, and two good auguries had been seen ere set of sun.

The first was this: The "vaward," or advanced guard of the English, under Clifford and Hereford, after an examination of the ground, formed a plan, which, if it had been successful, might have changed the whole fate of the kingdom. They saw that the ground through the carse, the "below" of

east side. The attempt was so far successful that Clifford had reached the low ground beyond the church before he was observed, although Randolph had been told off to watch this side. "Nephew," said Bruce, when he saw it, "a rose of your chaplet has fallen."

With 500 spearmen Randolph hurried to intercept Clifford and his party; and the action that ensued was a rehearsal, on a small scale, of the event of the morrow. The compact infantry, with their axes and daggers,

were set upon by the mail-clad horsemen. They threw themselves into a square, and received the furious onslaught, and were not broken. Again and again the fierce cavalry rushed on the devoted square to crush it, hurling missiles among them. The protruding spears of the footmen were a match for the lances, and ever as a horse fell, axe and dagger did the rest.

Douglas saw Randolph thus beset, and besought leave to go to his assistance. "No," said King Robert, "you shall not stir one foot. I will not break my order for him." But as Douglas pressed, Bruce, evidently anxious for his nephew and favourite general, gave his assent. "Go," he said, "but speed thee soon back." As Douglas drew near, he saw that Randolph was gaining the advantage, and that the English were giving way. With true generosity towards one who was regarded as his rival, he reined in his men, that he might not diminish the praise which he saw that Randolph would win. His hopes were fulfilled, the enemy fled headlong, and found their way into the English encampment. Barbour tells—wonderful if true—that on the side of the Scots there was but one man killed.

The other event of that evening was this: By some misunderstanding, as it would seem, the English van pressed onwards without observing that the rest of the army was not following. Bruce, expecting a general attack, made ready. He was himself mounted on a "little palfrey," his weapon an axe; on his helmet he had a purple bonnet, and on that a crown. Sir Henry de Bohun, a brave knight, Hereford's cousin, recognized the King by this crown, and rushed at him. Bruce, judging that flight back into his lines might discourage his men, and confident in his own strength, awaited his antagonist. As the two men spurred to the encounter, Bohun missed the King, who stood up in his stirrups as he passed, and dealt his antagonist such a blow with his axe that the knight's head was cleft in twain, and he dropped to the earth a dead man. The Scots, as they witnessed the deed, set up a shout of triumph, whilst the English fled back in dismay.

THE BATTLE.

Sunday morning, June 24th, 1312, has dawned. The Scottish army, all on foot, except 500 men, of whom we shall hear presently, began by hearing mass, and vowing that if they could not conquer they would die as martyrs to their country's freedom.

Meanwhile the English army had come within reach. They had all caught sight of their enemy late on Midsummer eve. They knew nothing of the Scottish position, and for fear of an attack in the night, were obliged to remain sleepless under arms.

This was hard work after the toilsome march from Berwick. Next day the English commanders counselled a day's rest; it was a high festival, St. John the Baptist's Day, and the men would be the better for some refreshment. The King, however, hearkened to the young and more favoured, and resolved on giving battle.

As the two armies stood confronting one another in battle array, a bareheaded priest passed along the Scottish lines, holding aloft a crucifix, and on the moment every knee was bowed in adoration. King Edward beholding the sight afar off, cried out in exultation, "Yonder folk kneel to ask mercy." "They ask mercy, indeed, sire, but not of you. For their sins they cry to God; but these men will win or die; neither will they flee for fear of death."

The catastrophe is soon told, for, indeed, the narrative is very simple and easy to follow. The English archers, who so often determined the victory on the side of their countrymen, advanced to the front and opened the battle. But Bruce, wary as well as bold, had prepared for this. The 500 horsemen, under the Marshal, Sir Robert Keith, suddenly rushed at them in flank, and so slew or dispersed them that from that moment none of them attempted to draw a bow. They fell back among the squadron of horsemen, who in vain attempted, even with blows, to rally them. The treacherous pits were at the foot of the long slope down which the English rushed to reach the Scots, who were drawn up on the other side. The Earl of Gloucester, attacked by Douglas, and irritated to see his men wavering, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and was beaten down from his horse. He had 500 knights around him, whom William Malmesbury curses* for not rescuing him. "Twenty," he says, "might have done it." No doubt; but probably it was their great number which made them so helpless. Pellmell they went down at the "honey-combed" pits, horse over man in terrible rout, "banners and pennons torn and befouled," and all amidst a hideous noise, as an eye-witness declares, of "blows and snapping lances, and battle cries and groans, and the screams of wounded horses."[†]

To the right rear of the Scots, as we have already mentioned, the camp-followers were drawn up behind a hill. As Bruce's eagle eye saw the English terror-stricken at their first failure, he caused these gillies to march in battle array along the crest of their hill, with bits of linen tied to poles to look like banners. The English soldiers opposite to them took them for reinforcements, and the

* "Confundat eos Dominus."

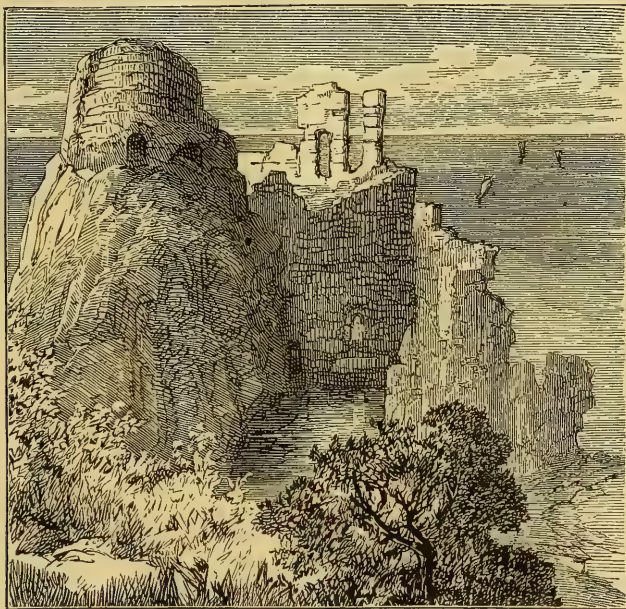
† *Chronicle of Lanercost."

sight completed the demoralization of the English ranks.

In this horrible moment of confusion and terror, the claymores of the Highlanders were seen flashing in the air as they rushed furiously, like the Greeks at Marathon, against the great, now unwieldy host.

King Edward turned his horse and fled, and the sight of this was the signal for the universal rout and dissipation of the English host. Hundreds had never drawn a sword nor struck a blow. Numbers were drowned in the Bannockburn* and in the Forth; numbers, too, were slain and made prisoners; and there would have been many more, but that the Scots, instead of pursuing, fell to plunder-

King of Scots. Edward, therefore, accompanied by a strong body of horse, turned his face towards Berwick. Douglas pursued after him, but with such a small body of men that he could only harass him and seize those who fell off from his company. The King, however, found himself hospitably received in the Castle of Dunbar, whose lord was still on the side of Edward, though in the year following he went over to the side of Bruce, and thereby forfeited his English fiefs, which were given to Percy, Earl of Northumberland. The Earl of Dunbar sent the King to Bamlough Castle; and on the third day after the battle he reached Berwick. Thence he issued a proclamation, setting forth that



DUNBAR CASTLE.

ing the baggage and stores of their enemies. Only two Scottish knights are said to have been slain, William Viport and Walter Ross. Of the English, 30,000 are said to have perished.

FLIGHT OF KING EDWARD.

When Edward fled from the field he made his way first to Stirling Castle, the fortress which he had come to relieve. But the governor refused to give him entrance. He had promised, he said, that if he were not relieved by a certain day he would surrender to the

he had lost his privy seal, and warning his subjects not to regard any order that should appear under it. Soon afterwards he retired to York, where he resided for several months, miserable enough. Lancaster and other haughty barons visited him here, not to console him, but to exact advantage of his abject condition. The rest of his miserable reign shall trouble us no more.

BRUCE'S NOBLENES IN TRIUMPH.

The Scottish king showed great moderation in his success. He treated his prisoners with humanity, and had the slain decently buried. King Edward's brother-in-law he released without ransom, and by him he sent back the lost privy seal.

* Barbour says that the channel of the Bannock was so choked up with the bodies of men and horses that men could go over dryshod.

The war dragged on for years, but always with one result, namely, that the Scots retained the advantage they had won.

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.

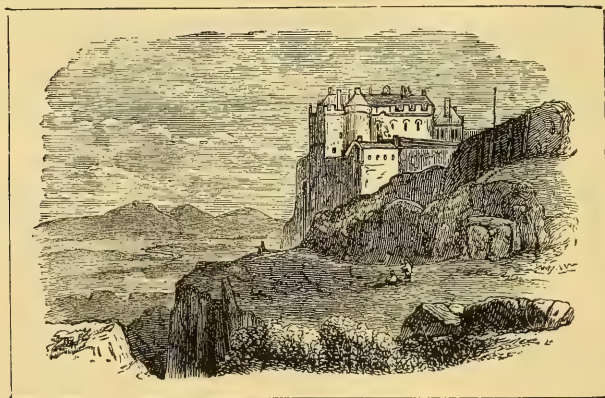
It only remains for us to sum up the results in a few words. Bannockburn, let it be remembered, is at the northern point of what had been the Roman dominion. It was also the boundary between the Celtic Highlands and the Lowlands, which, as we have already seen, were really as much inhabited by a Saxon population as England itself. Here, then, on this Midsummer day 1314, the Saxons of the Lowlands fought beside the Celtic people whose name they had taken, and to whose kingdom they had elected to belong. They had thus unmistakably declared that they chose to share the poverty of the half-civilized Celts, with their independence to boot, rather than become members of the wealthy and prosperous southern kingdom from which they had come, and from which they had been severed. This was one result.

Another was the proof of the great principle which Wallace had laid down, that footmen, well managed, were able to prevail over mounted men-at-arms, hitherto deemed invincible. A few years before the Flemings had won their independence at the battle of Courtrai, and the following year (November 15th, 1315) the Swiss overthrew their oppressors at Morgarten. A few men, bound together by the love of their native soil, were stronger

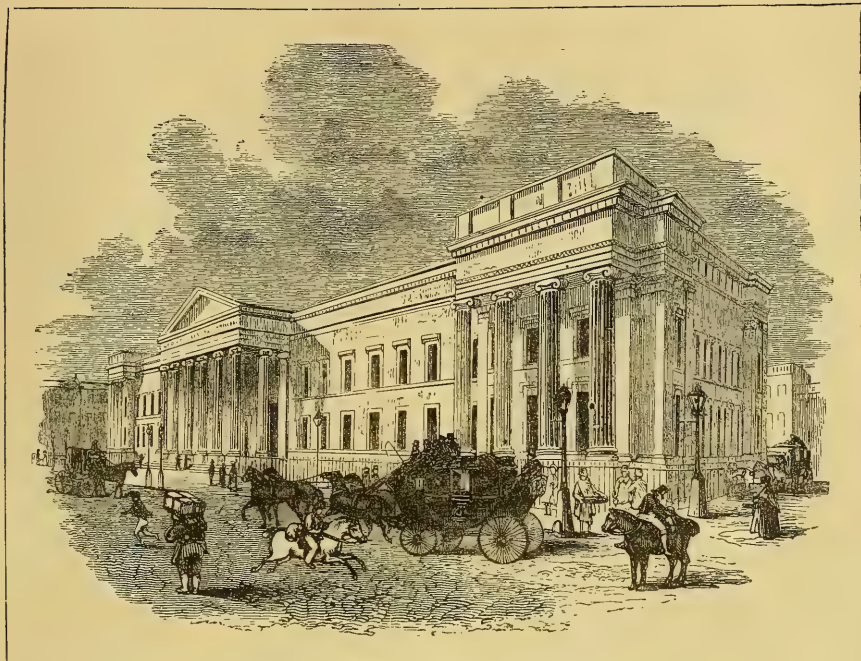
than a great mass of feudal retainers fighting merely at the bidding of their lords.

And in conclusion, there is this fact to be remembered, that Bruce was by descent a Norman peer. But he had thrown in his lot with the people whose home had become his own, and we therefore, without scruple, call him a *Scot*. He would desire no prouder name. He ruled his people justly, wisely, and bravely until his death, June 7th, 1329. His brave companion, Douglas, had his heart enclosed in a silver case, and started with it to Spain, where the Saracens were oppressing the Christian kingdom. Here he was slain, bravely fighting for the King of Castile. The heart was found under his corpse, showing that his last act was to defend it. It was brought back to Scotland, and buried under the high altar of Melrose Abbey. King Robert's body was buried in the church of Dunfermline, and a marble stone was laid upon it. Unhappily the church in the course of years became ruinous, and the stone was broken to pieces. But in the lifetime of Sir Walter Scott, when the church was being repaired, the fragments of the broken stone were discovered, and buried beneath it was the skeleton of the King. With the tears of hundreds who flocked thither, and with all imaginable respect and veneration, they once more laid to rest the restorer of the Scottish monarchy and nation.

W. B.



STIRLING CASTLE.



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

THE PENNY POST:

THE STORY OF A GREAT REFORM.

"Every morning, true as the clock,
Somebody hears the postman's knock."

Modern Ballad.

"Sir Rowland Hill will always be remembered with gratitude, not only in this country but throughout the world."—
Postmaster-General's Report, 1830.

The Old Posts and Posting—Ancient Carriers—Historical Sketch of the Penny Post of London—The Postboy considered—Dangers of "Riders"—The Cross-Post instituted—Ralph Allen—Mr. Palmer and Mail Coaches—The Old Mail to Bath—Rowland Hill: His Investigations; His Pamphlet upon Postal Reform—Up-hill Work—Suggestions for Reform—Reception of Mr. Hill's Scheme—Parliamentary Opposition—Efforts in Hill's favour—Evidence on behalf of the Scheme produced—Results of the Committee's Enquiry—The Postal Reform Bill Passed—Guarded Proceedings—The Grand Result—Sir Rowland Hill—Post Office Work—Some Curious Facts—The Parcel Post—Conclusion.

THE OLD POSTING DAYS.

IN these days of rapid transmission of thought, by letter, telegraph, and telephone, it is difficult to conceive the state of postal communication five-and-forty years ago; much less can we imagine the time when an important letter—even a State despatch—was more than three days and three nights on the way up "from the Archbishop of Canterbury at Croydon to the Secretary of State at Waltham Cross"! We who write to the *Times* if the postman is late; or if the service is not, when we expect it might be, arranged, can hardly bring our minds to grasp the fact that a coach and six horses, aided by the state, was obliged to relinquish the carriage of the mails between

Edinburgh and Glasgow and back (about eighty miles) in the specified time of *six days*, because the contractors found the work too arduous!* One hundred years ago, or thereabouts, the first mail coach appeared in Edinburgh.

Of the history of the Post, and of its more modern development, the Post Office, we need not say much; but a few interesting facts concerning the progress of this mode of communication will be doubtless acceptable. In days of old, posts, or relays of men, were placed at certain intervals, and carried letters or despatches from one station to the other.

* *Household Words*, Part I.

In remote antiquity, birds and dogs were employed to carry messages ; and it is related that Cyrus the Persian instituted communications in his expedition to Scythia, 500 years B.C. Amongst the Romans, Augustus was the first to establish relays ; and at the conquest of Peru by Pizarro in 1532, relays of men were established from Cusco to Quito.

The "posts" of ancient times, however, were never employed to forward private correspondence. The first real letter-post was established in the thirteenth century, between the Hanse towns. Camden mentions the "Mastir of the Postes" as being in existence in England in 1581 ; while previously and subsequently the "postes" were only the horse relays for carrying despatches. A post for the carriage of letters between England and the Continent appears to have been arranged by certain merchants in the fifteenth century ; but in 1635, a certain Witherings "was authorized to run a post between London and Edinburgh, to go thither and back again in six days." Postal lines were laid down, and these horse-posts carried letters for the public, and the Government monopoly was established. Certain charges were made according to the distance the letter was carried, varying from twopence for less than eighty miles, to sixpence in England, and eightpence to a town in Scotland. All the posts, except those for the Universities and for the Cinque Ports, were under the Government control in the time of Charles II.

A "Penny Post" was not a new idea when Mr. Rowland Hill proposed its adoption in England. We read, that "in 1685 a penny post was set up for the conveyance of letters and parcels between London and its suburbs." This idea was a speculation by Robert Murray, and it succeeded so well that the Duke of York made a complaint that his rights as Receiver of Postal Revenues was being infringed by private speculation, and the scheme was swallowed up by the Crown. This was the germ of the "London District" Post, afterwards known as the "Twopenny" Post in our own days. A penny postal rate was established in Edinburgh, nearly a hundred years afterwards, by Williamson ; but here again the all-absorbing Government came in and took his scheme under their care.

HISTORICAL RESUMÉ OF THE LONDON PENNY POST.

It appears from documentary evidence that the establishment of a letter post originated in the brain of a private person about the end of Cromwell's protectorate. This gentleman was named William Dockwra ; and in 1683 the Penny Post was taken possession of by the Government, in consequence of the supposed interference of the

individual with the rights of the Postmaster-General.

After the Revolution, however, a pension was granted to Mr. William Dockwra on account of his misfortunes, and for the invention of the Penny Post. He was afterwards nominated Comptroller of the Department. A doggerel rhyme was written by him, as was supposed ; see "Poems on State Affairs" :—

"Hail mighty Dockwra, son of Art,
With Flavia, Middleton, or Swart !
In the foremost rank of fame
Thou shalt fix thy lasting name ;
Nor new invention Fate thee hurt
To be damned and beggar'd for't."

Subsequently to this, viz. in 1708, an attempt was made by Mr. Percy to institute a Half-penny Post, in direct opposition to the Government monopoly. But the Crown proved too strong for him, and he was very soon suppressed. Mr. Dockwra afterwards got into farther trouble, and in consequence of mismanagement he was removed from the Post Office. Parcels were conveyed as late as 1765, when it was enacted that no packet exceeding four ounces in weight should be carried by the Penny Post unless it had passed, or was intended to pass, through the General Post.

Originally the postage was paid in advance, and was so till 1794. The delivery of these letters "was limited to the cities of London, Westminster, and the borough of Southwark, and the respective suburbs thereof." But this limited mail did not suit the inhabitants around the city. They agreed voluntarily to pay an extra penny on receipt of their letters ; and this penny was for the benefit of the letter-carriers, in consideration of the increased distance they had to travel. After a time, however, the exigencies of the Department compelled it to absorb the extra fee in the revenue, and this was legalized in 1727.

Queen Anne, 9 cap. 10, authorized a penny rate on all letters "passing or repassing by the carriage called the Penny Post, established and settled within the cities of London and Westminster, and borough of Southwark, and parts adjacent, and to be received and delivered within ten English miles distant from the General Letter-office in London."

In 1794 this limit was overstepped, and an additional penny was again imposed on letters coming from beyond the circle to London and Westminster ; pre-payment optional. But in 1801 a very important change was made, when an additional penny was put upon *all* letters delivered by the penny post. In 1805, the postage tax beyond the boundary was increased to threepence, and newspapers had to pay one penny. The limits of the twopenny post were ex-

tended in 1831 to a distance of three miles from the General Post Office, and letters for the Foreign or General Posts were exempted from the twopenny rate if posted within the three mile radius. In 1833, the limits of the Threepenny Post were extended to a distance not exceeding twelve miles from the Post Office. Newspapers were permitted to go free in August 1836. The London District Post continued a separate establishment from what was termed the General Post till 1854.

The various improvements in the postal affairs of the United Kingdom went on slowly. The Post was regarded as a fair aim by highwaymen, and in 1700 these robberies became so general on the Border, that the respective Parliaments of England and Scotland found it expedient to draw the line in a very determined manner, and they made Post Office robberies punishable with "death and confiscation." The Irish Post Office did not enter upon its duties till after the Scotch had learnt the value of correspondence. But so far back as the reign of the "Martyr King," "packets" carried the letters between Milford and Waterford, and from Dublin to Chester.

The sanctity of correspondence has long been recognized, and in Queen Anne's reign it was enacted that no official should open a letter without special warrant. There have been cases in which the Post Office in late years has found it necessary to open and detain correspondence for political reasons; but it is evident such a privilege should be very sparingly and cautiously exercised. Riding Post was the usual means of communication, and the postboy was quite a feature in domestic history.

THE POSTBOY CONSIDERED.

The postboy as an institution has passed away, and yet for more than a century these riding-boys had been familiar in literature to every one, and their tenacity of life, and the mysterious manner in which, presumably, they departed from it, were remarked by Mr. Samuel Weller, whose uncontradicted testimony to the similarity between the endurance of donkeys and postboys must be accepted as historical. That these remarks are by no means irrelevant to the subject in hand will be seen when we examine Mr. Palmer's scheme for the amelioration of the Posts, a reform leading up, like Ralph Akin's, slowly but surely to the crowning triumph of the Penny Post in the United Kingdom.

The postboy of the period had been made the theme of poets and romances. He was the object of much attention, not only from the peaceful and industrious, but from the ill-disposed section of the community. Cowper's lines give us a picture of the typical postboy, but we fear the original was not

altogether the interesting individual he appears in the following extract :—

"He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist and frozen
locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back,
True to his charge the close packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings—his one concern
Is to conduct it to the nearest inn,
And having dropped th' expectant bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,—
To him indifferent whether grief or joy."

These postboys rode as they pleased, and generally conducted themselves in a very independent manner. Their official rate of progression was fixed at five miles an hour—not a very tremendous pace to keep up on horseback. Their own lazy habits were also at times encouraged by the gentry, for we read that certain gentlemen "do give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get in liquor, which stops the *males*,"—whether the riders or their charge is not specified; a pun was probably intended by the writer of the sentence.

When the utter inefficiency of the service is taken into consideration, and the dangerous condition of the roads is regarded, the wonder is that more postboys were not "missed." Highway robbery was a profession, and many instances could be related of carriages being stopped, even in Hyde Park in broad daylight, and the occupants told to "deliver." To be upset in a mud-hole was no uncommon incident even for royalty in those "good old days"; and if any reader wishes to satisfy himself respecting the state of our British highways in the time of the second George, he may turn to the pages of Arthur Young's "Tour in the North of England," wherein he will gain much curious information respecting the "vile cut-up lanes" and "execrable" roads so forcibly denounced by the traveller. "I would most seriously caution all travellers who may propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil," is his scathing condemnation of the district between Wigan and Warrington. On such roads the postboys had to ride with the mails.

These "postboys" had, no doubt, many dangers to encounter; and if the number of letters carried were not large,—as will be seen by the following advertisement of the period they were not,—the thieves were more numerous than at present. This is the announcement issued exactly one hundred and three years ago (the italics are ours):—

"General Post Office, Feb. 22, 1779.

"The Postboy carrying the mail which was despatched from this Office last Friday night, was robbed by two foot-pads, with crapes over their faces, on Saturday night,

at ten o'clock, at the bottom of Hack Lane, near Long Compton, between Eustone and Shipstone in Oxfordshire, of the *whole Mail*, containing the following bags."

Here follows a list of *thirty-four* towns, some of large size, such as Liverpool, Worcester, Manchester, *as well as the Irish Mail*, all borne by a small boy, who was robbed by "two small-sized men," on a "dark, foggy night." A reward of £200 was offered for the apprehension of the men, over and above the usual reward paid for the capture of highwaymen.

The above will give readers some idea of the amount of correspondence which was carried on in 1799, when one boy was sufficient to carry the letters for so many places, in the transmission of which the locomotives and many carriages of many lines, with an army of sorters, are now engaged upon, attended by a crowd of mail-carts and postmen for delivery of the correspondence of Liverpool alone.

THE CROSS POST INSTITUTED.

The system of Cross-posts in England was suggested to the Treasury by Ralph Allen in 1719. He had been engaged in the postal service at Bath; and the delays, whereby the letters had to be carried first to the metropolis and again sent down to their country destination, appeared to him ridiculous. He proposed to farm a certain portion of the country, and to pay six thousand pounds per annum for the privilege. His contract included the roads between Exeter and Chester, and Bristol and Oxford, and all the towns lying between those places, and to deliver letters three times a week! This arrangement was shelved for a time, owing to Mr. Craggs having been so deeply implicated in the South Sea Bubble with his colleagues. But when a new Postmaster-General was appointed, the contract was ratified.

For seven years the scheme worked well, and the contracts were renewed and added to; thus when Mr. Allen died, he left a good fortune to his family, and a legacy to Pitt, Earl Chatham, as well as the results of his good work and honest reputation. The character of Squire Allworthy of Fielding is drawn from Ralph Allen, who was celebrated by Pope—

"Let humble Allen with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame!"

The results of Allen's endeavours were very beneficial, and the Post Office prospered. Fifteen years later, in 1793, the great and important Mail Coach era was initiated by Mr. John Palmer, who ranks almost with Rowland Hill in the list of Post Office reformers.

PALMER'S MAIL COACHES.

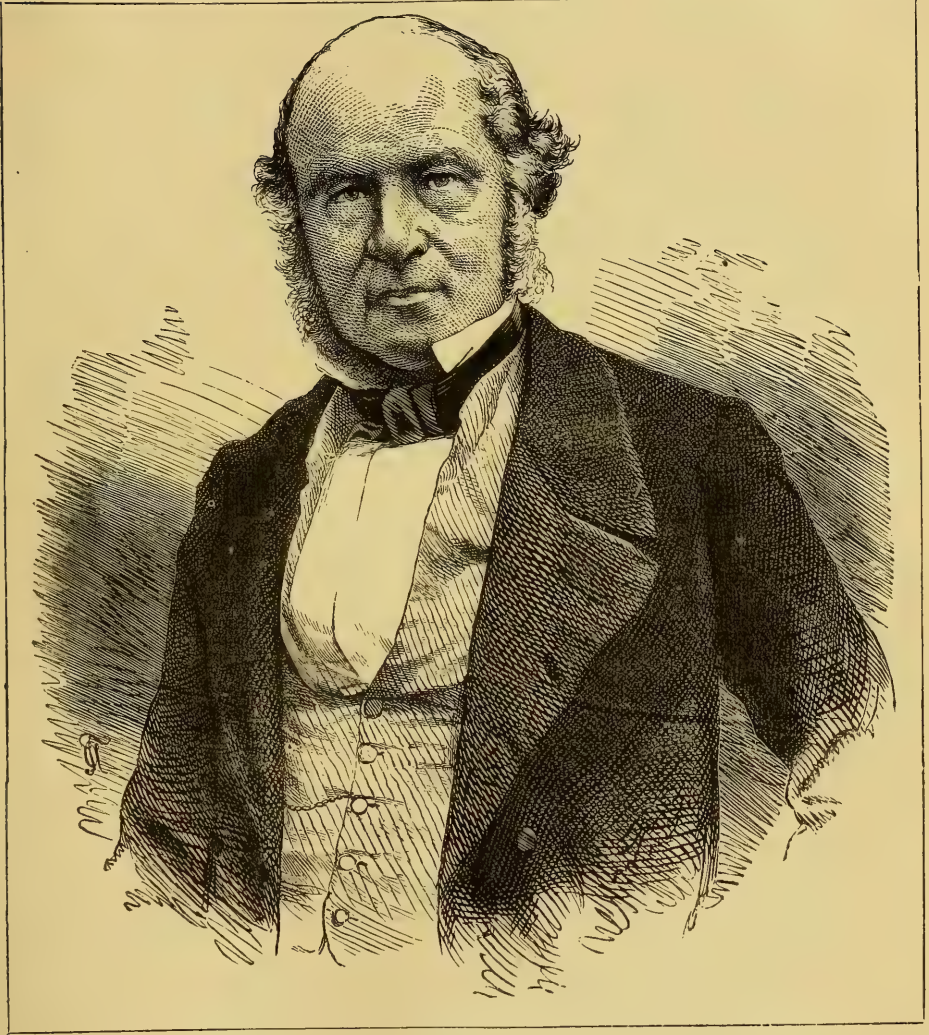
Coaches were not absolutely new inventions in Palmer's time. Before he made his proposal, certain "flying machines on steel springs" had beaten the fast Manchester stage, and Palmer fancied that the Government and private letters might be carried at an equally rapid rate. The private passenger coaches, he perceived, were really preferred by the population for the transmission of letters, and people did not hesitate to pay a considerable fee for the carriage, as a parcel, of the letters they feared to entrust to the unpunctual "postboy." Even the highwayman then scorned the game of mail stealing as scarce worth the candle in his lantern; and the coaches carried the business correspondence of the community, while the revenue suffered in proportion.

Palmer proposed to carry all the mails by coach, and to supply every such coach with a "guard," who was really to be an armed man, capable of attack and defence. But Post Office opposition bore down upon the reformer. "Red tape" had already tied the hands of officials, and "let *ill* alone" was the motto of the Postmaster-General. One curious reason adduced against the improvement was that murder would be added to robbery! The argument used was that whereas the postboys were only robbed, being quite defenceless, the "guards," who resisted the highwaymen, would be killed! It did not, apparently, occur to the Government to try to put down the highwaymen; perhaps, like modern statesmen, they regarded "force as no remedy," and acted on that ridiculous maxim. There was, however, a regular tariff for injuries, ranging from £4 for the sight of one eye, to £14 for the loss of both pupils; so, perhaps, such recognition of claims was thought sufficient. Another objection made to Palmer was that the Department "did not see *why* the mail should be the swiftest conveyance"! The clear-sighted lessee (for Palmer was the manager of Bath and Bristol theatres) suggested another improvement—viz., that when the mails *were* carried by coaches, *all* of them should leave London, at a specified hour, together. His plans were pronounced "impossible." It was regarded as an "impossibility" to bring letters from "London to Bath, or *vice versa*, in sixteen or eighteen hours." The run is now made in about two hours by the "Iron Horse."

Pitt, however, did not agree with Mr. Hodgson, the objector, so the trial was made, and the essay was inaugurated in the London and Bristol coach in 1784, less than one hundred years ago. On the 8th of August the coach left London, and accomplished the distance to Bath in fourteen

hours. The up journey was done in sixteen. Mr. Palmer was appointed Comptroller-General, with a salary and a commission on profits; and notwithstanding the late increase in postage, the letters began to multiply exceedingly. The official rate of speed rose

His per centage claim was ignored for many years, but at last he was voted £50,000 as compensation. The mail coach system rapidly developed, and in 1836 it was quite a popular sight to see the coaches start,—a sight familiar, no doubt, to many who read



ROWLAND HILL.

from six to ten miles an hour, and a mail-coach medal was struck and dedicated to Mr. Palmer. But although the success of the scheme was patent, the Post Office people endeavoured to impede it. Palmer lost temper, became indiscreet, and was suspended, and dismissed with £3,000 a year.

these lines. On the average, twenty-seven coaches left the Post Office, the passengers all in their places. The starting of the early coach is graphically described by Dickens in his "Sketches by Boz":—"The coach is out, the horses are in, and the guard and two or three porters are stowing the luggage

away, and running up the steps of the booking office and down the steps of the booking office with breathless rapidity. The inside passengers are already in their dens, and the outsides, with the exception of yourself, are pacing up and down the pavement to keep themselves warm . . . every member of the party with a large stiff shawl over his chin, looking exactly as if he were playing a set of Pan's pipes. 'Take off the cloths, Bob,' says the coachman, who now appears for the first time, in a rough blue great-coat, of which the buttons behind are so far apart that you can't see both at the same time. 'Now, gen'l'men,' says the guard, with the waybill in his hand; 'five minutes behind time already.' Up jumps the passengers. . . . 'All right!' sings out the guard at last, jumping up as the coach starts, and blowing his horn. 'Let 'em go, Harry; give 'em their heads,' cries the coachman, and off we start."

In 1836 a new era of Post Office management was inaugurated; the stamp duty on newspapers was reduced to one penny, and the work increased. At that time there were fifty-four four-horse mails in England, besides those in Scotland and Ireland, and nearly as many pair-horse coaches. Before this period Mr. Macadam had so greatly improved the roads that coaching was pleasant and rapid, and the position of coachman was one of great responsibility and importance—to the driver himself in no less degree than to his passengers. The guard, also clad in the royal livery, was by no means a vulgar fraction in the sum total, and waxed very punctillious and even overbearing at times, but honest and trustworthy to a very high degree, and the onerous duties imposed upon him he performed with a punctuality and accuracy beyond all praise, in all weathers, "over hill, over dale, through flood," amid storm and tempest bravely doing his duty. The records of the mail-carrying of those days are fascinating reading; the adventures and escapes, and romantic incidents of the old coaching days and the mail service would fill volumes. The annual procession, on the King's birthday, of all the coaches was a fine sight, and one not likely to be forgotten by any young man who witnessed it. Horses, harness, coaches, were all turned out in admirable style. The year 1837 came in while the Post Office was under consideration, and the great practical reformer was at the door!

MR. ROWLAND HILL.

About twelve years after the institution of mail coaches there was born at Kidderminster, on the 3rd of December, 1795, a boy, who was christened Rowland by his parents, the Hills. Mr. Hill was a school-

master, and young Rowland—one of a family of sons—appeared delicate, but was very studious. He displayed a decided taste for mechanics, natural philosophy, and drawing. He became a teacher in his father's school, and improved its arrangements very materially. He became a member of a Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, and patented a cylinder printing machine, the principle of which was afterwards adopted.

In 1838 we find Mr. Rowland Hill much interested in the colonization of South Australia, and he was appointed Secretary to the Royal Commissioners for Emigration. In this capacity he no doubt had daily brought under his notice the arrangements made for communication with the colony, and the hopeless time spent in the transmission of letters, the high postal charges to emigrants and their poor relatives, who could ill afford to pay them. Pondering the question of the reform of the Post Office, Mr. Hill put himself in communication with a Mr. Wallace, a member of Parliament, who had frequently moved for returns and reports of the system employed by the Government. Hill obtained what information he could from Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster-General, who supplied all the assistance in his power, and Rowland Hill began to "make himself acquainted with the subject." It was quite time to stir in the matter, for the cost of a letter was very great,—much greater than in the days of Queen Anne,—and the result was that all kinds of conveyances were resorted to, and all kinds of subterfuges adopted to evade the tax. It was then quite a matter of consideration whether a letter could be sent and should be sent. Many most ingenious stratagems were employed to evade the payment by the recipients on delivery. Sometimes a mark upon the envelope told the receiver that all was well, and the letter was handed back to the postboy, with the remark that the addressee could not afford to pay.

In the year 1837, Mr. Hill's pamphlet upon "Postal Reform" appeared. It developed a plan by which letters might be carried through the post from one end of the kingdom to the other at the uniform rate of one penny the half-ounce, without any ultimate loss to the revenue. Looking back with the experience of years and the knowledge of facts to direct us, we are apt to wonder why the Post Office authorities and the Government ever opposed such a measure. But in those days they did not, any more than at present, spontaneously use the best means for the public advantage. Monopolists never do. A cheap telegraphic rate is now as desirable as a penny postage was, and the adoption of the telephone would be a great public boon; but the Post Office will not move without the great and most

desirable pressure of public opinion now any more than they would in 1837. Companies or governments, whose existence depends upon the favour of the people whom they serve, and for whose benefit they are permitted to exist, should not forget that they do exist more or less on sufferance, and it is for their own benefit to suit public convenience, of which, as in the case of water, gas, and railway companies, they are apt to be very oblivious.

UP-HILL WORK.

But in his pamphlet the shortcomings, if any then existed in the Post Office, were not Mr. Hill's aim. In fact we believe the management of the Department had met with general approbation, and much of the success it enjoyed was attributed to the "fortunate provision of the law, which excluded all its efficient officers from the House of Commons, and even from voting at elections," thus keeping them independent of party influence. Notwithstanding the high rates of postage, the revenue of the Department had scarcely increased during twenty years, although the population, the means of knowledge, with trade and commerce, had immensely increased. Rowland Hill had foresight to perceive that a cheap rate would bring in more custom even if an immediate loss resulted while the system was developing. His anticipations he lived to see fully realized, and even far surpassed.

Sir Francis Freeling was succeeded in the Post Office by Colonel Maberly, and he proposed to the Ministry to obviate the inconvenient charges by distance on letters. These charges were so framed that, although the distance from a place where the letter was posted to the place where it was delivered might be only ten miles in a direct route, the recipient had to pay charges upon the distance to London, and the distance from London to its destination; so that if the first town were twenty miles from the metropolis, and the destination of the letter fifteen miles in another direction, the postage charged was twenty *plus* fifteen miles. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to remit these charges, though he afterwards assented to Mr. Hill's suggestion.

Mr. Hill's pamphlet made a great sensation. Though only privately printed at first, it soon was issued to the public, and seized upon everyone much as the famous "Battle of Dorking" did in later years. The scheme was for "sweeping away the financial and account branches of the Post Office, and reducing its duties to the more mechanical functions of receiving, conveying, and delivering letters of which the postage should be collected by anticipation, at the stamp office, by means of a stamp to be affixed to the

letter, and which, at the uniform rate of one penny, was to convey it free of any other charge to every part of the kingdom, and all this without any permanent loss, nay, with a probable future advantage, to the revenue." Mr. Hill's propositions were as follows:—

(1) A large reduction in the rates of postage.

(2) Increased speed in the delivery of letters.

(3) More frequent opportunities for their despatch.

(4) Simplification in the operations of the Post Office with the object of economy in the management.

POPULAR EVASIONS.

These suggestions were at once approved by the masses, but the Government treated the reform with coldness. Mr. Hill brought forth batteries of argument, illustrating the losses incurred under the system by fraud and stratagem. One or two instances are worth quoting; one in particular, in which Coleridge the poet was an actor, is a good illustration.

When the poet was visiting the Lake District, he happened to be at the door of an inn when the postman appeared with a letter for the barmaid. She took it, and turned it round and round, and then inquired what there was to pay upon it. The man demanded a shilling for the letter, which sum the girl, apparently much disappointed, declined to pay, saying she could not afford it. Coleridge at once very kindly offered her the money; and after considerable hesitation upon her side, she accepted it, and obtained the valuable missive. When the postman had disappeared, the young woman confessed to the poet that there was nothing written in the letter. She and her brother had made an arrangement, and composed a series of signs by which they could communicate upon the envelopes without going to the expense of writing, or rather of paying for letters. "We are so poor," she said, "that we have invented this manner of corresponding and 'franking' our letters."

Franking letters was the privilege of the Government and members of the legislature, and by means of their signature the letter was carried free. A certain number of "franks" were allowed, and thousands were forged, while newspapers were carried free; so the revenue did not benefit very largely at that time. Another instance of the practices resorted to to evade the obnoxious postage rate is related by Rowland Hill. He says,—"Some years ago, when it was the practice to write the name of a member of Parliament for the purpose of franking a newspaper, a friend of mine, previous to starting upon a tour in Scotland, arranged with his family

a plan of informing them of his progress and state of health without putting them to the expense of postage. It was managed thus: he carried with him a number of old newspapers, one of which he put into the post daily. The postmark with the date showed his progress, and the state of his health was evinced by his selection of the name from a list previously agreed upon, with which the newspaper was 'franked.' 'Sir Francis Burdett,' I recollect, denoted vigorous health.*

The scheme proposed by Rowland Hill, as we have said, met with approval on all sides. Even the *Quarterly Review* of the period condescends to allow that it was pleased. "*We ourselves* were dazzled by the brilliancy of a theory supported, *as at first sight* it appeared to be, by a sober and candid statement of financial and statistical details," writes the reviewer. We will now examine more minutely the propositions made, and the benefits that have resulted from Mr. Hill's scheme of Post Office Reform.

MR. HILL'S PAMPHLET.

In his preface to the second edition of his work on "Post Office Reform," Mr. Hill acknowledged the cordial reception his plan had met with, and reverted to an objection which had been made to it by an anonymous writer, who said that if the Penny Post system ever became established, the letters would increase in number so enormously that their distribution would be rendered impossible. "The objector," writes the author, "so far outruns my expectations as to convert that which I consider a matter of gratulation into a subject for apprehension;" and "the Post Office must necessarily be considered in a defective state unless it is capable of distributing all the letters which the people of this country can have any motive for writing, at least in ordinary seasons, and under ordinary circumstances."

Mr. Hill's first argument was that the revenue of the Post Office was rather diminishing, whereas if it had kept pace with the increase of the population, it ought to have increased by £507,700 per annum, but in reality the loss was even greater. This was attributed to the heavy tax on letters, and to the excessive charges for managing the department, while the actual cost of carrying the letters was very small compared with the charge for such conveyance. Mr. Hill argued that the reduction of postage or other taxation did not imply necessarily any loss of revenue, rather the contrary. He estimated clearly enough—indeed, very accurately, considering the difficulties he had to contend against—

the number of letters in the year, and the cost of their transmission. By close calculation he found that the sum paid per letter averaged $6\frac{1}{4}d$. The expenses of the management of the department were then measured, and found to be about one-half of the revenue, the actual cost being £696,569. He proved that if the revenue of the Post Office had increased in proportion as the Stage Coach Duties, that the actual gain would have been £2,000,000, instead of £500,000.

Accepting the cost of transit as inevitable, and taking the number of letters and newspapers to be 126,000,000, the average apparent cost of the primary distribution of newspapers, letters, etc., within the United Kingdom is for each $\frac{8}{100}$ th of a penny, of which the expense of transit is one-third, or $\frac{2}{100}$ th of a penny; and the cost of receipt, delivery, etc., two-thirds, or $\frac{6}{100}$ th of a penny. Mr. Hill proved that the actual cost of transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh (400 miles), was not more than $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a penny; and therefore, if the proper charge (exclusive of tax) for a letter in London itself were twopence, then the proper charge (exclusive of tax) upon a letter received in London, but delivered in Edinburgh, would be twopence *plus* $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a penny. The additional charge of the $\frac{1}{100}$ th of a penny would amply repay the cost of transit. "If, therefore," said this practical reformer, "the charge for postage be made proportionate to the whole expense incurred in the receipt, transit, and delivery of the letter, and in the collection of its postage, it must be made uniformly the same from every post town to every other post town in the United Kingdom, unless it can be shown how we are to collect so small a sum as $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a penny." Mr. Hill contended that the charge ought to be the same for every packet of moderate weight, without reference to the number of its enclosures.

This statement, and Mr. Hill's views generally, were supported by Mr. Ashurst, who showed how the mail to Edinburgh cost for each journey, with its newspapers, letters, and "franks," £5. The letters only paid, while the "franks" and papers, weighing *fifteen times* the weight of the paying letters, went free. The letters, therefore, paid not only for themselves, but for a weight in addition fifteen times heavier than themselves, and yet gave the Government £1,500,000 revenue. The anomalous charges were further proved in the case of a light mail, which, nearer London, was charged less per letter, although it actually cost the department fifty times as much to deliver as the Edinburgh mails did.

The reformer went on to show how the high postage rates prevented correspondence, what advantages were taken to elude the tax, as already related, the illicit distribution of

* This tale seems very doubtful, but we accept it as related; extensive forgery must have been practised.

letters carried on openly; and he then proceeded to attack the complicated system of accounts, while the examination of each letter before a candle to see its contents exposed the officials to temptation and induced fraud. The loss of time entailed by compelling the postmen to collect the money on delivery, and the extensive system of checking the accounts could, Mr. Hill showed, be done away with, and a tremendous saving at once effected by a simple stamp to be obtained from the Stamp Office, and stuck upon every letter, which would be prepaid; while by the adoption of slits and boxes in the doors, the letter-carriers would be enabled to carry out the various deliveries in a much shorter time. Thus all the complicated machinery of money collection and checks would be done away with at one stroke. He concluded his able pamphlet with a strong appeal: "I earnestly hope that a reform will take place at once, thorough and complete; the more rigidly the subject is investigated, the more I feel assured will the practicability of the measures here proposed be made manifest." The following is the summary of the conclusions arrived at.

SUMMARY OF THE PROPOSED REFORMS.

(1) That the present cost of primary distribution is for the most part the result of complex arrangements at the Post Office.

(2) That these complex arrangements would be avoided if postage were charged without regard to distance, at a uniform rate (which is shown to be the only fair rate with reference to the expenses incurred), and were collected in advance.

(3) That the postage might be collected in advance if reduced to the rate proposed—viz., one penny for each packet not exceeding half an ounce in weight, with an additional penny for each additional half ounce.

(4) That owing to the great simplicity of the arrangements which might be adopted under these conditions, the present establishment of the Post Office, with a slight addition, would suffice for a four-fold increase of business.

(5) That the increase of business would lead to greatly increased facilities of communication, as for example, two departures and two arrivals of the London mail each day.

(6) That these increased facilities, with these greatly reduced charges, would have the effect of increasing the number of chargeable letters in all probability five and a quarter fold, which increase, the number of "franks" and newspapers continuing as at present, would produce the four-fold increase of business, for which, as has been shown, the present establishment of the Post Office, with a slight addition, would suffice.

(7) That the necessary cost of primary

distribution is not the present actual cost, viz., $\frac{8}{1000}$ th of a penny, but only $\frac{2}{1000}$ th of a penny, the difference, viz., $\frac{6}{1000}$ of a penny, arising from the employment of the Post Office in levying an excessive tax, and from the consequent expensiveness of arrangements and restriction of correspondence.

(8) That in consequence of the great reduction in the necessary cost of primary distribution, which would be effected by the proposed arrangements, the proposed low rate of postage would yield a profit or tax of 200 per cent. on such necessary cost of primary distribution, which, after paying for the distribution of franks and newspapers, would afford a probable net revenue of £1,278,000 per annum.

(9) That the secondary distribution of letters ought to be untaxed, and the small unavoidable expense in each instance defrayed by the inhabitants of the district for whose benefit it is established; also that it may be so managed so as not in any degree to interfere with the simplicity of the arrangement proposed for effecting the primary distribution.

RECEPTION OF MR. HILL'S PROPOSAL.

A Commission of Inquiry into the working of the Post Office was actually sitting when Mr. Hill's pamphlet appeared. This commission was charged with an "Inquiry into the management of the Post Office Department." The three commissioners—Lords Seymour and Duncannon, with Mr. Labouchere—had concluded one portion of their investigations, and were about to enter upon the consideration of the London Twopenny Post, when the reforming suggestions of Rowland Hill were promulgated, and he was summoned to appear before the Commissioners, by whom his statements were compared with the officials examined, who were all unfavourable to the change. Mr. Wallace proposed a Select Committee upon the question in May, but was obliged to withdraw the motion. Many curious reasons were given before the Select Committee why the penny postage should not be adopted. One was because it would entail such an enormous amount of extra work upon the department, already at its wit's end to do its work within a reasonable time. The officers all declared it impossible that the rate could be adopted. A critical review of the evidence led a writer to inquire what the public would think, if when Messrs. Chaplin, Horne, or Pickford found that the public were anxious to pay them a reasonable rate, and increase their business, and consequently their profits, the carriers were to say, "No thank you, we do not want any more money, we would rather let our business stagnate or diminish"? What would be thought of a firm who expressed themselves in such terms? and yet

the Post Office officials actually did oppose all extension of the system on such grounds.

Furthermore, the penny stamp was objected to because it would encourage "duns" to send applications for their money at shorter intervals. The tradesmen, it was feared, would write more importunate letters for a penny than they would for twopence; so a great and needed reform was to be quashed because a few dishonest or unwilling people ought not to be reminded of their debts and liabilities. As a writer remarked, "We suppose the Post Office has accurately gauged the present charge as the correct one for dunning correspondence," or words to that effect. It will scarcely be credited that sensible men—men who were doing the Government business as carriers, could be so utterly oblivious of the very reason for their existence, viz., the development of the trade and commerce of the country *vis à vis* with the public convenience and requirements. To this day the spirit of monopoly and obstruction keeps guard at the portals of St. Martin's le Grand, as instanced even now in the matter of the telephone companies, and it is no exaggeration to say that if the introduction of the telephone into London had depended upon the Post Office authorities, that useful and simple mode of communication would still be a stranger in the land.*

GOVERNMENT PARLIAMENTARY OPPOSITION.

Lord Lichfield, speaking in the House of Lords on the 15th of June, 1837, against the adoption of Mr. Hill's proposals, said, "It appeared from the official returns, that under the system adopted by the Post Office Department, the revenue had been considerably increased. That revenue was now produced by 170,000,000 of letters, that were annually circulated in England, and if the reduction for which some individuals called were acceded to, it would require the enormous number of 416,000,000 of letters annually to produce the same amount of revenue.† With respect to the plan set forth by Mr. Hill, of all the wild and visionary schemes he had ever heard or read of, it was the most extraordinary," and he concluded by trusting that the progress of the Government "Bills for the consolidation of the Post Office would not be opposed." Lord Ashburton was still of opinion that the rates of postage ought to be diminished, and said that the noble Earl, "like all Postmasters-General, seemed to look more to the increase of the revenue than to the general convenience of the public."

* The Times, January, 1882.

† The number now, besides post cards, is about 1,130,000,000, or say, forty-six per head of population, per annum.

The Duke of Richmond afterwards presented an important petition from the inhabitants of Elgin, and favoured the proposal, but the Earl of Lichfield, while declaring that no man regretted more than he that Mr. Hill's plan could not be followed without materially affecting the revenue, promised to have it examined to see whether any portion could be recommended, but he still adhered to his former opinion, and said that "it was all very well to talk of public accommodation, and to argue that in consequence of the low rate of postage an immense number of additional letters would be written, but it was madness to suppose that the correspondence of the country could possibly be increased to such an amount and extent as he had described." He did not think a uniform rate could be effected, because he thought people living at a short distance would object to pay the same as people farther off! The Earl apparently forgot that travelling was daily becoming more general, and railways more universal, so that a Londoner any day might reap equal benefit with the dwellers in Edinburgh, or Glasgow, or Dublin, when called to those towns by business or pleasure.

Lord Brougham, on the contrary, strongly supported the new proposals, and declared "that nothing he had heard had in the least degree shaken his opinions as to the utility and feasibility of Mr. Hill's plan."

Mr. Wallace, in the House of Commons, succeeded in obtaining a Select Committee to inquire into the present rates and mode of charging postage, with a view to such reduction as may be made *without injury to the revenue*, particularly with reference to the pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill. The Committee, nominated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, sat for sixty-three days. The only complaint that the *Quarterly Review* had to make was that the Committee was "so very select," it being composed of Government supporters, with only two exceptions. The members of this Committee examined the secretary and officers of the Post Office, as well as a number of independent witnesses. We read that the authorities, though objecting to the penny rate, "were very properly invited to send for examination whatever witnesses they chose to select, and several were examined who entertained more or less the same objection to the plan as their chiefs.*

Those gentlemen who were employed in the Post Office gave some extraordinary reasons for the non-adoption of the reforms. We have already mentioned a few, and need not repeat them; it will be seen how greatly opposed the officials were to all reform of the Post Office Department.

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxx.

EFFORTS IN FAVOUR OF POSTAL REFORM.

In the February following the great Mercantile Committee was formed, with Mr. Bates, of Baring's, at the head, to obtain evidence to lay before the Parliamentary Committee. The members of this assemblage of merchants included some of the greatest names, and embraced men of all shades of political opinion,—“men who had nothing in common, except that they stood at the head of their class for wealth, intelligence, and respectability.” But the *Quarterly Review*, in its continued opposition, fancied that the evidence collected was not “wholly unbiassed.” “When we are told,” says the reviewer, “that some of the houses who were most active for this Post Office reform now pay such to us almost incredible sums as £6,000, £8,000, £10,000, or even £11,000 a year in postage, we cannot receive their testimony in favour of a uniform penny rate as altogether disinterested. In some businesses the postage is specifically charged against the correspondent . . . but there is another class, to which we are informed that the most zealous members of the agitating committee and many of the most decided witnesses belong, namely, those with whom it is not usual to make *direct* charges against their correspondents for postage, and for whom, of course, the reduction of the taxation would be nearly, if not altogether, *clear gain* . . . so that if a firm pays £11,000 per annum in postage, and repays itself by its general profits, it is clear that the adoption of Mr. Hill's plan would put something like £10,000 per annum clear into their pockets, and to make up that amount the people of England must be taxed to exactly the amount that shall be conveyed by this reform into the private purses of Messrs. *This* or *That*.”

This reasoning was fallacious, for the petitions from so many societies and independent sources, from clergy and dissenters alike, conclusively proved that the merchants of London had not moved for their own advantage. In the session of 1838, three hundred and twenty petitions were presented to the House of Commons in favour of penny postage, and in 1839, no less than two thousand and seven were received. The suggestions of some witnesses are thus ridiculed by the writer in the *Quarterly*. He says:—

“One person contemplates the sending of parcels of patent medicines, another a box of pills; one ingenious witness exhibited to the Committee a parcel of two pills and two plasters, which under Mr. Hill's plan, may be transmitted through the Post Office. This clever person forgot that unless the penny envelope could be made large enough to transmit a *doctor* also, to judge whether the

medicines were proper for the case, it would be more prudent in the patient to send for his own country apothecary.”

And again—

“Another desires to send samples of agricultural seeds, and, for example, clover, which would greatly, he says, benefit agriculture; but of course, if clover is so indulgently treated, wheat, beans, and the most valuable of all, *potatoes*, could not be rejected.”

One witness desired to send grafts of trees, and another suggested that samples of goods might be conveyed through the post. The public were beginning to wake up to the boon Mr. Hill wished to confer upon them, and these suggestions the reviewer treats thus:—

“We know not what he may deal in; we hope not in iron ware or woollen, for we presume the Committee has not yet arrived to such a pitch of Post Office reform as to contemplate sending samples of nails or blankets by the post; and why in strict and equal justice should the manufacturers of hardware or broadcloth, why even glass or china-makers, or the importers of wine or fruits, or Mr. Warburton himself, the timber-merchant, be excluded from an advantage—so great an advantage, we are told—as is to be given to other traders? If the principle be once admitted, where are we to draw the line. Weight alone will not do it, for at one penny per half-ounce the conveyance would be still so cheap for long distances, that many bulky articles might be intruded on the Post Office.”

If this writer lived for a few years after 1840, he must have seen “many” and curious articles consigned through the post, and have wondered!

We need not go into greater detail concerning the examination of witnesses on these points. The great object of the Government was to avoid any loss of revenue, and Mr. Hill strove to show that an increase of thousands of letters would be immediately sent through the Post Office—millions had been habitually smuggled. It was quite possible to convey with the existing machinery of stage coaches twenty times the amount of correspondence. Merchants and manufacturers came forward to prove that people had transmitted an enormous number of letters illegally. The extent to which letter smuggling was carried on was quite out of all official experience. One person naïvely confessed that he was not caught till he had sent twenty thousand circulars, etc., otherwise than through the post. He constantly sent letters by carriers, and the existence of a regular private penny delivery of correspondence was mentioned in Birmingham and other places. The most extraordinary devices were habitually adopted to evade the payment of the unpopular tax, some of which we have already

mentioned. A newspaper opined that it was even fortunate that such practices had obtained, else the trade of the country would have suffered in consequence of the check put upon correspondence by the action of the Post Office.

Even under these encumbrances, and confronted by such independent testimony, the objectors to the Reform brought forward a series of arguments. Nothing could stop smuggling, people would do so whatever the rate. The poor would never write, they were not disposed to do so. The revenue will not recover itself for forty or fifty years. However desirable the reform was, it was pronounced perfectly impracticable; and as a convincing argument against the scheme, the authorities declared that the public would certainly object to pay the postage penny in advance!

In reply to these arguments, it was shown to the Committee what thousands, nay millions, of letters were *never written at all* because of the prohibitory rates. The poor could not afford to set aside such a large portion—a relatively large portion—of their weekly wage to send a letter. And yet the necessity of hearing from relatives and friends was and is as great amongst the poor as the rich. Such a necessity cannot be denied, and yet how many cases of individual hardship are recorded! We could give a number of examples. We will give one or two, to bring before our readers of the present generation a view of the hardships endured in these cases by the poor,—a hardship to which not even the poorest writer need now be subjected, and for which—and it is no small blessing—he is indebted to Rowland Hill and the Penny Post.

EVIDENCE IN COMMITTEE.

We learn from the evidence given before the Committee by Mr. Davidson, how a poor man was unaware of the death of a relative for six or eight months after he died, in consequence of neither family being able to afford postage to inquire or to write particulars. Another sad case was related by a deputy-lieutenant for Somersetshire. A pauper in the district, receiving only half-a-crown a week, could not take up a letter, that is, pay the charges due upon it, for want of means. After a time, a lady hearing of the circumstances, gave her a shilling to obtain the letter; but by that time it had been returned to London, and she never could obtain it. Who knows what may have been in that one letter, perhaps the only one she had been sent—to tell her news of the return of a loved relative—son or daughter, erring and repentant husband mayhap, from far over the sea. The letter was returned

and destroyed, and the opportunity was lost. What news might not have been in that letter!

The postmaster of Banwell testified that he often had trusted people in consequence of the inability of their friends to raise a sufficient sum for the postage. One woman offered a spoon in pledge until the money was paid; the spoon was not taken, but the woman was trusted, and the letter proved to be of much importance. Her husband had been imprisoned for debt! "She was very badly off, and had six children." "I am quite sure," says the witness, "that if the postage of letters were lowered to a penny, ten times the number would be written by all classes of people."

We can get at the daily rate of wages incidentally from this evidence. "Sixpence," says Mr. Brewin, "is a third of a poor man's daily income. If a gentleman, whose fortune is £1,000, a year, or three pounds a day, had to pay one-third of his daily income, that is, a sovereign for a letter, how often would he write letters of friendship." "But," says a critic on the opposite side, "why confine this philanthropic principle to so slight and rare an instance in a labourer's life as a letter?" Why, indeed, but what made the incident rare? The action of the Post Office,—the want of perception to see what Mr. Hill laid down before it,—that same short-sightedness was the cause. The arguments were continued, and in the same strain as the above objection, and by way of supporting his argument, the writer of the opposing scheme "brilliantly" goes on to remark that the man of £1,000 a year would grumble equally if you charged him in proportion for his beer, his yard of cloth, and his leather, and would cause the repeal of all taxes if it were to be equally applied. It ought to have been apparent to such an opinionated "wiseacre," that such taxation would either lead to a repeal of the high duties, or labourers would go barefoot and starve, and thus the heavy rates levied would soon be lowered.

The perusal of the evidence taken before the Committee is amusing and interesting even now. The light of experience shows us the weak places in the arguments of those who would have had the Government retain such anomalous taxes, which were keeping back the national developments of industry and trade. The experience of history generally goes to prove that the more communication and correspondence is encouraged, the greater is the progress of civilization. Given a country in which the population is annually increasing rapidly, the means of correspondence amongst the people must also be increased if it is to improve. In nations, just as in the cases of individuals, there is no "standing still."

RESULTS OF THE COMMITTEE'S INQUIRY.

The Committee, after long and careful deliberation, came to the conclusion that the following principles should be adopted :—

(1) Uniformity of charge and reduction of the rate.

(2) Prepayment by stamps.

(3) The adoption of a penny rate would, after a time, involve no loss upon the revenue.

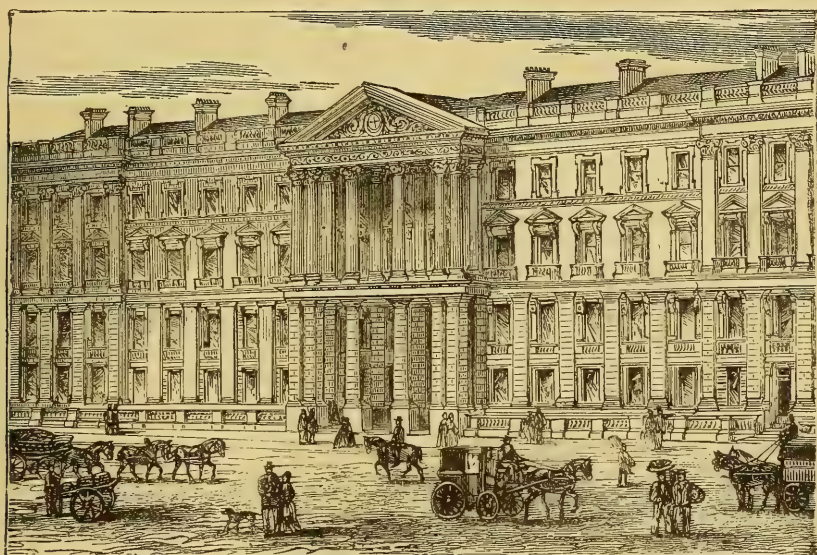
But they would not take the responsibility of recommending any plan entailing a loss of revenue, even if only temporary, and they accordingly restricted themselves to a two-penny rate.

In the meantime, the Committee we have already mentioned as sitting upon the ques-

for uniform penny postage was surely permeating the minds of all classes of society, and it only wanted the influence of Parliament to complete the scheme recommended. The adoption of stamped covers was advocated by Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Pressly, and a peculiar paper was suggested to prevent forgery. We still have the stamped envelope, and its use was very general not many years ago. The covers were like wrappers, and coloured green and primrose-yellow for the twopenny and penny rates respectively.

THE NEW SCHEME.

The new scheme was submitted to Parliament, and in the debates of 1839 will be found the propositions made by the Chan-



GENERAL POST OFFICE—NEW BUILDINGS.

tion of Post Office management, had terminated their labours and had sent in their report. They also decided for Mr. Hill's suggested plan, so far as the postal service had come under their consideration. Their decision was as follows :—"We propose that the distinction as to rates and districts, which now applies to letters delivered in the twopenny and threepenny post, shall not in any way affect correspondence transmitted under stamped covers; and that any letter not exceeding half an ounce, shall be conveyed free within the metropolis, and the district to which town and country deliveries extend, if enclosed in an envelope bearing a penny stamp."

This last sentence is of great significance, and shows distinctly that Mr. Hill's proposal

cellor of the Exchequer. Referring to the Committee, which had recommended a two-penny rate, the Chancellor said : "From the best consideration I have been able to give to the subject, comparing one proposition with the other" (*i.e.*, the penny with the twopenny rate), "and, above all, considering the evidence taken before the Committee, I find the whole of the evidence, the whole of the authorities, conclusively bearing in favour of a penny postage in preference to a twopenny postage. . . . I ask the Committee simply to affirm the adoption of a uniform penny postage, and the taxation of that postage by weight." The speaker concluded by moving, "That it is expedient to reduce the postage on letters to one uniform rate of a penny postage, according to a

certain amount of weight to be determined; That the Parliamentary privilege of franking be abolished; and That official franking be strictly limited, the House pledging itself to make good any deficiency that may occur in the revenue from such reduction of the postage."

On the 29th of July the Bill was read a third time, and passed; and by way of preparing the public for the great benefit for which they had been agitating in and out of Parliament for months,—in papers, in political "squibs," and by petitions,—the Lords of the Treasury, on the 12th of November, issued a Minute, reducing the postage to one universal fourpenny rate. It need scarcely be said that such an enactment met little approval. Asking for bread, the Government gave the public a stone, which it was inclined to fling back in the faces of "my Lords." An explanation was made that such a gentle letting-down was all for the public's sake, for fear they should be too ready to write letters and worry the office, or for some equally brilliant reason. At last, on the 10th of January, 1840, the great reform was completed. The following notice was issued:—

"POST OFFICE REGULATIONS,

"January 7th, 1840.

"On and after the 10th January, a letter not exceeding HALF AN OUNCE IN WEIGHT may be sent from any part of the United Kingdom to any other part for ONE PENNY, if paid when posted; or for TWOPENCE if paid when delivered."

Then follow certain instructions and rates with limitations of weight. The PENNY POST was at length an accomplished fact!

THE RESULT.

Mr. Hill was given an appointment in the Post Office in order to assist in carrying out the penny postage scheme; but when the Tories came into office in 1841, the reformer was given the "cold shoulder," and after three years' service Mr. Hill was politely "retired," as he could do nothing more for the department which he had reformed and reconstructed, and to whom the public will ever be indebted. But with the public he met with full appreciation. The jealousy of the Post Office found expression in a pamphlet, that was supposed to have been written by an official, and in it the views of the Department, we may suppose, were embodied. Mr. Hill is "pooh-poohed," his work decried, and the "Office" declared to be under no "obligation" to carry public correspondence, while the *quackery of penny postage* is declared to have had its day. Such was the spirit of the British Post officials in the year of grace 1844—not forty years ago; and some say that

"the trail of the serpent is over them all" to this day!

But in 1846, when a more liberal Government came in, the Whigs re-appointed Mr. Hill; and in 1854 he was nominated Secretary to the Post Office. In 1860, Mr. Hill was knighted, and in March 1864, Sir Rowland Hill retired, and passed, "not into obscurity, but into deserved repose." He was permitted to retire on his full salary of £2,000 a year, and subsequently, at the Queen's suggestion, a grant of £20,000 was made to him—one voice, that of a Mr. Williams, being alone raised against this tardy but well-deserved tribute to the benefactor of his country. Sir Rowland Hill lived several years happily, and in 1880, greatly to the grief of all the civilized world, he died at the age of eighty-five, leaving behind him a deathless name as a legacy to posterity.

It would be beyond our province, and certainly it would extend far beyond our allotted space, did we endeavour to follow the improvements and the benefits that have so rapidly accrued since the introduction of the PENNY POST. From every direction came testimony of the happy results of the system. Letters increased to fabulous amounts up to hundreds of millions, and Sir Rowland lived long enough to see the full measure of his hopes rewarded. The testimony of all peoples and languages united in praise of the great Post Office Reform, carried out in spite of the Post Office. The utilization of the railways for conveyance, and the gradual disappearance of the coaches, are matters which concern us not here. Many reforms were subsequently carried out by Mr. Hill, and many more advantages have annually been given to the public by his successors. The General Post Office now is a gigantic machine, with an enormous business, throwing out its arms in all directions, doing our postal, and banking, and funding business, investing our savings, we hope soon to carry our parcels, and give us cheap telegrams, sending our flying messages over the earth, and distributing our many hundred millions of papers and letters and post cards with an accuracy and despatch unparalleled.

POST OFFICE WORK.

The human machinery for sorting and stamping at the Post Office is of a very complete description. When one sees thousands of letters cast upon the floor to be "sorted," the task appears to the uninitiated as hopeless as the cleansing of the Augean stable; but willing hands quickly pick up and place the letters upon the sorting and stamping tables, with the addresses "right side up." Then the sorters and stampers set to work, and in a marvellously short space of time thousands of letters are stamped and sorted. The men

can tell almost by instinct those which are over the regulation "penny" weight, and such letters (possibly love-letters) are cast aside for weighing, the sorter proceeding at the same time to pick up another *billet-doux* with as much nonchalance as if he had never known the tender passion, and was not anxious to meet his affianced when the day's duty was done.

Valentine's Day, as well as Easter and Christmastide, bring a tremendous accession of force to the Post Office. Last Christmas, one thousand extra sorters were put on at St. Martin's-le-Grand; and the excess of correspondence at that office alone amounted to many millions of letters. The actual number in excess at Christmas 1880 was nine millions, and the excess weight of registered letters three and a half tons! When these facts are known, we may excuse occasional lapses on the part of the Post Office, which, under Mr. Fawcett, is rapidly developing its resources.

We are all familiar with the travelling Post Office. The sorting van of the Royal Mail, which is a conspicuous carriage in the night and early morning trains, which travellers enter so neat and wakeful, and emerge from so sleepy-looking and dishevelled. As the train speeds along, the clerks are busy distributing the letters with marvellous precision into their proper pigeon-holes, and the canvas bags are continually being made up for delivery as the train rushes by. Other bags are hanging from a lever near the station; a net is extended from the van; a spring is touched, the bags from the train are dropped out, and the bags from the town are dropped in simultaneously; the net is taken into the Post Office van, and the passengers are unaware that the operation has been performed, for the speed was scarcely slackened.

The stamp sheet-perforating machine, originally made by Mr. Archer, did away with the troublesome old method of cutting the sheets with a pair of scissors; and the later regulation, by which penny stamps serve for Postal or Inland Revenue purposes, is a great boon. The latest development of the Post Office, viz., the institution of the Parcels Post, is likely to become a most useful arrangement, as far as the public is concerned. Whether the existing carriers will appreciate the action of the Postmaster-General is another matter.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS.

The want of care on the part of the public in posting letters forms a text for much remonstrance every year from the Department. It is to ordinary minds surprising that valuables, such as gold watches and many articles of jewellery, should be found in open

packets in the Post Office, and that annually thousands of letters containing bank-notes, coin, cheques, bills, etc., should be posted without any address. Why frogs, lizards, and "such small deer," with marline-spikes and other sharp instruments, are forwarded through the Post Office is a mystery, but a fact. Snakes have also been found posted. Let us quote the Report for 1881: "Over 5,300,000 letters were dealt with in the Return Letter Office, 475,000 of which it was found impossible to deliver or return. One contained a bank-note for £100, still unclaimed, and attached to the seal of another was a sovereign, which was returned to the owner, who had forgotten to remove it. In addition to the letters, about 500,000 post-cards, 4,000,000 book packets, and 400,000 newspapers found their way to the same office. More than 27,000 letters (an increase of 3,000 over last year) were posted without any address whatever, 5,000 furnished no clue to the name of the sender, and 1,340 contained articles of value to the amount of nearly £5,000. The use of too fragile covers occasioned the escape of some 30,000 articles, and no doubt entailed much disappointment. The habit of transmitting animal and perishable matter, such as fish, sausages, birds to be stuffed, clotted cream, fruit, yeast, salads, jellies, live kittens, and dead rats still prevails; and it is necessary to appeal to the public to discontinue a practice so injurious to the health of the officers in one branch of the Department, and to repeat the warning that such forbidden articles will be stopped. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelve months of 1881 was 1,176,423,600, showing an increase of 4'3 per cent.; the number of post-cards, 122,884,000, an increase of 7'4 per cent.; the number of book packets and circulars, 248,881,600, an increase of 16'3 per cent.; and the number of newspapers, 133,796,100, an increase of 2'5 per cent. There is again a marked increase in registered letters, the number recorded being 10,034,546, against 8,739,191 of the previous year, or an increase of 14'8 per cent."

We may have wondered, as we read the foregoing pages, at the tardy steps by which the greatly needed reform was arrived at. We have seen, that at one time it was deemed impossible to transmit mails from Bath to London in eighteen hours. What would our officials of that day have said to the "Flying Dutchman," the "Wild Irishman," and the "Flying Scotchman"! Twenty years ago the mail was, on one momentous occasion, sent from Cork to Euston Square in thirteen hours, the rate of speed being 34½ miles per hour all through, including transfer stoppages and necessary delays. The speed on the North Western

Railway being at the *average rate* of 52.3 miles per hour!

There are many curious addresses to be noted as one passes through the Post Office, or reads the reports. Such an address as the following must have puzzled the "blind" men, who are supposed to decipher all mysterious and puzzling and "blind" (ill-written) addresses. For instance—

*Ash Bedels in Such,
for John Horsell Grinder,
in the County of Lestysheer.*

Here is another pleasant address for the Post Office to decipher—

*W. Stratton,
commonly
Ceald Teapot,
Wielin.*

Why Mr. Stratton, of Welwyn, was called a "tea-pot," we can only conjecture; perhaps he had prominent features, or was a total abstainer from more exciting beverages than tea.

*Mr. Dick,
Bishop Cans,
ner the Wisers [DEVIZES].*

is another instance of curious geographical complexity. But what can we expect when Her Most Gracious Majesty is addressed as—"Miss Queene Victoria, of England," and as "Mrs. Prince Albert, Balmory Castle," or in more childish form—

*Keen Vic Tory at
Winer Castle.*

With which unique specimen we conclude our extracts.

THE PARCEL POST; CONCLUSION.

We have not space available to do more than enumerate the various propositions lately set forth by the Postmaster-General, for the carriage of parcels; but we must mention this, the latest development of the Department. The idea was broached forty years ago by Sir Rowland Hill; but when the Lords of the Treasury disowned him, or "retired" him, as they officially termed it, he was unable to carry out his idea. His subsequent endeavours were put aside because his suggestion might interfere with the Railway Companies' business. It is this railway opposition which, in conjunction with existing carrying interests, has already proved detrimental to at least one beneficial parcel-carrying scheme. Let us hope that Parliament will pass a measure to prevent the people being taxed for the benefit of a minority of their number.

Under the suggested system it will be possible—we hope it will—"to forward a packet of from four to six pounds weight with the same ease and certainty as an ordinary letter." The reduction upon the carriage of goods will thus benefit sellers and buyers alike. The former will be able to dispense with many carts and horses, the latter will—it may be expected—reap the benefit of the cheaper conveyance. Why the railway "bogy" should alarm the Post Office, we do not know. There are mail trains now, why not parcel trains as well—for a consideration?

The Post Office is the admiration of many, but we wonder how far would the commerce and prosperity of England have developed, and how far the wondrous interchange of thought would have progressed during these later years, if they had depended upon the initiative of the omniverous department now in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and not upon the energy and foresight of Rowland Hill and his propositions for a uniform PENNY POST, which we have so briefly endeavoured to lay before our readers!

H. F.





ARREST OF PURITANS ABOUT TO LEAVE ENGLAND.

HAMPDEN AND SHIPMONEY: THE STORY OF A STRUGGLE FOR ENGLISH LIBERTY.

"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage."—ADDISON.

A Momentous Question—English Liberty in the Olden Time—The Parliament and its Power—Henry IV. and Parliamentary Privileges—Tudors and Stuarts: Their Attitude towards the Parliament and People—Henry VIII. and the Contributions—Queen Elizabeth: Her Dependence on the People—James I.—A New State of Things—Charles I. working out his Father's Theory—John Hampden Member for Wendover—The Despotic Period—An Arbitrary Government—The "Thorough" and Ship Money—The Trial of the Question—The Collapse of "Thorough"—The Short Parliament—The Long Parliament—Breaking out of the Civil War—Death of Hampden—Conclusion.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

TWO centuries and a half ago, in the year 1636, there was tried in the Court of Exchequer a most remarkable and momentous cause, —a cause in which the insignificance of

the demand made against the defendant seemed strangely out of proportion to the elaborate nature of the proceedings, the imposing array of judges on the bench, and protracted arguments carried on through a series of days. For the sum in dispute was

no more than twenty shillings, levied as a tax on part of the estate of a wealthy country gentleman, to whom, as a mere matter of money, the petty sum could have been of no appreciable importance; but behind the demand there stood the question of the liberties of England, and the destiny of the British people for ages to come: and therefore the famous ship-money trial, whose causes, progress, and consequences we propose briefly to put before our readers, may be fitly included among the Epochs of History. "A little snow, tumbled about, anon becomes a mountain," says Pandulph the legate in Shakespeare's *King John*; an action at law brought for the recovery of twenty shillings may have, and this case did have, the effect of opening the eyes of a nation to its position, and to the nature of the demands made upon it by a government, to the peril of its freedom and of its very existence as a monarchy, in which others besides the King have a voice in the great questions of the state.

It was emphatically what may be called a "test" case, on which hung great and vitally important issues. The precise question, as stated by Mr. Hallam in his "Constitutional History," was "whether the king had a right, on his own allegation of public danger, to require an inland county to furnish ships, or a prescribed sum of money by way of commutation, for the defence of the kingdom?"—This question involved the greater and wider one of the extent and nature of the King's authority generally. If he could levy ship-money, there was no doubt of his being an absolute monarch, with supreme and uncontrolled authority over the possessions of his subjects.

BRITISH LIBERTY IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

When men are bent upon increasing their own power, and in their endeavours in that direction seek to encroach upon, or even to overturn, the rights and privileges of others, they usually deprecate very loudly and earnestly anything like interference with or criticisms of their proceedings. "Meddle with no state matters," was one of "the twelve good rules the Royal Martyr drew." "Leave princes' *affaires* undescanted on, and tend to such matters as stand thee upon," wrote cunning old Tusser, in his "Points of Husbandry"—a circumlocutory form of the good old precept, "Mind your own business." During a long period of his reign, the sentiment of Charles I. and of his leading advisers towards the people he governed was similar to that expressed by Caius Marcus in Shakespeare's play: "Hang 'em! They say! They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know what's done in the Capitol . . . making parties strong, and feebling

such as stand not in their liking, below their cobbled shoes!" In the case of Strafford, the words would even apply, when the doughty Roman patrician goes on to declare, that but for the misplaced lenity of the nobility, he would "make a quarry of thousands of these quartered slaves!" and this disposition was abundantly manifested in the notable scheme known as the "Thorough." But happily for themselves and their descendants, the English people were not disposed to yield up their liberties, while they could fight for them. Like the Swiss, who rose against the tyranny of Austria at the beginning of the fourteenth century, their maxim was, "Rather choose death, than life in slavery;" and on this point there was but one feeling north and south of the Tweed. "Freedom is a nobyl thing, freedom makes man to have lykyng," the old Scottish poet had sung, and the hearts of his countrymen echoed the sentiment.

The idea of freedom was no new thing with the British nation. It had grown with the growth of the people, and strengthened with their strength throughout many centuries. Sir John Fortescue, an English judge who lived as early as the time of Henry IV., already wrote learnedly and eloquently of the English Constitution, and of the privileges enjoyed by the people in comparison with continental nations. Old Froissart, the chronicler, accustomed to continental ideas of government, gives it as his opinion that the English are the proudest and most self-asserting people he had ever met with; and Philip de Comines, the chronicler of the courts of Charles the Bold of Burgundy and of the astute and unscrupulous tyrant, Louis XI. of France, frankly expresses his admiration of the tranquillity and peace assured to the English by their form of government; adding an emphatic denunciation of those who advocate war. The English people had been admitted to a greater share in their own affairs than their continental neighbours, simply because the government needed them more. Feudalism was introduced much later, as the form of rule, in England than on the Continent; and being forced upon an altogether reluctant people, was altered and modified much earlier. Henry I., the son of the Conqueror, anxious to strengthen his usurped power by a hold upon the Saxon population, gave charters to various towns; and the worthless John, his great-grandson, was compelled to sign that Great Charter which secured the English nation from the excesses of arbitrary government by solemnly confirming to every man the right of enjoying his possessions, by declaring the monarch had no right arbitrarily to tax his subjects, and by main-

taining the right of every accused person to a fair trial by a jury of his peers. The repeated confirmation of this charter during the reign of the weak son and successor of John, is a sufficient proof of the value attached to the Magna Charter by the English nation; and the nation was right; for within the stipulations of that great "palladium" of English liberty the chief conditions that constitute a free people are to be found.

THE PARLIAMENT AND ITS POWER.

Already under the son and successor of the king who had granted the Magna Charta, the English parliament, with burgesses and knights of the shire, took the place of the old council of nobles and prelates. And from the time of its establishment the power and importance of parliament began rapidly to grow. The warlike character of the reigns of the Edwards made those kings anxious to obtain supplies of money for the carrying on of the long contests they waged; and the parliament won the exceedingly valuable right of voting the supplies, and thus obtained the control of the national purse. From the time when that great assembly could regulate or check the action of the king by granting or withholding the money, without which war was impossible, the chief means for maintaining a popular government had been ensured. Through the troublous times that ensued, parliamentary power continued to maintain itself and to increase. The insecure tenure on which the representatives of the rival houses held the throne during the period when "long years of havoc urged their destined course, and through the kindred squadrons mowed their way," in the struggle between York and Lancaster, rendered the help of the people important to the ruler.

Long before this struggle began, indeed, Henry IV., the first king of the House of Lancaster, had considered it necessary to procure the solemn sanction of parliament to the transfer of the crown from the unhappy Richard to himself. In his reign also, that most important measure was passed which secured the personal safety of the people's representatives, by pronouncing that no member of either House should be put in peril, prosecuted, or imprisoned for words spoken within the walls of parliament in his capacity of legislator. This right of free debate and expression of opinion was thoroughly in the spirit of the English people; who have always valued outspoken frankness, even where the bounds of decorum were passed, and whose favourite ballads celebrate the bluntness of speech of handicraftsmen and churls in their intercourse with kings. It was the infringement of this ancient right on the part of Charles I. that called forth those indignant cries of "Privilege, privilege!" amid which

that ill-advised king retired baffled from the House on that fatal 5th of January, on which he committed the greatest political blunder of his reign.

The institution of regular journals of the House of Commons, in which the proceedings of the assembly were entered, to form a record of its work from day to day and from year to year, forms another important landmark in the history of parliament and its progress, by giving to the proceedings of the assembly all the weight and importance derived from precedent.

Under the Tudors, a high-spirited race of kings, sufficiently inclined to tyrannise over their subjects, exceedingly tenacious of their own authority, and jealous of that of the nobles, the English parliament had sometimes a hard struggle to maintain its position. Now and then the sovereign's hand of iron made itself felt, without the velvet glove. Thus, on one occasion, when rough King Henry VIII. found the Commons hesitating to pass a measure on which he had set his heart, he at once summoned to his presence the legislator who was said to be foremost in the opposition. "Ho, man," cried the King, "they will not pass my bill?"—and as the honourable member knelt humbly before him, he laid his royal hand upon the bowed head—"See that my bill be passed to-morrow, or I will have this head of thine;" and the measure was carried without loss of time.

TUDORS AND STUARTS, WITH RESPECT TO PARLIAMENT.

But although the Tudor monarchs seemed to rule despotically in England, and to dominate all classes alike by their imperious will, the reality, here as elsewhere, differed greatly from the appearance. Every sign of outward homage and subserviency was paid to them, and the language of exaggerated worship was used in addressing these haughty rulers by "many a baron bold, and gorgeous dames, and statesmen old, in bearded majesty," who surrounded their thrones. It has been observed by Macaulay, that Louis XIV. would have blushed to receive from Boileau or Molière such adulation as Elizabeth not only accepted, but looked for; and that "a modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs." It does not follow, however, that because a nation allows its rulers the forms of despotism, it must needs surrender its real and essential liberties and privileges. A man may, in epistolary correspondence, sign himself the "obedient ser-

vant" of another against whom he is maintaining an action at law; and similarly the English people, while paying every possible outward homage to their rulers, insisted on the maintenance of a popular government.

When Henry VIII. attempted to exact "a trembling contribution," in the shape of a forced loan, he at once received an unpleasant reminder of the tenure on which the Kings of England held their authority; for there was an insurrection in Suffolk. If the King could compel his subjects at will to contribute to his necessities, they declared there would be an end of English liberty,— "Then were it worse than the taxes of France, and England should be bond and not free." The King, to do him justice, seems to have appreciated the situation with the sagacity that formed a prominent characteristic of the Tudors. He did not wait until the local insurrection widened into general rebellion, but made concessions at once, while there was time to retrace his steps. On this occasion, as on others, he acted up to the spirit of the words aptly put into his mouth in Shakespeare's great historical play: "We must not wrest our subjects from the law, and stick them in our will." The arbitrary power of a monarch was not, in England, to supersede the regulations laid down, and solemnly ratified, during the course of centuries, for the well-being of the whole nation; and thus it has been remarked by the same historian, that the Tudors, while in many instances they were tyrants at Whitehall, were obliged to rule justly, as regarded the country at large. The nobles, whose order had never recovered the crushing blows inflicted on it by the Wars of the Roses, were powerless in the hands of the King,—who could work his will on any titled subject sufficiently unfortunate to awaken his jealousy and suspicion,—but the King, in his turn, having no standing army with which to enforce his will upon the people, in case of a general opposition, was dependent upon the affection and loyalty of the faithful commons for the maintenance of his throne and dignity, being entirely without the means of putting down any formidable rising, in which popular opinion sided with the insurgents. "They were under the same restraints with regard to their people under which a military despot is placed with regard to his army. They would have found it as dangerous to grind their subjects with cruel taxation, as Nero would have found it to leave his Prætorians unpaid. Those who immediately surrounded the regal person, and engaged in the hazardous game of ambition, were exposed to the most fearful dangers. Buckingham, Cromwell, Surrey, Seymour of Sudely, Somerset,

Northumberland, Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, perished on the scaffold; but in general the country gentleman hunted, and the merchant traded in peace. Even Henry, as cruel as Domitian, but far more politic, contrived, while reeking with the blood of the Lamiaë, to be a favourite with the cobblers."

This dependence of the sovereigns of England upon the good-will of the people was especially understood by the last and incomparably the greatest of the Tudor sovereigns, the haughty, energetic, great-souled Queen Elizabeth. When the great peril came that threatened to deprive her of the crown she wore so nobly, she rode forth to place herself at the head of her people and encounter it. "Let tyrants fear!" said the undaunted Queen. And to the army assembled at Tilbury she went on to declare that though some who were anxious for her safety had warned her of the danger of trusting herself among a great body of men, yet she never wished to see the day when she should distrust her faithful subjects. Therefore had she come forth, thinking foul scorn that Spain, or Parma, or any other prince, should invade the borders of her realm; for though she had the body of a weak woman, she had the heart of a king—and of a king of England, too—and, therefore, full of confidence in the loyalty and affection of her people, she appealed to them for safety, and had come to live, and, if need were, to die among them.

This was the way to touch the hearts of a nation like the English, and the response was a splendid one. The great towns, with London at their head, showed themselves ready to provide more than the proportion demanded of them for the general defence; and the story of the Spanish Armada and its discomfiture forms one of the grandest pages in the annals of our history. Again it is told, that towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, the increase of monopolies had become a serious grievance. It formed the subject of the deliberations of parliament, and at length a remonstrance was presented to the Queen on the subject. Elizabeth not only granted the relief prayed by her faithful Commons, but granted it with a queenly readiness and grace that moved them to enthusiastic gratitude—thanking them for calling her attention to the abuse, and thoroughly showing that she considered her interests as identical with those of the people she governed.

JAMES I.; A NEW STATE OF THINGS.

Very different were the principles and the practice of the Stuart who succeeded her as King of England. James I. has been aptly described as presenting to the world the exact model of what a king ought not to be. Obstinate without true resolution, timid and

cowardly without the caution that should have prevented him from allowing himself to be over-reached alike by France and Spain, the pedantic, self-sufficient professor of the science of kingcraft seemed to toil for many years to bring himself and the country he had been called to govern into contempt; and certainly gave the nation abundant reason to regret the disappearance of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, for whom the adulation of the courtly translators of the

happy grandson fled from the capital of the country that would endure him no longer—seem by their method of proceeding to have totally misconceived the spirit of the nation they governed, and the spirit of the times in which they lived. They perverted the laws their people held in honour; they treated distinguished men with contumely and harshness. “What man but my father would keep such a bird in a cage?” was Prince Henry’s indignant comment on James’s conduct to-



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY FORT.

Bible represented him as so brilliant and efficient a substitute. The Tudors, from the first of them, the cold-hearted, politic Henry VII., down to the fiery Queen Bess, had thoroughly understood the temper of the people they ruled. The Stuarts, on the other hand—from the day when James VI., on his progress southward in 1603, astonished and disgusted the nation by hanging the cut-purse without trial at Newark, until the miserable hour, eighty-five years later, when his un-

wards Raleigh. James especially was always blundering. He lavished caresses, honours, and rewards upon unworthy favourites; he put up for sale the peerages and titles of honour that had been the reward of distinguished statesmanship and valour; and while he did all this, and much more, to exasperate the nation, he arrogated to himself an amount of power the strongest and wisest of his Tudor predecessors would never have ventured to claim. He bullied his parliaments.

Thus one of his speeches in particular is noted as having given special offence by its absurdly arrogant tone. "He made another speech to both the Houses," says a correspondent of Sir Ralph Winwood, "but so little to their satisfaction that I hear it bred generally much discomfort to see our monarchical power and royal prerogative strained so high, and made so transcendent every way, that if the practice should follow the professions, we are not likely to leave to our successors that freedom we received from our forefathers, nor make account of anything we have longer than they list who govern." Again, we find the King concluding a letter to one of his ministers with the words: "And so farewell from my wilderness, which I had rather live in (as God shall judge me), like a hermit in this forest, than be a king over such a people as this pack of Puritans are that overrules the Lower House."

Fortunately, however, the fear indicated in the letter of Sir Ralph Winwood's correspondent was not realised. The practice did not follow the professions. James could threaten and bluster, and declare that the wrath of a king was as the roaring of a lion; but he could not face the opposition excited by his pretensions; and his practice was invariably to make concessions after sufficient delay to deprive them of all grace and dignity, and to show that they were simply the result of fear.

On their part, the Commons, at the very beginning of James's reign, respectfully but firmly gave the King to understand that the kingly authority in England was co-existent with the rights of the nobility and the people, as represented in the Lords and Commons Houses of Parliament. The words used by the Commons admit of no misinterpretation. "Your Majesty would be misinformed if any man should deliver that the Kings of England have any absolute power in themselves, either to alter religion, which God defend should be in the power of any mortal man whatsoever, or to make any laws concerning the same, otherwise than as in temporal causes, by consent of Parliament. We have, and shall at all times by our oaths acknowledge, that Your Majesty is sovereign lord and supreme governor in both." "Such," says Hallam, "was the voice of the English Commons in 1604, at the commencement of that great conflict for their liberties which is measured by the line of the house of Stuart." In a word, James declared that he was an absolute monarch, holding his office by "right divine," and answerable to heaven alone for the manner in which he ruled. The popular party, in and out of parliament, declared that the King's authority was limited and defined, and that he was bound to maintain the constitution of the kingdom he governed, and to

respect the rights and privileges of the people as by law established.

CHARLES I. AS THE WORKER-OUT OF HIS FATHER'S THEORY.

Thus the whole system of James was based on the idea that the people must unhesitatingly submit to the ruling power, as represented in the sole authority of the king. As a natural consequence, his utmost wrath was excited by any deviation from the "passive obedience" and "non-resistance," which he held to be the only justifiable attitude of the nation towards the government. The bishops upheld this view, and preached this "passive obedience and non-resistance;" and the King favoured them accordingly, while he abhorred and detested the Nonconformists, whose consciences would not allow them to accept the King any more than the Pope as the head of the Church. The notorious profligacy of the court, the bribery and venality, the drunkenness that extended even to the ladies, and the despicable personal character of the King himself, served to render his pretensions ridiculous as well as odious. The absurd extent to which these pretensions were carried is illustrated in a speech made in the Star Chamber in 1616, and recorded in the King's "Works." The impiety of the assumption is as glaring as its absurdity. "It is atheism and blasphemy," says the contemptible pedant, "to dispute what God can do; good Christians content themselves with His will revealed in His word; so it is presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this or that."

With discontent at home, and maladministration abroad, with utter collapse of the boasted kingcraft, and woeful sacrifice of the nation's honour, the reign of James I. ran its ignoble course. In 1625 the King died; and from the day when the sceptre passed from his hand to that of his son Charles, the long-delayed strife between royal prerogative and the liberties of England may be said to have definitely commenced. For now, instead of the ungainly, slobbering, shuffling creature who had so long disgraced the royal throne of England, there sat on that dignified seat one who was at once a scholar and a gentleman—blameless in all the relations of private life, and excellent in artistic refinement and taste. And this rendered the position of the country far more critical with regard to the great question of its liberties and their preservation. James I. would never have had the resolution to push the quarrel against his parliament to extremity, and against such men as Pym and Sir John Eliot; James I. would never have had the persuasive power to bring over Sir Thomas Wentworth to his side.

The first period of Charles's reign, from 1625 to 1629, is taken up with his quarrel with the three parliaments he successively called, and successively dismissed. Briefly stated, the cause of quarrel amounted to this: That the Commons endeavoured to use their power of granting or withholding supplies in order to compel the King to grant redress of abuses, to restrain him from continuing an unpopular and unprofitable war, and to induce him to dismiss his worthless favourite, the Duke of Buckingham. To emancipate himself from parliamentary interference was the King's great wish; and he at once entered on a course of menace and defiance.

The first parliament endeavoured to obtain a redress of grievances by granting money very sparingly to the King; Charles dismissed it, and convoked another. The second parliament was less inclined than the first to be tractable in the sense desired by the King. It impeached Buckingham; whereupon the King made a threatening speech, bidding the Commons remember "that parliaments were altogether in his power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution; therefore, as he found the fruits of them good or evil, they were to continue to be or not to be." This amounted to nothing less than a threat of entirely abolishing parliamentary government in England.

In the embarrassment caused by the reluctance of the first parliaments to supply his needs (the two subsidies they had voted him having amounted to only £140,000), the King had resorted to various ways of raising money, not warranted by law. He had sent commissions into the counties to raise money by means of loans to which all the proprietors of estates were expected, according to his means, to contribute, each being assessed at a certain sum. Many who refused to subscribe to this forced loan were committed to prison; and in the houses of others, soldiers were billeted to enforce obedience. The King raised money by customs duties on goods, known as tonnage and poundage; and further coercion was exercised by the substitution of martial law, in the trial of various accusations, for the ordinary courts of England. But all this did not sufficiently supply the King's necessities; for Charles was now engaged in a war with France. Accordingly, a third parliament was summoned, which met early in the year 1628; and answered to the designation of a contemporary writer, who calls it "a great ruffling parliament," meaning one likely to oppose, to menace, and to insult, a bold and inflexible determination, and not to be hectoring into submission.

This third parliament it was, that in 1628, a year made memorable by its doings,

laid before the King the celebrated "Petition of Right," in which the illegality of His Majesty's arbitrary proceedings was set forth, and the rights and privileges of Englishmen were declared in no half-hearted terms. At the same time there was a disposition to effect a compromise with the King, who could point to precedents in the government of former monarchs in support of some of the proceedings denounced as illegal; though on the other side it was contended that these instances were exceptional, and only proved the existence of tyranny in former times, forming no justification for its renewal. The King, however assented to the Petition of Right, and bound himself to abstain from the raising money by tonnage and poundage, from allowing courts martial to supersede the law courts, from billeting soldiers in private houses,—and made other concessions, as the price of which concessions large sums of money were voted to him. Another cause of strife between Charles and his subjects was removed by the death of the arrogant and worthless Buckingham, who fell, struck by the knife of the gloomy fanatic Felton, while preparing, at Portsmouth, to lead a second army, as he had led a first, probably to dire and ignominious discomfiture.

Scarcely had the Parliament been prorogued, in the summer of 1628, before the illegal practices denounced in the Petition of Right were resumed,—the billeting of soldiers on the nation, the exaction of tonnage and poundage, etc. When the Parliament met, in 1629, after the prorogation, the Commons proceeded to adjudicate on the question of tonnage and poundage, denouncing the illegality of that impost in the strongest terms. A resolution was proposed to the effect that those who paid that iniquitous tax were traitors to their country; and when the Speaker, dismayed at the audacity of the Commons, declared that he had received His Majesty's orders to put no such resolution to the vote, a scene of violent indignation and uproar ensued. The Speaker, attempting to put an end to the sitting by leaving the chair, was forcibly held down in his place while the resolution was put, and triumphantly carried. The next day Charles angrily dissolved this, his third parliament, and, as on former occasions, marked his sense of its proceedings by committing the most prominent members to prison. The chief of them, Sir John Eliot, after various unsuccessful applications to the throne for release, or, at least, for a mitigation of the rigours of his captivity, died a prisoner in the Tower of London; and a petition by his sons for the body of their father, that it might be buried on his own estate, was

refused by Charles; who, carrying his enmity beyond the life of his victim, ordered that the remains of Sir John Eliot should be interred in the place where he had died.

JOHN HAMPDEN, ESQUIRE, OF HAMPDEN, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

In each of the three parliaments that had been summoned and dissolved within the space of four years, there had sat as member for the borough of Wendover, a Buckinghamshire esquire, then little known, but destined to leave one of the most illustrious names in the annals of English history. From Lord Nugent's valuable "Memorials of Hampden," we learn some particulars of the family.

The Hampdens had been settled, from before the Norman conquest, on an estate of the same name, bestowed by Edward the Confessor on Baldwin de Hampden, whom Lord Macaulay conjectures to have been one of the Norman favourites brought to England by the last of our Saxon kings. The family had maintained itself in opulence and honour; and one of its representatives, Griffith Hampden, high sheriff of Buckinghamshire, had royally entertained Queen Elizabeth in his ancestral home.

The John Hampden of Charles's time was the grandson of Griffith. He enjoyed a good education, first at Thame Grammar School, afterwards at Magdalen College, Oxford, and, finally, at the Temple in London, where he studied law. He was born in 1594; and already, in 1619, in James's time, we find him sitting in the House of Commons as representative of the Cornish borough of Grampound.

It is recorded that the mother of Hampden (his father had died in 1597) was desirous that her son, as the head of so old and distinguished a family, should have a higher rank than that of a country esquire. But in James the First's reign, peerages and baronetcies were shamelessly bought and sold. "It was only to ask, to pay, and to have;" and Hampden best consulted

his own dignity and self-respect by remaining as he was.

He had won the distinction of attracting the notice and enmity of Charles I. When required to pay his share towards a forced loan to the King he refused; declaring that he would be as willing to contribute as another man, but that he feared to infringe Magna Charta, which document, he declared, ought to be read twice a year in every market town in England, that Englishmen might be reminded of the rights and privileges it behoved them to guard. The exact words recorded are, "He feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which he wished were read twice a year against those who infringe it."

This procured him the distinction of being singled out as a warning example of the King's displeasure. He was committed to prison on the dissolution of the second parliament of Charles I. to the Gatehouse at Westminster, and afterwards to a Hampshire gaol, but was released, and again chosen for Wendover, when the King's necessities made him call his third parliament.

Sir John Eliot, who was sent by the King to die in the Tower, was a valued friend of Hamp-



CHARLES I.

den, the modesty of whose character appears in a very pleasing light, in the correspondence he kept up with the illustrious prisoner, who consulted him on a treatise on government he was writing to beguile his imprisonment. Hampden was a Puritan in belief and in morals; but there was about him nothing of that "sourness" and self-assertion generally attributed to those of his creed by their opponents, and which furnished such copious matter to the satirical pens, of which the sharpest was wielded by Samuel Butler.

Clarendon has borne emphatic testimony to his refinement and grace of manner. "He was of that rare affability and temper in debate," says the author of the "History of the Great Rebellion," and of that seeming humility and submission of judgment, as if he brought no

opinion of his own with him, but a desire of information and instruction. Yet he had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under cover of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he infused his own opinions into those from whom he pretended to learn and receive them." The letter in which he imparts to his imprisoned friend the criticism on the manuscript Sir John had submitted to his revision, is full of this graceful modesty.

DESPOTIC PERIOD; AN ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

Hampden was not one of the men singled out for punishment on the abrupt dissolution

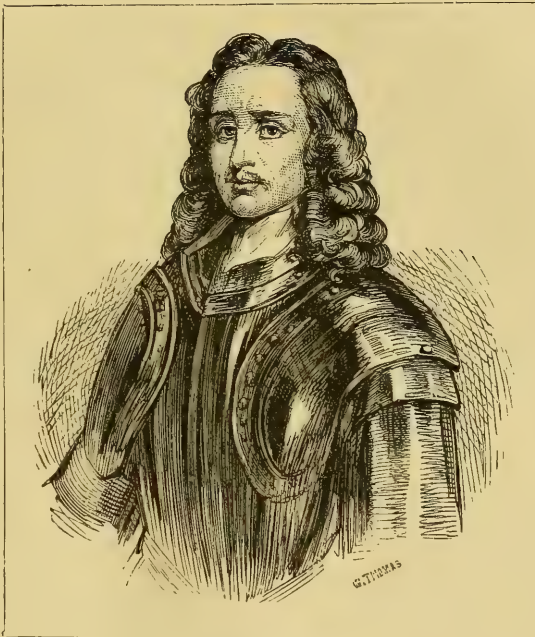
of King Charles's third parliament. He retired to his paternal estate in Buckinghamshire, and for some years occupied himself with the duties that devolved on him as a landed proprietor. Of public duties there were none left for him to fulfil. Parliamentary government was at an end for the time in England; and had been succeeded by the unhappy and shameful period of despotic and irresponsible rule. The jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals was superseded, and their judgments overridden by the Star Chamber,

the Court of High Commission, and the Northern Council. The bigoted and narrow-minded Archbishop Laud, whom Lord Macaulay designates as a lower kind of St. Dominic or Torquemada, raged against the Puritans, on whom were plentifully inflicted those pilloryings, ear croppings, scourgings, long imprisonments, numerous fines, and the host of iniquities which, under the name of "cruel and unusual punishments," were emphatically condemned by a later generation in the Bill of Rights. The tuning of the pulpits, as Laud called the issuing of injunctions to the clergy to preach passive obedience and non-resistance to their flocks, proceeded most energetically; and a man of consummate ability and equal unscrupulousness was found

to initiate a system by which the voice of the English people should be silenced, and the liberties of the nation definitely and irretrievably ruined.

This man was Sir Thomas Wentworth, formerly a prominent member of the parliamentary opposition, and the trusted friend of Pym, Hollis, Hampden, and the rest of the patriotic leaders. But he had been detached from his party, and won over by the blandishments and persuasions of the King during the interval of the prorogation, and hated his former associates with all the rancour of a renegade. No two men could have been more unlike than Wentworth, who was

created Earl of Strafford and afterwards Viceroy of Ireland for his partisanship of the King, and Laud, who was made Archbishop of Canterbury for a similar reason. Strafford was a man of commanding intellect, of inflexible resolution, and ever-ready resource, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of empires"; and of him it might further be said, as of the great fallen angel, "On his brow deliberation sat, — princely care, — majestic though in ruin." Laud, zealous and busy, fussily anxious for power and



JOHN HAMPDEN.

supremacy, had the puniest of intellects, and was saturated with a drivelling superstition. But the two men understood each other completely.

THE "THOROUGH," AND SHIP-MONEY.

The scheme by which the two chief advisers of the King proposed governing England has become extensively known under the name of "Thorough"; a name taken from an expression frequently used in their correspondence. It well expresses the length to which Laud and Strafford were prepared to go, and the complete change they proposed to introduce into the system of government in England. "For the State," the Archbishop writes to his colleague, "in-

deed, my Lord, I am for Thorough; but I see that both thick and thin stays somebody where I conceive it should not; and it is impossible to go Thorough alone." And in another letter he says, "As for my marginal note, I see you deciphered it well; and I see you make use of it, too; do so still, thorough and thorough. Oh that I were where I might go so to! But I am shackled between delays and uncertainties."

The notable scheme of the two conspirators against their country's liberties was indeed most thoroughly subversive of the rights of the English people. It may be briefly summed up as follows: Perfect and uncontrolled authority for the ruler in all matters pertaining to Church and to State, with compulsory uniformity of worship for all the King's subjects; taxation at the King's sole will and pleasure for the maintenance of despotic rule; and a standing army wherewith to enforce obedience and to quell any sign of ill-humour or tendency to resistance on the part of the governed.

Money was indeed necessary, nay, indispensable, for carrying out such a scheme. The former devices, tonnage and poundage, etc., were put into requisition; and at length a new source of supply was suggested by the ingenuity of Noy, Charles's Attorney-General, and Finch, the Lord Chief Justice. Writs were issued in the King's name for levying a tax for equipping ships for the King's service; and these writs were addressed not, as in former days, to the maritime towns in time of war, but scattered through the length and breadth of the land in time of peace,—a startling innovation.

Whitelock, in his "Memorials," thus describes this transaction, in his record for the year 1635: "The Privy Council wrote letters to every *high sheriff* of England, directing them for the taxing and levying of the ship money; and yet, with great care and equality, much beyond what was observed in following taxes. But the *gilding* (*sic*) of this illegal pill would not cause it to be swallowed down; but many people, especially the knowing gentry, expressed great discontent at this new assessment and burthen as an imposition against law and the rights of the subject."

Then it was that Hampden came forth from his retirement, and stood up as the champion of his country's rights against venal judges, unscrupulous ministers, and a tyrant king.

The account of the famous ship-money controversy, as given by Whitelock, sufficiently shows the pressure put upon the judges, and the means by which the court could, in cases of importance, procure a judgment in accordance with its wishes, however contrary to the dictates of liberty and justice. The events are thus briefly chronicled in the "Memorials."

Mr. John Hampden, a gentleman of an ancient family in Buckinghamshire, and of a great estate and parts, denied the payment of ship-money as an illegal tax. He often advised in this great business with Holborn, Saint John, Whitelock, and others of his friends and counsel. Several other gentlemen refused the payment of this tax of ship-money; whereupon the King was advised by the Lord Chief Justice Finch and others to require the opinion of his judges, which he did, stating the case in a letter to them. After much solicitation by the Chief Justice Finch, *promising preferment to some, and highly threatening others whom he found doubting*, he got from them, in answer to the King's letter and case, their opinions in these words:—

"We are of opinion that when the good and safety of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, Your Majesty may, by writ under the great seal of England, command all your subjects of this your kingdom, at their charges, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, victual, and ammunition, and for such time as Your Majesty shall think fit, for the defence and safeguard of the kingdom, from such peril and danger. And that by law Your Majesty may compel the doing thereof in case of refusal or refractoriness. And we are also of opinion that in such case Your Majesty is the sole judge, both of the dangers and when and how the same is to be prevented and avoided."

This opinion, signed by Davenport, Denham, Hutton, Jones, Croke, Trever, Bramston, Finch, Vernon, Berkley, Crawley, and Weston, was, we are told, "enrolled in all the Courts of Westminster, and much distasted many gentlemen of the country, and of their own profession, as a thing *extra-judicial, unusual, and of very ill consequence* in this great business, or in any other."

HOW THE GREAT SHIP-MONEY TRIAL WAS CONDUCTED.

The trial in which Hampden stood up as the champion of the rights of Englishmen against the encroachments of the king, shows abundant proofs, among other points, of the servility of the judges in those days, and of their subservience to the King. It is difficult, at the present day, to conceive the amount of cringing meanness displayed by several of the men whose high office it was to expound the law of England, and who should be ready, as described in Dryden's magnificent sketch of Shaftesbury, to show themselves prompt on every occasion,

"Unbribed, unbought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access."

In this case, as Hallam pertinently observes, the Ministers had been anxious to gain over to their side the interpreters of the law, and had insisted that the judges should, during their circuits, declare it to be the duty of every loyal subject to show his zeal for his King's service by immediate compliance with the ship-money writs. An "opinion" of the judges, given by royal command, and unanimously subscribed to by all the twelve, declared that, "when the good and safety of the kingdom in general is concerned, and the whole kingdom in danger, His Majesty might, by writ under the great seal, command all his subjects, at their charge, to provide and furnish such number of ships, with men, munition, and victuals, and for such time as he should think fit, for the defence and safeguard of the kingdom ; and that by law he might compel the doing thereof, in case of refusal or refractoriness ; and that he was the sole judge, both of the danger, and when and how the same was to be prevented and avoided." An opinion of this kind, given by the judges of the land, and publicly made known to the nation, might have been supposed a sufficient deterrent to any man from raising the question before a tribunal whose views had been thus unequivocally expressed ; and thus we are the more inclined to admire the resolution of the man who, under such circumstances, was content to incur expense, anxiety, and personal peril, by solemnly bringing up the great national question for adjudication.

The law was with overwhelming force on the side of Hampden. The whole spirit and practice of English legislation for centuries had been in the direction of confirming the power of Parliament to control the taxation of the kingdom ; and no one could fail to see that, by extending the writs for ship-money to the inland counties, the King was overstepping all the bounds observed even by the most imperious of his ancestors, and was turning what his own party acknowledged to have been only an exceptional and urgent expedient into a regular source of supply. In the grave, saturnine Oliver St. John, who conducted his case, Hampden had a man of undoubted talent, whose heart was thoroughly in the cause, and who, therefore, did not fail to give full force to every point in favour of his client's cause, and that of English liberty.

The arguments for and against the levying of ship-money, are briefly and clearly summed up in Dr. Lingard's History. The Attorney-General and Solicitor-General alleged in behalf of the Crown, that already under the Anglo-Saxon Kings, the tax called "Danegelt" had been annually levied, for the maintenance of a naval force ; that

requisitions had been issued over and over again by various English kings, pressing ships into the service, and calling upon the maritime counties to furnish and equip them ; that the claim was reasonable, and in furtherance of the public service ; and that occasions would arise when prompt action was necessary ; and that if the King could not, on such occasions, call upon his subjects for immediate aid, the country, while waiting for the assembling of a Parliament, would suffer incalculable injury from delay. Thus the general good and the public service were ingeniously placed by Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor in the forefront of the battle ; and these, it was declared, would be promoted by acknowledging the royal prerogative in its utmost extent.

In opposition to these arguments it was contended by Hampden's counsel, "That no argument could be founded on the imperfect hints in our ancient writers respecting the Danegelt, or the naval armament of the Anglo-Saxon Kings ; that out of the multitude of precedents adduced, not one bore any resemblance to the present writs, which first ordered the inhabitants of the inland counties to fit out ships, and then to pay money in lieu of those ships ; that no urgent necessity could be pleaded, for the writs had been issued six months before the ships were wanted, and consequently there was sufficient time to assemble and consult the Parliament ; that these writs (and this, the concluding argument, was the strongest) were in opposition to the Statutes and Petition of Right, which provided that no tax should be levied on the subject without the consent of Parliament ; nor was it a valid objection that the King could still levy an aid on the knighthood of his son, and the marriage of his eldest daughter, for these cases were expressly excepted in Magna Charta, and virtually in the preceding statutes." The illegality of unparliamentary taxation was indeed so notorious that no forensic eloquence could suffice to make even an apparently good case for it.

DIVINE RIGHT AND ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

Accordingly, Banks, the Attorney-General, thought it advisable to rest his case on a basis of "divine right of kings," and "royal prerogative." He laid down an astonishing proposition, which, if conceded, would simply place the property of every Englishman at the uncontrolled disposal of the king. He boldly contended that royal authority was unlimited, except by the will of the monarch himself. Kingly authority with him meant absolute authority. "This power is innate in the person of an absolute king, and in the

person of the kings of England. All magistracy, it is of nature; and obedience and subjection, it is of nature. This power is not any ways derived from the people, but reserved unto the king when positive laws first began. For the King of England, he is an absolute monarch; nothing can be given to an absolute prince but what is inherent in his person. He can do no wrong. He is the sole judge, and we ought not to question him. Where the law trusts, we ought not to distrust. The Acts of Parliament contain no express words to take away so high a prerogative, and the king's prerogative, even in lesser matters, is always saved wherever express words do not restrain it."

This argument at least acknowledged some kind of power in parliament "by express words" to interfere with the king's will; but some of the judges even went further, and considered that the king was not bound by any law. Berkley, one of them, declared that the law was an old and trusty servant of the king's, and that he had never heard that *lex* was *rex*, "but it is most common and most true that *rex* is *lex*." Vernon, another judge, unhesitatingly gave his opinion that the king might dispense with any law in cases of necessity; and Finch, with whom much of the responsibility of the ship-money measures rested, declared, "They are void Acts of Parliament to bind the king not to command the subjects, their person, and goods, and I say their money, too; for no Acts of Parliament make any difference." Absolute government could go no farther than this.

In spite of all the pressure that could be brought to bear on behalf of the Government,—and it was very considerable, for at that time the judges held their appointments not for life or "during good behaviour," but at the pleasure of the king, who could at once remove from their offices those who offended him,—the Court gained only the smallest possible majority, seven of the judges giving their opinions in favour of the King, and five for Hampden. One of the latter, Croke, is said to have wavered, and to have been admonished of his duty by his wife, who exhorted him not to let personal considerations for her welfare or that of his children stand in the way of his honest and impartial judgment in this great matter.

The cause was no less than six months before the court; and this, as has been remarked by various writers, was doubtless of great service to Hampden, and proportionately injurious to his opponents; for it gave every man full time to make himself acquainted with the merits and the paramount importance of the case. It was well understood that this was no temporary impost, intended to meet a necessity of the moment, but, as Clarendon

himself, writing on the King's side, declares, "for a spring and magazine that should have no bottom, and for an everlasting supply of all occasions."

That Hampden would be beaten was, considering the nature of the tribunal before which his action was tried, a foregone conclusion. That his opponents should have only the narrowest possible majority could not be reckoned otherwise than as a triumph of the popular cause. The irritation occasioned in the mind of the nation by these proceedings did not pass away; and among the party of whom Hampden was now looked upon as the acknowledged chief, the trial with its issue was kept, as Whitelock expresses it, "*alta mente repostum*," even as the well-remembering Juno kept in her heart that "*Judicium Paridis*," for which she was determined to exact so heavy an expiation.

HAMPDEN'S POPULARITY; A SCHEME OF EMIGRATION; ITS DEFEAT.

Concerning the popularity gained by the great Buckinghamshire esquire by the ship-money trial, we have the emphatic testimony of Clarendon, whom Lord Macaulay quotes in his Essay on Lord Nugent's "Memorials." The eloquent historian of the civil war, in general no favourable witness for the opposition leaders, says: "Till this time he was rather of reputation in his own county than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom." Nor can Clarendon withhold a word of praise for the admirable temper and moderation displayed by Hampden throughout this trying time. He seems, indeed, to have been singularly happy in freedom from the angry passions that defaced the character even of good and earnest men, in those times of iniquity and wrong. Clarendon tells us "his carriage throughout that agitation was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly, to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony."

Laud and Strafford were exceedingly angry at the popularity of Hampden, and the open way in which the people's appreciation of him was exhibited. Laud's narrow mind revolted against the free expression of opinion, in speech or in writing. Hence his acrimony against those whom he called libellers, and his cruel rancour against Prynne, Bastwick, Barton, and others, who at this time were suffering mutilation and imprisonment. He considers that the men whose ears have been cut off by the hangman, and who have been sent to languish in

distant dungeons, have been too leniently treated; that the Government has not been nearly sharp and determined enough. Writing to Strafford, he says: "A little more quickness in the Government would cure this itch of libelling. But what can you think of Thorough, when there shall be such slips in business of consequence? What say you to it, that Prynne and his fellows should be suffered to talk what they pleased while they stood in the pillory, and win acclamations from the people?" What can we think of Thorough, indeed?—simply, that Thorough was in a bad way, when the spirit of the nation began to be alive to its nature and its probable consequences.

Strafford was equally indignant and alarmed; and in his correspondence with Laud on the occasion, his malignant hatred against the Puritans breaks forth: "Mr. Hampden is a great brother," he writes (the name *brother* was generally given to the Puritans), "and the very genius of that people leads them always to oppose, as well civilly as ecclesiastically, all that ever authority ordained for them; but in good faith, were they right served, they should be whipt home into their right wits; and much beholden should they be to any one that would thoroughly take pains with them in that kind." Again he wishes that "Mr. H., and others to his likeness, were well whipt into their right senses; and," he adds, "if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

The legal triumph of the Court party, such as it was, inflamed the Government of Charles to greater acts of tyranny. "Those whom the gods wish to ruin they first deprive of reason," said the philosopher of old; and certainly the recklessness of misrule in 1637 seems compatible only with moral insanity on the part of those who governed the country. The Star Chamber was more arbitrary than ever, ably seconded by that of High Commission and the Northern Court; and the persecution against the Puritans was more and more unrelenting. Under these circumstances Hampden, whose liberty was no longer safe in England, resolved to emigrate to America, where many of the brethren had found a freedom denied them in their own land; and he was to be accompanied by his kinsman Oliver Cromwell. But the ships which were to convey the cousins, with a number of other Puritans, to America, were prevented from sailing; and Hampden was compelled to remain in England. He remained, to do greater service to his country than even in the matter of the ship-money.

The order that stopped the departure of Hampden was procured by Laud, who com-

plained of men "running to New England." He little knew what he was preparing for himself by keeping in Old England such men as Hampden and Cromwell.

HOW "THOROUGH" CAME TO AN END IN ENGLAND.

After the enforced abandonment of his emigration scheme, Hampden withdrew again, for a time, into the background; for never was there a man less likely to put himself forward, except where duty demanded it. But the years 1638 and 1639 were full of events fraught with tremendous consequences to the Government of Charles and his Ministers, and to the future destiny of England. The disaffection of the Puritans in England was increased by the publication of the "Book of Sports;" which, by officially permitting, or rather enjoining, amusements on Sundays, deeply offended the feelings and opinions of that influential sect. Then came the ill-advised attempt to enforce the use of the Liturgy in Scotland; and Clarendon tells how, "on the Sunday morning appointed for the work," when the Dean began to read the service in the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, "a shower of stones and sticks and cudgels" came flying at that functionary's head; and how the rioters, on being turned out of the church, the doors of which were shut, "continued their barbarous noise" in the churchyard, breaking the windows, and endeavouring to force the doors, "so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions." The signing of the Covenant, the rebellion in Scotland, and the establishment there of a Provisional Government, were the next steps; and the army of Charles proved utterly unable to quell the formidable rising.

A hasty and ill-arranged pacification, as ill kept as it had been ill made, was followed by a second campaign, in which the failure of the royal troops was most ignominious; and Laud, and even the resolute Strafford, stood aghast at the ruin that threatened their master. The financial condition of the Government, too, was deplorable. The revenues of the year had been anticipated, and spent, and there was no method available for rising a new and a prompt supply. It was impossible to carry out "Thorough" to its logical conclusion without a strong standing army to put down rebellion; and this task the standing army had failed to accomplish. Thus the "Thorough" system, or rather the attempt to establish it, had proved a failure; and the King was obliged to have recourse to the expedient he would gladly have avoided—the calling of a parliament; and, accordingly, after an interval of more than ten years, the writs for

the assembling of the Lords and Commons were issued, at the beginning of 1640.

THE "SHORT PARLIAMENT" AND ITS FATE.

From the day when parliamentary government was once more re-established in England, until the sad hour that saw the country deprived of his services when she needed them most, the life of Hampden forms part of the history of England. He was chosen to represent his native county, Buckinghamshire, and at once came to London to enter upon his duties. He was now in close intimacy and companionship with Pym, who divided with him the care and labour of leading the popular party in the House of Commons.

The Parliament met in April 1640; and the first question to be brought under its consideration was that of ship-money. The King, whose necessities were pressing, offered to give up the prerogative of levying this tax, in consideration of twelve subsidies; and here at once arose an occasion of difference. For the King had already surrendered the right (if he ever possessed it) on a former occasion, receiving five subsidies as the price of the concession; and had afterwards resumed the alleged right so soon as it suited him to take back his words. The Commons were willing to grant supplies, but not exactly in the form demanded by His Majesty. As Macaulay observes, they could hardly be expected to purchase over again what they had already bought and paid for.

They were not allowed time for deliberating, nor for discussing the question. So soon as he found there was to be a debate, Charles angrily dissolved the parliament, to the sorrow and indignation of the country, and to the surprise and bewilderment of the King's own friends, who, like Clarendon, could not imagine in what way the Commons had offended him. Clarendon himself describes the House as very loyal and anxious to serve His Majesty. "It could never be hoped," he says, "that more sober and dispassionate men would ever meet together in that place, or fewer who brought ill purposes with them." But the fact of their questioning the legality of ship-money, his favourite impost, seems to have been enough to set the King against the Commons.

And so this emphatically short parliament separated after a session of only a few days.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT AND ITS DOINGS; A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Again the system of despotism was tried in England. Ship-money was exacted more rigorously than ever, and the assessments were to a larger amount. Forced loans and other similar expedients were also brought

into action; and it seemed as though the government were ready to brave any amount of unpopularity in the frantic endeavour to obtain "the sinews of war" for combating the Scots. All was in vain. The army raised by the King would not face the enemy. The flight of the troops has been attributed to disaffection rather than to cowardice. Be that as it may, they ran away; and the Scottish army advanced into England. There was no resource but to call a parliament; and accordingly that celebrated assembly, known as the Long Parliament, met in the beginning of November 1640, under circumstances that gave to it a power no previous House of Commons had possessed.

And the members were conscious of their power, and determined to use it without stint. Clarendon tells us how "the same men who, six months before, were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied, talked now in another dialect, both of kings and other persons; and said that they must now be of another temper than they were the last parliament." Hampden again sat for Buckinghamshire. He had been elected both for the county and for his old borough of Wendover.

And now, more than ever, were all eyes turned on John Hampden, the patriot. Clarendon describes him as being generally considered, at this period, as *pater patriæ*, the pilot who was to guide the ship of the state through the perils and quicksands that surrounded it, and to whose unswerving integrity, unerring sagacity, and tried rectitude of conduct, followers and opponents alike paid ungrudging testimony. His rare talent for parliamentary debate, his power of swaying to his will a large and turbulent assemblage, the convincing strength of his logic, are seen everywhere during that eventful session, in which the parliament, alike determined and indignant, pulled down so much that had long formed part of the government of the country, the Star Chamber, the High Commission, the Northern Court; besides executing vengeance on Stafford and Laud, and calling to account the timid and venal judges who, by their judgments in the great ship-money case, had virtually surrendered the property of every man in England into the hands of the sovereign. Everywhere the presence of the great statesman was felt, everywhere his voice is heard, advising, admonishing, pleading for justice, and advocating moderation in the hour of triumph. Clarendon's opinion of his talents and character is pronounced in no doubtful terms. "Of an industry and vigilance not to be tired out or wearied by the most laborious, and of parts not to be imposed upon by the most subtle and sharp." "His reputation of honesty was uni-



HAMPDEN MORTALLY WOUNDED AT CHALGROVE FIELD.

versal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bind them." Such, with a high appreciation of his statesmanship, is Clarendon's opinion of the character of Hampden.

It was a great opportunity that which now presented itself to the Long Parliament; and to Hampden is greatly due the credit of the fact that on the whole the opportunity was well used for the honour and advantage of the country.

HOW THE COUNTRY DRIFTED INTO THE CIVIL WAR; CONCLUSION.

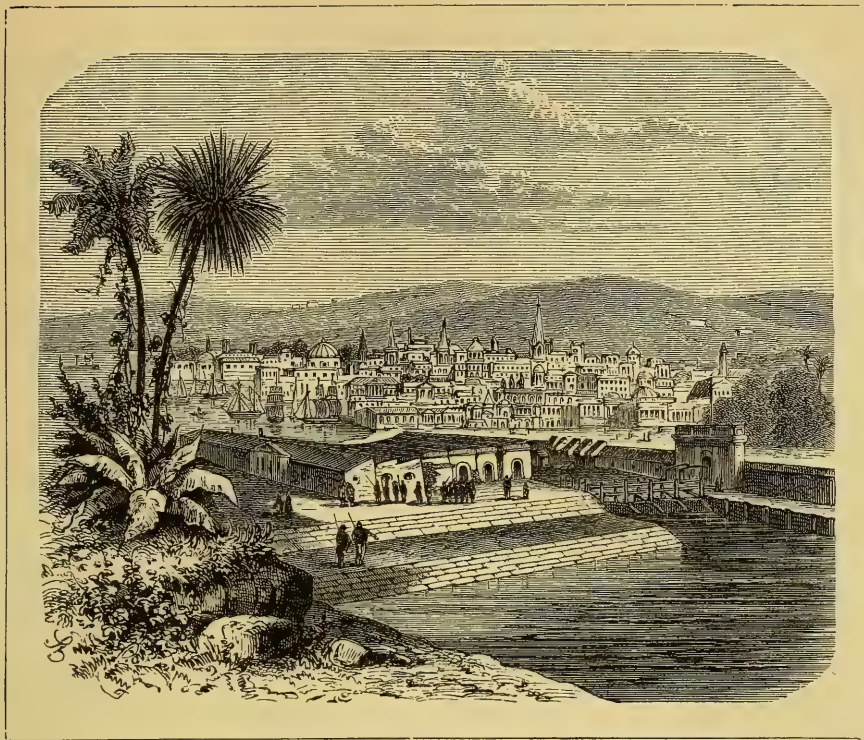
During the first session of the Long Parliament, there was general unanimity among the members in the Commons as to the necessity of sweeping away abuses, and taking vengeance on evil doers. But when the Houses met again, after the recess, there was considerable difference of opinion; a reaction had set in in favour of the King, with whom many sympathized in his humiliation and helplessness; and stormy debates took place in the House, in which the wisdom and moderation of the great popular leader were more than ever called into request. This was especially the case in the debate whether the Grand Remonstrance—a document in which all the misrule of his reign was set forth—should be presented to the King or not. One of the members emphatically declares that but for the restraining influence of Hampden they would have been sheathing their swords in each other's bosoms.

At one time it was in contemplation to form a Ministry from among the chief members of the House, and the office of tutor to the Prince of Wales was to have been entrusted to Hampden; but on the death of the Earl of Bedford, the negotiation fell through.

The last chance of the re-establishment of confidence between the King and his Parliament was lost when, on the 5th of January, 1642, Charles came down to the House of Parliament with an armed force, to arrest the great patriot and four of his colleagues in the Commons, on a charge of high treason. This flagrant violation of law and justice filled up the measure of the unhappy monarch's errors. It astounded and bewildered his friends, and lost him many waverers who

were ready to turn to him, but now felt convinced that no compact worthy of the name could be made with the ruler who could take such a step. And so Charles quitted London; and in a few months the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and the Civil War began. Of that great struggle Hampden only saw the commencement. No greater calamity could have befallen the Parliamentary party than the loss of the one man in whose patriotism there was not the smallest leaven of self-seeking; whose thoughts and hopes and aspirations from the commencement were for his country. From the beginning of the war, Hampden seemed to have recognised it as one in which it was necessary not only to draw the sword, but to throw away the scabbard. He deprecated the negligence which left the marauding cavalry of the Royalists to range through the country at will; and it was in an attempt to remedy errors of this kind, committed by the languid Essex, that a life, invaluable to his country and her cause, was sacrificed. In a skirmish on Chalgrove field, against the cavalry of Rupert, he was severely and, as it proved, mortally wounded; and rode slowly out of the field to die. His last words and his last thoughts were for the country he had loved so well, and served so faithfully. "He was buried," says Lord Macaulay, "in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bare-headed, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm, in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night." And long afterwards, when he was Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell spoke to those around him of the days when the great struggle began. "I had a very worthy friend then," said the Protector,—we may imagine with a touch of pathos in his voice,—"and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all,—Mr. John Hampden." And so, after a lapse of two centuries and a half, the name of John Hampden is still grateful, and represents all that is good and noble, in the affectionate remembrance of the nation, in whose name he dared to stand up alone and undaunted for liberty.

H. W. D.



CALCUTTA.

FROM THE BLACK HOLE TO PLASSEY.

THE STORY OF ENGLAND'S SUPREMACY IN BENGL.

A Memorial of a Great Event—India under Aurungzebe and his Successors—The East India Companies and their Rivalries—The Dutch in India ; their Arrogance—England and France in the Carnatic—Dupleix and his Schemes of Dominion—Robert Clive—The Defence of Arcot—Supremacy of the British in Hindostan—Suraj-ud-Dowla and the English in Calcutta—Capture of Calcutta—The Massacre of the Black Hole—Mr. Holwell's Account of the Transaction—The Expedition from Madras ; Victory and Revenge—The Conspiracy to dethrone the Suba ; Omichund and his Treachery—"Diamond cut Diamond" : Clive's Device—Opinions of Mill and Macaulay on his Conduct—The War against the Nabob ; Clive in Command—Question of risking a General Engagement—The Battle of Plassey and its Consequences—Meer Jaffer Ruler of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar—Pecuniary Transactions of Clive with Meer Jaffer—Further Victories—Rewards and Honours ; Return of Clive to England—The Company's Rule in India ; Grievances and Calamities—"Ringing the Changes on Soubahs"—Meer Cossim and his Successors—Further Proceedings of the Company—Clive's Third Visit to India—How he applied the Remedy—The Result—Conclusion.

A MEMORIAL OF A GREAT EVENT.

AMONG the monuments that attract the attention of the stranger in Calcutta, there is one especially to which a dark and mournful, and at the same time a proud interest is attached ; for while, on the one hand, it bears record of a great and terrible calamity and outrage, it

marks, on the other, the vengeance exacted for wrongs perpetrated against British subjects, long before the days of Lord Palmerston and his famous doctrine of "Civis Romanus sum." The monument in question, which makes no claim to architectural or decorative beauty, marks the site of the prison chamber where, in 1756, was com-

mitted "that great crime memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed,"—generally known as the Massacre of the Black Hole. Here it was, the spectator reads, that in one burning night of a Bengal summer a hundred and twenty-three out of a hundred and forty-six English people were done to death by the cruelty of their guards; and from the atrocity then accomplished arose the train of events which ended in making the English masters of Hindostan.

For with the massacre of the Black Hole of Calcutta is intimately associated the great victory of Plassey, with all its momentous consequences. Seldom in history has a great and important series of events, involving consequences of no less magnitude than the transfer of a vast empire, been accomplished within so short a space of time as in that memorable epoch in the annals of India. In 1756 was the massacre of the Black Hole. In the next year the English were virtually masters of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, and had the undoubted supremacy over the various European powers located in India.

INDIA UNDER AURUNGZEBE AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

Early in the sixteenth century a great conqueror, a descendant of Timur Beg or Timur the Lame, came marching through the mountain passes which separate the Afghan territories from Hindostan; and succeeded, after a series of sanguinary combats, in establishing himself, by the decisive battle of Panipat, near Delhi, in 1526, as the ruler of India. This conqueror was Baber, the first of the Great Moguls; and at Delhi he established his throne, from which his descendants continued for centuries to sway the destinies of the mighty realm that extended from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. The empire of the Moguls was remarkable for its splendour and magnificence. Roe, Bernier, and various travellers tell of the glories of Delhi; of Agra, the second city in the empire, and of the various rich and fertile provinces whose wealth was poured into the treasury of the great Moguls. About a hundred and thirty years after the commencement of the Mogul rule, Aurang Zib, the "ornament of the throne," generally known as Aurungzebe, began his long reign of half a century. He was the craftiest and most astute ruler of his race; and when he at length died, at the age of eighty-nine, the empire he governed appeared outwardly vigorous, and retained the semblance of prosperity; he had considerably widened the borders of the country that obeyed his mandates. In reality, however, the seeds of

decay were already in the empire, though hidden by Aurungzebe's energy and ability. He was no sooner dead than the disorganization of the state began to show itself in the most lamentable form; and throughout the first half of the eighteenth century the once proud supremacy of the Moguls existed only in name.

As in various countries, in mediæval and earlier times, the weakness of the chief government led to the establishment of separate authorities, only nominally subservient to the central power. The rulers of the various parts of India, still calling themselves vassals to the Great Mogul, became virtually independent; the various Nizams, Nabobs, Rajahs, and others, doing what seemed right in their own eyes, without reference to the sluggish ruler at Delhi. The land was full of violence and bloodshed, various foreign invaders, Persians, Afghans, and numerous fierce tribes, contending with the natives for the mastery; and in certain districts irregular governments were set up by freebooting chiefs, who held their ill-gotten power in spite of all efforts to overthrow them. Among these, the most noted for courage and ferocity were the Mahrattas, who not only levied contributions, or as Lord Macaulay designates it, "black-mail," upon the sovereign himself at Delhi, but extended their depredations to Calcutta itself, so that it became necessary to erect fortifications, and to dig the celebrated Mahratta ditch, in the hope of ensuring safety against them.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANIES, AND THEIR RIVALRIES.

Since the period when the discovery of the maritime route to India opened a new way for commerce between the western nations and the opulent East, various nations had endeavoured to engross to themselves, as far as possible, the great advantages accruing from the trade with India. At the end of Elizabeth's reign the East India Company had been formed; and during the seventeenth century it had continued to grow in importance and wealth. In the reign of William III., great dissensions had occurred, in consequence of the formation of a new company, which was alleged to have infringed the rights of the older institution; but the two rivals very sensibly effected an amalgamation, and after 1708 appeared as one, under the name of the United East India Company. This corporation possessed a very valuable monopoly of the trade to India; and one of the chief duties of its agents and servants consisted in keeping a vigilant eye upon all private traders who attempted to infringe the right granted to the Company by its

charter, which was three times renewed during the course of the eighteenth century.

The second East India Company, and one that prospered greatly during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it more than competed with the English corporation, was that of Holland.

That the Dutch were at one time very formidable rivals to the English East India Company, and took every opportunity to increase their power, is abundantly manifest. In Pepys's Diary, under date of the 15th of February, 1663-64, we find the following entry: "This afternoon Sir Thomas Chamberlin come to the office to me, and shewed me several letters from the East Indys, shewing the height that the Dutch are come to there, shewing scorn to all the English, even in our only factory there of Surat, beating several men, and hanging the English standard St. George under the Dutch flag in scorn; saying that whatever their masters do or say at home, they will do what they list, and be masters of all the world there; and have so proclaimed themselves Sovereigns of all the South Seas; which certainly our King cannot endure if the Parliament will give him money."

Things had been very different under grim old Oliver, who would have demanded most signal reparation for such an insult to the British flag. The "Standard Saint George," and the interests of the country it represented, were not likely to suffer in his hands. Under the same month, Mr. Pepys relates how he and his acquaintance Mr. Cutler, being on the Exchange, in London: "by-and-by joyned with us Sir John Bankes, who told us several passages of the East India Company; and how, in every case, where there was due to him and alderman Mico £64,000 for injury done to them in the East Indys, Oliver, presently after the peace, they delaying to pay them the money, sent them word, that if they did not pay them by such a day, he would grant letters of mark to those merchants against them; by which they were so fearful of him, they did presently pay the money every farthing." This was completely in the Protector's style of dealing with those who inflicted injury on the country he governed and made respected throughout the world.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN THE CARNATIC.

But the power of Holland was greatly diminished, and her influence became comparatively insignificant, in the eighteenth century; while in India the power of France rose rapidly, and for a time threatened to exceed, if not to extinguish, all other foreign influences in that country. The astute and

energetic Dupleix, governor of Pondicherry, the chief French settlement in that rich province of the Deccan known as the Carnatic, took advantage of the rivalry of two competitors for the throne of the Deccan, and for the governorship of the Carnatic, to make the influence of France predominant in India. The opportunity for interference occurred on the death of the Nizam al Mulk, ruler of the Deccan, in 1748. The scheme of Dupleix was "to make a nabob of the Carnatic, to make a viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India." The English, as was their wont, took the opposite side, and supported the claims of the candidates against whom the French were fighting; but Dupleix succeeded in seating his protégé, Mirzapha Jung, on the throne of the Deccan, and was rewarded by the grateful puppet king with such exuberance of honour, that for a time he became the greatest man in southern India—a kind of Mayor of the Palace to this Eastern slug-gard king—and his scheme seemed to have completely succeeded.

But there had been shipped to India, a few years previously, as a writer in the Company's service, "to make a fortune, or to die of a fever at Madras," a very hot-headed, obstinate, and apparently impracticable youth, named Robert Clive. Beyond personal courage and audacity of the most reckless kind, he had given no token of any unusual qualifications, until circumstances gave him the opportunity of appearing in a military character, when he at once astonished the whole community by the judgment and skill he displayed. "Born a soldier," was the verdict pronounced on him by Major Lawrence, who was considered the most efficient officer in India. It was Robert Clive who, by the wonderful defence of Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, against the great army of Rajah Sahib, the opponent of the English, turned the tide which had till then flowed persistently in favour of the French. He had shown, on this occasion, the best qualities of a leader—judgment, perseverance, vigilance, and that rare faculty of inspiring his followers with attachment and confidence, which is one of the truest signs of the military genius. No materials were so hopeless, but Robert Clive would convert them into a fighting force; no project so desperate, but he would undertake it, and carry it to a successful issue.

Dupleix made great and persistent efforts to regain the ground he and his nation were rapidly losing; but under Clive "his genius was rebuked, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar." He had caused a city to be built, and named it Dupleix Fatihabad, "the city of the victory of Dupleix"; but Clive caused it to be destroyed. He urgently represented

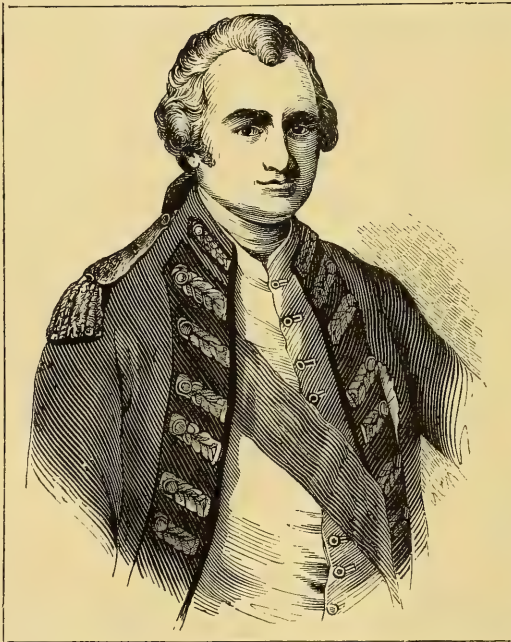
to the Government at home the necessity of supporting him in the great struggle he was waging ; but his appeals were disregarded ; and worst of all, he was himself no soldier, and was opposed to a military genius whom Frederick of Prussia would not have been ashamed to own as a brother. He retired at length to France, having spent time, energy, and fortune in vain ; and the supremacy of the French in India was at an end. Clive, on the other hand, after consolidating the advantages he had gained, went back to England with flying colours, to be received with welcome and honour by the East India Company's directors in Leadenhall Street, and by the public ; especially by the holders of East India stock, who nicknamed him "General Clive," and prophesied that he would do still greater things in the future.

Until this time the English had been looked upon in the Carnatic as no more than a trading company, possessing certain factories, with forts for the protection of their warehouses and settlements—such as Fort St. George at Madras, Fort William at Calcutta, Fort St. David, subordinate to Fort St. George, and others. But now they had assumed another character. Having been compelled by the force of events to make good their position against the French and against native opponents, they were obliged to retain the military position they had taken up ; and thus began the dominion of the English in Hindostan. When Clive, after a stay of less than two years in England, during which time he endeavoured unsuccessfully to get into Parliament, but succeeded in spending the fortune he had brought home, applied again to the Company for employment, he was sent out in the honourable position of Governor of Fort St. David ; and a colonel's commission was bestowed upon him by the Government at home. He had thoroughly established his reputation.

SURAJ-UD-DOWLAH, AND THE ENGLISH IN CALCUTTA.

Thus Clive, after he had, in conjunction with a brave English naval officer, Admiral Watson, utterly defeated a renowned pirate chief, Angria, and destroyed Gheriah, his stronghold, proceeded to take possession of his government of Fort St. David. Very important events were happening in north-eastern India. The richest part of that great country comprised those regions through which flowed the fertilising stream of the Ganges, the holy river that turned the wilderness into a garden, and called forth the most exuberant growth of vegetation beneath the

burning Indian sun. Lord Macaulay quotes the Spanish proverb, that in Andalusia the earth is water, and the men women, and applies the saying to the valley of the lower Ganges, where the heavy, humid atmosphere, the "constant vapour-bath," in which the Bengalee lives, engenders languid and sedentary habits, very different from those of the inhabitants of the hilly countries, such as Rohilcund, for instance. The Bengalee is keen-witted, intriguing, and pertinacious, but is described as ordinarily of sedentary habits, and rather crafty than physically



LORD CLIVE.

brave, excepting with that passive courage that displays itself in stoical endurance of the inevitable.

Like the other great divisions of India, Bengal, with the provinces of Orissa and Bahar, was governed by a ruler, nominally a vassal of the Mogul Emperor at Delhi, but in reality independent. He was generally spoken of by the Company's servants by his title of the Suba.

In 1756, after the death of the Suba Ali-verdy Khan, Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the grandson of that powerful ruler, succeeded to his dominions. He was only nineteen years of age, ignorant, faithless, and debauched ; of violent temper, and weak understanding ; one

of those wretched Caligulas or Charles the Ninth to whom the irony of fate seems occasionally to entrust power, as if to show how completely it may be abused. The fame of the English and of their progress in Madras can hardly have failed to reach Moorsshedabad, the ancient capital of Bengal, where the Suba held his state; for within a very few years the Company, from being merely traders, paying rent for the very ground on which they had built forts to protect their depôts of goods, had developed into soldiers and diplomatists, and had shown themselves strong enough to take up a commanding position. Nor is it to be supposed that the French, who had seen their supremacy overthrown in the Carnatic, would fail to use what influence they possessed in Bengal in stimulating the distrust and jealousy of the Suba, whose envy and rapacity had been aroused by the report of the wealth in the warehouses of the East India Company at Calcutta. The desire of plunder seems to have been the crowning motive that induced him suddenly to commence a war against the foreign merchant community.

CAPTURE OF CALCUTTA; THE MASSACRE OF THE BLACK HOLE.

When it became known in the English settlement that the Suba was marching with a great army against Calcutta, the consternation was great. Fort William was not in a state to sustain a long siege by a considerable force; the number of the English was small, and there was no Clive or Lawrence among them to direct their movements. Deserted by the governor and by the military commandant, who provided with indecent haste for their own safety, the defenders of Calcutta were soon obliged to yield to the great force brought against them, and surrender themselves prisoners of war. As the Suba promised them their lives, they were in no apprehension of anything worse than imprisonment for a limited period, until the terms for their liberation should be arranged.

Then it was that the cruel piece of villainy was perpetrated that ultimately cost Suraj-ud-Dowlah his throne and his life. Lord Macaulay, in his eloquent and vivid account of the transaction, describes the prison of the garrison, in which the captives were confined, as "known by the *fearful* name of the Black Hole;" though to the mind of a soldier the name merely implies the "lock-up," or prison room, to which Private Thomas Atkins is marched if the picket should find him brawling in the streets, or absent from barracks without leave. That the atrocity was deliberately planned for the murder of the prisoners cannot be doubted. They were driven, a hundred and forty-six in number, into a

prison room, twenty feet square, on one of the hottest nights of a Bengal summer, and the door was locked and barred behind them. They quickly began to suffocate for want of air, and the scene became horrible in the extreme. "They cried for mercy," writes Lord Macaulay, recounting the sufferings of the unhappy captives. "They strove to burst the door, and Holwell" (the highest in rank of the Company's servants among the prisoners), "who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders; that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if any one woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the gaolers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers meanwhile held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings." When the door was opened in the morning, only twenty-three survivors of that fearful night came forth from the cell which a hundred and forty-six had entered only a few hours before. The rest had been stifled, or crushed to death in the frantic struggle to get at the windows, or airholes, where alone was a chance for life.

The responsibility for the massacre is cast by Lord Macaulay, indirectly at least, upon Suraj-ud-Dowlah—who, he says, showed no mercy to the survivors, and inflicted no punishment upon the perpetrators. But it is a question whether the Nabob knew anything of the atrocious affair until the crime had been completed; nor would it probably have been safe to punish his savage soldiers for cruelties perpetrated upon the enemy in time of war. Even in our own times, during the Indian mutiny of 1857-8, we read, in the diary of Dr. Russell, of tortures, such as roasting over a slow fire, inflicted by some native troops in our service upon rebel Sepoys they captured, without notice being taken of it; and the Nabob was in a great measure dependent upon his army for the maintenance of his authority.

Mr. Holwell himself has left a plain, straightforward record of his sufferings on that night of horror, during which he managed to secure a position at a grated window, which enabled him to breathe. He attributes the massacre to a feeling of revenge among the janissaries of the Suba, who were angry because some of their number had been killed in the defence of the fort. He describes how at his entreaty an old janissary went twice to try

and procure the removal of half the prisoners to another prison ; and on the second occasion "he told us," says Mr. Holwell, with what appeared to be real compassion in his looks, "that it was impossible; the Suba was asleep, and nobody dared to wake him." The water, also, seems to have been given in something like a tardy access of pity, rather than from a desire to mock the agonies of the captives.

THE EXPEDITION FROM MADRAS; VICTORY AND REVENGE.

In due course, the news of the capture of Calcutta, and of the massacre of the Black Hole, reached Madras, and was received with mingled horror and indignation. It was readily understood that vengeance must be exacted at all risks; for the influence of the English in India was gone for ever if such acts remained unpunished. An expedition was at once despatched to the Hoogley; Clive being placed in command of the troops, among whom were nine hundred Englishmen, while Admiral Watson conducted the naval operations.

In a very short time Calcutta was retaken, and Budgebudge and Hoogley had also fallen into the power of the victors. Suraj-ud-Dowlah, who until then had no idea of the power of the English, was astounded and bewildered at the rapid success of his enemies. He hastened to offer terms of peace, promising compensation to those who had suffered by his seizure of Calcutta, and generally showing a pacific disposition—which however, did not last long.

The fact seems to have been that the Suba's hatred of the English was undiminished; or rather, it was increased by the necessity of conciliating them, and by the startling and unpleasant evidences he received of their power. Naturally under such circumstances the idea occurred to him to set up the influence of the French to counteract that of the English; not altogether an unstatesmanlike idea, if he had had the judgment and persistence to carry it out. But he could never pursue a line of policy; for every new danger appalled him, and he lost the confidence of his own subjects, while his opponents became convinced that no treaty would bind him, and that while he sat on the throne of Bengal there was no prospect of permanent peace. Accordingly, when Suraj-ud-Dowlah opened negotiations with the French at Chandernagore, and with Bussy—the most efficient French official in India—an expedition was at once organized against Chandernagore by Clive and Watson, and its brilliant success put an end to the Nabob's hopes in that direction. He is described by Lord Macaulay as behaving on this occasion "with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and all the

levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence." But he was destined to meet with cunning and duplicity far beyond his own.

THE CONSPIRACY TO DETHRONE THE SUBA; OMICHUND AND HIS TREACHERY.

It was now that the English began to work out in Bengal a system, the example for which had been set in the Deccan, some years before, by Dupleix, in his dealings with Mirzapha Jung and that potentate's successor,—the system, namely, of consolidating their rule and authority by governing through some puppet prince whom they should set up. Now began the practice of placing on the throne nabobs who should be compelled to defer in all things to the power to which they owed their elevation—a policy which in one notable instance led to a greater atrocity even than that of the Black Hole—the massacre of Patna. Writing some years later on this system, in his "Seasonable Hint and Perswasive to the Court of Directors of the East India Company," Mr. Holwell strongly deprecates this system, and advocates its being superseded by a direct authority to be obtained by the English from the Great Mogul himself. "Let us have done with this ringing changes upon Soubahs," he says: "there's no end to it; let us boldly dare to be Soubah ourselves. Our own terms have been more than once offered to us by the Emperor: why should we longer hesitate to accept them? We have not scrupled to seize and possess part of his territory with violence; surely it would be more conscientious, and more consistent with the laws of nature and nations, to hold the whole of these provinces under him by his own appointment;" and Mr. Holwell has also a just appreciation of the real position of the phantom who still bore the title of a great potentate, and was called the Great Mogul, while the attributes which once accompanied that title had long passed away. "That this would readily be assented to on his part," he adds, "if a proper overture came from us, is not to be doubted; the consideration of his own great and obvious advantages, and the necessities of his situation, would leave him no room for choice." This was good advice, and to some extent it was ultimately followed; but not until the system of "ringing the changes on Soubahs" had been pursued for some time, and occasionally with tragic consequences.

Among his own subjects, no less than among the English, the baseness, cruelty, and dissoluteness of Suraj-ud-Dowlah had excited enmity and contempt. A plot was accordingly formed among some of the leading natives to deprive him of his throne; and in this plot the English heartily joined. Mr.

Watts, a leading servant of the East India Company, on whom had devolved the dangerous and unpleasant task of negotiating with the despot, and who therefore knew the Nabob's character thoroughly, was the chief agent in the matter on behalf of the English; and the co-operation of Clive and Admiral Watson was likewise heartily given. It was proposed to set up Meer Jaffier, the commander-in-chief of Suraj-ud-Dowlah's army, as the successor of that worthless ruler; and the negotiations and arrangements were carried on with great energy and with equal secrecy; for if Suraj-ud-Dowlah had suspected what was going on, the lives of the native conspirators and of their English allies, which were at his mercy, would probably have been sacrificed in the first outburst of his fury and alarm.

"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND"—CLIVE'S
DEVICE.

This danger was appreciated, and cunningly turned to his own advantage, by a man whose name has been ominously linked with that of Clive by the transactions which ensued—the rich Bengalee, Omichund. This cunning and unscrupulous man had been employed in the secret negotiations carried on between the English and the leading natives, —Roy Dullub, the minister of finance, the great banker Jugget Seyt, and others,—for the deposition of Suraj-ud-Dowlah; and when everything was progressing favourably, he suddenly astounded the conspirators by making a demand for three hundred thousand pounds, in addition to the sum he was to receive as compensation for the losses he had incurred by the taking of Calcutta, as the price of his silence; threatening in case of refusal to reveal the whole plot to the Nabob. In the perplexity occasioned in the council by this astonishing demand, which the wily Bengalee well knew he could enforce by the advantages he derived from his power to ruin the conspiracy and its promoters, Clive came forward with a piece of advice equally astounding. It was simply to fight Omichund with his own weapons of fraud; to promise him whatever he required, and thus to secure his silence; and when the danger should have passed, to repudiate his claim altogether, and give him neither compensation for his losses nor the reward for his silence. As Omichund had insisted that his claims should be embodied in the treaty to be drawn up and signed by the chiefs of the council, and by which their proceedings would be regulated, Clive thereupon caused two treaties to be drawn up, one on red paper, the other on white, and only on the former of these was the clause inserted concerning the sum to be paid to Omichund. The device resembled the nefarious expedient by which, in 1634,

the chiefs of Wallenstein's army were cheated by a substituted document into giving their written promise of support to that daring adventurer. But Clive's device was even more unscrupulous than that of Terzky and Illo. Admiral Watson, who seems to have disapproved of this method of meeting fraud by fraud, declined to put his name to the red treaty; whereupon Clive forged the Admiral's signature.

Mr. Mill, the historian of India, who looks upon Clive as a great, but a bad man, "to whom deception, when it suited his purpose, never cost a pang," naturally condemns this transaction in unqualified terms; and with right, for it was not only a crime in itself, but proved a precedent for the deplorable system of admitting fraud and treachery as accredited weapons in dealing with the natives of India. "The name of Cassius honours this corruption, and chastisement does therefore hide his head." The great name of Clive, the conqueror of India, could subsequently be cited in defence of the deception by which the chiefs of the Company—"predestinated criminals," as Burke indignantly calls them—drew down upon the Carnatic the terrible vengeance of Hyder Ali, the tiger of Mysore. Sir John Malcolm, whose life of Lord Clive is written throughout in an undeviating style of panegyric, considers that the treachery of Omichund fully justified reprisals in kind on the part of the English; while Lord Macaulay, who differs from both the writers before mentioned in his estimate of Clive—to whom, however, on various occasions, he is more than lenient—condemns the transaction; though in a later part of his valuable essay on Clive, he lays down the somewhat singular proposition, that if on weighing the good and the bad deeds of a great public man, the good are found on the whole to preponderate, the verdict of history should be one, not only of acquittal, but of approval: a standard of judgment which would give a very wide range to an unscrupulous statesman or ruler.

He accounts for Clive's proceedings on this occasion on the conventional principle which makes people measure their conduct to different sets of people by various standards; just as it has been cited, in defence of Charles I., that he never broke his word to a gentleman. "The truth seems to have been," says Macaulay, "that he considered oriental politics as a game at which nothing was unfair. Accordingly this man, in the other parts of his life an honourable English gentleman and a soldier, was no sooner matched against an Indian intriguer, than he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended without scruple to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands."

THE WAR AGAINST THE NABOB; CLIVE IN COMMAND.

The danger that arose from Omichund's treachery once averted, it was comparatively easy to persuade Suraj-ud-Dowlah that the English desired to keep on good terms with him. Clive speaks of a "soothing letter" he wrote to the Nabob, while at the same time he was exhorting Meer Jaffier to be prepared to declare against his master, and to join the English with his troops. When all was prepared, he suddenly astonished the Nabob by a peremptory letter, setting forth the grievances of which the English had to complain; and its whole tone was that of a declaration

Audacity had always been, and continued to the last day of his life to be, a leading feature in Clive's character. His was the courage that "mounteth with occasion," and he set the example, gloriously followed by his successors in after days, of ceasing to count the number of the foe, where a great advantage was to be won or a great peril to be averted. On this occasion even his fearless strength of mind was taxed to the utmost. The forces the Nabob could bring against him amounted to sixty thousand men; his own army, if Meer Jaffier failed to join him, would not exceed three thousand, though a third part of them were English—including the men of the 39th regiment, the first regular



THE CAPTIVES IN THE "BLACK HOLE."

or at least a menace of war. As such Suraj-ud-Dowlah regarded it, and accordingly replied by preparing for immediate strife. From Moorshedabad, the capital, he marched with his forces to Plassey, while Clive advanced to Cossimbuzar, a commercial settlement of the English. Until now all had gone well with the conspirators; but a new and formidable danger appeared, and one that it required all Clive's firmness to encounter. Meer Jaffier's heart failed him; and when he was to have led over his division of the army to the English, he remained inactive, and could not be induced, either by persuasion or remonstrance, to take the decisive step. His indecision threatened to ruin everything.

corps employed in fighting the battles of their country in India.

A council of war—the only one, Clive used afterwards to declare, he ever summoned in his life—was called to decide the question whether they should give battle to the Nabob. For a time Clive acquiesced in the general opinion that the risk would be too great; but afterwards, on thinking over the question alone when the council had broken up, he resolved to venture everything on a battle, and gave orders to advance; for he had determined to encounter the Nabob next day. Lord Macaulay, indeed, considers that success or ruin was the only possible issue of his enterprise. "Before him lay a river," he says, "over which it was easy to advance, but

over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return." This river was the Bhaghrutti, a branch of the Ganges. That defeat would have been most disastrous there is no doubt—but that Clive, one of the ablest of soldiers, fertile in resource, and noted for presence of mind in the hour of danger, would not have been able to save a man of his army, is difficult to believe. Certain it is, however, that the great leader never more fully justified the title the natives had bestowed on him, of Sabat Jung, "the daring in war," than when he made up his mind to risk the struggle from which dates the supremacy of the British nation in Bengal.

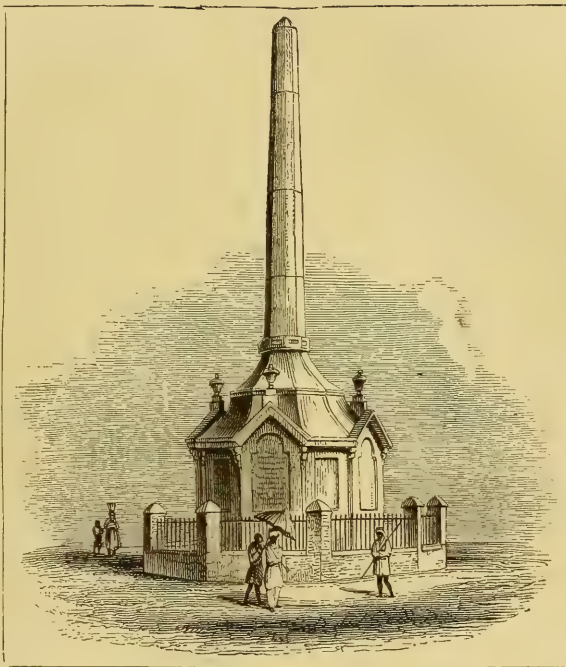
THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

It was on the 23rd of June, 1757, that the famous battle of Plassey was fought. The victory was complete, and the results of the highest importance; but so far as the struggle itself is concerned, it cannot rank with such fields as Assaye or Argam. The disproportion of forces was indeed great; but much of the Nabob's army was a rabble,—his artillery was of the clumsiest kind, huge guns, tugged by long teams of oxen, with an elephant pushing behind each piece,—and worse than all there was disaffection and discouragement throughout the host. Meer Jaffier did not indeed lead his division against his master; but he remained inactive, and drew off his men so soon as the fortune of the day was decided.

This it did not take long to do. The Nabob was seized with terror from an early period of the battle, when he found that the artillery of the English was doing execution among his troops, being excellently served, while his own was effecting nothing. Confusion, arising as much from disaffection as from fear, quickly spread through the ranks of his wavering army; and Clive was

not slow to see and to profit by the half-heartedness of his foes. Urged by some of his followers, whose counsel was doubtless dictated by treachery, to consult his personal safety, Suraj-ud-Dowlah himself set the example of retreat; and his flight from the field was followed by the complete rout of his army. The English had the advantage from the first; the fact that of the victors only twenty-two were killed and about fifty wounded, while only five hundred of the Nabob's army were slain, sufficiently proves that Plassey was rather a well planned than a hotly contested battle; but the forces of Suraj-ud-Dowlah were as completely routed as the French army at Waterloo.

If it was the purpose of the English to put a *roi faînéant* on the throne of Bengal, they had certainly found what they wanted in Meer Jaffier. Never was a man more given to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"—and his consciousness of having deserved ill at the hands of his allies was betrayed in the evident fear he evinced when he came to offer his apologies and congratulations to Clive on the following morning. But Clive affected to believe his ex-



MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF THE BLACK HOLE.

cuses, and relieved his mind by showing that the programme was to be carried out, and that Meer Jaffier was to have his reward, though he had certainly not borne the burden and heat of the day. Meer Jaffier, in pursuance of Clive's advice, at once marched to Moorshedabad, to be there installed as Nabob of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar; and the victor of Plassey, with a retinue of five hundred soldiers, arrived in the capital shortly afterwards. Thereupon Meer Jaffier was solemnly inducted into his new office, Clive taking the chief share in the ceremony, himself leading the new ruler to the throne prepared for him, and presenting him with the offering of gold usually

brought forward on such occasions in the East.

A few days later a less magnificent but not less important meeting of the actors in the late revolution was held; for the terms of the treaty entered into between Meer Jaffier and his fellow-conspirators were now to be fulfilled. When the white treaty had been read, Clive—in whose behaviour to Omichund there had till now been nothing to make the treacherous Bengalee think he was out of favour—caused Omichund to be suddenly informed that a deception had been played upon him, that “the red treaty was a trick.” The effect of the sudden overthrow of his confident expectations was such as to utterly unhinge the mind of the man whose hopes were thus shattered at a blow. Omichund sank into a state of imbecility, and died in a few months.

CLIVE'S TRANSACTIONS WITH MEER JAFFIER.

And now we come to proceedings on the part of the victor of Plassey which were made the theme first of public comment and afterwards of parliamentary investigation years later, and which, no less than his duplicity and dissimulation towards Omichund and others, have left a dark spot on Clive's memory. After vengeance had been executed on Suraj-ud-Dowlah—that wretched man having fallen into the hands of Meer Jaffier was, in spite of his frantic tears and entreaties, put to death by the order of the savage Meeran, the son of the new Nabob—Meer Jaffier made it his next care to reward the man to whom he owed his elevation. The treasury of Moorshedabad, with all its gorgeous store of gold and jewels, was at his disposal, and he might take what he chose. “There were piled up,” says Lord Macaulay, “after the usage of Indian princes, immense masses of coin, among which might not seldom be detected the florins and byzants with which, before any European ship had turned the Cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the stuffs and spices of the East. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds.” He certainly availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of acquiring sudden wealth. Between two and three hundred thousand pounds were given to him at once by Meer Jaffier, who at a later period likewise bestowed on him for life the rent the Company paid for the ground on which their factories at Calcutta stood; and his fortune, measured by the standard of those times, may be considered as colossal, “His whole annual income,” says Lord Macaulay, “in the opinion of Sir John Malcolm, who is desirous of stating it as low as possible, exceeded forty thousand pounds; and

incomes of forty thousand pounds at the time of the accession of George III. were at least as rare as incomes of a hundred thousand pounds now.” This remark was made by Lord Macaulay forty years ago; the disproportion between the average of incomes in 1760 as compared with that of the present day would appear still greater. There is no doubt that Sir John Malcolm considerably understated the income of Clive, which must have been nearer fifty than forty thousand a year.

The standard of public morality in those times was low, and many things were continually done which would excite horror at the present day. What would be thought, for instance, of a minister who took a commission upon sums voted as subsidies to foreign powers? And yet William Pitt, the great commoner, was looked upon as quixotic in his purity because he refused to accept “these ignominious vails.” The Duke of Newcastle is described as receiving at his levée in his great house in Lincoln's Inn Fields direct applications for money on various pretences from his supporters in Parliament; and, nearly thirty years later, royalty itself did not disdain to accept some valuable diamonds and “a richly-carved ivory bed” from Warren Hastings, while that great satrap had the gravest of accusations hanging over him; and a satirical poet “described, with gay malevolence, the gorgeous appearance of Mrs. Hastings at St. James's, the galaxy of jewels, torn from Indian begums, which adorned her headdress, her necklace gleaming with future votes, and the depending questions that shone upon her ears.” Pitt, indeed, kept proudly aloof from the work of bribery, corruption, and rapacity; but, in general, opportunities of making money in every way short of direct embezzlement were seized without much scruple; and this should be remembered in excuse of Clive's doings, though it cannot form a justification for them. “By God, Mr. Chairman!” was his exclamation when, many years afterwards, these transactions were investigated by a Parliamentary committee—“at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation;” and certainly, had he so chosen, he might have taken twice or three times as much as he did from the treasury at Moorshedabad, and no man would have ventured to say him nay.

Nevertheless, the conduct of Clive in this matter had an evil influence; for every rapacious adventurer could point to his example as a kind of warrant for his own wrong-doing. By accepting a splendid fortune from Meer Jaffier, he was virtually acting as though he had been himself a potentate—and not a servant of the State, simply using a force with whose command he was entrusted for the

benefit of that State, and not for himself. The principle laid down, some years afterwards, by the Parliamentary committee above mentioned, that condemned the appropriation by a private person of the results of conquests made by the arms of the State, was a perfectly sound one.

FURTHER VICTORIES; REWARDS AND
HONOURS; RETURN OF CLIVE TO
ENGLAND.

"Some are born great," says the ambitious steward in Shakespeare's play; "some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Meer Jaffier appears to have belonged to the last of these classes. He had been put forward when the great revolution was planned, that snatched the rule of Bengal from the worthless hands of Suraj-ud-Dowlah; but, as has been seen, he looked back after putting his hand to the plough, and in his half-hearted way despaired of the success of the enterprise while everything was going well; and now that he had been as it were pushed up into a great position, he showed himself destitute of the qualities necessary to maintain it.

His constancy was soon put to the test by a threatening danger, and at once gave way under the trial. A son of the Great Mogul conceived the project of taking from Meer Jaffier by force of arms the great principalities of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar; declaring him to be a mere usurper, sustained in a wrongful possession by the arms of strangers. Shah Alum, the prince in question, accordingly got together a large army, consisting of Afghans, Mahrattas, and other warlike adventurers, and invaded Meer Jaffier's territories with the intention of conquering them for himself; and other neighbouring princes were watching the enterprise with a view of claiming a share of the spoil. Meer Jaffier was for treating the invaders as Ethelred the Unready treated the Danes, when he bribed them to leave him in peace; but Clive, with excellent judgment, foresaw the effect of such a measure, and strenuously counselled the Nabob against it. His words, as quoted by Lord Macaulay, are full of strong good sense. "If you do this," he wrote to Meer Jaffier, "you will have the Nabob of Oude, the Mahrattas, and many more, come from all parts of the confines of your country, who will bully you out of money till you have none left in your treasury. I beg your Excellency will rely on the fidelity of the English and of those troops who are attached to you." Here he had struck the right note. The scrupulous carrying out of engagements once undertaken, the exact fulfilment of every pledge and promise given, was the surest foundation upon which to erect the fabric of British power in India. Had he always

remembered this, such a stain as that left by the "red treaty" would never have darkened his fame.

With regard to Meer Jaffier, he thoroughly redeemed his pledge, taking the field with such vigour against the troops of Shah Alum that the formidable invasion melted away in a short time; to the delight of the weak Nabob, whose satisfaction at the discomfiture of his enemies seems, however, to have been lessened by the sense of his own entire dependence upon the English for maintenance in his authority. The French also began to stir in the Carnatic, and made an attempt to regain something of their old ascendancy there. Clive despatched an expedition against them under Forde, an officer who justified his choice by such brilliant and rapid successes as entirely annulled any hope of a revival of the French influence of the days of Duplex.

Another and a more formidable attempt was made by the Dutch, whose colonial policy during the last century, though they were a minor power, was much more practical than that of the French, who combined neglect of their interests abroad with misgovernment at home. Roused to action by the growing power of the English, and uneasy for their own interests in Bengal, where they held Chinsurah, the colonial government at Java despatched a formidable armament of seven large vessels to the Hoogley as an expedition against the English; and in this proceeding they were secretly encouraged by the countenance of Meer Jaffier himself, who was not disinclined to play off the Dutch power as a counterpoise to the paramount influence of the mighty nation who had set him up, and might one day, as with sufficiently correct judgment he foresaw, pull him down. True to his usual policy, Clive at once took the Dutch bull by the horns. He promptly attacked the armament, before it could get to Chinsurah, completely routed it, and then besieged Chinsurah itself. Dismayed at the utter failure of their enterprise, the Dutch thought it best to capitulate; and obtained peace only on such terms as entirely put an end to their existence as anything more than a trading corporation in Bengal.

Clive's name was now known and honoured throughout the British empire; and his great victories were looked on as having added one of the brightest pages to the glories that rendered illustrious the administration of William Pitt, and the closing years of the reign of George II. The Great Commoner himself had the highest opinion of the military genius of Clive, who was looked upon as the natural successor of the hero of Quebec in the respect and regard of the nation. Accordingly, when Clive returned to England

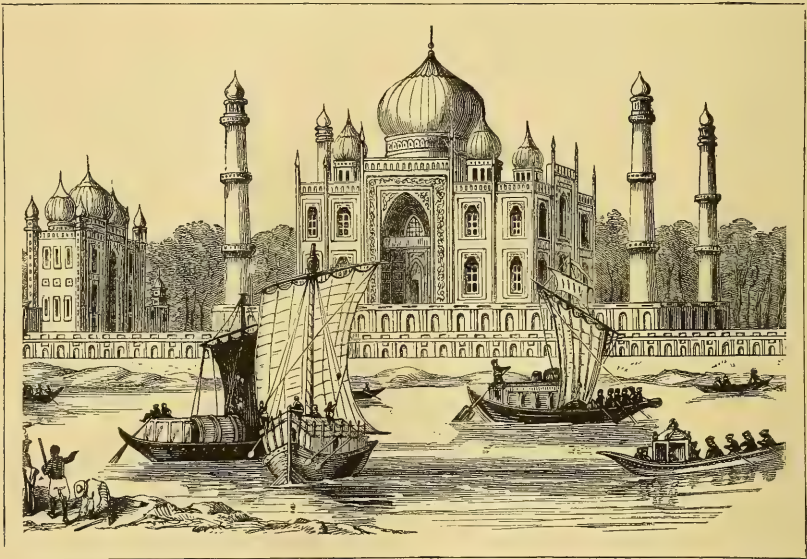
he was raised to the peerage of Ireland, by the title of Baron of Plassey, and was received with the highest distinction. He entered Parliament; and his enormous wealth, in those days of the purchase of pocket boroughs, as well as his position with regard to the East India Company, gave him great influence, and rendered the rival parties, then tolerably equally balanced, anxious to cultivate his goodwill. He was in the very zenith of his prosperity.

THE COMPANY'S RULE IN INDIA; GRIEVANCES AND CALAMITIES.

"A trading and a fighting company is a two-headed monster in nature that cannot exist long; as the expence and experience of the latter must exceed, confound, and

which we might have held fast, if bounds had been set to our progress, which upon the 'present system' we now see is utterly impossible, therefore a total change in our politics becomes indispensably necessary."

Holwell's strictures were fully warranted by the abuses that prevailed in India in the period after Clive's second return to Europe. The enormous wealth of the conqueror of Plassey, and of several others, such as Pigot, who had become suddenly enriched by their connection with that country, produced an unhealthy excitement, which has been justly compared to that which prevailed during the time of the South Sea Bubble. The one great idea of the servants and agents of the Company was to make speedy fortunes. The court of the Company itself, in which



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

destroy every profit or advantage gained by the former." Thus writes the judicious Holwell, at the period immediately after Clive's great victories and return to England; and the occasion of his remarks was the mismanagement of which the Company was guilty, when it undertook the government of the territories it had conquered; which territories, moreover, it sought to enlarge as opportunity offered. "New *temporary* victories," continues Holwell, "stimulate and push us on to grasp at new acquisitions of territory; these call for a large increase of military force to defend them; and thus we shall go on, grasping and expending, until we cram our hands too full, and they become cramped and numbed; and we shall be obliged to quit and relinquish even that part

every proprietor of stock to the amount of £500 had a vote at the general meetings, was ill-informed and inefficient as a government. Very exaggerated ideas prevailed as to the wealth and resources of India; and thus was developed the nefarious system of extortion and wrong which attained its culminating point at a later period, in the high crimes and misdemeanours of Hastings, the first governor-general, that aroused the generous indignation of Edmund Burke. In a military point of view the English completely held their own, even extending their dominions, under captains like Sir Eyre Coote, the victor of Pollilore, worthy successors of Clive. Resistance to the authority of the English seemed hopeless, and the warlike prowess of the nation was more

widely acknowledged in India, and more thoroughly dreaded than ever; but the administration of affairs was deplorable, and the peoples of India groaned under the harsh rule of tyrants whose yoke, unlike that of their native oppressors, it was impossible to shake off.

One of the great sources of wrong was attributable to the short-sighted policy by which the servants of the Company, from the high officials and functionaries to the junior and subordinate members, were systematically underpaid, and allowed to recoup themselves by irregular gains and extortions, at which the Company connived, but by which it was in the end the loser. The counsel of Sir Thomas Roe, quoted by Macaulay, shows that so early as the reign of James I. this abuse had already excited attention. "Absolutely prohibit the private trade," wrote Sir Thomas, "for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh: men profess they come not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from." The private trade, however, not only continued, but increased until it became a nuisance and a scandal; for abuses of various kinds were introduced into it.

According to the Company's treaties with Meer Jaffier and others, goods under the Company's flag were exempted from paying duties; but it was expressly stipulated that this privilege should not apply to merchandise in which the Company's servants dealt on their own account, which was not to be considered as protected by the Company's flag. But the latter, who increased greatly in number when India became known as the country where fortunes were to be accumulated with unexampled rapidity, were not scrupulous in regarding the articles of the treaty; and as the factories increased in number, they employed a number of agents, natives and foreigners, who were even less scrupulous than themselves, and acted in direct defiance of the local custom-houses and of the laws of the country they pillaged. "They forced the natives to buy dear and to sell cheap," and plundered in every direction, to get together in the shortest possible time the means of returning to England, purchasing estates and setting up as private gentlemen in rivalry to the old country families, who looked upon them with covert or open dislike and contempt. Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," speaks of "The wealth of climes where savage nations roam, pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;" and the proceedings of these newly enriched Indian officials, who were nicknamed nabobs, and who are described as "raising the price of everything in their neighbourhoods—from fresh eggs to rotten

boroughs," made them unpopular in proportion as they were envied. It was not likely men would do much to benefit a country regarding which their chief aim was to get as much out of it as quickly as they could, and then to quit it for ever.

"RINGING THE CHANGES ON SOUBAHS."

When the arrangement was first made, by which Meer Jaffier was to become ruler of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, large promises had been exacted from him, with regard to the sums he would pay in return for his elevation. These promises he had endeavoured to redeem; and, as has been seen, he behaved to Clive especially, whom he looked upon as the chief and main cause of his success, with princely liberality; while the merchants and agents of the Company were compensated largely for the losses they had sustained through the proceedings of the late nabob, and the services of the ministers of the council who had managed the late insurrection, and of all who had furthered its completion, were considered in the most liberal manner. But the new ruler had been unable to fulfil all his engagements; the treasury at Moorsheadabad was not rich enough to answer all the demands made upon it, and Meer Jaffier had been obliged to pay partly in cash and partly in promises.

The wars, too, in which he had been engaged since his accession, against Shah Alum and others who disputed his authority, had greatly increased his embarrassments; for in these wars he had been compelled to invoke, and to pay heavily for the assistance of the English. His affairs had thus become seriously embarrassed; and in proportion as his ability to pay grew less, the dissatisfaction of those increased who had set him up with the expectation that he would prove to them a perennial fountain of wealth. So long as the controlling hand of Clive remained present, to regulate, restrain, and punish, some sort of moderation and justice was preserved; but when that valiant and astute commander had departed for England, with the enormous fortune he had so rapidly acquired, all semblance of scruple was cast aside, and the rapacity of those who were in reality the masters of the Nabob knew no bounds. As with ancient Pistol, "the word was pitch and pay."

Meer Jaffier was extremely discomposd and uneasy at his situation; and his creditors showed him little consideration. Not an ounce of their pound of flesh would they abate; and when it became evident that Meer Jaffier's ability to meet their demands was exhausted, they determined to depose him as they had deposed his predecessor; and they set about the work without delay.

Their method of proceeding was similar to that employed on the former occasion. When Clive dropped the mask he had so long worn with regard to Suraj-ud-Dowlah, and had determined to pull down that hard and wretched prince, he had proposed to the Nabob to refer the disputes between him and the Company to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, whom he had secretly arranged to set up in the Nabob's place. In like manner Mr. Vansittart, to whom the chief authority descended on Clive's departure, arranged with his colleagues to find a successor for Meer Jaffier. They fixed upon Meer Cossim, the son-in-law of the Nabob, with whom they entered into negotiations; and who, dazzled with the prospect of the great title and position held out to him, was as liberal as could be desired in promises of reward for their assistance. Thereupon, after filling Meer Jaffier's palace with their troops, they declared to him that it would be necessary to put his affairs into the hands of Meer Cossim, with a view to the liquidation of his debts; but Meer Jaffier refused the insidious demand, with more spirit than was to be expected from him. If the Company chose to take from him all his authority, he declared they might take away the title of king with it, and he would live as a private man in Calcutta. They took him at his word; they chose to look upon the outspoken declaration as a resignation of his power, which they hastily accepted. Meer Jaffier, the *roi fainéant*, ceased for a time to bear even nominal sway; and his son-in-law, Meer Cossim, reigned in his stead.

In the case of Suraj-ud-Dowlah there had been valid reasons for the deposition of the Nabob, in the well-known hatred and malice he bore towards the English, in his frequently expressed intention to drive them out of India, and evident hollowness of the treaty hastily patched up with them after their signal revenge for the massacre of the Black Hole. They might with justice allege that with such a man there was no possibility of permanent peace, and that the removal of Suraj-ud-Dowlah was necessary for the safety of the Company, though nothing can excuse the treachery of Clive and his confederates on that occasion. But with regard to Meer Jaffier no such defence could be made, for he was their creature, utterly dependent upon them; and from him they had no danger to fear. "The dethronement of Meer Jaffier," says a writer who has briefly recorded these events, "was effected with only one view—namely, that the parties bringing it about might pocket the sums which Meer Cossim promised as the reward of their interference." Thus the "ringing of changes on Soubahs" was continued.

MEER COSSIM AND HIS SUCCESSORS; THE COMPANY'S FURTHER PROCEEDINGS.

In Meer Cossim the Company had to deal with a man very different in character from his weak predecessor. He was by no means content to be a mere puppet in the hands of the men who had set him up. He was highly indignant when he found that while the Company exacted large sums and great immunities from him, in return for his elevation to the throne of Bengal, its agents, claiming freedom from transit and other duties for their private ventures under the Company's flag, entered into a trade competition against his heavily-taxed subjects; in which the latter had no chance, and were being ruined to enrich strangers, while he himself was the greatest sufferer, in his revenue, by this system of plunder.

Accordingly he protested and remonstrated in the strongest terms with the authorities at Calcutta, who turned a deaf ear to his complaints; for the Company's servants were all interested, from the greatest to the least, in the maintenance of the system he denounced, upon which their profits and their fortunes depended. They were confirmed in their contemptuous indifference to remonstrance by the fact that they were undoubtedly the stronger party. The British soldiers and the Sepoys in the Company's service everywhere maintained their supremacy against any force a native ruler could bring against them; and no European nation could now hold its own as their rivals in India. As Dupleix had failed in his efforts to maintain himself, so did Lally Tollendal fail, even more ignominiously; and Bussy, the last hope of the French nation, was at length captured. They maintained by the sword, with undaunted valour and resolution, what they had gained by the sword—confident that the Court of Directors in Leadenhall Street, and still more the Court of Proprietors, which could have its way where it chose, as every share of £500 conferred a vote, would judge them by success alone—a success to be measured by the amount of the dividends paid. And the military nature of their supremacy served to increase the confusion and disorder; for the army, fully conscious of its paramount importance, insisted on sharing to an unexampled degree in the spoils of war, and frequent mutinies occurred where the donatives were considered insufficient. The state of things was well described by Holwell in his "Seasonable Hint and Perswasive to the Court of Directors," in which he insists on the necessity of change.

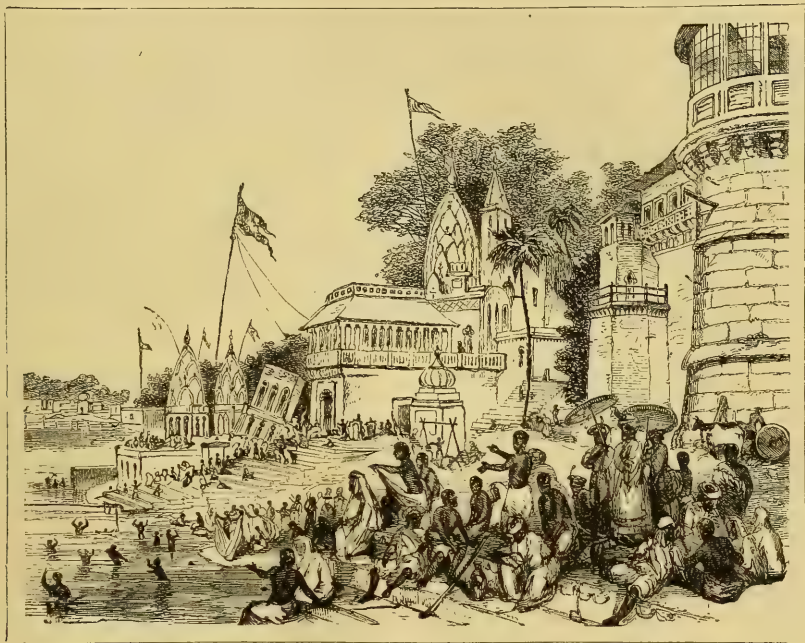
Fortunately for the maintenance of the British power and the re-establishment of British credit in India, this change was at a later period effected; but not until the

country had experienced some of the worst effects of misrule.

Finding his remonstrances utterly unheeded, Meer Cossim took the extreme measure of repealing the transit duties altogether, to put his subjects on an equal footing with the strangers; thus drawing upon himself the enmity of the authorities in Bengal, and armed resistance from Mr. Ellis, the Company's agent at Patna. A war was quickly kindled, in which the English had their usual success. No native army could stand against them, and Meer Cossim quickly found his empire melting away. He was driven from one position to another. The Nabob Vizier

shaking the dust off his feet and betaking himself to the dominions of his ally, the Nabob of Oude, for refuge; and the Company once more ruled supreme in the name of Meer Jaffier, the nominee.

That feeble prince did not long survive his second elevation; he died soon afterwards. His savage and cruel son Meeran was already dead; but an illegitimate son, utterly weak and imbecile, of the deceased Nabob, was set upon the vacant throne; and the extortion and oppression of the foreign rulers went on with a wider range than ever, and more entirely without let or hindrance. The directors at home became seriously alarmed; for while



FESTIVAL AT BENARES; WASHING IN THE HOLY RIVER GANGES.

of Oude took his part; whereupon the Company declared war against that potentate also, and even against the Mogul himself.

Meer Jaffier was now living, according to his declared intention, as a private person. The Company made proposals to him as difficult, or rather as impossible of fulfilment, as the former conditions. He acquiesced in everything, promised to do all his patrons demanded, and was once more set up on the throne of Bengal. Meer Cossim had in his power about one hundred and thirty prisoners at Patna, including Mr. Ellis, who was greatly responsible for the commencement of the war. After fighting till all was lost, the fierce native perpetrated the terrible massacre of Patna, putting to death all his captives before

their agents were enriching themselves by this irresponsible tyranny, the interests of the Company were suffering seriously, and the dividends fell off. Pressing injunctions and commands sent out from England were disregarded; and in those days, long before the time of the telegraph, or even of the overland route—when the time for sending a despatch to India and receiving an answer sometimes extended to a year and a half—it was impossible to govern the East Indian possessions by orders received from home. At length general attention in England was called to the state of affairs in India; and the Company saw that if a remedy were not applied by their own council, the British Government would take that duty upon itself,—and consequently

determined to send out Lord Clive, with full powers to put an end to the abuses that threatened the very existence of the British rule in India.

HOW CLIVE APPLIED THE REMEDY ; THE RESULT.

It was on the 23rd of May, 1765, that Lord Clive landed in Calcutta on his third and last journey to India. He came with the fixed determination, as he himself expressed it in a letter to a friend, to restore the lost honour and credit of the British name in India, to put a stop to the great and increasing evils existing there, or to perish in the attempt ; and he carried out his intentions to the fullest extent during the eighteen eventful months of his residence in Calcutta.

His difficulties began immediately on his arrival. In the council he appeared "like an eagle in a dove-cote, fluttering the *Volskians*." When he explained the scope and extent of the thorough reforms he contemplated,—reforms that would arrest, in their very source, the irregular and excessive gains of the Company's servants and agents,—the members at the board sat aghast ; and "all the faces grew long and pale" when he put down, with a few haughty and vigorous words, the attempted remonstrance of the one member who dared to protest.

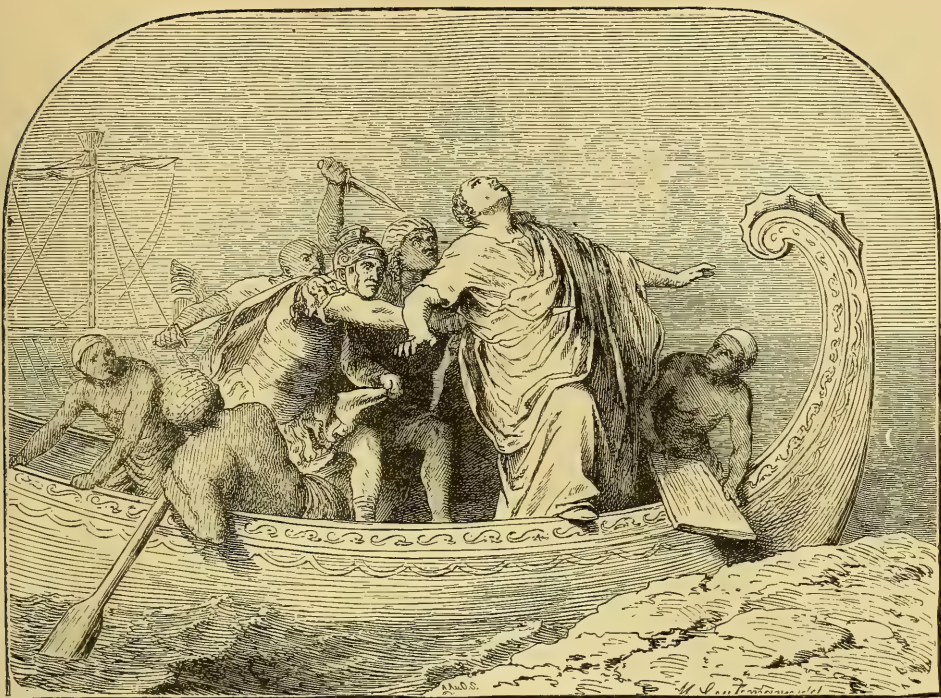
After putting an end to the foolish war with the Nabob of Oude, with whom he entered into alliance, he carried out the policy advocated by Holwell and other enlightened Indian statesmen. "Let us be our own Soubah," wrote Holwell ; and this is what Clive effected. He obtained from the Great Mogul, in return for a pension secured to that weak potentate, the nomination of the Company to the office of Duan, or finance ministers of Bengal. They procured the right of collecting the revenues of the three provinces—Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar—together with the monopolies of salt, betel, etc. ; and thus their authority as the acknowledged masters of Northern India received the sanction of the highest native authority—the imperial throne at Delhi. Any attempt to evade the transit duties on merchandise now became a fraud on the Company itself, for which all offenders in the service were to be visited with instant dismissal ; and thus the "private trade," the fruitful source of many abuses, was put down. In the army, also, the power of the stern inflexible Governor was soon felt. The officers were soon made

aware that they must consider themselves the servants of the State, and must be ready to march at the first summons, and implicitly to obey any orders given to them ; moreover, the acceptance of presents from native princes was rigidly prohibited. All such gifts were to be handed over at once to the treasury of the Government. These innovations produced a profound impression in a mutinous army, fully aware of its importance, and accustomed to have its own way. The officers murmured loudly, and presently proceeded to organise what may be termed a military "strike." A large number resigned their commissions on the same day, feeling convinced that Clive would make any concessions rather than leave the army without leaders. But he put down the movement with a stern hand. The ringleaders in the mutiny were cashiered. The others were allowed to return to their duty after earnestly professing their regret. Clive had sent for officers from Madras, and had taken other steps to show that he was master of the situation, and that no man was indispensable to him.

At the same time he found a remedy for the grievance which had been a frequent cause of extortion and misrule. The salaries of the Company's servants were rearranged on a scale sufficiently liberal to allow of the officials living up to their position, and yet in time accumulating fortunes. The revenue derived from the tax on salt was devoted to the payment of salaries. The result of these reforms was the removal, at least for a time, of the reproach of rapine and extortion that defaces the pages of the chronicle of British conquest and supremacy in India ; and just principles of rule took the place of the previous misgovernment.

When Clive sailed for England for the third time, the conqueror of Plassey had gained a far harder victory than that over Suraj-ud-Dowlah ; but he had also raised up many implacable enemies, who accused him of having marred their fortunes after he had made his own, and persistently pointed out the incongruity between Clive's earlier acceptance of presents by himself, and his later denouncing of their receipt by others. And this consciousness it was that preyed upon his mind amid all his wealth and prosperity, and combined with other causes to produce such exquisite misery that existence became unendurable to him, and the victor of Plassey in his fiftieth year put an end to his own life.

H. W. D



DEATH OF POMPEY (see page 301).

CÆSARISM IN ROME:

THE STORY OF THE FALL OF THE REPUBLIC.

A Roman Holiday—The Ides of March—Regal Rome—Republican Rome—The Commencement of a Memorable Epoch—The Oppressions of the Aristocracy—Cato the Censor—Tiberius Gracchus and his Law for the Amelioration of the Condition of the People—Caius Gracchus—The Story of Jugurtha—Marius, Sulla, and the Social War—The Mithridatic War and the First Civil War—The Roman Reign of Terror—Julius Cæsar—The Second Civil War—The Catiline Conspiracy—The Greatest Crisis in the History of Rome—The First Triumvirate—The Contest between Cæsar and Pompey—Cæsar crosses the Rubicon—The Beginning of the End—Cæsar's Laws and Policy—The Second Triumvirate—Proscriptions and Assassinations—Augustus Emperor—Influence of Cæsarism on the World.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

IT is a day of high festival in ancient Rome, and crowds of her noblest citizens, clad in their gayest-coloured togas, throng her classic streets.

They pass the bridge so grandly kept by stout Horatius in the brave days of old; they cross the Forum, where once the blood of poor Virginia cried aloud for vengeance on the "Wicked Ten"; they gaze anew, with feelings of swelling pride, at their famous Capitol, and then with a burst of acclamation they hasten to the Lupercal, on the Palatine Hill, where, in a chair of gold, which gleams like a meteor in the brilliant sunshine of the

southern sky, they behold great Cæsar himself, clad in a triumphal robe, presiding over the mystic ceremonies of the day. A smile of triumph passes over his stern face as he acknowledges their warm welcome, yet even then he hears a soothsayer cry, "Beware the ides of March; Cæsar, beware the ides of March." Cæsar angrily bids him be gone, and again the people shout aloud, and the priests advance and the ceremonies begin.

For it is the feast of the Lupercalia, when those ancient rites are celebrated, which tradition says have been handed down from the times of Romulus himself—those

ancient rites which propitiate the great god Lupercus, and cause him to give a fruitful year. The solemn priests—the Luperci—offer up the wonted sacrifices, and then cut the skins of the slaughtered animals into strips and twist them into thongs, with much ceremony. Some they hand to the magistrates, and retaining others themselves they then run through the city, striking on the hand all those who wish the god to bless them.

But what is this?—Mark Antony, the consul, who, according to custom, should run with the rest, approaches Cæsar, and before all the people offers him a diadem wreathed with laurel. The astounded populace look on in sullen silence. They well know the meaning of that strange sight. It means that Cæsar wishes to be king, and has caused Antony to offer him the crown.

The politic Cæsar, well understanding their silence, refuses the proffered jewel, whereupon the people greet him with their accustomed plaudits. Now, they know not what to think. Perhaps, after all, Cæsar is loyal to the Republic.

Again the officious Antony offers the diadem, and again there is deep silence. Again does Cæsar refuse. Once more is the farce repeated, and then the Dictator orders the diadem to be consecrated in the Capitol, and the people turn away.

AFTER THE FEAST.

But that night there were some men who cared for their country who slept with troubled rest. True they had seen “how on the Lupercal” Cæsar had thrice refused the kingly crown, but what a pass had things come to in Rome when the consul dared to offer a diadem to one of her citizens! “No more kings in Rome” had been the people’s cry ever since false Tarquin had been driven hence.

Their feelings of unrest were not quieted when during the next few days Cæsar’s statues were found adorned with diadems, but then Flavius and Marcellus, two stout tribunes, tore off the crowns, and committed to prison some of those unwise persons who had saluted Cæsar as king, so the people followed them with cheerful acclamations.

Then Cæsar, highly indignant at their behaviour, deposed the tribunes, and so the war went on, and there were several who whispered as the Dictator passed by, “Beware the ides of March.” Did not the soothsayer at the feast say “Beware the ides of March”?

THE IDES OF MARCH.

One month after the feast of the Lupercalia (which was held on the 15th of February), Cæsar started from his home for the senate house. He was lighthearted and gay—notwithstanding that Calphurnia, his wife, had

had troubled dreams and presages of evil, and had implored him not to go out to-day,—for had not a certain soothsayer been warning him for some time past of a terrible evil that should befall him on the 15th?—the ides of March,—and now the day had come, but no ill had befallen him. And as he made his way to the senate, he called the false prophet and spoke laughingly to him. “The ides of March are come, but no harm has befallen me”; to which the soothsayer softly said, “Yes, the ides of March are come, *but not gone.*”

This was the day that the majority of the senators were to meet at Cæsar’s summons prepared to offer him the crown and honour him by the title of king. The great object for which he had been working all his life was now near completion!

When he entered the house the assembled senate rose to do him honour. Then the accomplices of Brutus—the descendant of that Brutus who long time since had been foremost in expelling the evil Tarquin, the last king of Rome—crowded round him asking for the recall of his brother. Cæsar refused, and as their importunities grew they clustered round him, and finally at a sign from one of their number, Cimber, drew their swords and struck at him; and pierced by three-and-twenty wounds great Cæsar fell.

They murdered him because he aimed at despotic power and the destruction of the Republic, but though he died the system he created lived. Not even the desperate deed of his murder could save the moribund State. The Republic had fallen, and though a triumvirate was established, which for a short time endeavoured to rule Rome, Cæsar’s nephew, Augustus, very quickly succeeded to the place and power of the murdered dictator, and Cæsarism was fully established. How it came to pass that these momentous events transpired, we have now to tell.

REGAL ROME.

In order to understand the introduction and triumph of Cæsarism it will be necessary to give a slight historical sketch of Roman institutions from the foundation of the city.

Rome, which was established by Romulus 753 years before Christ, was for 243 years ruled by kings, whose power, however, was tempered by the senate. This body was instituted by Romulus, and consisted originally of a hundred of the most experienced of the citizens, who from their age were known as “The Fathers,” and from their office, “The Senators.” This senate became, says Mommsen, the most powerful governing board the world has ever seen. Romulus also divided the people into two classes, the Patricians, or nobles, and the Plebeians, or common people. This distinction remained

for many centuries, and was the cause of much internal discord.

It came to pass, however, that certain kings grossly abused their position and their power. The oppressions and cruelties of Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh and last king, at length became insupportable, and all sections of the state anxiously looked for some revolution which should overturn the king, who disregarded both liberty and law.

The revolution came. While Tarquinius Superbus was besieging the city of Ardea, Sextus Tarquinius, his son, grossly insulted Lucretia, the wife of a Roman noble, Collatinus. She summoned her husband and father, and in their presence stabbed herself, after commanding them to revenge her death and disgrace upon the house of Tarquin. Lucius Junius Brutus, whose father and brother had been slaughtered by Tarquin, who had himself escaped only by feigning idiotcy, was present at this sad scene, and plucking the fatal weapon from the wound, he swore to exterminate the Tarquins, and prevent them or any others from ever reigning in Rome. This example was followed by all present, and under his leadership the people rose, expelled the Tarquins, and established the aristocratical commonwealth, known as the Roman Republic.

REPUBLICAN ROME.

At first the Republic appears to have differed but slightly from the Monarchy. The senate and the various other departments of government continued, but instead of the kings, two magistrates, called consuls, were chosen annually from among the patricians. The consuls were invested with great powers. They commanded the armies, and had the power of assembling or dissolving the senate. They wore robes fringed with purple, and were preceded by twelve men called lictors, bearing bundles of rods bound together with an axe in the middle, known as *fusces*. When presiding at assemblies of the people they sat in ivory chairs,—called the curule chairs,—and carried ivory rods in their hands. In those days the Romans were accustomed to designate their years by the annual office of their consul. The first consuls were Lucius Junius Brutus and Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia.

The progress of the Republic was grievously hindered by internal discord. The government was vested in an irresponsible clique of nobles, from whom the consuls and the senate were elected, and under whom the plebeians were cruelly and bitterly oppressed.

For fully a hundred years did the struggle continue, until at last it ended by the removal of the political and social disabilities under which the plebeians had suffered, and the passing of a law by which they were declared

to be on a level with the patricians. Consuls were elected from their ranks, and for the first time marriages between all classes were considered legal and binding.

The Roman Republic had now approached perfection. It was no longer an irresponsible oligarchy, but out of an exclusive aristocracy and an oppressed serfdom had grown a moderate democracy in which all had equal rights. Each class exerted its influence and counterbalanced the other. It was this constitution which lasted so many years, and enabled Rome to prosecute successfully the terrible Punic and Macedonian wars, and to make herself the Mistress of the World. We have now to see how this magnificent Republic fell.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A MEMORABLE EPOCH.

The Roman historian, Sallust, regards the destruction of Carthage as the commencement of that memorable epoch, which ended in the ruin of the Republic.

With the enormous extension of power which this fatal success opened up, the national character suffered a fatal deterioration. Coupled with this, also, was the growth of a new aristocracy, more wealthy and more unscrupulous than that against which the plebeians had struggled during the early years of the Republic.

The traditions of free self-government which had enabled their fathers to mould such a mighty state were forgotten; men looked only to their own selfish interests and self-aggrandizement; the aristocrats bound down the commons with bands of iron rule, and secured for themselves the honours and emoluments which accrued from great national dominion and great national expenditure.

The stern integrity of life, the frugality, the temperance and rectitude which in former days marked the Roman citizen, began to disappear, and the love of luxury and vice became prominent. The old Roman "virtue" was undermined.

Still further, the long wars had turned good citizens into useless soldiers,—useless for everything but fighting,—and thousands returned home without employment to spend in idle sensuality their ill-gotten gains. After the licentiousness of their camp life and the base delights of pillage and rapine, it was impossible to settle down to hard toil. Hence arose that horrible slave system,—the most terrible curse of ancient Rome,—the curse that finally aided to bring about the downfall of its greatness. Conquered people were made to till the soil for their masters. At least 50,000 captives were sent home from Carthage, while 150,000 Epirotes were sold after the conquest of Epirus. The rule seems to have been that

when a captive taken in war was preserved instead of being slain,—hence the name *servus*,—he could be made to work for his captor's benefit. There was little or no restriction on the master's power of punishing his slave or even of putting him to death, and the horrible atrocities perpetrated on the miserable victims of the slave system of republican Rome are far beyond description. Mommsen says that "compared with the sufferings of the Roman slaves, the sum of all negro suffering is but a drop."

But the blood and tears of the poor slaves called down terrible evils upon the Republic, and oppression and cruelty brought their terrible retribution, as they always will.

In the year 134 B.C. the Roman world was suddenly thrilled with the news of a horrible social outbreak in Sicily. The fury of the revolt for a time made all opposition useless; the slaves overran the island like demons let loose, and one after another the Roman forces sent to quell the insurrections were cut to pieces. But the slaves were without organization, and when they had somewhat slaked their thirst for revenge, their paroxysms of ferocity were over, their power had spent itself, and two years later the consul, Publius Rupilius, was able to announce that he had restored "order."

CONTINUED OPPRESSIONS.

After this outbreak, the "new nobles" continued to oppress the people—both slaves and freemen—even more than before. They regarded intellect, virtue, and manners as nothing; wealth, power, and material prosperity were everything. They cared for nothing but to add farm to farm, and many a poor burgess went to the wall in the unequal struggle. The riches of the rich increased, as likewise did the poverty of the poor. The political power gradually passed more and more into the hands of this wealthy aristocracy, until there came about the most unhappy state of things that can befall any state—a corrupt and wealthy governing class, a selfish, unscrupulous, and arrogant aristocracy, and a poverty-stricken lower class, who, struggle as they may, can find no means of improving their position. The pride, wealth, influence, and cruelty of this new order were a thousand times worse than the haughty arrogance of the old patricians; while, added to their nepotism and selfishness was their gross immorality, and last, but not least, their never-ceasing quarrels among themselves for place and power. The former oligarchy ended in the establishment of a free Republic; the latter ended in the fall of all free institutions, and the establishment of Cæsarism—government by brute force.

CATO, THE CENSOR.

The degeneracy of the age did not pass without rebuke. Doubtless there were many wise Romans who saw the inevitable end to which these national evils would lead, but among them Cato, the censor, stands out prominently. With remarkable sternness he pointed out the demoralized state of the people, and as far as in him lay, endeavoured to stem the tide of iniquity which flooded the streets of the city. But while Rome chose to pursue a policy of fierce and unscrupulous conquest, and to hold foreign nations in subjection by the brute force of an immoral soldiery—while the nation chose to exalt this gross materialism as its rule of life, it was impossible to expect or cause the people to adopt simple, temperate, and virtuous habits.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS, AND HIS LAW FOR THE AMELIORATION OF THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

Desperate—one might almost say revolutionary—attempts to prevent the social ruin of the state were made by Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, two brothers, sons of the celebrated Cornelia, daughter of Scipio, who had destroyed Carthage. They were of distinguished eloquence and great accomplishments.

Tiberius Gracchus, a tribune of the people, seeing the misery of the poor, and of the subject inhabitants of the provinces, and seeing also the overbearing wealth of the rich (whose estates were, as we have stated, cultivated by slaves instead of by free and manly citizens, who had, therefore, but little means of obtaining a livelihood), proposed a law founded on the old Agrarian law, prohibiting the acquisition of an exorbitant quantity of land, and providing for the distribution of the remainder among the poor. As may be imagined, the most violent commotion followed, and we may regard this as the first blow struck in that internecine strife which led at length to the fall of the Republic—the first bitter fruits of those evils to which we have alluded.

Long and fierce were the debates which ensued, and at length the senate resorted to unwarrantable means to counteract his influence. The senate,—composed of aristocrats,—whose excessive power the proposed law would limit, persuaded Octavius, another of the tribunes, to interpose his official veto on the motion of Tiberius—for according to the constitution of Rome at that period, if any tribune (they were ten in number) vetoed a proposal of one of his colleagues, it was at once lost without further discussion.

Tiberius was enraged at this unexpected opposition, and forgetting in his intense earnestness the formality of law, he proposed

the deposition of his colleague. The people agreed with acclamation, and Octavius was deposed from office. Tiberius Gracchus, Caius Gracchus, and Claudius, were appointed triumvirs for carrying this proposed law into effect with all its intricate provisions.

But this success was only the commencement of his difficulties. The senate were so enraged that they stopped at nothing to thwart his schemes, and when the time came round for his re-election—for the tribunes were elected annually—every effort was made to prevent his success. As it appeared likely he would triumph they resolved on his death. They accused him of endeavouring to acquire supreme power. "*He intends to wear the diadem,*" they shrieked; "the tyrant must be slain to save the State."

The consul, however, refused to listen to their violent proposals, and thereupon a senator named Nascia exclaiming, "As the consul refuses to protect the Commonwealth, follow me," summoned his followers and colleagues, and rushed to the Capitol, where Tiberius was then addressing his followers. A terrible riot ensued, in which Tiberius and more than three hundred of his partizans were slain, and their bodies thrown into the Tiber.

The nobles followed up this success with great ferocity. The partizans of Tiberius were banished and slain without trial, some of them suffering the most terrible deaths—one, Caius Vallun, being confined in a vessel with snakes and vipers, until the venomous reptiles stung him to death.

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

But though the nobles had crushed free speech for the time being, they had not succeeded in deterring the people from the projects Tiberius had promulgated. The internecine strife between the oligarchy and the democracy, which was to continue for many years, had begun, and the brother of Tiberius, Caius Gracchus, now came forward as the people's champion. The opportunity which enabled him to do this was the claim of the conquered Italians to be admitted as citizens of the Roman Republic, and to obtain, at least, some share in the privileges of their rulers.

Caius was a far abler man than his brother, and endeavoured to procure the same results for which Tiberius had struggled,—the establishment of a contented and prosperous middle class, as the conservators of society and the state, and as a check upon the corrupt aristocrats,—but in a less sudden and abrupt manner.

With keen foresight, moreover, he saw that the Republic would continue divided against itself—and therefore contain the elements of weakness—so long as the Romans and Ita-

lians were hostile to each other, and the rich clique of nobles endeavoured to absorb all the emoluments of that vast empire. He aimed, therefore, not only to improve the condition of the poorer classes, but to reconstruct the constitution. He aimed to weld the dissimilar bodies firmly into one nation, and thus to consolidate the strength of the Republic. Unfortunately his counsels did not prevail, and the terrible struggle was prolonged until great Cæsar came and forced the union by causing all to bow to his dictatorship.

By reason of his great talents Caius exerted for a time considerable authority; but what was one against so many? The nobles continued in their arbitrary course. The wretched Italians were oppressed in every possible way. On the slightest pretext a young noble would order the death of any person he chose; and when a Roman governor entered any city the inhabitants were denied the commonest privileges of life; as for instance, they were not allowed to wash themselves in the public baths, so that the building might be sacred to the use of the officer.

Caius Gracchus struggled against these enormities in vain. He was continuously and grossly insulted; and on one occasion when one of his partisans struck to the ground a lictor who had affronted him, the senate declared that he was heading a revolution, and proclaimed the state in danger. A price was set on his head, and Opimius, his great opponent, who had hastily been proclaimed dictator, promised to pay its weight in gold. Thereupon a slave found opportunity to assassinate him, and extracting the brains from the great man's skull filled it with lead, and so obtained a huge reward.

Cornelia retired in grief to the country, and her only consolation was to tell to admiring visitors the story of her great father, Scipio Africanus, or her sons—the Gracchi. "The grand-children of Scipio were my sons," she would say; "they gave their lives for the noblest end—the happiness of the people." Calmly and loftily she bore her sufferings, and many distinguished persons visited her in her retirement. In after days statues were raised to her sons, and a monument was set up to herself in the city, and underneath were placed these words only: "To Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

THE STORY OF JUGURTHA.

The nobles exulted over their victory with insolent triumph. Three thousand of the partizans of Caius Gracchus were slain, and the bodies thrown into the Tiber; then the senate set to work to undo all the good that had been accomplished.

The incidents in the story of Jugurtha,

which followed shortly after the deaths of the Gracchi, bring into full light the corruption of the statesmen who now governed the affairs of Rome.

Jugurtha, the natural son of Massinissa, king of Numidia, was a bold, politic, and unscrupulous man. He saw that the love of gold was the mainspring of the Republic, and that every senator had his price. Thereupon he bribed the senate to oust his half-brother from the throne of Numidia. The fiat of the senate was of course law, and by purchasing the support of the senate, a commission was sent to Africa, which divided Numidia between him and his brother Adherbal. Not long after its departure, however, he invaded his brother's territory, conquered him, and put him to a shameful death. This caused great irritation at Rome, and war was commenced against him. For five years, however, by means of bribes and intrigues and battles, he managed to hold his own. It is said that he exclaimed of Rome, "Oh, venal city, thou art destined to perish whenever any one shall be found who will purchase thee."

Several generals were sent against Jugurtha, but by reason of bribes he kept them at bay, until Marius, a brave and famous commander, was entrusted with the mission. He, being above bribery, soon reduced the Numidian usurper to the last extremity. Jugurtha was brought to Rome in chains, and thrown into a subterranean dungeon, where his gaolers stripped off his clothes, and even tore off his ears for the earrings to satisfy their greed of gain. No food was given him, and he was starved to death.

MARIUS; SULLA; THE SOCIAL WAR.

The war with Jugurtha brought into prominence two Roman generals, Marius and Sulla, whose personal rivalry for some time becomes the principal line of Rome's history. The wars with the Cimbrians and Teutons, which followed the Jugurthine war, and in which Marius was successfully engaged, led to his repeated elections as consul, while Sulla, who at one time was his lieutenant, and now aspired to be his rival, dogged his steps in every direction, always waiting to step in and take any advantages that Marius might throw in his way. Marius obtained great popularity by admitting to the army men of a lower class than had previously been employed in its ranks.

No sooner, however, were these wars with the Cimbri and Teutons concluded, than the franchise having again been refused to the Italians, news arrived in Rome that civil war was raging in her provinces. The more immediate cause was the assassination of Drusus, "the Gracchus of the aristocracy," who had endeavoured to arrange a compromise between the arrogance

of the rich and the claims of the poor. This circumstance seemed to reveal to the subject Italians that no help was to be obtained, and that their only refuge was in rebellion, and very speedily they had risen in furious revolt. The slaves of Sicily took advantage of this opportunity, and again rose, and the whole peninsula was in arms, and scenes of the most atrocious cruelty were perpetrated on both sides.

With great promptitude Marius, Sulla, and Pompeius Strabo, were sent to quell the insurrections, and by their superior generalship this was finally accomplished after two years' hard fighting. It is said that no less than 300,000 men perished in the great struggle, and although "order" among the insurgents was restored by main force, yet they were virtually triumphant, for in the year 89 B.C. the Roman franchise and citizenship was given to the Italians. It is said that this event exercised the greatest influence upon the old republican constitution, and made Cæsarism a political necessity. However this may be, it was clearly impossible to refuse the franchise after the social war. Even the most arrogant of patricians could not but see that the presence of so many oppressed thousands with absolutely no voice in the constitution, would be a constant source of peril, and they would be ready to follow any chief who would promise them anything. It is moreover an absolute fact that the reactionary laws of Sulla, which we shall presently mention, were far more disastrous to the Republic. The granting of the franchise, connected as it was with so many irritating restrictions, was but opening the safety valve a very little way, and not far enough.

THE MITHRIDATIC WAR, AND THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

The excessive jealousy that had long existed between Marius and Sulla kindled into the direst hatred when the latter was elected consul in 88 B.C., and received the command of the Roman legions in the war against Mithridates, King of Pontus. This remarkable man had during the social war supported the insurgents, defied the Republic, overrun the province of Asia Minor, and massacred Roman colonists and traders it was said to the number of 80,000.

It is very possible that if the Mithridatic war had broken out before the social war, Marius would have had the command, but during that war Sulla had by some means managed to win the chief glory, whether it was his by right or not, and he had lately strengthened his position by divorcing his third wife, in order to marry Cecilia, daughter of Metellus, one of the old senatorial nobles. The people well understood what

this marriage meant—that it was for political purposes alone, and it was celebrated by lampoons far more witty than complimentary.

Sulla was steeped to the lips in the gross debauchery of the time, and his lax morals shocked even the sensualists of the day. His countenance was disfigured with terrible eruptions, and with jest it was compared to a “mulberry sprinkled with meal.” His manners were haughty and morose. He was selfish and ambitious. His object was to rule Rome at the head of a dominant aristocracy, and the power he possessed as a successful, almost invincible general, reconciled the nobles to him, especially as he was known to be so fanatically devoted to the aggrandizement of their order.

It is not a matter of much wonder, therefore, that the Senate appointed Sulla to the leadership.

Marius, disgusted, discontented, and alarmed for his popularity, commenced to stir up a revolution. He found the materials only too ready to his hand. The new citizens of Latium and Italy, already mortified at finding the inefficiency of their votes, and that though the promised privileges had been given with one hand they were taken back with the other, were again ripe for revolt. Marius conceived the idea of turning their discontent to his own advantage. He proposed to repair the injustice of the senate, and give them all they wanted. Obtaining the assistance of Sulpicius Galba, a tribune of great eloquence, a revolt was put into execution, which for the time prevailed. The consul remaining in Rome was attacked with a band of armed men, the senate was dissolved, and a new senate created which recalled Sulla, and appointed Marius chief of the army.

Sulla returned, but accompanied by his army, with the avowed determination of overturning the new government. Marius sent two prætors to meet him and command him to desist, but they were stripped of their togas, their fasces broken, and they were ordered to return to him who sent them. Such violence betokened that worse was to follow. The citizens in alarm sent ambassadors to meet him, and promised to do full justice between the rival commanders, and it is said that the “mulberry face” himself faltered in the execution of his daring design; but being warned in a dream—wherein a Roman deity appeared and placed a thunderbolt in his hand and commanded him to launch it at his enemies—he advanced.

As he entered the city, stones and tiles were flung at his troops from the house-tops, but seizing a torch he threatened to burn the city to the ground if any opposition were offered.

Marius and his chief partizans fled, and

a price was set upon their heads. Sulla reigned supreme.

The various romantic adventures which befell Marius—the greatest Roman general of the time—are related with much sympathy by Plutarch, but are too lengthy to be repeated here. He first wished to direct his steps to Africa, the scene of his great exploits, where his influence was still powerful, but becoming shipwrecked, he was discovered. But none of the “barbarians” would slay him—him whom they regarded as the champion of Italy. At last a Cimbrian slave was sent with a sword to dispatch him. Turning his eyes full upon the messenger the old man said, “Slave! dare you kill Caius Marius?” Whereupon the man threw down his sword, rushed from the place exclaiming, “I cannot kill Caius Marius.” Ultimately he escaped to Africa, where among the ruins of Carthage he meditated his return to power.

Meantime Sulla was vigorously prosecuting the war in the East against Mithridates, and the partizans of Marius again made headway under the leadership of Cinna. He raised levies in lower Italy, and at the same time Marius reappeared in Etruria. Both chiefs approached Rome from opposite quarters. On this occasion, after a sanguinary struggle they were successful, and although seventy years of age, Marius was a seventh time elected consul, and prepared to lead an army to the East to supplant Sulla. At this crisis, however, he died.

Cinna succeeded to his place and power, but not for long. Flaccus, whom he sent to supersede Sulla, was murdered, and the army who had accompanied him was united to the ambitious and powerful leader. With the combined forces Sulla conquered Mithridates, and then led his forces a second time against Rome. The Italian legion summoned to oppose him could not stand against his great military talents and veteran soldiers, and at Sacriportus, and also at the Colline Gate they were cut to pieces. For the second time Sulla had conquered Rome. The nobility received Sulla with mingled feelings of exultation, fear, and admiration, but even they were horror-stricken at the deluge of blood which he caused to be shed. On the morning after the battle at the Colline Gate 8,000 prisoners were killed. When the affrighted senators asked him what meant the outcries they heard without their place of assembly, he replied coolly—

“It is only some rascals whom I have commanded to be chastised.”

THE ROMAN REIGN OF TERROR.

Day followed day, and the bloody massacre continued. It was a Roman Reign of Terror, far surpassing in horror, in unbridled savagery

and licentiousness the horrors of the great French Revolution which followed it after many centuries. Many a private grudge was gratified, and many a private vengeance wreaked under guise of the political necessity. Marius Gratidian, a young relation of the great Marius, was murdered with the most revolting torture, and his bloody head was placed on Sulla's banquet table. The corpse of the great Marius was taken from its sepulchre and thrown into the Tiber. This was a greater outrage than ever before had been attempted in the contests of the Romans. The desecration of funeral rites was in their eyes a terrible impiety.

This authorised system of murder continued for several months, and the favourites of Sulla made a lucrative trade out of selling the right to proscribe persons, as the individuals who thus proscribed another obtained his possessions; so one man was killed for his baths, another for his farm, and so forth. It is recorded that one unfortunate man, when one day examining the proscription-lists for idle curiosity, saw with surprise and alarm his own name placed thereon. "My Alban farm has killed me!" he exclaimed in horror, and even then his murderers smote him.

Sulla heaped favour upon his partizans. To Catiline, a man of as great debauchery as himself, he gave excessive wealth. Crassus also now laid the foundation of that enormous wealth which afterwards earned him the questionable renown of being the richest of Romans.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Among the witnesses of these terrible doings there was one young man who laid up their teachings in his heart, and made his life-plans accordingly. Caius Julius Cæsar, destined to become the greatest leader of the Roman people, and to reduce this terrible chaos to something like order, was a young man of eighteen when Sulla's Reign of Terror was proceeding. Being connected by blood with the great Marius, he only very narrowly escaped death. Cæsar's young wife was a relative of Marius, and Sulla desired Cæsar to repudiate her. This he stoutly refused to do.

It was determined to assassinate him, when suddenly he thwarted the plot by fleeing to the Sabine Hills. Assassins followed him, while many friends pleaded with Sulla that his life should be spared. At length the dictator, with prophetic fervour, exclaimed, "I spare him; but, take care, that trifling boy will be more dangerous than many Marius's."

Cæsar escaped to the East, where he joined in the siege of Mytilene.

Sulla was now lord of all, and the triumph of the nobles was complete. He was the dictator of Rome, and Rome was the mistress

of the world. With trembling awe the people awaited the announcement of his will. Such a spectacle as this would not be lost upon such a man as Cæsar, who had already shown such abilities as to cause Sulla to speak of him as he had done. Already in that young man's mind there had grown up the idea of the course he meant to pursue. Humanly speaking, we might say that without Sulla Julius Cæsar could not have accomplished what he did.

Sulla proceeded to re-establish the supremacy of the nobles, and on this ground he applied for an unlimited dictatorship.

His aim was to repeal all the popular measures of the preceding half century, and to lay Rome and the world prostrate at the feet of an irresponsible clique of nobles of which he was chief. The utter prostration of the party of Marius enabled him to carry this into effect, and the reactionary system of Sulla has been called the greatest disaster in the history of Rome. Having effected what he called "reform," his love of luxury induced him to retire into private life—where, surrounded by buffoons and dancing girls, he indulged to the last in sensual excesses.

About a year afterwards, 78 B.C., he died, it is said, of a loathsome disease, caused by his long life of debauchery, which bred vermin in his body, which no medicine or ablution could purge away.

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR.

With the death of Sulla the last stage in the fall of the Republic began. By a violent effort Sulla had restored the government to the hands of the nobility,—*i.e.*, a group of a few hundred families,—but within ten years their incapacity to rule was plainly seen. It was impossible to restrict to so small a number the government, the honours, and emoluments of the world. Lepidus, one of the consuls who succeeded Sulla, was annoyed that he had not received higher rewards from his old chief, and attempted to repeal his laws. He proclaimed the restoration of the powers of the people's tribunes which Sulla had curtailed, and revived the popular party which the dictator had beaten to the ground. He incited the miserable population of Etruria to rise against the faction from which they had suffered such intolerable wrong. The Senate appointed Catullus to lead an army to quell the revolt, which was soon done. Lepidus escaped to Sardinia, where he died shortly afterwards.

It must not be supposed that Lepidus was solely actuated by patriotic motives in thus attempting to revive the popular party, and redress the people's wrongs. His antecedents, his character, and actions all point to the fact that he hoped to attain to the power and position that Sulla had wielded,

and he simply used the democracy for that purpose.

And thenceforth that principle seems to have been the dominant one of Roman history. It is a record of the desperate attempts of desperate men from among the nobility to obtain a dictatorship.

The senatorial party now placed themselves under the leadership of their natural chiefs, —Catullus, Lucullus, Servilius, Lentulus, etc.,

of Marius—recovering their strength, he threw himself manfully into their cause, and insisted that the trophies of Marius which had been displaced by his successful rival should be reinstated.

Very clearly his commanding mind saw how things were tending in Rome; he saw the mistaken violence of Sulla; he saw how impossible it was that a small clique of nobles — themselves split up into rival



MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S CORPSE (*page 302*).

—men of ancient lineage, but poor abilities, who by their dense stupidity, selfishness, and utter carelessness of the claims of the many millions subject to the sway of Rome, helped to fan the smouldering discontent of the people into the flames of civil war.

It was now that the unequalled genius of Julius Cæsar began to show itself. After serving abroad for some time he returned to Rome, and finding his friends—the followers

factions—could govern, and, imbued with the traditions of Marius and Cinna, he aspired to rule Rome at the head of the democracy.

His great rival was Pompey, then the greatest man in the Roman Republic, who was now in the East, where his conquests had been extended so far that he might almost consider himself the rival of Alexander. Pompey had been one of Sulla's generals. At his command he had put away his wife,

who was related to Marius, and had married as Sulla dictated. Cæsar knew well the kind of man with whom he had to deal. But Pompey was now absent from Rome, and Cæsar pushed himself forward into the very front rank of the popular party, and struck dismay into the hearts of the nobles by calling to account the instruments of Sulla's cruelties. Everything was prospering with him, when suddenly the Catiline conspiracy was discovered, and the courage with which the senate, led by Cicero, defeated it, gave them a renewed lease of power.

THE CATILINE CONSPIRACY.

Sergius Catilina, one of the base creatures upon whom Sulla had lavished great favours, having failed to be elected to the consulship, formed a conspiracy among a number of discontented youths, who having lost their wealth and position by reason of their own excesses or of civil strife, were ripe for any wild enterprise. We may suppose that their aims were personal rather than political; they longed to get rid of the load of debts which weighed them down; they yearned to divide the public offices and emoluments among themselves; they looked for support to the cut-throats of the city; they expected the assistance of old disbanded soldiers, who having squandered their spoils were ready to participate in any enterprise which promised more; and, further, some of them would not have refused to take advantage of a slave insurrection.

Meanwhile, Catiline, who placed himself at the head of this movement, and endeavoured to organize it, paced the streets with blood-shot eyes and pallid visage, revolving the most dreadful schemes of plunder and revolution. But Fulvia, the mistress of Crassus, one of Catiline's confederates, betrayed the plot to Cicero,—the “upstart orator,”—who by the force of his genius had won his way into the senate. The nobles, knowing his great abilities, and determining to play on his vanity for their own ends, had allowed him to be elected consul. He had suspected the conspiracy for a long time, and by his instructions Fulvia obtained from her paramour all the particulars of the plot.

He was obliged to proceed with the greatest circumspection, for the plot included scions of the noblest houses; but in the meantime the conspiracy grew. Magazines of arms had been collected, various bodies of insurgents were arrayed to march against the city from different points at a given signal, and arrangements had been made to fire it in a hundred places.

THE GREATEST CRISIS IN THE HISTORY OF ROME.

Cicero was equal to the occasion. Certain

troops arriving from the East were sent against various insurrectionary movements in the neighbourhood, and the great orator summoning the senators, of whom Catiline was one, denounced him before them all in the famous speech, which is known as “*Cicero's First Oration against Catiline*”; of which these are a few of the opening sentences, * “How long then, oh, Catilina, how long will you abuse our patience? What! are you quite unmoved by the guard which keeps night-watch on the Palatine, by the patrols of the city? . . . Think you that all your schemes are not open to us as the day? . . . The senate knows them, the consul sees them, and the man still lives! Lives, do I say?—Aye, lives, and comes here into the midst of us to join in our counsels, and to mark us one by one for murder. And yet we, into whose hands has been placed the sword of Scipio, of Opimius, of Ahala, still suffer it to sleep in its scabbard! . . . Yes, I still wait, I still delay; for I wish you not to perish till you cease to find a citizen so perverse as to excuse or defend you. Then, and not till then, the sword shall descend upon you. Meantime, live as you now live, tracked by enemies and surrounded by soldiers. . . . Renounce, then, your designs, for they are discovered and frustrated. . . . I track your deeds, I follow your steps, I know your very thoughts. . . . I know the men you mean to murder me. . . . I exhort you to go from this city. Go where your armed ruffians await you. . . . Make war against your country. You have determined to do this; the day is fixed, and every arrangement made.” . . . Then turning to the senate Cicero explained the meaning of this harangue.

This speech completely turned the tide of affairs, and roused the senate to the deepest indignation. Catiline essayed to speak, but finally he fled precipitately, frightened by the shouts of execration which greeted him. But as he fled he shouted, “I will hide the burning of my own house in the wreck of the city.” He left Rome, and placed himself at the head of his insurgents, and died in battle against the troops sent by the senate to quell his insurrection.

Cicero, dazzled by the splendour of his success, and excited by the flatteries of the nobles he had saved, lent himself to acts of cruelty against many persons who were only supposed to have been connected with the conspiracy. These presumed associates were strangled in prison without trial, and once more the arbitrary power of the irresponsible clique of nobles was supreme. But he was never forgiven the assumption of superiority he took up, and it was not the

* Merivale.

senate alone that was irritated at his remark, "I am the Saviour of Rome; I am the Father of my country."

But what a terrible satire upon the triumphs of Pompey in the East, was the state of things in Rome which the conspiracy revealed. Had it succeeded, the city would have been at the mercy of a set of aristocratic young bravos and cut-throats; like a foul ulcer upon fair flesh, it revealed the corruption which lay within, hidden beneath the showy pomps of Roman conquests.

THE FIRST TRIUMVIRATE.

But though the sharp suppression of the conspiracy gave a longer lease of power to the senate, it was but for a short time, and the next feature to notice is the paralysis of the power of the senate—that board of government which for so many years had been the mightiest power in the world. Rent by wretched jealousies, and torn by contention as to who should obtain the highest magistracy, it did nothing but feebly squabble or attempt to frustrate the purposes of men whom it disliked.

Meantime, Cæsar, whose schemes had been somewhat thwarted by the conspiracy, forced himself again to the front. While the nobles had been contending among themselves, he obtained the prætorship, the second rank in the scale of office, and in the year 60 B.C. he went forth to gain his first laurels as commander in the war with Spain.

Pompey, returning from his arduous struggles in the East, found that his popularity had considerably waned with the senate. They refused to accord him the honour of a triumph, or to ratify his treaties and political arrangements in the East. Further, they were jealous, and afraid of his power with his large army. He could get no satisfaction until he had formed a coalition with Crassus and Cæsar,—when he returned from Spain to sue for the consulship. This coalition is known as the First Triumvirate, and the immediate result of the compact was, that secretly supported by the influence of Pompey and the gold of Crassus, and borne on the tide of his own popularity, Cæsar was elected consul by loud acclamations. He soon marked his accession to power by proposing and passing certain popular laws, which tended to increase the supply and lower the price of corn, and to limit the excessive acquirement of land by the nobles. It was in vain that Bibulus, his colleague, endeavoured to oppose these laws. Cæsar was successful in every respect; and when his year of office had expired, and he had carried his war against the senate to the utmost limits of the law, he caused Pompey and Crassus to be appointed consuls in his stead, and himself to be de-

puted dictator for five years of the western army, and pro-consul of Gaul.

In this distant country he was beyond the reach of the enmity of the nobles, but yet could keep himself informed of all that transpired within the city. As a dictator of the army he was compelled by the laws to keep without the gates of Rome while retaining his command, and therefore every rainy season he repaired to Lucca, the nearest point on the frontier, there to consult with his friends on the measures likely to lead to the benefit of himself and his party; among other things it was arranged that Pompey should be appointed pro-consul of Africa and Spain, and Crassus dictator in Syria, and that Cæsar's command should be extended for another five years after the expiration of his first term of office.

But the bands which had held together this political union between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus were being gradually loosened. Cæsar had married his daughter Julia to Pompey—although he was older than Cæsar himself—in order to cement the union, and that he might work on the selfish old man through his wife; but in the year 54 B.C. she died, and Cæsar lost a great part of his influence over him. The senate, too, began to play off one against the other, and to take advantage of his absence to flatter Pompey. On the occurrence of a scarcity in the city they conferred upon him extraordinary power to preserve the people from famine. Crassus failed in Syria, and the Parthians, against whom he led his army, obtained a decisive victory over the Romans at the terrible battle of Charrhæ. Crassus was slain, and the remnant of his army brought back by the ablest of his lieutenants.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

This breaking, by death, of the triple league between the three great pro-consuls was an opportunity for the senate, and they saw it. They recommenced their overtures to Pompey,—who still remained in Rome, and governed his provinces by means of lieutenants,—and granted him the distinction of a dictatorship over Rome itself for six months.

Pompey, too, was now terribly jealous of his great colleague. Cæsar was not the dissipated spendthrift he had once imagined him to be, and instead of being the prop to his power, Pompey found that he had become a serious rival, and the most successful and popular of public men.

Cæsar had indeed achieved remarkable and brilliant success. The rebellious Gauls had been tamed into complete submission, and were now the most contented and valuable of the Roman allies. The barbarians of Britain had also been brought under the

sway of the Republic, and before his second term of office as dictator had expired, he had most successfully accomplished the task that he had undertaken. He determined therefore to return to Rome, and apply for the consulship a second time, as he was now quite justified in doing.

The senate, with Pompey at their head,—for he had now quite thrown in his lot with the nobles,—endeavoured by all means in their power to prevent his return, and at last they boldly commanded him to relinquish his dictatorship of the army. He retorted that Pompey,—who at that time held command of all the troops in Spain,—while still residing in Rome, should also give up command of his army. But this Pompey stoutly refused to do, although the opposition he offered to Cæsar was in direct contravention of their preconcerted plans, for before the death of Crassus it had been arranged by the triumvirate that Cæsar should be consul again in 48 B.C.

This last action of Pompey's made it clear to Cæsar that he must regard Pompey as an enemy. He knew, moreover, how cordially the senate hated him, and how strong was the opposition arrayed against him, and that to show himself in Rome without his army would be but to court assassination. Still further, he saw how incapable the senate were of government. A selfish, careless, corrupt, and worn-out body, their only idea of ruling was to crush the people beneath a grinding tyranny, which must eventually cause the commons to rise in rebellion, and open the city to the inroads of rough barbarians, as had previously been the case. He saw that the conquests of the city had become so large, that there was imminent danger of the genuine Roman race being overcome by its alien subjects; and that by reason of internecine strife there was a great risk of the gigantic commonwealth breaking up into numerous states by reason of its own weight. He therefore conceived the grand idea of crushing all rival factions, of fusing all separate interests, and of moulding the mighty mass of alien subjects into one people, obedient to the sway of one man, and that man—himself. The people were powerless to govern themselves, the aristocrats were too corrupt and divided. The only strength in Rome was the army, and of the best part of that army Cæsar was dictator. It was indeed *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*—Either Cæsar, or NOTHING.

CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

Cæsar moved slowly towards Italy at the head of his exultant and well-trained army. His soldiers regarded him almost as a god, and he knew that he could rely upon them to any extent. It was clear that no union could

now exist between the Senate led by Pompey and himself, and that civil war was imminent.

Warily he waited for some circumstance which should give him the advantage and afford him some show of legality, and a brief pause ensued in the stern march of events. It was but the calm before the storm.

One night two tribunes of the people, who had protested in vain against the terrible oppressions of the senate, alarmed for their own safety, fled from Rome with the news that the laws proposed on behalf of the popular party had been contemptuously rejected (January 1st, 49 B.C.), and that Cæsar was to be compelled to resign his office.

Then Cæsar struck—sharply and well. With lightning-like speed he crossed the Rubicon,—the small stream forming the frontier over which a dictator might not legally pass with his army,—and marched towards Rome. The senate and Pompey were dismayed, and fled, vainly protesting. Cæsar knew now that hesitation would be fatal, and it is said that as his horse stepped out of the stream on to the soil of Italy, he exclaimed, *Facta est alea*, THE DIE IS CAST. Either the shadowy senate, or Cæsar, must reign.

The dictator was careful to assume the appearance of legality, and he proclaimed that he entered Italy with his army to vindicate the law. On his way to Rome he garrisoned city after city, and rendered the whole population subject to himself. This was not difficult for him to accomplish, for on every hand the people rose to welcome him as their deliverer from the oppression of the cruel aristocracy which had ground them down so long.

Then when he had secured the provinces he turned his steps to the Tiber city, where a joyful people received him with acclamations.

From the remnant of the nobles who remained in Rome he summoned a senate; he seized the treasures of the State, and with politic clemency proclaimed an amnesty to all nobles who would unite with him, and denounced the fallen government as traitors and rebels.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

But Pompey, although fallen, was not beaten, and he was now collecting a large army from his veteran soldiers in the East, who had enabled him to win such magnificent victories in Greece and Asia. Still further, Spain was garrisoned with his troops, and by his command they marched against Gaul.

Cæsar, therefore, swiftly crossed the Pyrenees, and attacked Pompey's lieutenants in Spain. Obtaining several signal victories over them he quickly returned to Rome, and announced himself guardian of the state against all enemies. Joyfully the people granted him the dictatorship of the state

as well as of the army, and he prepared to finally crush his great rival.

Pompey had now collected together a large army in Epirus, and had taken up a strong position on the coast. Cæsar therefore gathered all his forces for a final struggle. His weakness lay in want of ships. Pompey had still command of the sea and a superior fleet, and in the first engagement Cæsar was repulsed with loss. He then boldly dashed into Thessaly in the very centre of the enemy's country, hoping to draw Pompey from his strong position.

In this he was successful. The followers of Pompey elated with their success against the great Cæsar insisted on their leader following him. The old general, the hero of a hundred fights, hesitated, but the temptation was too strong; he panted to crush like a nutshell this upstart Cæsar, this former "tool" of his, as he had fondly and foolishly hoped he was. His forces doubled those of Cæsar, why not venture? So he yielded. The armies met on the plains of Pharsalia, and a long and sanguinary struggle ensued, which ended in the complete rout of Pompey's army. The old general fled to Lesbos, and the members of the senate with him were either scattered or slain, and its power as a governing body was completely broken.

Pompey finding that he was pursued by Cæsar escaped from Lesbos, thence to Cyprus, and finally to Egypt. He was treacherously murdered by Lucius Septimius as he was landing from a boat to the Egyptian shore, and his head was sent to Cæsar in triumph. It is stated that his assassination was ordered by Ptolemy, the young King of Egypt, who hoped thereby to obtain favour with the all-conquering Cæsar. In this he was mistaken; the dictator shed tears when the ghastly gift was brought him. He erected a temple to the memory of his great rival, and punished his murderers.

Although the form of government was still a Republic, the spirit had departed, and everything depended on the will of Cæsar. After settling various disputes and rebellions in the East, and remaining in Egypt fascinated by the charms of Cleopatra, he returned to Rome, where the people eagerly welcomed him, and again made him dictator. The greater number of the nobles made their submission, and Cæsar treated them with great clemency. A remnant fled to Africa, and under the indomitable Cato still stood out for the oligarchy at Utica. Had they possessed means, money, and wisdom, they might have greatly embarrassed Cæsar when he was engaged in quelling disturbances in the East. But they allowed the opportunity to slip, and Cæsar continued his conquering course.

At the [battle of Thapsus, B.C. 46, Cato's

troops were completely overthrown, and the rout of the senatorial party was complete. Cato, recommending his followers to yield to the clemency of the dictator, escaped the field of battle, only to throw himself on his sword.

All Cæsar's opponents being now overthrown he returned once more to Rome, to find himself the undisputed dictator of the world. True, all the old forms of government were to be continued, yet those forms were subject to his will. He was made consul for five years, dictator for one year, and afterwards for life, tribune of the people, and empowered to make peace or war at his will. He was also declared imperator, or commander-in-chief of the army, and his word was law.

The founders of the constitution had provided for the creation of a dictator—*i.e.*, an autocratic ruler—in times of peril, but they never seemed to have thought that there might come a time when the dictator would be consul, prætor, and tribune at the same time, and roll into one person all the offices and dignities of the state; yet this was now the case, and this initial mistake in the Republican constitution of allowing a dictator to be at any time appointed, completed its ruin. Cæsar was not therefore roughly violating any law of the state in what he had done, and we must not regard him as an ambitious autocrat riding rough-shod over the liberties of the people. He drove away a cruel oligarchy which was more oppressive and tyrannical than any king, and, according to the law, accepted a dictatorship granted him by the people. The difference was that *his* dictatorship was now *for life*, and in Rome itself, whereas others had been for a term only, and had expired when, with their army, they returned to Rome. The title he took, "Imperator," which was now impressed on the coinage of the time, intimated as much, and it also signified the rule of the sword, which was now indeed the dominant power in Rome. The Republic had ruled others by the sword, and it was now ruled by the sword itself.

CÆSAR'S LAWS AND POLICY.

The dictator consolidated his power by wise laws. He suffered no unjust punishments, bribes, or confiscations, and the populace soon felt the benefit of his mild and equitable rule. He also built temples and restored cities; he codified the laws of the Republic, and projected a complete survey of Italy and the provinces; while last, but not least, he rectified the calendar which has lasted to our own day, with but a few trifling alterations, and is now used all over Europe. His object was to mould the whole of the conquered peoples into one empire of uniform

laws and customs, therefore he opened the senate to chiefs from Gaul and Africa. Cleopatra, the beautiful Egyptian princess, was given a Roman palace, and it was said that he intended to marry her. He conferred the citizenship on the whole of the Cisalpine population, and men of strange manners and uncouth mien now mingled largely with the genuine Romans in the Roman streets.

Unfortunately he now suffered his vanity to overrule his reason, and allowed his better judgment to be warped by the flatteries of his friends. He permitted himself to be worshipped as a divinity, and favoured the designs of his flatterers who wished to crown him king.

So it came to pass that Rome became filled with rumours that Cæsar desired the diadem, and not satisfied with being dictator for life wished to be crowned king—a name hateful beyond all others to Roman ears. And so it happened that at the feast of the Lupercalia, Antony thrice offered him the diadem, and the scene was enacted which we have endeavoured to describe at the opening of this paper. But there were discontented republicans who looked with suspicion on Cæsar's proceedings, and they hatched the conspiracy, the members of which stabbed the dictator in the senate house. It is said that only one of their number, Brutus, acted from really pure and disinterested motives.

When the deed was done, and Rome was for the time without a leader, Cicero—who had accepted the supremacy of the dictator with the resignation of a wise philosopher, because he saw that it was futile to fight against the inevitable—joined the band of pseudo-patriots and repaired to the Capitol, whither they went to justify their crime to the people.

If they had truly been the patriots that they styled themselves, and had listened to his advice, new life might have been breathed into the forms of the Republic, and at this crisis the empire which Cæsar had established might have been overturned in its infancy. But they were led away by this skilful cajolery of Mark Antony, who obtained permission to celebrate Cæsar's obsequies in public, and on the day of the funeral delivered such a soul-stirring oration, that the populace were entirely swayed over to the side of Cæsarism, and had not the conspirators fled, there in great reason to believe that not one would have been left alive.

THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE.

The period following the murder of Cæsar was occupied with the intrigues of Antony and "young Octavius," the nephew of Cæsar, who had been adopted by the dictator as his son. He was at this time only a young man of nineteen, but he made friends with Cicero, even as Antony had cajoled the other con-

spirators, and made a bold bid for the place and power of his kinsman.

Popular feeling was so strong against the conspirators that most of them found it advisable to escape from the city, and Brutus and Cassius, the two principal members, retired to Syria. The field, therefore, was far more open for the machinations of Octavius than might at first be supposed. Moreover, he was great Cæsar's heir, and he demanded the restitution of his inheritance from Antony, who had in the meantime possessed himself of it.

Antony collected some troops together and retired to the Cisalpine, while the senate, impelled by the philippics of Cicero, sent out an army under two consuls to crush him. Octavius also led an army ostensibly against Antony and in support of the senate, but really to watch events. In the battle which ensued Antony was routed, but the consuls were slain. Thereupon Octavius swiftly united himself to Antony, and these two again made a coalition with the third division of Cæsar's troops under Lepidus, and the three leaders agreed to share the government between them.

This compact is known as "The Second Triumvirate," and thus it came to pass that after Cæsar's death Cæsar's government was carried on by his friend and co-consul Mark Antony, his nephew Octavius, and his lieutenant Lepidus, backed up by his army. The senate and the citizens were alike ignored.

PROSCRIPTIONS AND ASSASSINATIONS; THE PLAINS OF PHILIPPI.

The firstfruits of this triumvirate were the slaughter of some thousands of persons—senators and citizens—whom the triumvirs thought likely to thwart their plans. Assassins were hired to carry out these edicts of execution, and again the streets of Rome ran blood. Among others the noble orator and eloquent patriot, Cicero, who was indeed one of the fathers of his country, and had saved her in the time of the Catiline conspiracy, put off his escape until too late, and was treacherously slain. And as he fell, so fell other patriots.

Having waded to their chairs of state through a sea of blood, the triumvirs now bethought them of the conspirators who had fled to Syria. During the time which had elapsed since the death of Cæsar, Brutus and Cassius had collected a formidable force in the East, and as the troops of the triumvirs drew near it seemed doubtful how the day would go.

Brutus, it is said, was much disturbed in mind, and afflicted with doubts as to the wisdom and justifiability of his action in the murder of Cæsar. He was anxious either to

gain a great triumph and free Rome from the usurpers, or to be himself slain.

The two armies met on the plains of Philippi, and the legions under the command of Cassius having suffered defeat, he threw himself on his sword rather than yield himself up as a prisoner. Brutus had been more successful, but finding himself now sole commander he drew off his forces. The triumvirs, were, however, but badly off for food, and if Brutus had been content to wait his opportunity his opponents might have been forced by famine to retreat; but some twenty days later he offered battle and suffered a signal defeat, which he rendered irrecoverable by killing himself. His followers were now completely broken, and although some escaped and joined themselves to Sextus, son of Pompey, the republican party never made another effort. The plains of Philippi witnessed their last wild stand.

THE FALL OF THE TRIUMVIRATE; AUGUSTUS EMPEROR.

After the battle of Philippi, Octavius retired to Rome, where he governed the city and Italian provinces with a degree of wisdom and self-control that gained him great favour. Antony, according to arrangement, governed the East, while Lepidus held command of Gaul.

The fascinating and wily Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, remembering how successful she had been with the great Cæsar, now set to work to ingratiate herself with Cæsar's eastern successor; and so successful was she, that before long she had him completely in her toils. He took up his abode on the banks of the Nile, and neglecting the affairs of state, yielded himself up entirely to a life of easy indulgence.

His long-announced expedition against the Parthians ended in disaster, and great disgust at his worthless rule began to spread amongst his followers. Reports reached Rome that Roman rule in the East was becoming weakened, that Antony had masqued as an Egyptian god, and last, but not least, that he was preparing a terrible attack on the Tiber city itself, with intent to rule as its king, and make his mistress Cleopatra its queen.

This was Octavius' opportunity, and he took it. Coming forward as the saviour of the state, he led a magnificent army across the Adriatic to vindicate the rule of Rome. Antony had not been idle, and had collected many troops and ships, and if Cleopatra had not acted treacherously the issue of the struggle would have been very doubtful. But when the first battle was fought between the opposing fleets off the promontory of Actium, she, fearing that Octavius would gain the day, suddenly gave her own ships the signal of retreat, and with them retired to

Alexandria. Antony, forgetful alike of honour and of the danger of defeat, fled after her, leaving his ships and soldiers to their fate. The ships were for the most part destroyed, but his soldiers, disgusted with the conduct of their leader, surrendered *en masse* to the conquering Octavius. The whole military force was now in the hands of Octavius, who pushed on promptly for Alexandria.

The treacherous Cleopatra opened the gates of her city to the young Roman without a blow, and Antony, in a paroxysm of rage, threatened to kill her. She shut herself up in a tower, and sent word that she should slay herself, and that before he received the message she would be dead. The besotted Roman then accused himself of causing her death; and seeing now that his rival was completely his conqueror, and that his mistress was dead, he resolved, too, to quit the world. Stabbing himself he besought her attendants to carry his body and place it beside hers. They did so, and the artful Cleopatra witnessed his death in her chamber. Having thus got quit of the old love she endeavoured to be "on with the new"; and brought all her power of blandishment to bear on the young Octavius. She had ensnared Cæsar and Antony; this young man would prove an easy conquest; she might yet save her own kingdom, and indeed, rule the world from the Capitol of Rome. But when in her presence the youthful conqueror resolutely turned his eyes from her; and not only did he demand her rich kingdom of Egypt, but also declared his intention of exhibiting her as his captive to the citizens of Rome when he celebrated his triumphal entry into the imperial city.

To this the haughty Cleopatra offered indignantly a scornful refusal, but in vain; and rather than yield she determined to die. She was guarded day and night, for the young Octavius counted greatly upon her appearance in his triumph; but she contrived to get an asp conveyed to her in a basket of fruit, and caused the poisonous reptile to sting her arm, and thus perished.

The entire control of the army and of the Roman Empire had now passed into the hands of Octavius; for Lepidus, who had held command of Gaul, had rashly committed an act of hostility against the governor of Rome who thereupon had promptly marched an army against him and defeated him. When, therefore, Octavius returned to Rome, and had entered the city at the head of his army, he evaded the law,—which provided that every dictator should disband his forces and resign his title on his return home,—and remained the commander-in-chief even as his uncle the great Cæsar had done. Thenceforward he set himself to consolidate the empire as his uncle had left it. He acted, however, with great prudence and circumspection, and as-

cended to absolute autocratic rule slowly and by degrees. He resolutely refused to have aught to do with titles of "king" or "dictator," and invented a new title for himself, "AUGUSTUS," "the most sacred one"; and as Augustus Cæsar he is known to this day.

His reign was a brilliant one. As his uncle had done, he devoted himself to the consolidation and improvement of the empire, to a just administration of the laws, and to a binding together of the subject peoples into one common nationality. He spent large sums on the embellishment of Rome, and so beautified the city that the proverb arose, "Augustus found Rome brick and left it marble." On every side he raised a fabric of material prosperity, and, cheated by this, the stubborn Romans forgot their ancient freedom.

Henceforth their history was continued under the reigns of sixty Cæsars, who for the most part were voluptuous loungers or wretched despots. Only a few exhibited any approach to the wisdom and genius of the great man,—the foremost man of all the world,—as Shakespeare calls him, who moulded that mighty mass of jarring discords into one empire. Crushed under the iron heel of an absolute despotism, the sighs and cries of the people for freedom were lost amid the intrigues of autocrats and stifled by the overwhelming force of an omnipotent army. But the cruelties which once the nobles had visited on the people were now visited on themselves. The Emperor, as chief of the army, caused every one to be subservient to his will, and Cæsarism—government by brute force—reigned supreme.

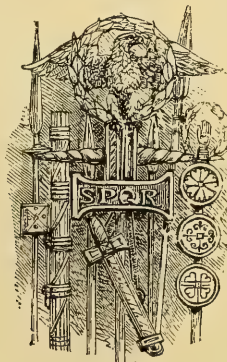
INFLUENCE OF CÆSARISM ON THE WORLD.

Thus closed that memorable epoch—an epoch of a hundred years—when the Republic of Rome fell into fragments, and the empire

rose on its ruins. It fell because of its internal corruption and faulty construction: it was no longer a Republic as we understand the word, but an aristocratic commonwealth—a discordant oligarchy in which absolute power was usurped by a few; and the people gladly welcomed the rest afforded by the wise sway of a moderate and discreet man of commanding genius, after a century of misrule by a clique of wicked nobles—a century of internecine strife and sanguinary struggles, in which they were always sacrificed to the selfish aims of opposing parties.

Of all periods of long-past history, this epoch is one of the most important and instructive, for it has influenced the character of European civilization even to the present day. Forgetful of the peculiar circumstances of the time, and forgetful also of the transcendent genius of Cæsar, there have been men who have been misled by his success, and endeavoured to walk in his steps. Even now there are some among us, as well as on the Continent, who point admiringly to the triumph of Cæsarism, and proclaim it the form of government which is wisest and best. But when it is shorn of its splendours, Cæsarism is seen to be simply the government of a mighty mass of people by brute force, directed by the commanding genius of one man, and that man the dictator of the democracy rather than the nominee of proud patricians, or the hereditary ruler of a reigning house. And however necessary such a government may have been in the epoch which we have attempted to describe, the true lesson to be learned therefrom is that, in free self-government alone, where each estate in the realm exerts its own legitimate power and influence, is that happiness of the people to be found which affords the best safeguard of a prosperous and well-established state.

F. M. H.





THE ENGLISH HOOF ON IRISH SOIL.

STRONGBOW AND KING DERMOT.

THE STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

The Land of Continual War—The Holy Angel's Communication and St. Bridget—The Native Kings of Ireland—Hungry Looks from England—Henry the Second's Scheme, and Appeal to the Pope—The Irish Church—King Dermot and the Lady Devorgoil—Giraldus Cambrensis and his Opinion of Women—A Papal Bull—Flight of King Dermot to England—Strongbow and other Soldiers of Fortune—Siege of Wexford—A Kingly Cannibal—Normans and Natives—Massacre and Marriage—King Roderic and the Invaders—Strongbow King of Leinster—King Henry interferes—A Royal Visit—"More Irish than the Irish"—Appeal to the Bruces of Scotland—The Statutes of Kilkenny—Poyning's Law and "the Pale"—Rule of the Tudors—Terrible Condition of the Native Irish—Absenteeism—Projects for Reforming the Irish Church—A Reign of Terror—The Plantation of Ulster—The Irish Society of London—The Curse of Cromwell—Boyne Water and the Siege of Limerick—The Treaty of Limerick—A Policy of Oppression.

THE LAND OF STRIFE.

IN a book entitled *De Salute Populi*, the author of which, an Irishman, who styled himself "Panderus," lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, it is related that the good

St. Brigetta, or Bridget, was told by "her holy angel," that there was a land in the west part of the world where most souls were lost, "for there is most continual war, root of hate and envy, and of vices contrary to charity, and without charity the souls cannot be

saved." The opinion of the author of the book was that Ireland was the land that the angel meant, "for there is no land in the world of so continual war; nor of so great shedding of Christian blood; nor of so great robbery, spoiling, preying, and burning; nor of so great wrongful extortion continually, as Ireland."

When these words were written, Ireland had been for more than three centuries nominally subject to the kings of England, the dominant landholders were of English descent, and the common law of England was presumably the law of the Green Island. Mr. Froude, referring to the passage quoted above, says, with apparent justice, "The Pander's satire upon the English enterprise is a heavy one."

Augustin Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest in England, traced by the aid of extensive knowledge, and with a strong sympathy, the story of the Norman-English conquest of Ireland. He says, "The conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans is perhaps the only one that, after the first disasters which all conquests necessarily entail, has not, in the slow and imperceptible progress of events, been succeeded by a gradual amelioration in the social condition of the conquered people. . . . The sad and singular fate which weighs alike upon the old and the new inhabitants of the isle of Erin, has for its cause the vicinity of England, and the influence which its government has continually exercised, since the conquest, over the internal affairs of that country."

THE NATIVE KINGS OF IRELAND.

Ireland, like England, had struggled bravely, and in the end successfully, against the invasions of the Scandinavian sea-kings, before the Norsemen, the Normans of history, established a sovereignty in England. There was friendship between some of the famous Saxon leaders and the Irish princes. When the sons of the great Earl Godwin unsuccessfully rebelled against Edward the Confessor, Harold, the second son, took refuge in Ireland, with his brother-in-law, Donough, King of Munster, who had married Driella, sister of Harold. This Donough was the son of Brian Boru, the warrior king celebrated in song and history in connection with the defeat of the Danes at Clontarf; and after the death of Malachy, who wore, as Tom Moore reminds us, "the collar of gold," and was the last crowned King of Ireland, Donough assumed the title and claimed to exercise the power of Ard-righ, or King of all Ireland, having, in accordance with a policy not limited to those days, brought about the murder of his brother, Teigue, who had a superior claim.

The island was then divided into five

kingdoms—Ulster, Leinster, Meath, Connaught, and Munster. The Ard-righ, or chief monarch, possessed the central district of Meath, and usually resided at a place which has served as the rallying-point of Irish nationality even in our own times—Tara, or the hill of Teamhair, where, in the great hall of the palace of King Cormac, the semi-legendary monarch of the fourth century, a hundred and fifty warriors stood in the King's presence when he feasted, and a hundred and fifty cupbearers handed the guests cups of silver and gold; and where, too, bards of marvellous poetic powers played on "the harp which once in Tara's halls its soul of music shed." For twenty years after the death of Malachy, the kingdom of Meath was governed by two "wise men," Cuan O'Lochlann, a poet, and Corcran Cleiveach, described as an anchorite, probably an ecclesiastic of ascetic life. King Donough of Munster had a formidable rival, as a claimant to the supreme kingship, in Dermot Mac Mael-nambo, King of Leinster, the northern portion of the island. The former was successful; but Turlough O'Brien, the son of the murdered Teigue, avenged his father's death by attacking and defeating Donough, who went on a pilgrimage to Rome to do penance for the fratricide he had committed, and there he died. Nine years afterwards the King of Leinster was killed in battle, and Turlough was recognized as King of Ireland.

Two years after the death of Donough, his brother-in-law, Harold, was defeated at Hastings, and the Norman William was King of England. How the great conquest was achieved and followed up we all know. The Saxons were subdued, Norman soldiers of fortune became powerful barons, castles were erected to overawe the common people, and the land of England was parcelled out among the followers of the powerful William and his immediate successor on the throne.

HUNGRY LOOKS FROM ENGLAND.

It is hardly to be supposed that Ireland, so near to England, peopled by a half-savage race, and known to be suffering from internal dissensions, caused by the contests of the petty kings for supremacy, would be overlooked by the ambitious earls and barons, accustomed to win wealth and honours by the sword, or by the English monarch, trained to believe in the right of conquest.

Henry the Second, son of the Empress Maud and Geoffrey of Anjou, and great-grandson of the Conqueror, had been only two years on the throne, when he attempted to put into execution a scheme which had probably been long cherished. As a Christian King he felt bound to obtain the sanction of the Pope, as head of Christendom; and

Popes, in their political relations, were amenable to reason, especially if arguments were accompanied by other inducements. Pope Adrian IV., Nicholas Breakspere, an Englishman by birth, attained the tiara in the same year that Henry ascended the English throne, and there had been a great interchange of complimentary messages. The project for annexing Ireland to England was favoured by the papal conclave as a means of obtaining greater control over the Irish Church. The influence of Rome in ecclesiastical matters had been gradually developing, several of the bishops having professed unreserved obedience; but the clergy generally, and with them the greater portion of the people, animated by a love of national independence, had exhibited a spirit of passive resistance to the extension of papal influence. Eighty years before, an Irish bishop, Patricius, who had been chosen by the clergy and the people, and confirmed in his office by the king of his province and the Ard-righ, or supreme king, had visited England for the purpose of being consecrated at Canterbury, in obedience to a law of the Roman Church, which required that every bishop should receive consecration from an archbishop decorated with the pallium; and following up this demonstration of submission, several Irish bishops accepted the title of pontifical legate in Hibernia.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

In 1111, St. Celsus, Archbishop of Armagh, and Maelmure (the servant of Mary), Archbishop of Cashel, fifty bishops, three hundred priests, and three thousand members of religious orders, attended a synod convened in Westmeath, for the purpose of reorganizing ecclesiastical matters and enforcing discipline among the clergy and laity. The number of the bishops was reduced to twenty-four, and other regulations were agreed to. St. Malachy, who succeeded Celsus as Archbishop of Armagh, had, while Bishop of Down and Connor, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from Innocent II. the appointment of apostolical legate; but his request that the Irish archbishops might receive the pallium (the vestment made of the wool of lambs, blessed by the Pope on the festival of St. Agnes, and rendered more sacred by being deposited on the tomb of St. Peter during the eve of his festival), and so be pontifically recognized in their high office, was refused until the pallium was formally asked for by the prelates themselves. In 1148, Malachy convened a great synod, at which, as legate of the Holy See, he presided, and at which it was decided that he should make another attempt to obtain the coveted palliums. Pope Eugene III. was then visiting the

abbey of Clairvaux, in France, where St. Bernard had established the famous order of Bernardine monks. But the Pope had quitted Clairvaux before the arrival of Malachy, who, a few days afterwards, was attacked by a mortal sickness, died, and was buried in the abbey. The Pope, however, consented to confer the palliums, and in 1151 sent Cardinal Papirius with them to Ireland, and in the following year they were conferred at the Council of Kells, at which also it was decided that the clergy should be entitled to tithes. The laity probably cared little for the palliums, and, it would seem, objected to the tithes, for they were not enforced until after the conquest by the English.

KING DERMOT AND THE LADY DEVORGOIL.

In 1157, Christianus, Bishop of Lismore, and the Pope's legate, held a synod attended by a large number of bishops, and Murrough O'Loughlin, King of Ireland. One of the objects of the meeting was the excommunication of Donough O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, who is described by the historians of the time as being "the common pest of the country." He had obtained possession of the lands of Tiernan O'Ruac, or O'Rourke, Prince of Brefni, who had married his sister, Devorgoil, or Devorgilla, and being on terms of friendship with Diarmid (Dermot) MacMurrough, King of Leinster, a man ready to commit any crime to promote his own interests or pleasures, assisted him in a project, the execution of which was, as we shall see, the immediate cause of the English invasion. The two kings, united in their enmity towards O'Ruac, planned the abduction of Devorgoil (Donough's sister, be it remembered) by MacMurrough; and she, worthy of her relationship, was a willing accomplice, and not only left her husband, but took with her in her flight the cattle which had formed her dowry. She afterwards returned, and passed forty years in religious seclusion, contrition, and penance, devoting her wealth to works of charity, and building churches and convents. Gerald Barry, better known to us by the Latinized form of his name, Giraldus Cambrensis, (that is Gerald the Welshman,) says of Devorgoil, who has been made the subject of many a ballad and legend, "By her own procurement and enticings she became, and would needs be, a prey to the prey;" adding (we must remember the good chronicler was a celibate monk, and probably not without prejudices against the "wily sex"), "Such is the variable and fickle nature of a woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come."

The papal hold on the Irish ecclesiastics

was increasing, but as yet the temporal power of the Pope was very imperfectly recognized. The kings were practically pagans, whatever their occasional professions might be, and kings and people alike objected to the interference in temporal matters of the Pope. They had their own laws, administered by their own Brehons, or judges—laws described by Spenser as “a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by tradition one to another, in which oftentimes there appeared great show of equity in determining the right between party and party, but in many things repugnant quite both to God’s laws and man’s.” These laws, originally framed at the instigation of St. Patrick, and therefore, it may be supposed, not quite “repugnant to the laws of God and man,” for the good saint was a scholar too, helped to preserve a spirit of national independence which the papal conclave and the Irish ecclesiastics perhaps found inconvenient; and as the Papacy has never strongly objected to avail itself of the temporal arm, Adrian was probably the less unwilling to sanction the designs of Henry of England.

PAPAL SANCTION OF THE INVASION OF IRELAND.

The bull asked for was issued; and, after the formal greeting and benediction, proceeds in these terms:—

“Thou hast communicated unto us, our very dear son in Jesus Christ, that thou wouldst enter the island of Hibernia, to subject that land to obedience to laws, to extirpate the seeds of vice, and also to procure the payment there to the blessed apostle Peter of the annual tribute of a penny for each house. Granting to thee thy laudable and pious desire the favour which it merits, we hold it acceptable that, for the extension of the limits of the holy Church, the propagation of the Christian religion, the correction of morals, and the sowing the seeds of virtue, thou make thy entrance into that island, and there execute at thy discretion whatever thou shalt think proper for the honour of God and the salvation of souls.” The bull of course concluded with an exhortation to consider the interests of the Church, and of the religion and morals of the people, and so to order matters generally that “thou shalt become worthy of obtaining in heaven a reward everlasting, and upon earth a name illustrious and glorious in all ages.”

The bull has been described as a “a sort of decent envelope for a political compact, entirely similar to that of William the Bastard with Pope Alexander II. for the invasion of England.” Henry was willing enough to avail himself of it; but his quarrels with his brother Geoffrey of Anjou, the rivalry of the King of France, and the troubles arising

from the murder of A’Becket, for a time hindered the execution of the project. Besides, although it was easy enough to plan an invasion, it was less easy to find an excuse, however bad, for attempting it. The King must depend upon his barons for military aid; and those powerful personages were not very ready to obey a king or a pope either, unless they saw their way to some advantage for themselves.

The results of the abduction of Devorgoil by Dermot MacMurrough offered an opportunity for English interference. That unprincipled and cruel King of Leinster, familiar with acts of treachery and sacrilege, had made himself odious by such acts as forcibly carrying away the abbess of Kildare, and putting out the eyes of eighteen men of noble rank, and of many others too ignoble, perhaps, for compassion. He treated the unhappy Devorgoil with great harshness while she remained with him; and after he had been compelled to give her up, it is not surprising that an alliance was formed against him, that he was excommunicated by the Church, and driven from his dominions. Giraldus Cambrensis gives a vivid sketch of Dermot, who may, perhaps, be regarded as a typical prince of those ferocious and unscrupulous days: “MacMurrough was a tall man of stature, and of a large and great body; a valiant and bold warrior in his nation; and by reason of his continual hallooing and crying, his voice was hoarse; he rather chose and desired to be feared than to be loved; a great oppressor of his nobility, but a great advancer of the poor and weak.”

KING DERMOT FLIES TO ENGLAND.

MacMurrough sought refuge in England in 1168, hoping to find the King at Bristol, and to ask his assistance in recovering his kingdom. But Henry was in Aquitaine, and thither went Dermot MacMurrough, who contrived to obtain the King’s promise of help, on condition that he should pay a vassal’s homage to the English crown. Henry himself had no men or money to spare, but he knew that some of the warlike barons at home would be willing to avail themselves of his permission to assist MacMurrough, if they could by doing so advantage themselves. The King wrote a letter to “all his liege men, English, Norman, Welsh, and Scotch, and to all the nations under his dominion.” In this document, intended for circulation among the nobles, he said: “As soon as the present letter shall come to your hands, know that Dermot, Prince of Leinster, has been received into the bosom of our grace and benevolence: wherefore, whosoever within our territories shall be willing to lend aid towards this prince as our faithful and liege subject, let such person know that we do

hereby grant to him for said purpose our licence and favour."

So, for the sake of imposing the tax of Peter's pence, the Pope readily sanctioned the invasion by an English king of a country to which he had not the shadow of a claim; and with no better excuse than that of restoring a king who had being driven from his dominions as a punishment for his atrocious crimes, Anglo-Norman warriors carried fire and sword into Ireland, and laid the foundation of that political supremacy which for more than seven hundred years has been the fruitful source of war, crime, secret conspiracy, and open rebellion, and an undying animosity of creed and race.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

MacMurrough returned to Bristol (then known as Bristow), the spot where he had landed when he fled from Ireland. There were adventurers and soldiers of fortune, waifs and strays of the sword,—pirates and brigands in reality, though they would have disdained the name,—to be met with, who would readily have taken service under even worse men than MacMurrough, if pay and plunder were assured; but he desired the aid of influential and practised leaders, who could bring a large body of trained and well-equipped men-at-arms into the field. He knew the men he would have to encounter, and was too shrewd to suppose that he could recover Leinster with the assistance of a small and disorderly rabble of adventurers, any one of whom would be quite ready to desert him, and take arms on the other side, if the other side offered a better prospect of "loot."

More valuable allies were at hand, and to them MacMurrough appealed. Some of the Norman nobles who had been invited to England to take part in the contests between William Rufus and his successor Henry I., and their brother Robert of Normandy, had been rewarded for their services by grants of confiscated estates; and others were paid by permission to harry the Welsh and possess themselves of such territory as they could conquer. Foremost among these leaders, distinguished by valour and proficiency in military exercises, was Gislebert, or Gilbert de Clare, younger brother of Richard, Earl of Hertford, and created Earl of Pembroke in 1138. He had under his command a trained body of soldiery, Normans and Brabançons chiefly (the latter esteemed the best infantry in Europe), but with some of English birth in the ranks. By the last-named he was known as Strongbow, an epithet descriptive of his skill in archery, and by that name his son was also known. Availing himself of the permission to attack the Welsh, he undertook an expedition by

sea, and landed on the western coast of Pembroke. The Cambrian people were unable to repel the invaders, and most of them fled to the mountains; those who attempted resistance were ruthlessly slaughtered. An extensive tract of country was soon taken possession of, and the conquerors shared the towns, houses, and domains among them. Strong forts to secure them against reprisals were erected; and the Norman and Flemish captains became wealthy landowners. Their descendants were the aristocracy and county gentlemen of Pembrokeshire; and the English soldiers, who, being fewer in number, obtained fewer of the prizes of conquest, were the ancestors of the small farmers and traders who for centuries after preserved their English habits and language in a district surrounded by Welshmen, and known as "Little England beyond Wales."

RICHARD DE CLARE, "STRONGBOW THE SECOND."

Other Norman leaders followed the example of Strongbow, and established themselves by the right of the strong arm in Wales. Irish traders who had visited the Welsh ports were struck with surprise at the sight of the massive armour of the soldiers and the powerful Flemish horses; and on their return told wonderful stories of the strength and skill of the warriors they had seen. MacMurrough, who had known them by reputation, now applied to them for aid, addressing himself to the most powerful—the second Strongbow, Richard de Clare, who had in 1149 succeeded his father as Earl of Pembroke, and was sometimes styled also Earl of Chepstow, or Strighul, from a castle belonging to his family in the neighbourhood of that town. Thierry says of these Norman and Flemish adventurers: "In settling on the domains which they had so recently usurped, these men had not laid aside their old idle and dissipated manners for habits of order and quiet; they consumed in gaming and debauchery the revenues of their lands, exhausting instead of ameliorating them, counting on fresh expeditions rather than upon domestic economy to repair their fortunes at some future day. They retained the spirit and the character of soldiers of fortune, ever disposed to try the chances of war abroad, whether on their own account or in the pay of another."

Strongbow (by that name he is better known in history than as the Earl of Pembroke) listened favourably to the proposals of MacMurrough. Others were ready to join in the adventure, among them Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitz-Gerald, said to be sons of Nesta, a beautiful but frail Welsh princess, who had been the mistress

of Henry I., but afterwards married Gerald, lord of Carew, governor of Pembroke Castle. Maurice Fitz-Gerald was, as the name indicates, her son by this lawful marriage; Fitz-Stephen was her son by Stephen de Marisco, or Maurice, constable of the castle of Cardigan. MacMurrough promised these young knights the city of Wexford, and two "cantreds" of land—a cantred being equivalent to the English "hundred," or that number of homesteads. Strongbow himself was to succeed MacMurrough as King of Leinster, and to marry his daughter Eva. These inducements were sufficient to procure the hearty co-operation of Strongbow and his friends, who looked forward to those opportunities which conquest offers in addition to the stipulated rewards; and an expedition was at once planned. Knights, esquires, and archers to the number of four hundred, led by Robert Fitz-Stephen, who was accompanied by other able warriors, embarked, and directed their course to the Irish coast. Fitz-Stephen landed at Bannow, near Waterford, in May 1169; and a day afterwards Maurice de Prendergast, with a second and smaller detachment of invaders, disembarked a few miles farther north, near Wexford.

SIEGE OF WEXFORD.

MacMurrough, who had reached Ireland shortly before, remained in concealment, according to some authorities, in the Augustinian monastery at Ferns, founded by himself in one of his virtuous or politic moods. He was, however, rash enough to come out of his concealment before the arrival of his friends, and with a small force made an attempt to regain his kingdom. King Roderic and O'Ruarc easily subdued him, and, more merciful than might have been expected, considering the temper of the times, allowed him to retain ten cantreds of his former territory on condition of his holding the land as the immediate vassal of Roderic. MacMurrough was willing enough to save his life on the easy terms of promising to accept the conditions. Keeping his promise, however, was quite another matter. Directly he heard of the arrival of Fitz-Stephen and his other allies, he joined them with about five hundred followers, whom he had contrived to collect; and the united force laid siege to Wexford, a town founded by the Danes, and included in the kingdom of Leinster. The inhabitants of the town—hardy, seafaring folk—would have resisted, and thrown up intrenchments; but the ecclesiastics of the town advised terms of capitulation, which were agreed to, and by that course the townspeople were probably spared from massacre, for the Normans and Flemings would no doubt have stormed the

town, and mercy to the captured had no place in their military creed.

A KINGLY CANNIBAL.

An excursion was then made into the district of Ossory, the prince of which was an old opponent of MacMurrough,—a not unnatural result perhaps of the fact that some years before that ferocious King had captured the prince's eldest son and put out his eyes. The Ossorians at first defied their assailants, being secure in their bogs and woods; but having imprudently ventured into open ground were cut to pieces. Three hundred bleeding heads were brought to MacMurrough, who, we are told, "turning every one of them, one by one, to know them, did then for joy hold up both his hands, and with a loud voice thanked God most highly." The sequel of the story, however, scarcely increases an appreciation of MacMurrough's devout temper of mind. "Among these there was the head of one whom especially and above all the rest he mortally hated; and he, taking up that by the hair, with his teeth most horribly and cruelly bit away his nose and lips." After this the whole district was subdued, with much "murdering, spoiling, burning, and laying waste," and at last the prince sued for peace, and acknowledged himself the vassal of the cannibal monster MacMurrough.

NORMANS AND NATIVES.

At first the Irish princes took little notice of the new comers—"set nothing by the Flemings," say the native annalists; but they soon discovered the importance of the invasion. MacMurrough was in a short time at the head of five thousand men, including his allies, whose mail armour, long lances, crossbows, and powerful horses (protected by armour), were regarded with something like terror by the half-clad and poorly-armed natives. Giraldus Cambrensis, who visited Ireland shortly after the landing of Strongbow—if, indeed, he did not, as some writers on Irish history suppose, accompany the expedition—and whose narrative is the best we possess, tells us that the most formidable weapons of the inhabitants of Erin were small steel axes, long slender javelins, and short and very sharp arrows. The Normans, preserved by their armour from injury by these weapons, closed with the natives; and while the shock of the heavy chargers overturned the small horses of the Irish, they attacked with their heavy lances and their broadswords the men who had no defensive arms but light wooden shields and long tresses of horsehair "glibs," matted and hanging down on each side of the head. In some cases these glibs were formed of the men's own hair, allowed to

grow, and forming a mass sufficiently thick to offer resistance to ordinary blows.

Chief after chief submitted, and then the Irish King, Roderic, awoke to the peril of the situation. He summoned the princes to meet at Tara, and collected an army, with which he marched to Dublin. MacMurrough, in some alarm, retreated to Ferns, whither he was followed by Roderic; but jealousies and dissensions occurred among the Irish chiefs, as is usually the case in hastily organized forces, when the supreme authority is weak. The Ulster men returned to their homes; others were half-hearted in the cause; and Roderic, an indolent and unwarlike man, agreed to acknowledge MacMurrough's authority. A private promise, it has been affirmed, was made that the foreign allies should be dismissed, and no more foreigners brought into the country. It is most likely that the restored King of Leinster had no intention to keep to this arrangement, and it may be taken as certain that Strongbow and his associates would not have acceded to it. They had been brought into the country to please MacMurrough, and they would stay in it to please themselves, whether he liked it or not.

Another contingent under Maurice Fitz-Gerald arrived, and King Dermot (we may give him that title now), thus strengthened, advanced to Dublin, the inhabitants of which, after a brief defence, sued for peace. Donald O'Brien, who had married a daughter of Dermot, having rebelled against Roderic, joined his father-in-law; and soon afterwards Strongbow, for whom the King had been waiting impatiently, arrived. The Earl of Pembroke, who was not in great favour at the English court, had prudently resolved to visit Normandy and ask the permission of Henry II. before starting for Ireland, thinking that the English King might make it the excuse for seizing his estates. The royal reply, we are told, "was so carefully worded that the King could declare afterwards he either had or had not given the permission, whichever version of the interview might eventually prove most convenient to the royal interests." Strongbow thought it his interest to understand that permission had been granted; but did not reach Ireland until several months after Fitz-Stephen. On the eve of his departure he received a peremptory order from Henry, forbidding him to leave England, but he paid no attention to it. He landed at Dundonnell, near Waterford. His uncle, Hervey de Montmarisco, had preceded him, and had captured seventy of the principal citizens of Waterford, who were cruelly murdered by his followers, who first broke their limbs and then hurled them from a precipice into the sea.

A RED-HANDED MARRIAGE.

Strongbow lost no time, but on the day after his arrival besieged Waterford. The citizens displayed great bravery; but the assailants made a breach in the walls, poured in, and a frightful massacre ensued: "They entered into the city, and killed the people in the streets without pity or mercy, leaving them lying in great heaps; and then, with bloody hands, they obtained a bloody victory." In the midst of the slaughter Dermot arrived; and at his request Strongbow's soldiers suspended the carnage,—not because the King was merciful, but because he wished to strengthen the bond between himself and his powerful ally, by at once celebrating the marriage between Strongbow and Eva which had been arranged. The ceremony was performed in Waterford the day after the massacre, and the King rode by the side of his daughter through the streets, cumbered with mangled corpses, and the bleeding bodies of men, women, and children, dying of their wounds.

Then the King, his ruthless son-in-law, the bride gained by slaughter, and the blood-stained mercenaries, proceeded northward to return to Dublin. But Roderic had already repented of the treaty he had weakly assented to, and began to realize the importance of the arrival of the English troops on Irish soil. He collected a large army near Clondalkin, about five miles to the south-west of Dublin; and the townsmen, encouraged by his presence, prepared to renew the defence of the city. But the energetic English made forced marches over the Wexford hills, and reached Dublin before they were expected. The citizens were struck with panic, and sent their archbishop, a man of eminent piety, afterwards canonized, Laurence O'Toole (or Lorcan O'Tuahal), the first prelate of Dublin of Irish origin, to endeavour to negotiate terms of peace. He repaired to the camp of Dermot, but the English soldiers had no mind to await the result, and, led by Raymond, known as "le Gros," and Miles de Cogan, forced their way into the city, and another merciless butchery was perpetrated. This Raymond, notable alike for corpulence and cruelty, was the nephew of Fitz-Gerald, being the son of William, Lord of Cavan, his elder brother.

ONLY HIS SON!

King Roderic, fearing an encounter with such formidable foes, retreated to Meath, and united his forces with those of O'Ruac, the husband of Devorgoil. He sent messengers to Dermot, demanding the fulfilment of the agreement, made at Ferns, for the dismissal of the English contingent, and threatening, in the event of the non-compliance of Dermot,



CAPTIVE CITIZENS AT WATERFORD.

to put to death his son Cormac, who had been left as hostage. Dermot valued Strongbow and his allies far more than he did his own son, and, it is said, "laughed at the threat." Roderic was as good as his word, and the young prince was killed at Athlone. The Ard-rih Roderic then returned into Connaught, his path being followed for some distance by Strongbow, who burned and plundered as he went.

Monte Marisco two districts on the coast between Wexford and Waterford, and to all the rest possessions proportioned to their rank and military talent. The rumour of these successes attracted other adventurers, who responded to the invitation to take arms under Dermot, and soon there was an influx of "adventurers and vagabonds of Norman, of French, and even of English race." They were warmly received, and presented with



"THE CURSE OF CROMWELL."

Re-established as King of Leinster by the aid of his indomitable mercenaries, Dermot was profuse in his rewards. No doubt liberality was in this case better policy than faithlessness and treachery, to which he was more accustomed, for his allies were quite able and willing to reward themselves. He gave to Fitz-Stephen and Fitz-Gerald the government and all the revenues of the town of Wexford and its suburbs; to Hervey de

lands and money. One of them was, previous to his arrival, so impoverished that he was nicknamed Raymond le Pauvre (the poor). He accepted the designation as his surname, which in course of time was modified into Power, the name of a powerful and wealthy family which exists to the present day, the descendants of the fortune-seeking Richard

DEATH OF DERMOT ; STRONGBOW KING OF LEINSTER.

Dermot MacMurrough died miserably of a loathsome malady, at Ferns, in 1171. The native Irish princes had confederated against him, and, formerly denounced for his private crimes, he was afterwards regarded as a national enemy, who had brought a horde of powerful foreigners into the country. The Irish believed that they had incurred Divine wrath, and that the Anglo-Norman invasion had been permitted as a just punishment. They thought to appease the anger of God by liberating all men of English race who had been made slaves in Ireland, after being carried off by pirates or bought for money, and effect was given to the resolution by a council of the chiefs and bishops of the country. Strongbow, immediately after the death of Dermot, proclaimed himself King of Leinster, and found himself face to face with many difficulties. The Irish subjects of the late King deserted him ; Dublin was attacked by a Scandinavian fleet, commanded by Hosculf, who had been driven out of the city, and escaped with difficulty, when it was attacked by the Anglo-Norman forces. The Danes were repulsed, their leaders captured, and Hosculf put to death. The Irish princes, exhorted by the ardent and patriotic archbishop O'Toole, united their forces, invited assistance from the Isle of Man, and so pressed Strongbow that he retreated to Dublin, which was blockaded by his opponents, and the garrison and inhabitants reduced to extremities from want of food. It seemed as if the object aimed at, the submission and expulsion of the foreigners, would be allowed. Strongbow offered to capitulate, if permitted to hold the kingdom of Leinster as the vassal of Roderic ; but the Irish King would accept nothing short of the surrender of Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, and the immediate departure of the invaders from the country.

THE KING OF ENGLAND INTERFERES.

Another difficulty was experienced by Strongbow. Henry II. of England saw with feelings of alarm and jealousy that private adventure was likely to achieve a conquest which he had reserved for himself. So long as Dermot lived, the English king had regarded Strongbow and his adherents as mercenaries, whose successes might help further to disorganize Ireland, and so forward his own views. But the adventurers were now masters of the situation. Strongbow was a king, and was every day adding to his strength by inviting desperate soldiers of fortune to the newly conquered country. Were Henry now to invade Ireland, he would probably have to encounter the able

warriors who had been his own subjects ; and so critical were his own relations with the powerful and turbulent nobles of England, who despised him for his weakness in connection with the murder of Becket and his subsequent abject penitence, that he could not hope to be able to equip an army fit to cope with the legions of Strongbow, should he prove defiant. Henry published a proclamation, ordering all his liege men in Ireland to return immediately to England, on pain of the forfeiture of all their lands and chattels, and of perpetual banishment. He forbade any reinforcements to be sent to Ireland, or any ship from any part of the English or Irish dominions to touch on the Irish coast on any pretext whatever.

Strongbow, shut up at the time in Dublin, and opposed by the confederation of the Irish princes, could not defy the English King, but was resolved not to obey him. He tried conciliation, and sent Raymond le Gros to England with the offer to the King of all the lands he had acquired in Ireland. He probably hoped that this course would save his English estates ; but Henry took no notice of the offer. At this juncture intelligence reached Dublin that Fitz-Stephen was closely besieged in Wexford. A crisis was imminent, and Strongbow resolved to make an attempt to cut through the foes who surrounded him. The attempt was unexpected by the Irish, who fled in disorder, Roderick himself narrowly escaping capture. Before Strongbow could reach Wexford it had capitulated ; and when he approached the town was set fire to, and the inhabitants took refuge in a stockaded island.

A ROYAL VISIT.

Affairs in England had an unfavourable appearance ; and Strongbow thought it well, at last, to obey the royal mandate to return. With some difficulty he obtained an interview with the King, and, by the offer of all the lands he had won in Ireland, obtained not only the royal sanction to his proceedings, but security for his own Welsh estates. A royal visit to Ireland was then resolved on ; and on the 18th of October, 1171, the King landed at Croch, or Crook, in the county of Waterford, in company with Strongbow and many other lords. Four hundred ships carried five hundred knights and four thousand men-at-arms. The Irish princes at first thought the English King was merely making a visit of state, to enforce justice among his own subjects ; but they were soon undeceived, finding that Henry's purpose was to claim supreme dominion. Enfeebled by internal dissensions, many of the Irish chiefs were not unwilling at first to accept him as a chief monarch who would exercise a nominal authority similar to that of the

native Ard-righs, but not interfere with individual rights. Macarthy of Desmond, Donnell O'Brien, King of Thomond, and other princes, did homage to Henry, and swore fealty. Roderic, the chief monarch, received the English ambassador sent to him with respect, but the northern princes held aloof. Henry held a great court in Dublin; and, representing that he had come to redress grievances (as yet he did not assume the title of King of Ireland), summoned an ecclesiastical synod—at which, however, very little was effected, the ecclesiastics caring little for his authority, and recognizing the Pope as their head in temporal as well as spiritual matters. The King held a royal court of justice at Lismore, to arrange for the government of the English colony. The military leaders already in the country, and those who had accompanied the King, had their own views as to the right of the native Irish to their own property, whatever professions it might be politic to make at the time; and the King gratified them by putting the chief men in positions which they were not likely to fail to improve. Strongbow was appointed Earl Marshal; Hugh de Lacy, one of the new arrivals, Lord Constable and Governor of Bristol, and De Wellesley (a famous name in our own times), royal standard-bearer. De Lacy is generally considered as the first Viceroy of Ireland, and he was installed in the Norman fashion, with the sword and cap of maintenance as the insignia of his dignity. To assist him to support his new position, Henry conferred on him the territory of East Meath, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether the real owner, Tiernan O'Ruac, was willing to part with it. He naturally protested, and De Lacy proposed a conference at the hill of Tara. The parties, each attended by armed men, met; but a dispute ensued, O'Ruac was killed and mutilated, and his head having been exposed over the gate of Dublin, was afterwards sent as a present to King Henry. Strongbow attacked O'Dempsey, whose estates he wished to possess, at Offaley; and Raymond le Gros made great acquisitions, not only of land, but of cattle and other spoil.

We cannot, within the limits imposed upon us, relate all the raids made by the English soldiery, who were not always successful, and indeed at the battle of Thurles, in 1174, sustained so serious a reverse that the encouraged native chieftains openly revolted, and the English might have been reduced to extremity, if Raymond le Gros, who had gone to England, had not returned with a strong force, and changed the situation.

Henry now having made his peace with the Holy See, and obtained pardon for his share in the murder of A'Becket, produced

the bull he had received more than twenty years before from Pope Adrian, and summoned a synod of the clergy at Waterford, where the document was read. The successes of the English increased, and Roderic sent to Henry ambassadors, who were received at Windsor at Michaelmas, 1175. The result was a treaty by which Henry was acknowledged as a supreme feudal sovereign, to whom Roderic paid homage; and Henry bound himself to secure the sovereignty of Ireland to Roderic, excepting only Dublin, Meath, Leinster, Waterford, and Dungarvan. Miss Cusack, one of the latest and most careful of Irish historians, says, "Had Ireland been governed with ordinary justice, the arrangement might have been advantageous to both countries. Roderic was still a king, both nominally and *ipso facto*. He had power to judge and depose the petty kings, and they were to pay their tribute to him for the English monarch. Any of the Irish who fled from the territories of the English barons were to return; but the King of Connaught might compel his own subjects to remain in his own land. Thus the English simply possessed a colony in Ireland; and this colony in a few years became still more limited, while throughout the rest of the country the Irish language, laws, and usage prevailed as they had hitherto done."

PRINCE JOHN KING OF IRELAND.

The English nobles and military leaders, however, were irrepressible. They laid claim to lands belonging to Irish princes and chiefs, and many sanguinary contests ensued. Henry II., at a council held at Oxford in 1177, solemnly conferred the title of King of Ireland on his youngest son, John, then only eleven years old, and proceeded, in his name, to make new grants of territory to the English. Sir John Davies, Speaker of the first Irish Parliament, and author of "Discovery of the True Reason why Ireland has never been Subdued," tells us that "all Ireland was by Henry II. cantonized among ten of the English nation; and though they did not gain possession of one-third of the kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, as nothing was left to be granted to the natives."

"MORE IRISH THAN THE IRISH."

In 1205 the earldom of Ulster was granted to Hugh de Lacy, and that is the earliest instance of the creation of an Anglo-Norman dignity in Ireland. In the course of the next century there occurred the remarkable historical phenomenon of a conquering race voluntarily assimilating themselves to the conquered. The English colonists became more and more estranged from their mother-country, more and more Irish in their habits

and sympathies, even altering their names so as to get rid of Norman peculiarities. The De Burghs became Bourkes, or Burkes; the Geraldines of Munster merged their family name in that of Desmond, and a younger branch of the family named themselves M'Shehy. Edmund Spenser, the poet, only in the latter part of the sixteenth century, says, "The MacMahons in the north were anciently English—to wit, descended from the Fitz-Ursulas, which was a noble family in England; likewise the MacSweenies, now in Ulster, were recently the Veres in England, but they themselves, for hatred of England, so disregard their names." In truth there was very little national feeling among the English colonists. They were descended from adventurers whose estates had been achieved by their swords, and, whether of Norman, French, or Flemish descent, were very much disposed to make a nationality wherever they could find an estate. For English authority they cared little; and when fresh bands of colonists were sent out, in the hope of correcting this tendency to assimilate with the Irish, the new comers, or at least their children, soon followed the example of their predecessors. Mr. Froude says, "Ireland was a theatre for a universal scramble of selfishness, and the invaders caught the national contagion, and became, as the phrase went, *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores* (more Irish than the Irish)." The children of English parents were frequently entrusted to Irish foster-mothers; and the native minstrels, harpers, and chroniclers ingratiated themselves with the English nobles by praising their warlike achievements, and so, says the author of a letter to Thomas Cromwell, included in the State papers, "procuring a talent of Irish disposition and conversation in them."

At the close of the thirteenth century, the English possessions in Ireland consisted of ten counties—Dublin, Louth, Kildare, Waterford, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Roscommon, and part of Connaught; and the "Liberties" of Connaught and Ulster; Meath, Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny; Thomond and Desmond. The powerful nobles who owned these "liberties" and were paramount in the counties, exercised almost regal authority, created barons and knights, administered their own laws in their own fashion, established courts for criminal and civil cases, appointed their own judges and sheriffs; and "although they builded castles and made freeholds, yet there were no tenures or services reserved to the crown, but the lords drew all the respect and dependence of the common people unto themselves." They plundered their Irish neighbours, and of course inspired a feeling of open hostility. Districts outside the English

possessions were known as "marches," and were occupied by native septs, who made what reprisals they could, and in time acquired a taste for this predatory warfare, as in Scotland the Highland caterans enjoyed harrying the Lowland landholders.

QUARRELS OF THE GREAT FAMILIES.

The great families quarrelled desperately among themselves. The historian MacGeoghan, in a note to the "Annals of Clonmacnois," observes that "there reigned more dissensions, strifes, wars, and debates between the Englishmen themselves, in the beginning of the conquest of this kingdom, than between the Irishmen, as by perusing the wars between the Lords of Meath, John Courcy, Earl of Ulster, William Marshal, and the English of Meath and Munster, MacGerald (Fitz-Gerald), the Burke, Butler, and Cogan, may appear." The grandson of Strongbow, Richard Earl of Pembroke, was treacherously killed while attending a conference to which he was invited by Geoffrey de Marisco, who had been appointed Viceroy. As to the Irish princes, all means were considered fair by which they could be ensnared and killed. Thomas de Clare obtained from Edward I. the grant of the territory of Thomond, the fact that it was the property of the O'Briens not being taken into account. De Clare at first professed great friendship, and the too credulous Irishman listened to him; "they swore to each other all the oaths in Munster, on bells and relics, to be true to each other for ever." Very soon afterwards, De Clare, having got O'Brien into his hands, had him dragged to death between horses. It is gratifying to know that the murderous De Clare did not obtain the coveted kingdom, but was slain by some of the O'Briens. The O'Connors, chiefs of Offaly, and twenty-four other followers, were massacred by Peter de Bermingham, who had invited them to a banquet.

Titles were assumed by, or conferred on, the powerful nobles: Hugh de Lacy became Earl of Ulster; Richard de Burgo Earl of Connaught; the Fitz-Geralds were Earls of Desmond; and the Butlers, who derived their name from an ancestor who accompanied Henry I. to Ireland as chief butler, were Earls of Ormond. Strong castles were erected at Dublin, Athlone, Roscommon, and Randown, for the purpose of keeping down the natives, who were taxed to support the garrisons.

AN APPEAL TO THE BRUCES OF SCOTLAND.

The Irish princes looked to the Bruces of Scotland as their allies and perhaps their deliverers from the oppressions of the Eng-

lish. In 1315, after the Scotch, under Robert Bruce, had achieved such a victory at Bannockburn, Edward Bruce landed in Ireland with a force of six thousand men, and was at once joined by a strong Irish contingent. For a time it seemed that the enterprise would be successful, and Robert Bruce was proclaimed King of Ireland. Desirous to obtain the papal sanction for their proceedings, Donnell O'Neill, King of Ulster, and other princes wrote to the Pope on the part of the nation, explaining why they were anxious to transfer the kingdom to Bruce. They told the Pope he had been deceived by false representations; spoke of "the sad remains of a kingdom which has groaned so long beneath the tyranny of English kings, of their ministers and barons, some of the latter, although born on the island, exercising the same extortions, rapine, and cruelties as their ancestors inflicted. The people had been obliged to take refuge, like beasts, in the mountains, and even there were not safe. There was only law for the English, none for the Irish; and any Englishman could, *as often happened*, kill an Irishman of any rank, and seize his property. The Church had been despoiled of its lands and possessions by sacrilegious Englishmen." A few years later Pope John wrote to Edward III. to the effect that the object of Pope Adrian's bull had been entirely neglected, and that the "most unheard-of miseries and persecutions had been inflicted on the Irish."

When Bruce appeared to be gaining ground, the De Lacys actually took side with him, so little of national feeling did they possess, and so ready were they to secure their own interests by attaching themselves to the winning party. Some of the Irish quarrelled among themselves, in the old fashion, and when one chief marched with his followers to join Bruce, another Irish chief made a raid on his territories. Dublin, in which a large number of Bristol folk had settled, held out so stoutly that Bruce relinquished the attempt to take it; and then came the great battle near Dundalk, in which Edward Bruce was slain. Bermingham, the English commander, obtained the earldom of Louth, and the manor of Ardee, in return for Bruce's head, which was salted and sent to the King, Edward II. John de Lacy, and Sir Robert de Coulragh, who had sided with Bruce, were taken prisoners, and punished by being starved to death in prison. The English barons themselves perpetrated frightful cruelties in their quarrels between themselves and with the Irish. A new Viceroy, Sir Anthony de Lacy, was sent from England, and he hanged Sir William Bermingham and his son in the keep of Dublin Castle; the Earl of Ulster starved to death Walter de Burgo at Innishowen, for which he was stabbed by

Sir Richard Mandeville, De Burgo's brother-in-law. The Earl's death was avenged by the slaughter of three hundred of the followers of his murderer. A band of English and Irish attacked MacNamara, a minister, and burnt a church in which were two priests and a hundred and eighty persons, not one of whom escaped. Fitz-Nicholas, an Englishman, killed the heir of the MacCarthy More as he sat on the bench beside the judge at the assize court, Tralee, and no notice was taken of the crime.

THE STATUTES OF KILKENNY.

We could easily fill pages with records of these enormities, but these instances suffice to show the disorganized condition of the country. In 1360, the third son of King Edward III., Lionel, afterwards Duke of Clarence, was appointed Viceroy, and in 1367 he summoned a Parliament at Kilkenny, by which the famous Statutes of Kilkenny were enacted, the object being to make the line of demarcation between England and Ireland more distinct, and to prevent the assimilation in manners and customs which, except in the remote mountain districts, was, as we have shown, so prevalent. The statute made it high treason for an English colonist to intermarry with the Irish, to stand godfather to an Irish child, or to entrust an infant to a native nurse. Any man of English race taking an Irish name, or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his lands. The English were not to make war upon the natives without the permission of the Government. The Irish were not to be permitted to pasture on land belonging to the English, nor to be admitted to ecclesiastical benefices or religious houses, nor entertained as minstrels. The clause about making war remained a dead letter, for when the English were disposed to make war there was no authority strong enough to prevent them. At any rate, there was plenty of fighting, as the annals show, between the Irish, as the settlers had begun to call themselves, and "the wild Irish," as they styled the natives. It was necessary also to avoid pressing the clause about the use of the Irish language, for a large number of the colonists could speak no other.

POYNING'S LAW AND "THE PALE."

In 1494, the Viceroy, Sir Edward Poyning, a man of considerable ability, who had been sent over by Henry VII., summoned a Parliament at Drogheda, at which the famous statute, known in history as Poyning's Law, was enacted. It provided that henceforth no Parliament should be held in Ireland until the chief governor and council had first certified to the King, under the great seal, the

reason for its being summoned, and obtained permission to hold it. The general object of the Act was nominally to reduce the people to "whole and perfect obedience," and to abolish "the many damnable customs and uses" practised by the English lords and gentlemen.

The part of Ireland occupied by descendants of the English settlers and the new arrivals was known as the Pale—the word being taken from one of the enactments of Poyning's Parliament, which required all the colonists to "pale in," or enclose, the portion of the country possessed by the English. At this time, the English Pale, which at one time had comprised the "four shires," Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, had been greatly diminished, and formed a narrow strip about fifty miles long and twenty broad, and that was the only part in any sense English; for beyond it the common law of England had no authority, the King's writ was not respected, and the country was divided among independent chiefs, who levied tribute on the inhabitants of the Pale as payment for a nominal protection of their rights, and as a compensation for abstaining from the plunder of their farms. Their law was "strength and the Brehon traditions" (the old native law). As for the great ennobled families, they were not in the Pale, and were a law to themselves.

RULE OF THE TUDORS.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne, in 1509, he appears to have been honestly desirous to ameliorate the condition of Ireland. When a boy he had been appointed Viceroy of Ireland, with the Earl of Kildare for his deputy—the same audacious nobleman who had been summoned to England by Henry VII. to answer a charge of high treason, having encouraged the pretender, Perkin Warbeck, but so ingratiated himself with the King that he was married to a rich wife and sent back practically to rule Ireland—and in 1515 an elaborate report on the state of Ireland was prepared by royal command. The document has been recently published in the "State Papers." The author of the paper says, "There be sixty regions in Ireland, inhabited with the King's Irish enemies, some regions as big as a shire, some more, some less, where reigneth more than sixty chief captains, whereof some calleth themselves kings, some king's peers, in their language, some princes, some dukes, that liveth only by the sword, and obeyeth to no other temporal person, save only to him that is strong. And every one of the said captains maketh war and peace for himself, and holdeth by the sword, and hath imperial jurisdiction, and obeyeth no other person, English or Irish, except only such persons

as may subdue him by the sword. Also in every of the said regions there be divers petty captains, and every of them maketh war and peace for himself, without licence of the chief captain. And there be more than thirty of the English noble folk that follow the same Irish order and keepeth the same rule."

TERRIBLE CONDITION OF THE NATIVE IRISH.

The condition of the poor native Irish, ruled by so many masters, perpetually quarrelling and fighting among themselves, or with the English colonists, is described by the writer of the State paper—an Englishman, be it remembered. Labour was treated as disgraceful; the strongest and fiercest of the peasant class were picked out by the chiefs and trained to fight, and the weaker men were driven to the fields like beasts of burden, wretchedly fed and few in number, "supposed to be the most wretched specimens of human nature which could be found upon the globe." The author of the State paper of 1515 asks, "What common folk in all the world is so poor, so feeble, so evil beseen in town and field, so bestial, so greatly oppressed and trodden under foot, fares so evil, with so great misery, and with so wretched life, as the common folk of Ireland? What pity is here, what truth is to report there is no tongue that can tell, no person that can write. It passeth far the orators and muses all to show the order of the nobles, and how cruel they entreateth the poor common people. What danger it is to the King against God to suffer his land, whereof he bears the charge and the cure temporal, to be in the said misorder so long without remedy! It were more honour to surrender his claim thereto, and to make no longer prosecution thereof, than to suffer his poor subjects always to be so oppressed, and all the nobles of the land to be at war within themselves, always shedding of Christian blood without remedy. The herd must render account for his fold, and the King for his."

This was bold speaking, but perhaps none the less on that account acceptable to the clear-headed and energetic young King, who seems to have thought that the Irish problem, as perplexing then as now, might be solved by wise government and the exercise of justice. He was not, probably, of opinion that the animosity and opposition of the Irish chiefs was absolutely insurmountable, although the writer of the report had arrived at the conclusion, "If the King were as wise as Solomon the Sage, he should never subdue the wild Irish to his obedience without dread of the sword and of the might and strength of his power. As long as they may

resist and save their lives, they will not obey the King."

PROJECTS FOR REFORMING THE IRISH CHURCH.

When Henry VIII. had effected the Reformation in this country, he saw no reason why the Irish Church should not be as Protestant as the English. The Irish ecclesiastics, however, and the Irish people too—both the Anglo-Irish and the "wild Irish"—had their own opinions on the matter. Dr. Browne, a convert to Protestantism, formerly an Augustinian friar, was appointed Archbishop of Dublin, and made known the contents of a letter sent to him by Thomas Cromwell, in the King's name. This official document announced "the royal will and pleasure of his Majesty, that his subjects in Ireland, even as those in England, should obey his commands in spiritual matters as in temporal, and renounce their allegiance to the see of Rome." But Dr. Browne soon found, to use his own phrase, that "the common people of this isle are more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs were in truth." The Archbishop of Armagh was a formidable opponent, "laying a curse on the people whosever should own his Highness's supremacy, saying that the isle—as it is in the Irish chronicles, *insula sacra*—belongs to none but the Bishop of Rome, and that it was the Bishop of Rome who gave it to the King's ancestors."

A Parliament was summoned in 1536, and several bills were introduced. One declared the King to be supreme head of the Church in Ireland; another prohibited appeals to Rome; another ordered first-fruits and twentieth parts to be paid to the King; and another abolished the authority of the Pope. To the Parliament, however, the ecclesiastics were entitled to send proctors, and these proctors so vehemently opposed the propositions that the bills could never have become Acts if a ready expedient had not been discovered, and that was not allowing the proctors to vote. So, as far as Parliament could do it, the King was supreme, and the Anglo-Irish nobles and gentlemen—or many of them—made no objection to the supremacy, for they scented, not very far off, a confiscation of Church property. Very soon the Church lands were sold to the highest bidder, or bestowed as a reward on favourites and powerful persons who had curried favour with the King or his deputy. In 1541 a Parliament held in Dublin conferred the title of King of Ireland on Henry.

In the short reign of Edward VI. efforts to establish the royal supremacy were continued, but so far as the majority of the clergy and the mass of the people were concerned, with little success. On Easter

Sunday, 1551, the liturgy was read for the first time in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin; and almost immediately afterwards the primacy of all Ireland was annexed to the see of Dublin by Act of Parliament. The Reformers had obviously reason on their side when they objected to the service of the Church being conducted in Latin, which was not "understanded of the people"; but they scarcely mended matters by insisting on the use of the English language, almost equally unintelligible to the great bulk of the Celtic and Anglo-Irish population. When Mary, a Catholic, became Queen, there was another reverse. Archbishop Browne, and Bishops Staples of Meath, Lancaster of Kildare, and Travers of Leighlin, were removed, and two others fled beyond the seas. When the news of Edward's death reached Ireland, bells were rung, and processions of Roman Catholics paraded the streets of Kilkenny, chanting and flinging about incense and holy water. Five years afterwards Mary was in her grave, and once more the sovereign and government were Protestant.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE CATHOLICS; A REIGN OF TERROR.

Very soon began the persecutions. Abbots and priests were put to death—hanged and quartered—for saying the mass; monks, friars, and lay brothers were slaughtered—one at the altar of his own church; and others died from the effects of imprisonment and torture in Dublin Castle. Loftus, the Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, advised that the Anglo-Irish nobles should be "sharply dealt with," and fined "in a good round sum," because they were Catholics. Sir John Perrot, one of the military commanders, killed fifty persons, and arranged their heads as a trophy in the public square of Kilmallock; and he advised the Queen that "friars, monks, Jesuits, priests, nuns, and such-like vermin, who openly upheld the Papacy, should be executed by martial law." If we may believe Miss Cusack—and that able writer, although influenced perhaps in her opinions by her attachment to Roman Catholicism, appears to have been very careful to have good authority for her statements of facts—"the officers of the troops sent to put down Poperly seem to have rivalled each other in acts of cruelty. One is said to have tied his victim to a maypole, and then punched out his eyes with his thumbs. Others amused themselves with flinging up infants into the air, and catching them on the points of their swords. Francis Crosby, the deputy of Leix, used to hang men, women, and children on an immense tree which grew before his door, without any crime being imputed to them except their faith, and then to watch with delight how the

unhappy infants hung by the long hair of their martyred mothers."

THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER.

Our limits will not permit us to trace step by step the history of Ireland during the remainder of the reign of Elizabeth. Shane O'Neill, the Irish chief who claimed to be King of Ulster, defied the English, and gained some successes. Then he was induced to visit the English court, cajoled with fair promises, and ultimately murdered at Carrickfergus, where he had been invited to a feast, and his head was impaled on the wall of Dublin Castle. An obsequious and tongue-tied Irish Parliament, assembled in 1569, formally annexed Tyrone, Shane O'Neill's possessions, to the English throne, and then began what was known as the "plantation of Ulster." Large districts conferred on favourites were described as "divers parts and parcels of her Highness's earldom of Ulster that lay waste, or else was inhabited with a wicked, barbarous, and uncivil people." What might become of these people under the rule of their new masters seems not to have troubled the Queen or her councillors.

A REVOLT.

Charles I., involved in troubles with his Parliament, and on the brink of civil war, had little leisure for Irish affairs, and the time was considered favourable for an attempt on the part of the Irish Catholics to throw off the Protestant yoke. For a time the revolt, headed by George Moore, an Anglo-Irishman, bore an exclusively religious character, and met with little success; but soon Phelim O'Connor, with a large body of native Irish, joined the movement, and then the insurrection became truly formidable.

Hatred of the Protestants was allied to hatred of the English and Scotch settlers, Protestant or not. The Presbyterians and colonists of Ulster and the western provinces were ruthlessly attacked; nearly forty thousand massacred. The English Parliament, ready enough to believe evil of Charles, and suspicious of his supposed tenderness to the doctrines of Romanism, so hateful to the Independents and Presbyterians, accused him of having encouraged the outbreak. He warmly defended himself against the charge, and to prove his sincerity sent into Ireland all the troops that could be made available. The English army showed no mercy—even those who laid down their arms were not spared; and their severity renewed the ardour of the Irish,—the English were beaten, a large portion of Ulster was

recovered, and the Scotch settlers driven out. A native council of administration was established, composed of bishops, chiefs of the old Irish tribes, lords of Anglo-Norman descent, and deputies chosen in each province by the Irish population.

When the great Parliamentary war in England broke out, the national assembly of Ireland entered into private negotiations with each party, offering support to that which should to the greatest extent recognize the independence of Ireland. The Parliamentarians would "have none of them," hating Papists more perhaps than they hated the King. The remnants of the national party were disposed, after the execution of Charles I., to enter into negotiations with the victorious Parliamentarians; but the Protestants and Presbyterians united under the leadership of the Duke of Ormond, and proclaimed Charles II. as king.

THE CURSE OF CROMWELL.

Then came "the curse of Cromwell." The great Oliver, with the titles of Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief, and his Ironsides, were despatched to Ireland. If, in the language of the Psalmist, they went with "the high praises of God in their mouth," of a verity the quotation may be completed by saying they had "a two-edged sword in their hand." At Drogheda, which Cromwell's army captured, more than three thousand of the garrison and townspeople were massacred; and at Wexford and in other places the same merciless spirit was exhibited wherever the terrible Cromwell appeared.

On the 26th of September, 1653, all the property of the Irish people was declared to belong to the English, and Parliament assigned Connaught for the habitation of the Irish natives, "whither they must transplant, with their wives and daughters and children, before the 18th of May following, under the penalty of death if found on this side of the Shannon after that day." Any man, woman, or child who had disobeyed the order, no matter from what cause, could be instantly executed in any way, by any of the soldiers or "adventurers" to whom land had been allotted, without trial.

Ireland was conquered, but not subdued. The work of Strongbow and his allies was completed, so far as the strong hand of power could complete it. The fire of resistance was smothered for a time, but later history shows how dangerous has been, and is, the smouldering of the embers.

G. R. E.



BURNSIDE'S LANDING.

FEDERALS AND CONFEDERATES.

A STORY OF SECESSION.

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave—
His soul is marching on!"

The Missouri Compromise—John Brown—The Breach—Mutterings of the Storm—Fort Sumter—Bull Run—Progress of the War—Numerous Battles—The Trent Affair—Campaign of 1862—Capture of New Orleans—The Merrimac and the Monitor—The Struggle at Shiloh—Fighting in 1863 and 1864—On the Chickahominy—Lee in Virginia—Great Losses—Conclusion of the Civil War.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

IN the year 1820, when Missouri was admitted into the American Union, it was especially enacted that the limits of slavery were to be observed, and it was determined that slavery should cease at a line drawn below the new state. But this suggestion did not meet with approval, and a conciliatory proposition was brought forward which enacted that Missouri should be ex-

cepted from the prohibition placed upon "the territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana." This exception in favour of the new state was termed the *Missouri Compromise*, and laid down the rule that any future states should not be slave-holding territory. Thus reluctantly, a slave-holding state was admitted; and this objection to its admission as such denoted that a very important change

was taking place in the feelings of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Only a few years before, when Louisiana and Mississippi had been respectively admitted into the Union, no objection had been made to the propagation of slavery; and just a year previously, when Alabama became one in the Federation, no question was raised as to slave-holding. So a change had come o'er the spirit of the North which was eventually to rise up and crush out the accursed system. Yet the abolition had not been very rapid in the Union, but it had been progressive and steady. The general feeling was opposed to slavery in the Union from the very commencement of its existence as a nation; but it must be admitted that the South had at any rate an excuse for not immediately complying with the abolitionists' demand. We must in fairness remember that climate, custom, social life, and the necessity for cotton all demanded labour, and made slavery much more profitable in the South than it could be in the North. So when the new state was admitted a calm reigned for a time. But what was to happen when other new states applied for leave to join the Union?

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA QUESTION.

The Abolition Question slumbered until 1831, when William Lloyd Garrison established the *Liberator* in Boston. Afterwards numerous anti-slavery societies were formed, and the more Northern portion of the Union drifted into opposition with the South upon this question. The result was that in 1854 Mr. Douglas as a slave state sympathizer carried the Nebraska bill, and the Kansas-Nebraska struggle marks another important way-station upon the road to war and secession. In Kansas the fight commenced between immigrants from the free North and the upholders of bondage in the slave South. Murder, assassination and conflict were rife; and in the midst of this most deplorable struggle Mr. Buchanan, a decided advocate of slavery, was chosen President. He was willing to admit Kansas, therefore, as a slave state; but the immigrants were in the majority, and it eventually became free. The Missouri Compromise had been repealed by Mr. Douglas's Nebraska Bill, but the passers of it turned against Buchanan in the Senate, and voted against the Kansas Bill the President sought to introduce.

The South was defeated on this question, and, as Dr. Draper writes, "There can be no doubt that the South, in bending herself to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, committed a mistake. . . . In permitting the abandonment of that concession she grasped at the shadow of equality with the North and lost the substance; from that moment

the anti-slavery party had her at their mercy." At any rate, there can be little doubt that "the Kansas-Nebraska struggle marks an epoch in the great controversy between the North and the South. It closes the period of parliamentary debate between them and introduces one of violence and open war."

JOHN BROWN'S RAID.

Mr. Buchanan's tenure of office was drawing to a close in 1859. In March 1860 a new President would be appointed, and the election fight was proceeding with much animosity. There were four pairs of candidates, and a decided anti-slavery President was anticipated and nominated in the person of Abraham Lincoln.

But prior to the election a memorable incident occurred in Virginia. Amongst the most warlike and bigoted of the anti-slavery immigrants into Kansas was one John Brown—a regular type of Puritan—who left his home for the avowed object of fighting for the abolition of slavery in Kansas. He had four sons, and at the head of a small body of determined men he fought the Missourians and sustained their attacks with remarkable bravery and success. At Ossawatimie he greatly distinguished himself, and after various fortune he returned from the east to carry out his abolitionist ideas personally and by force of arms. He was a most zealous partisan, of stern and unbending character and of Puritan piety.

He determined to carry his men and projects boldly into Virginia, the very hotbed of slavery; and he did so. In December 1858 he crossed the Missouri and liberated some slaves, whom he subsequently conveyed in safety into Canada; but returned to Virginia, where under the pretext of farming he set about maturing his preparations. He collected about twenty men and managed to secure arms and ammunition in abundance without causing any suspicion in his neighbourhood. His idea was to capture the stores at Harper's Ferry, and on Sunday night, 16th October 1859, John Brown made his attack upon the arsenal.

The party entered the village without molestation, and at once put out all the lamps and captured the watchmen on guard. The great storehouse was soon in their possession, having been acquired with scarce a struggle, for the watch were overpowered without difficulty. The surprise of the Virginians may be imagined when, on going to their work at the arsenal, they were made prisoners, and at least sixty people were thus seized. But the enterprise was hopeless. No accession of force came to the intrepid abolitionist. A few negroes joined him, but only by threats. Up till midday John Brown was master of Harper's Ferry; but the militia very quickly

surrounded the arsenal and the insurgents were caught in a trap. It is difficult to see what other termination to the affair the leader could himself have anticipated.

The siege did not last long: volley after volley thinned the little circle of zealots inside, while the attacking party also suffered. One of Brown's sons was shot dead, and another mortally wounded. The leader himself behaved with extraordinary courage and coolness, but they availed him nothing. General Robert Lee came down on the 18th and battered in the door—Brown was taken fighting, and bayoneted as he lay on the ground. He and three others of his party only were left alive. He was soon put on his trial, and on the 30th of November he was sentenced to be hanged at Charleston. He died on the 2nd of December, as he had lived, calm and defiant, and apparently in no way concerned with the event. He was a man whom Oliver Cromwell would have made a general of—and the South made him a martyr. The well-known song "Old John Brown" became afterwards a "marching chorus" in the Northern armies; and the almost solemn influence of the refrain—"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"—nobody who has heard it sung by native sympathizers will easily forget.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

When Mr. Lincoln was elected President things came to a climax in the South. It was known that the new nominee was a stern anti-slavery man, and this conviction determined the Legislature of South Carolina to call a Convention; and the Governor in his message to the electors had said that in the event of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency the only alternative was "secession." "If," he continued, "in the exercise of arbitrary power, and forgetful of the lessons of history, the Government of the United States should attempt coercion, it will become our solemn duty to meet force by force."

This was plain speaking. But Mr. Lincoln was elected by the North, for no Southern state voted for him; so *the North won!* The Southern people thus regarded their "political equality" as departed. They were very sore, and the results of the irritation very soon appeared upon the surface. South Carolina, a representative state as much as Massachusetts in the North, seceded from the Union on the 20th December, 1860, and Francis W. Pickens was elected Governor. On that day the assembled Convention met at Charleston, and the Union was declared dissolved. A declaration of independence was drawn up at the same time.

This declaration was received with great joy in Charleston, and the whole population

kept holiday. Business was suspended and bells were set ringing; dance music and the "Marseillaise" were mingled by the bands, and a red-silk standard was made for the Independent State. Ministers were elected, and every step that could be taken was attempted to cast off the Union; the newspapers in the city going so far as to publish news from the Northern States as "Foreign Intelligence."

The result of this action was very quickly apparent. One after another, in rapid succession of secession, came Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas; then Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, and North Carolina followed suit. Kentucky, as Lincoln's state, declined, and the border states at first remained neutral. The seceding states declared themselves of the Confederacy on the dates understated, the borderers being obliged to come in.

South Carolina, seceded	20th December, 1860.
Mississippi	9th January, 1861.
Alabama	11th " "
Florida	12th " "
Georgia	19th " "
Louisiana	28th " "
Texas	1st February, "
Virginia	17th April, "
Arkansas	6th May, "
Tennessee	8th " "
North Carolina	20th " "

The western part of Virginia declined to secede, and was admitted subsequently as a new state in the Union under the name of West Virginia. On February 4th, 1861, a Congress was assembled from the then seceded states, and at Montgomery, in Alabama, a constitution was proposed and discussed.

Meantime the Southern representatives had quitted their places in the Legislature at Washington, and things looked extremely threatening. In the North the feeling was equally strong; and yet all this time Mr. Buchanan, who was still President—for his term did not expire until March although Lincoln was then elected—rather favoured, or at all events did not check, the preparations of the Unionists. When the Congress above referred to had finished their sitting, they promulgated the constitution of the Confederate States of America, and Jefferson Davis, who had been the representative of Mississippi, was chosen unanimously as the President of the Confederacy, and Alexander H. Stephens as the Vice-President.

Mr. Davis, in his inaugural address, appeared confident that the South would find allies and supporters in England and in the border states. "England will recognize us," he declared, "and we have a glorious future before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities where the pavements have

been worn off with the feet of commerce. . . . We are now determined to maintain our position, and make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel." Brave words, uttered possibly in haste, and no doubt repented of at leisure a few years afterwards in "durance vile."

There was a quiet, unassuming manner about Jefferson Davis in after years, a retiring disposition, apparently, when we last conversed with him, which covered the energy he undoubtedly possessed. He was a man of singular purity of mind and morals, unselfish, temperate, and courteous in his bearing to all. He had a command of language not always perceptible in educated Englishmen or Americans, with some scholarship, and expressed his sentiments clearly and firmly.

Abraham Lincoln was a rougher diamond, a man brought up literally as a hewer of wood and drawer of water; a right-thinking, determined American of spotless integrity. His characteristics do not need to be enlarged upon here. His assassination, which was lamented by all civilized people, and caused an immense sensation, need not be noticed in this place.

ATTEMPTS AT COM-PROMISE.

The North had scarcely believed that the South meant fighting, and the South on its part had some idea that it would obtain all it wanted by moral force. But when Anderson fortified himself in Fort Sumter, the people of Charleston felt very indignant, and Mr. Floyd, the Northern War Secretary, had previously requested Mr. Buchanan to withdraw all the troops from Charleston, a move which the President declined to make. General Cass had also resigned the Secretary of State's portfolio because Mr. Buchanan would not reinforce the troops; and now Mr. Floyd resigned because he would not withdraw them. Floyd had been busy transferring arms from the North to the South while War Secretary, and the Confederates rewarded his treason by making him a major-general in their army when he retired southwards.

A commission was sent up to Washington, and taunted the President with his want of decision. He declined to receive the members,

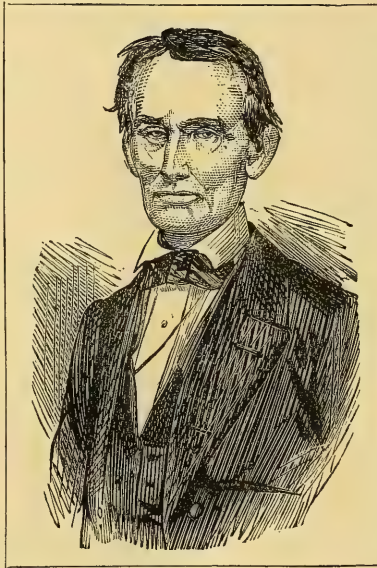
except as distinguished citizens, and would not recognize their ambassadorial character. These gentlemen endeavoured to cast all the blame upon the President; and quitting Washington, shook the dust from their feet, while intimating that on the head of Mr. Buchanan the evil must rest. He declined to read their closing communication; and continued in dread of treason and death until his term had expired.

Meanwhile the seceded states were seizing stores and munitions and arsenals throughout the South. The President sent his address to Congress on January 9th, referring to the fact that in several states which had not yet seceded the forts, arsenals and magazines of the United States had been seized, and in conclusion he advocated a peaceful termination to the dispute. Just previously the Confederate Carolinians had seized the custom-house, post-office, and arsenal at Charleston, as well as Forts Pinckney and Moultrie, when Major Anderson withdrew his little Federal garrison from the latter post to Fort Sumter. This was the first adverse move; and well might Buchanan, in his address above mentioned, characterize it as "the most serious step that had been taken since the commencement of the troubles."

On that same 9th of January, the date of the President's speech, the first shot was fired in the war. The "ball was opened" in the South;

the Union was dissolved, not to be cemented again save with blood and with the corpses of thousands of men of one and the same race.

A vessel sent by the Federals with troops to reinforce the little garrison of Fort Sumter was fired on as she was entering the Charleston harbour. The commander of the ship, deprecating hostilities, prudently withdrew without returning the fire. An attempt was made to capture her, but she escaped. Thus the Civil War in America was commenced. Batteries were constructed, and the whole South became a busy hive of preparation for hostilities. Reprisals already took place. Arms for the South were seized in New York, and Northern vessels at New Orleans were detained. Virginia declared that it would forcibly repel any advance of



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Northern troops southwards. The President's ministry had practically deserted him, and war was advocated. The light-heartedness with which the South entered upon the greatest contest of modern times is remarkable. The hauling down of the American flag at Fort Sumter was the occasion for a kind of fête or picnic; and we read that the demand of the President of the United States for 75,000 soldiers was received with "derisive laughter"! This merriment was soon turned into mourning, and the joyous cheers were succeeded by the cries of the wounded and dying.

THE MUTTERING OF THE STORM.

On the 4th March, 1861, Abraham Lincoln assumed the government of the United States. A native of Kentucky, he had come up to assume his responsibilities through a hostile country, and was therefore compelled to adopt a disguise and to travel as quickly as possible for fear of assassination. He reached Washington in safety, and delivered his address boldly. He declared he did not intend to interfere in any way with slavery in states where it already existed. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," he said, "and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors; you have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it."

After Lincoln's inauguration commissioners arrived from South Carolina to urge that secession might be peacefully arranged, and wishing to open negotiations with that object. But the President declined to listen to them, contending that they had no *locus standi*. These peaceable commissioners then declared that any attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter, or to provision it, would be regarded by the Confederate States as a declaration of war; and when the news came to Lincoln, as it shortly did, that he could not relieve Fort Sumter with a less force than 20,000 men, he hesitated. But his hand was forced. His cabinet and the people outside decided him, and it was determined that an attempt should be made to reinforce and provision the place.

The United States frigate *Powhatan*, which was up at New York, was made ready for this purpose, and further preparations were made. Two small steamers and several transports and vessels of war were got ready. But from various circumstances, including the effects of a tempest, the expedition failed. This was in April. News of the approaching departure of the ships was conveyed to South Carolina, and this was interpreted as a declaration of hostilities by the Confederates, and they resolved to anticipate matters.

THE STORM BREAKS OVER SUMTER.

Jefferson Davis immediately directed General Beauregard to summon Major Anderson to surrender Fort Sumter. This position occupies the centre of the entrance to

Charleston harbour. Behind it at some little distance are Forts Ripley and Pinckney. Forts Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, and Johnston, on James's Island, command Sumter, Morris Island and its batteries lying south and dominating the channel.

Major Anderson declined to surrender, and Beauregard made preparations for his attack. Anderson had no supplies, nor had he sufficient ammunition to sustain a siege. At daybreak a notice was sent to him that in an hour the Confederates would open fire, and Beauregard kept his word. But no reply came from Major Anderson until 7 o'clock on Friday,

April 12th, which day marks the actual commencement of hostilities; and after sustaining a bombardment for two days, and doing all he could to reply effectively, Beauregard's terms were accepted, and the stars and stripes descended from the fort. Yet, with all the expenditure of shot and shell, with battered walls and fired gates, and the magazine in flames, not one man had been killed upon either side.

Anderson and his men marched out with the honours of war, while the Sunday sanctity was invaded by firing of guns, the playing of bands, the cheers of the ladies at the fall of the stars and stripes, and the elevation of the Palmetto flag amid universal rejoicing. "The glorious little state of South Carolina had" humbled the flag of the United States; and "defeated their twenty millions." The



STONEWALL JACKSON.

bloodless nature of the victory gave rise to adverse criticism. People didn't want to play at war. "Give us blood! No half measures! Why, an American battle is not so dangerous as an American steam-boat!" So after a practical siege of three months Sumter surrendered: it might have been reinforced with ease.

The very day after the surrender, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men (militia) for three months' service, and the greatest enthusiasm was aroused in the Northern States; an enthusiasm more striking in consequence of the almost surprised and solemn silence with which the surrender of Sumter had been received.

THE NORTH IS AROUSED.

It had not been an easy matter to convince the people of the Northern States that the Secessionists meant mischief. But when they heard, as they did now, that an attack was about to be made upon Washington, public feeling and patriotism rose to fever heat. "The moment blood is shed Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South," was a cry which now came true. The state had given in her adhesion to secession, and she had a great deal to do. There were several worthy objects for her enterprise. Washington City and the Armoury, with Fort Monroe, were three very important points.

Massachusetts was the first in the field, and the sixth regiment marched out from Boston the centre of an ovation. Four corps were soon ready, and the 6th was ordered to Baltimore, where it came into collision with a Secessionist party; and there they learnt the news that the Virginians had taken the Armoury at Harper's Ferry. They forced their way to the railway in order to reach Washington, and had much difficulty in doing so. At last they fired on the people, and the first blood was drawn. This affair took place on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, which inaugurated the War of Independence in 1775.

The regiment proceeded to Washington just in time. Meanwhile the Marylanders were protesting against troops being sent through the state, and when they found their remonstrances unheeded, the people, incited by King "Cotton," destroyed bridges and did all and everything in their power to prevent the Republican militia from reaching the capital. General Butler found the bridges across the Susquehanna had been burned, so he took a steamer and carried his division by sea to Annapolis, and then proceeded by train to Washington, which had been fortified. But "Maryland, my Maryland," though strongly urged by the poet to "spurn

the Northern scum," remained a member of the Federal States, for Butler was in Baltimore and kept her down.

The naval yard at Norfolk had been captured by the Virginians, and now the President made every effort to beat back the torrent which was descending upon the North. Bounties were liberally offered to recruits, and levies were called for. On the 19th of April, and again on the 27th, the blockade of the Southern ports was declared; and this error in Northern strategy virtually gave the South the position of a belligerent power, for a blockade means a recognition of the state blockaded—a simple closing of the ports, or rather a proclamation to that effect, would have placed the Southern States in the position of *rebels* only.

The Northern States sent in supplies, and by several succeeding acts of Congress many thousands of men, up to one hundred thousand, were sanctioned to serve for periods of from six months to three years. On the 24th of May, 1861, the army took up its positions, and McClellan entered Virginia in the west, and ere long kept full command of it.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

This was the first important engagement in the long series of sanguinary encounters which lasted for as nearly as possible four years. This battle was fought on 21st July, 1861, and the last Confederate force surrendered on 26th May, 1865; the last fight was between Col. Barrett and General Slaughter, in which the latter (the Confederate) was victorious.

Bull Run is a small stream near Manassas Junction, in Virginia, and here General McDowell was met by Beauregard, the Confederate commander.

There were two battles at Bull Run—the first was on the 21st July, the second a little more than a month later. We will attempt to describe them. The Confederates were encamped at Manassas about 20,000 strong, and the Federal forces near Washington amounted to about twice that number. McDowell took with him 35,000 men, mostly volunteers, and advanced against Beauregard, who was thereupon assisted by General Johnston from Winchester.

Early upon the 21st of July the opposing forces came within touch of each other, and making allowances for sick and non-effectives the armies were then nearly equal. About ten o'clock General Burnside commenced the engagement, and, with assistance from Tyler and Sherman, drove the Confederates back. About twelve o'clock Burnside had exhausted his ammunition, and had to retire; and the Union army had succeeded in out-flanking the Confederates, and were driving

them before them, so that when the Southern commanders, Johnston and Beauregard, came up, the field was apparently lost for them, as with the exception of a small reserve of five regiments, their force appeared in full retreat up the slope of the hill from the plateau round which a small brook circled. On the east of this plateau was a pine-wood, and in these pines the small Confederate reserve was posted. Bee (the Confederate) had reached the edge of the plateau with his broken division, and met General T. Jackson posted in the pine-wood, and unharmed.

"They are beating us back," cried Bee, as his force retired upon his friends. Jackson's answer is historical: "Well, sir, we must give them the bayonet," he replied, but did not move an inch. Bee seeing that the reserve was steady, encouraged his men with the cry that Jackson was standing like a stone wall. "Rally behind the Virginians." The men took the idea, and *Stone-wall* Jackson was instantly adopted by the soldiers. The general never lost the *soubriquet* thus bestowed upon him.

This rally made a very considerable difference to the Unionists. They swept up the slope gallantly, but were received by a withering volley from Jackson's men, who kept up a fatal if intermittent fire from amid the pine-trees. Just then Beauregard and Johnston rallied the retreating troops; the Union attack had been delayed too long. Had McDowell's generals carried out his programme earlier, they would have gained the day. The Confederates had concentrated their forces, and the guns were ordered up to dislodge them. But the Confederates stood firm on their slope, and their cavalry quite upset a New York regiment; still the Unionists had the best of it at four o'clock, and McDowell commanded a general advance upon the centre. The crisis had come.

The advance was made; the lost ground was recovered; the cannon was playing with terrible effect as the charge was made—when suddenly the whole of the Northern right was crumpled up and driven in by a flank attack. Elzey's brigade, which had heard the firing, came up by rail, and, 1700 strong, threw itself with all the impetuosity of fresh troops upon the weary Northern battalions. A yell of despair seemed to go up; panic succeeded; and in a few minutes McDowell was hurled over the edge of the plateau, and down the slopes he had so hardly gained. In fifteen minutes all was over; the rout—for it was nothing less—was complete.

The conduct of the troops once out of hand was utterly unworthy of them. They hastened away panic-stricken to the fords and bridge. *Sauve qui peut* was the idea; and though the general, like Napoleon at

Waterloo, endeavoured to cover the retreat with his picked troops, some eight hundred strong, he could do little. The victors did not pursue far; indeed, it was unnecessary, the flight was too rapid; and so the news was carried to Washington, and all was consternation. Those who had come out in carriages or on horseback to see the battle were carried back amid the panic-stricken soldiery. The *Times* contained an account of the panic, and Dr. Russell's life was in danger in consequence.

[The second battle of Bull Run or Manassas was also gained by the Confederates, very nearly upon the same ground as the preceding one. In the latter Jackson and Longstreet defeated Pope, and the Union army was again thrown back upon Washington. There was a good deal more manoeuvring in this engagement; and but for Col. Warren, who threw his brigade into the gap, and for a while tried to stem the tide of Confederate troops, the capital might have been captured. As it was, the Union force was withdrawn within the lines, and General Pope was, at his own request, relieved of his command.]

This was a great disaster for the North, which gained no important advantage that year. But, on the other hand, it would appear that the Confederates were blinded by success, and began to make that greatest of all mistakes in battle, in argument, or in any controversy,—they despised their adversary: so when they were repulsed the moral effect was the greater.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

We have devoted a little more space to this engagement than we can afford to its successors, which come rapidly before us. It is not possible to detail all the battles, and a short summary of the principal events which took place must suffice.

After the Confederates had driven out their opponents, General McClellan was appointed to the command of the "Army of the Potomac," and his endeavours to organize his men and bring the levies into something like order and discipline occupied him some months. It must be remembered here were no trained soldiers, as in European armies. All, or nearly all, had to be learnt by generals as well as soldiers; and it is marvellous to notice how quickly the American nation acquiesced in the discipline and privations inseparable from campaigning, which in their case fell upon them with double severity.

Col. Butler and Commodore Stringham took Forts Hatteras and Clark, on the coast of North Carolina; and in October General Sherman and Commodore du Pont attacked Port Royal, South Carolina, and captured

two forts, and secured possession of the harbour. The North sent instructions to Mr. Adams to represent to the British Government that the South could not be recognized as belligerents; but ere the instructions arrived England, and soon afterwards France, had recognized the Confederate nation.

Meanwhile the Confederate States were not idle. They were forming armies and despatching them against their Northern brethren. Missouri sent a contingent, Texas and Arkansas were not behindhand either. A battle was soon fought in the first-named state between Lyon (Federal) and McColluch, at Wilson's Creek, Springfield. General Lyon was killed, the losses being very equal, amounting to over a thousand men on each side. The Federals retreated to Rolla, but General Fremont subsequently retrieved Northern fortunes, though only to be again driven back,—and thus with varying success the conflict proceeded in Missouri. The defence of Lexington, in September, when Colonel Mulligan, attacked by a much superior force, only surrendered when his men had been fighting for three days without water, is one of the most remarkable incidents of this period of the war.

We may now glance northwards. In October the Federal forces began to assert themselves. By degrees their enemies retreated, and on the 21st General Stone's troops, or rather a portion of them, crossed the Potomac at Ball's Bluff. This was a disastrous move. General Evans immediately fell upon them; and after a brave struggle, in which more than half the Union force was put *hors de combat*, the Federals retreated, leaving quite a thousand men, with Colonel Baker, on the field. It was about this time that General McClellan was appointed commander-in-chief of the Federal forces, in room of General Scott retired.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

We now come to a page of our history which will perhaps be read with more interest than the mere details of the battles and skirmishing, marching and counter-marching of that disastrous conflict. There was a strong feeling in favour of the South underlying popular opinion in England; and this sympathy, though by no means universal in the United Kingdom, had, in addition to the fact of our recognizing the Confederates as belligerents, made England unpopular in the Federal States; and when the news of the battle of Bull Run reached England there was certainly a feeling here that the North was pretty well "played out." No one then properly estimated the tremendous recuperating energy of the Federals,—any more than the Northern ladies or civilians would

credit that the ill-clothed, almost barefooted, and quite miserable-looking men who came as prisoners from the battle-field of Shiloh, were the magnificent Southern material which had given General Grant all he could do to overcome.

There was a great deal of irritation; and newspapers "slung ink" at each other across the "herring-pond" with more directness than good taste. The North was regarded as behaving in a bullying and dictatorial manner, and the Americans complained of our neutrality. "The head and front of our offending," says a writer of the period, "is that we formed a just estimate . . . The seceders are a match for them." In October 1861, national feeling found a vent which nearly resulted in a breach of the peace between England and America.

The American war-sloop *San Jacinto* was at Havana, when the commander, Captain Wilkes, heard that two Southern commissioners were about to proceed to Europe as ambassadors to France and England. These gentlemen had managed to elude the blockade, and finding the English mail steamer *Trent* at Havana, determined to take passage in her to England, as they had a perfect right to do.

But apparently the bold Captain Wilkes thought otherwise. He made up his mind to intercept these "rebel" ambassadors, as he considered them, and accordingly in a very high-handed manner he ran out into the channel, and when the steamer appeared he fired a shell across her bows, his order to "heave to" having properly been disregarded by the English captain of the *Trent*. The incident created a sensation on board, as may be imagined.

The *Trent* had sailed from Havana on the 7th; "and on the 8th," says an eye-witness, "we observed a large steamer ahead, and on a nearer approach we found she was 'hove-to,' awaiting us. . . . As soon as we were well within range we had the first intimation of her nationality and intentions by a round shot being fired across our bows and by her showing American colours." All the ports were open, and the crew at quarters. A boat soon pushed off from the *San Jacinto*, and the lieutenant demanded that Messrs. Slidell, Mason, and two others should be handed over to him. Mr. Slidell appealed to the British flag; and the lieutenant said his orders were to take them by force if necessary. Captain Williams, R.N., as representing the Queen, violently protested, while all this time the *San Jacinto* was lying with shotted guns, and her marines had occupied the deck. Resistance was of course useless. Miss Slidell endeavoured to defend her father but the American lieutenant ordered his men to advance upon her

with fixed bayonets as she stood before the cabin door. Mr. Slidell then gave himself up, and the brave Americans, who confessed that they would not have attempted the act had the *Trent* been a man-of-war or armed, took their prisoners on board their vessel and carried the envoys to Boston and to prison. The circumstances are detailed in the newspapers of 28th Nov., 1861, at some length.

Captain Wilkes's high-handed proceeding met with great favour in the North amongst the people and the ministry. But the President was quite aware of its illegality and error. "Wilkes meant well," said Lincoln, "but it will never answer. . . We shall have

ports were hurried over the ocean laden with supplies and stores for the troops; and the loyal Canadians also responded to the movement with an alacrity only second to our own.

However, the storm subsided. Lord Lyons had orders to leave Washington within seven days, if reparation and the release of the captured ambassadors were not carried out in full. The Americans gave way. Wilkes had been advanced to a hero's place for firing shot and shell at an unarmed trader, and a great deal of "high falutin'" bombast was indulged in by those who fêted the bold captain of the *San Jacinto* on his return. But the determination of the "Britisher"



CITY OF BOSTON, U.S.A.

to give these men up and apologize for what we have done."

The indignation aroused in England when the news arrived has found no parallel in later times—not even after the Boers' defeat of our troops at Majuba. Lord John Russell did not wait for any explanation; preparations were immediately commenced. War with America appeared inevitable. The Guards and many other corps were despatched to Canada. The dockyards re-sounded with the din of ship-building and repairing. The *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and many other first-class vessels of war were made ready for sea, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Our fleet already afloat was ordered up from the West Indies, and trans-

could not be ignored, and so the wisest and the only honest course was pursued, and carried out as Lincoln had foretold. "We are asked," said Mr. Seward, "to do to the British nation what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us." The English demands were thus acceded to.

On the 18th of November, Mr. Davis in his Message to his Congress at Richmond, Va., congratulated his adherents upon the "succession of glorious victories they had achieved, and at their having checked the wicked invasion which greed of gain and lust of power brought upon" Southern soil. He also commented upon the capture of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, which no doubt raised hopes of English assistance in Southern

minds. At the same time the Confederates made up their minds "to continue the struggle in humble dependence upon Providence, to whose rule we confidently submit. For the rest we depend upon ourselves."

No doubt the South had the best of the conflict at the close of 1861. The North had intended to invade Southern territory, and had been repulsed: no ground had been won, and hundreds of lives had been lost. But the Confederate numbers were no match for the Northern legions: the discrepancy was too great. But at the close of 1861 our great national misfortune in the death of the Prince Consort almost entirely put aside for awhile the interest in American affairs. Our differences upon the War Question were swallowed up in the consideration of the sorrow we experienced at the loss of the Prince whose life-aims were peace and the arts of peace.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1862.

The inactivity of General McClellan and his army of the Potomac was giving rise to impatience, and the daily intelligence of "all quiet on the Potomac" was not appreciated. So on the 22nd of February a general movement of the forces was ordered by the President, and the Potomac army was particularly mentioned as destined for service. The distrust which the General's inactivity had occasioned was spreading in a very ominous manner. But the Mississippi campaign was to begin with the year, and on the 30th of January a move was made. The first engagement was not favourable to the Confederates' cause, for a body of their forces was defeated at Mill Springs, in Kentucky, and in the next month General Burnside took an island occupied by their men on the Carolina coast. At this time also General Grant came to the fore on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Grant's army was at Cairo, and Buell was at Louisville (Ky.); and on the 30th of January Grant moved out, although the country was much inundated, and wet weather gave every assurance of still greater floods. A small fleet of gunboats made the attack on Fort Henry, under the command of Foote. Grant commanded the land forces, but when the fort surrendered, it was found that Heiman with the bulk of the Confederates had retreated, and General Tilghman with a few men had remained to work the guns and cover his lieutenant's retreat.

The fort surrendered, and then Grant and the allied naval force moved upon Fort Donnellson. At first the attack was repulsed, but the Confederates fearing the place would not hold out, and Floyd, the late Northern Secretary, being cowardly in command, it was determined to evacuate the fort. The

sally was made before daybreak, and was at first successful; but Grant came up, and rallying his whole line, drove the Confederates into their works again. Floyd ran away with his brigade, and the remainder of the force under Pillow surrendered. Jefferson Davis, who was just then appointed permanent President of the Confederacy, relieved Floyd and Pillow from their respective commands. Nashville fell immediately, but the affair at Mill Springs already referred to put a better colour upon the fortunes of the Union.

Thus the Southern star was temporarily obscured; and victory followed the Northern army still, for General Pope took an island in the Mississippi river, and, as will be seen, tried to capture Vicksburg, but could not succeed in his laudable design. The Federal fleet had proceeded down the river, and notwithstanding gunboats and batteries, took possession of Memphis on the 9th of June, and captured the Confederate fleet there, after a warm engagement of gunboats. Then Commodore Davis, leaving Foote wounded, sailed down the Mississippi, and made his attempt upon Vicksburg. But meantime Grant was advancing; and while he was encamped near Pittsburg Landing, he was attacked by Johnston and Beauregard, who had come forth from Corinth, intending to crumble up Grant and roll his men back before Halleck could arrive to his assistance. This was in April.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE AT SHILOH.

* Close to Shiloh church, a place whose very name indicates Christianity and peace, one of the biggest battles of the Civil War was destined to be fought, and between two streams or creeks, tributaries of the Tennessee river, on a plateau about one hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country, the engagement took place. The attack by the Confederates was doubtless intended as a surprise; for the Southern generals relied upon obtaining more accurate information concerning their enemy's movements. But Ulysses Grant was fairly well aware of the intended attack and prepared for it.

To complete the fitness of things, and to coincide with the associations, Sunday was chosen for the attack. In the dim morning light, on April the 6th, Hardee came quickly down through the thin mist; in silence he crossed the ravine, and drove in Grant's videttes and the outposts in a few minutes, and the Confederates fell heavily on Generals Sherman and Prentiss. The latter officer was pushed back, but Sherman held his ground most tenaciously. Not less obstinate, however, was the Confederates' attack. Little by little they pounded their way through the Federal forces, driving a wedge, as it were,

through the National lines, and capturing Sherman's camp. Notwithstanding Grant's exertions he could not succour the division, and had not Sherman determined to hold the ground, the day would have been irretrievably lost. As it was, the Confederates managed to drive the Unionists nearly into the river; and their position was almost untenable, as fugitives were pouring away from the main body, five camps had been captured, and although very dearly purchased the victory of Johnston seemed complete, when he was killed by a rifle bullet.

Beauregard was in another part of the field, and when at last he got his men together—for they had been much weakened at the loss of their general—a bold push was made for the Pittsburg Landing. The Union army was apparently broken up. Hundreds, deaf to the entreaties of their officers, ran away and hid themselves. The remains of Grant's army hurried to the river and waited for the next day. The South had substantially gained an important victory, and had captured guns, flags, stores, and prisoners in abundance. But Grant could not be driven from the ravine.

Night brought counsel and much needed assistance. The Confederates bivouacked upon the field they had so bravely won; and while they slept Buell and Thomas came up with Grant, and brought 30,000 fresh troops to his assistance. Even the dark hours were not silent. Grant's gunboats shelled the woods, with the effect of setting them on fire and burning out the wounded who had taken refuge there.

Next morning Grant assumed the offensive. His men had recovered when the reinforcements arrived, and he made his advance skilfully. Beauregard had about 20,000 men to resist him, but was obliged to fall back as the enemy's artillery advanced upon his flanks. An artillery duel ensued, and the Southern army retired slowly into Corinth "step by step, from tree to tree," disputing every yard, but always retiring. When the Confederates reached their lines they kept the enemy at bay; Halleck, who had chief command, coming along very cautiously feeling his way. At length he made for Corinth, and found that Beauregard had disappeared completely; he had broken up his camp: he

"Folded his tents like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away!"

There is no doubt that Grant narrowly escaped total defeat; and the ability displayed by the Confederate generals is fully acknowledged by the writers of Northern proclivities whom we have consulted. About twenty thousand men were killed and wounded in the two days' battle,—a fearful "butcher's

bill" for the consideration of these brothers arrayed against each other.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

While these sanguinary conflicts were taking place Admiral Farragut with General Butler was making ready for a final attack upon New Orleans, at the mouth of the Mississippi. Farragut and Captain Porter came in and bombarded the forts while Butler made ready to advance. But the forts held out, so Farragut—"the Salamander," as he was named—determined to go through the fire and take the city. The effect of the bombardment was very great; hundreds of shells were thrown into the forts, which were almost disabled, while the fish in the river floated stunned and dead upon its surface.

Nevertheless the forts did not surrender, and Farragut then executed his bold move. Early in the morning of the 24th of April he hung out his signal for departure, and sailed and steamed boldly up the river, broke the chain, and made his fiery way through the rams, gunboats, and steamers of the Confederates. The sight is described as awfully grand. Shot, shell, grape, and canister were all poured upon the Union ships; many rams, and an iron-clad on which the Confederates depended, fire-ships, and a hail of iron from the batteries, fell upon the ships still steadily advancing. Admiral Farragut, leading, brushed aside the swarm of small boats, which set his ship on fire and hulled her repeatedly. But they were unable to stop the determined Salamander in his course. Eight and nine-inch shells came crashing through the Confederate vessels with irresistible force, grape and canister drove the gunners from the batteries. Some Federal ships were put out of action or blown up, but the majority made their way slowly—fighting, sinking and destroying, up to New Orleans, where, in a furious thunderstorm, the roar of earthly artillery was hushed.

The town was taken by surprise, and the citizens burned ships, coal and cotton indiscriminately as the conquerors approached. The place was in a tumult; and General Butler remarked, with that intelligent humanity which afterwards so distinguished him: "If they will not see the stars on our flag they shall feel the stripes!" How well he acted up to his generous words the sequel will show. He quickly earned his title of "Butler the Beast"; for his government of New Orleans under martial law was one continued outrage to women and men; and although his Government would have defended him, "they were constrained," says a Northern advocate, "to send a commissioner to investigate his transactions"—in sugar and cotton for his own profit. He was subse-

quently superseded by General Banks. By the Southern President he was declared an outlaw, and he and his officers were held up to public execration, to be treated as robbers and common enemies of mankind. Farragut sailed up the Mississippi, captured Baton Rouge and bombarded Vicksburg, and then came down again.

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

We must go back a little to describe other events which took place simultaneously with these exciting scenes in the South. In January General Burnside sailed from Hampton roads, and later captured New Berne, and many engagements took place. The chief incident, and the one which created a great sensation at the time, was the encounter between the *Virginia* (the *Merrimac*) and the *Monitor*. This incident was more particularly interesting to the English, as it was the first engagement in which two iron-clad vessels had met.

The *Virginia*, which had been so named after her raising and repairing, had been the *Merrimac*, but she was got up and plated with railroad iron. Thus defended, she attacked the *Cumberland* and *Congress* steam frigates, and sank them both in a very short time; she also attacked and partially disabled other vessels, with but trifling loss to her crew, and no injury to herself. Next day, intending to clear up all outstanding engagements, the iron-clad began as before, but was checked by the appearance of the turret-ship *Monitor* upon the scene. The latter arrived from New York, and interposed between the *Virginia* and her intended prey, the *Minnesota*.

The *Virginia*, secure in her shell, did not permit herself to be scared by the new comer. She "went for" her intended victim, while the *Monitor* went steaming round and played upon the invulnerable sides of her active foe. The Confederate ram then ran away, and was followed by the *Monitor*. This was what the *Virginia* had counted on, and turning she attempted to "ram" her antagonist. But she had a different material to deal with, and no impression was made. Shots were exchanged without much damage being occasioned, except that the eyes of the commander of the *Monitor* were injured by some cement struck from the turret of his ship, and the *Virginia* lost ten men. The bow of the *Virginia* was injured after her attempt to ram her foe, and so she sheered off and ran for Norfolk, leaving the battle in favour of the *Monitor*. The *Merrimac* was afterwards destroyed by the Confederates, and the *Monitor* foundered off Cape Hatteras. But the days of "wooden walls" were numbered.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE EAST.

In the month of April, 1862, General McClellan, who had the command of the army of the Potomac, commenced a movement upon Richmond, Va., the headquarters of the Confederates. It was quite time for him to do something. Nearly a year before he had been appointed to the command of the army of the Potomac, and by the end of that year his force had been increased to 134,000 men with 200 guns; and afterwards this enormous and inactive force numbered nearly 200,000 men fit for duty—but idle in camp. McClellan had a comparatively small Confederate force in his front, but at length he found out that it had disappeared. His inaction had created something like a panic at Washington, for he had always some excuse born of the seasons or the weather for his inactivity. He had had unlimited credit, and he disappointed public expectation.

When this giant army did begin to move and stretch its mighty arms, the Confederate forces disappeared, as we have said. McClellan addressed his soldiers at length, and excused his past inaction in the following way:—

"I have held you till now inactive that you might give a death-blow to the rebellion. Formidable artillery you now have had created, and the Potomac army is now a real army, magnificent in *matériel*, admirable in discipline and construction, and excellently well armed and equipped. The moment for action has arrived. I know I can trust in you to save the country. The period for inaction is past. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right!"

On the 9th of March, therefore, the Federal general, with his army, which had been "face to face with the rebels" in their entrenchments for many months already, proceeded to "save the country." There was no doubt about the "reality" of the Potomac army. A grand total of 222,000 men had been halting before a Confederate force of 50,000, not so "excellently armed and equipped," as the sequel proved, for when the grand army moved down to "verify the evacuation" of the Confederate army—not to fight it, apparently, but "to give the troops a few days' experience in bivouac and on the march,"—when these magnificent soldiers came up to the deserted Confederate lines they found logs of wood cut to resemble guns had been planted upon petty earthworks; and the great army of the Potomac had been kept at bay for months by a few "Quakers"!

After considerable pressure had been applied by the President, McClellan's force was divided, and he with about 100,000 men

proceeded to Fort Monroe. At that time the *Merrimac* was in existence, and frightened his flotilla, so the Federals had to land at the head of York river. In May McClellan began to make his dispositions for the capture of Richmond. On his right was the Pamunkey, a tributary of the New York river, and the Chickahominy crossed the peninsula on the left. Fortress Monroe is at the extremity of the promontory opposite Norfolk, at the mouth of the James river.

Before McClellan there was now a Confederate force of about 11,000 men all told; and yet with all his fine army the Federal general made no attempt at an assault. He did simply nothing, betraying a masterly inactivity once more, until the Southern troops quietly withdrew, and then a column was "sent in pursuit."

ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

From Williamsburg, where the Federals had been checked by Magruder's small force, up to Richmond is stated to be fifty miles; and on the 8th of May the Federals commenced to cover that distance.

On the 23rd McClellan's army was close to Richmond, and a battle ensued at Hanover Court House, while severe encounters took place at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, in which the Confederates were prevented from driving McClellan back and lost severely in the attempt. The Federal chief, however, did not make any attempt to clinch the blow he had dealt, and the armies retained substantially the same positions they had formerly occupied. Again General McClellan's army was doomed to inaction. It did nothing! It speaks volumes for the patience of the President that he did not interfere at this juncture. Within a few miles of Richmond, the National army might have easily entered it after the fight of Seven Pines, but they preferred to remain inactive.

Robert Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson now came upon the field, and General Stuart had captured the Union supplies at West Point. When McClellan heard that Jackson was coming, he telegraphed for more men, though his own force was more than double Jackson's.

McClellan now made his dispositions, not for an advance, but for a retreat! Lee determined to turn his adversary's right, and pushed Hill on the 26th of June to Mechanicsville with that intention. Hill crossed the Chickahominy and attacked Porter, who retired to a stronger position and resisted further attack that day. Gaine's Mill was reached, and there Porter was reinforced. Longstreet and Hill and Jackson assailed the Federal position most gallantly, and were bravely met. The reserves were brought up, and the Confederate attack became general;

the slaughter was terrible, and the Southern troops carried the wood. But here they were encountered by fresh reinforcements, and the Confederates were obliged to halt. The Northerners were only just saved from a general rout.

As it was, however, the retreat was continued, and at Malvern Hill a most desperate battle was fought, the losses being frightful on both sides. The Confederates had charged upon the Federal guns and sabred the gunners at Frazier's Farm, and at Malvern their energy was sustained. The Federals occupied a strong and well-fortified position. Attack after attack upon the hill was defeated with enormous loss to the Confederates. They could not pass the tempest of fire and lead. Shot and shell mowed them down in the open like grass. At nightfall they rested beneath the batteries, and were not molested during the storm and rain that closed the day.

Next morning the defences were silent, and the Confederates rather in confusion, for they had suffered terribly; but their enemy had retreated before them again,—a movement characterized by General Kearny, a Northern commander, as due to "cowardice or treason." Had the Confederates made a determined pursuit they would have completed the destruction of McClellan, for his condition is reported by friendly critics as desperate. "Nothing but a heavy rain, which prevented the enemy from bringing up their artillery, saved the army from destruction."

BRAGG IN TENNESSEE.

While these events were taking place in the North, the campaign in Tennessee had been carried on in a very energetic manner. After the battle at Pittsburg Landing, Halleck took chief command, and Buell was moved forward, threatening Chattanooga. Bragg, the Confederate, however, arrived there before Buell, and he started boldly northwards, encountering General Manson with his advance-guard under Kirby-Smith, and routing him at Richmond (Kentucky), and Lexington was entered. Bragg tried to persuade that state to join the South, and a governor was temporarily appointed by him. Buell, however, was reinforced and occupied Louisville; and then Bragg retired, and battle was given at Percyville, where he inflicted great loss upon his enemy, and then continued his retreat, and eventually escaped with an enormous quantity of supplies, but with no definite success. He was directed to go out again and oppose Rosencrans, who had superseded Buell.

Grant had been, with Rosencrans, successful in Western Tennessee, and the latter now came to try conclusions with Bragg. The armies

met at Murfreesboro', and a tremendous battle ensued. After a very narrow escape from defeat, the Northern generalship gained the day, and after two days' fighting Bragg retreated. The losses on both sides during this campaign were very great. It is said that the Confederates lost 14,700 men and the Federals 12,000—in fact, about one-fourth of all the forces engaged. After such conflicts the Southern armies were quite unable to prosecute their design of crossing the Ohio, and the idea was consequently abandoned.

These operations came to an end about the end of the year. The great engagements at Murfreesboro' were commenced on the 31st of December, 1862; and after a rest for New Year's Day 1863, the conflict was renewed on the 2nd of January, with the general results already recorded. Nearly all the other affairs of that winter and the following spring were merely raids undertaken by cavalry; but Grant was checked in his movement against Vicksburg by Van Dorn at Holly Springs.

LEE IN VIRGINIA.

We must briefly notice the march of events in Virginia, where General Lee advanced with the object of seizing Philadelphia. Pope came to stem the Southern's advance, and encountered Lee at Cedar Mountain, where a very sanguinary affair took place on the 9th of August, 1862, in which the Confederates under Jackson beat the enemy under Banks. By a rapid retreat and flank march Jackson then got between Pope and the capital, while Stuart with his cavalry was again to the fore, and captured Pope's baggage as he had McClellan's. Pope now fell back upon the Potomac, and on the 29th and 30th August the second battle of Bull Run was fought, which ended in the defeat of the Federal forces. He appears to have been crippled by McClellan, who would send neither forage, guns, nor ammunition. Indeed, it is difficult to see why McClellan was continued in his command, when he declared that "Pope should be left to get out of his scrape as he best could!"

So the Confederates advanced, and while Bragg, as already related, was endeavouring to annex Kentucky, Lee was trying to induce Maryland to join the Southern cause. But in this endeavour he was unsuccessful, and McClellan in the chief command was desired to attack Lee and stop his march on Washington. Lee made for Harper's Ferry, and sent a portion of his force under Jackson to take the place, which he did. Meantime McClellan was hammering at Lee, who wished Jackson to have time to perform his exploit; and that done he rejoined Lee again as soon as he could. McClellan determined

to conquer the divided force, and attacked Lee in position at Antietam, where, however, Jackson had united with his commander.

For ten days the Federals threw themselves upon the Confederates, but could not conquer them, and the battle wavered till at last McClellan relinquished his attempt, having lost nearly 13,000 men. Lee's army was about half the Federal strength at first, and, though reinforced, it never equalled McClellan's. He lost at least as many as his adversary. But owing to McClellan's tardiness he crossed the Potomac unmolested, and Lincoln, disgusted, turned McClellan from his command and appointed Burnside.

General Burnside marched by the Rappahannock, and made his way to Fredericksburg on the north bank, while Lee proceeded on the south side. The opponents arrived near the town, and so arranged matters that whichever made the attempt to enter would be immediately attacked by the other. Guns were placed in commanding positions, and the armies waited. Lee was strongly intrenched, with Jackson and Longstreet at his flanks.

It was at the close of the year, in December, that the great battle was fought. The day broke in fog, and Longstreet himself came up close to the Federals, and actually heard their orders given. The attack was made as anticipated. On the 13th Burnside made the assault, and was fearfully repulsed at every point. His men were swept away by companies, and when he retreated across the river, on the 15th, he left nearly 14,000 men behind him. This was the closing event of the year in the North. The balance of gain rested with the Confederates.

THE STRUGGLE IN 1863.

The President issued his proclamation for the emancipation of the slaves on the 1st January, 1863, and a bill for arming negroes was passed on the 2nd February. At the end of January Burnside surrendered his command of the Potomac army, and was succeeded by Hooker, who crossed the Rappahannock, and in May fought the bloody battle of Chancellorsville, where he defeated Lee; and here Jackson was mortally wounded by his own troops. This celebrated general made a flank movement, and came upon General Howard's division unperceived. The game he "flushed" in the wood were the only scouts they had, and the Unionists were not prepared. Jackson fell upon them with two corps, and when darkness set in he went forward to reconnoitre. He was riding back with his staff, when Hill's regiment fired at them, mistaking them for the Federal horse. The Federals replied from the lines, and charged even over Jack-

son, who lay wounded. He was brought in, but died on the 10th.

Next day, Sunday, May 3rd, the battle was resumed, when Chancellorsville was captured by the Confederates, and Lee pressing on, forced Hooker back. The latter retreated rapidly, and these affairs after the Chancellorsville engagement culminated in disaster. Up to this time success had attended nearly all the Confederate operations, and the attempts of the Federals had been failures. Galveston had been captured by the former, and the Charleston attack had been abandoned by the latter. The success of the South was marked both by land and sea. Vicksburg held out, and Bragg was unsubdued. It only remains for us to give the outlines of the several engagements which took place during the year 1863, for the sad tale of war is only a repetition. We have seen in the foregoing pages how brothers in arms against each other can fight, and need not pursue the mournful detail of wounds and death. Let us therefore summarize the remaining events.

In the middle of June the Confederates crossed the Potomac, led by Lee; and crossing Maryland, invaded Pennsylvania. General Hooker resigned his command to Meade, who advanced to meet the Confederates at Gettysburg, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd July, and defeated them. Lee retreated across the river followed by Meade, who took up a strong position at Gettysburg, where he was attacked by Lee against the advice of Longstreet. The first day's encounter was in favour of the Confederates; but owing to imperfect information, Lee threw his force against the concentrated Federal army, and was beaten. His loss reached the fearful total of 36,000 *hors de combat*, while the defenders lost 23,000 men. Lee's own decision was the cause of this butchery, and the Confederates retreated to the Rappahannock. In his two invasions Lee is said to have lost 90,000 men.

In the South, meanwhile, a circle of fire had surrounded Charleston, and the combat raged around the forts. General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgreen made strenuous efforts to reduce the defences, but without complete success. It was at this time that the "Laird rams," which were launched in England, gave such offence, and in consequence of representations they were stopped at Liverpool. Confederate or English blockade-runners had become very numerous, and great excitement was caused in America. Several were captured. The Confederates, however, built iron-clads for themselves; and of these "No. 290," or as she was afterwards called the *Alabama*, is the one most likely to be remembered by English people, not only in consequence of her daring career,

and her destruction in the Channel by the *Kearsarge*, but because of the Alabama Claims paid into the American Treasury. That most dishonest demand bears its own condemnation; for at this moment more than one million sterling is lying in the New York banks in the utter inability of the American Government to find out any claimants even to the fifth degree.

Grant had been busy at Vicksburg; and he had defeated Pemberton and completely invested the city, while Porter came up by water. The place surrendered, after enduring terrible privations, on the 3rd of July—a day, both in the North and South, disastrous to the Confederate arms. The barbarity of the Northern commanders in firing at the hospitals in Vicksburg has been loudly condemned. Indecisive operations were carried on in Tennessee, where the Confederate commander afterwards surrendered to Burnside; though this was atoned for by the victory of Bragg over Rosencrans at Chickamanga, and the Federals found themselves in a very unpleasant position.

A battle, lasting two days, was fought at Look-out Mountain by Grant against Bragg in November 1863. But the Federals could make no head against General Hardee, who repulsed them with terrific slaughter, notwithstanding Sherman's gallantry. But next day Grant broke the line, with his masses of troops two miles in length, and Bragg then retreated. Hardee superseded him in his command. General Steele's expedition against Little Rock was the only other event we can notice here.

THE CAMPAIGNS OF 1864.

Until April of this year both parties remained inactive in the field; but in April the Confederates seized Fort Pillow, and Plymouth, and in May General Grant was nominated commander-in-chief of the Federal armies, and on the 3rd of that month he moved upon Richmond, Va. Lee came forth to meet him, and after two days' fighting the result was a drawn battle. In the Battles of the Wilderness, at North Anna, and Cold Harbour, several very sanguinary engagements were fought for six days, the losses being enormous. Grant decided to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The losses for several days were counted at 10,000 on each side per diem.

On the 1st June an attempt was made, but Lee repulsed his foes at Cold Harbour. Grant here lost 7000 men in one half-hour of assault, and though orders were issued to resume the attack the soldiers declined to stir. And now Grant made a movement. He quitted the Chickahominy base of operations, crossed the James river, and "went for" Petersburg. Here his first attack was

defeated, and he concluded to besiege the place. His losses during the five weeks had been awful. Fifty-four thousand men were killed and wounded, besides his generals' losses; while Lee had left more than 30,000 dead and wounded on the fields of battle.

When Grant advanced upon Richmond, General Sherman took the Mississippi command with about 100,000 men, while Johnston, his opponent, had scarcely more than half that number. Sherman forced his adversary back upon Atlanta, where Hood took command of the Confederates, but, after a great deal of fighting, was compelled to evacuate the city. Then came the celebrated "march through Georgia" (an episode of the war celebrated in prose and verse) by Sherman, who occupied Savannah, and the Confederates were driven from Nashville soon afterwards by Thomas, and the year ended disastrously for the Southern arms.

THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR.

When 1865 came into the world it was perceived that the South was in a bad way. It had made a mighty effort; but notwithstanding devotion and bravery, numbers were telling against it. The North was drawing a *cordon* of men around the South, and slaying the few thousands who remained as they appeared. Sherman began his homeward march on the 1st February, and notwithstanding the efforts of his opponents he made his way through all obstacles, and passing through Columbia, defeated the Confederates in one or two battles, and entered Goldsboro'. General Hardee, outflanked, had surrendered Charleston to the Federals when Columbia fell, and Johnston was driven back. Mobile was occupied, and in Alabama the Confederates surrendered. Richmond had already surrendered to Grant, and on the 9th April the terms had been agreed upon at Appomattox Court House. Thus in every direction the Federal arms were victorious and the Confederacy was conquered. The last battle was on the 13th of May, in

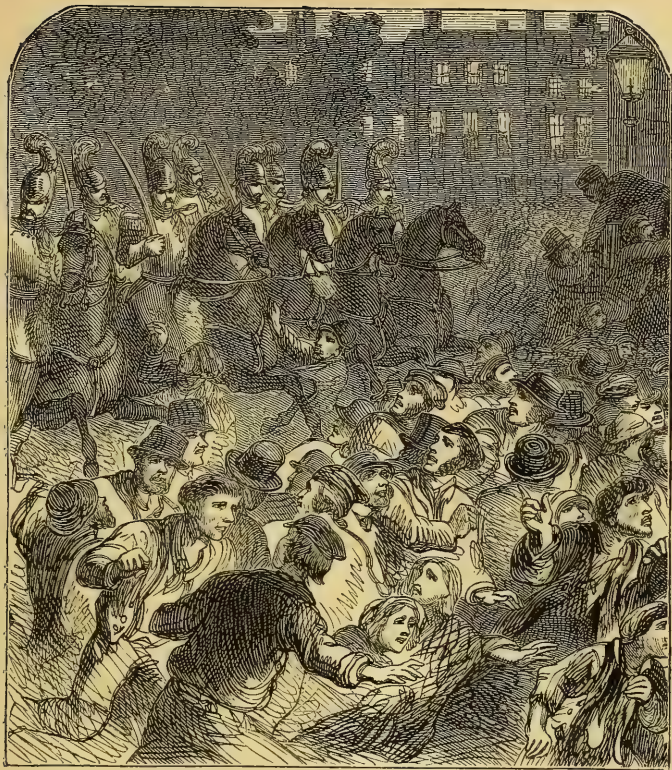
Texas; and the Confederate army across the Mississippi surrendered on May 26th.

Measures were immediately taken to disband the Union troops, who, on the 1st January, 1865, had amounted to more than a million of men. The entire force numbered 2,688,523 men; and although all these were not employed, we may assume that nearly two millions of Federal troops were engaged in the war, and that certainly 300,000 died on the field, or from wounds or sickness. The Southern losses must have been nearly as many.

On the assassination of Lincoln, and the capture of the assassin, we need not dwell here. The sad event is referred to because it was stated in proclamation that Davis had instigated the crime. President Lincoln was shot in the theatre on the 14th April, 1865; and on the 2nd May Davis was denounced, a reward being offered for his capture. Of course the accusation was totally unfounded; but on the 10th May Jefferson Davis was captured while attempting to escape, at Irwinville, Ga. He was imprisoned in Fort Monroe, and subsequently brought to trial and imprisoned for three years.

And so the War of Secession ended by the subjection of the armies of the slave states, which were thenceforward free. The United States are now a Nation, having learnt a bitter lesson. In May, 1865, provisional governors were appointed by Johnson, the President, and slavery was abolished, and reconstruction was entered upon. The enormous national debt is being rapidly swept away, and the United States are now a really united Republic. A great deal of feeling no doubt existed for some time after the war had ceased; but the Americans must, as a people, regard the result with satisfaction. A nation of free men, it would have been a blot upon their humanity to tolerate slavery; and they must all rejoice that the blot has been removed, even though it has been unhappily cut out with the sword, and steeped in the blood of brothers and friends.





THE BRISTOL RIOTS (page 331)

THE REFORM BILL OF 1832.

THE STORY OF A GREAT NATIONAL VICTORY.

"It will soon again be necessary to reform, that we may preserve, to save the fundamental principles of the Constitution by alterations in the subordinate parts. It will then be possible, as it was possible two hundred years ago, to protect vested rights, to secure every useful institution, every institution endeared by antiquity and noble associations, and at the same time to introduce into the system improvements harmonizing with the original plan."—*Lord Macaulay* in 1828.

Popular Expression of National Feeling—John Gilpin and his Runaway Horse—"Reform"—Political Celebrities of 1831—Early Reform of the Representation—The Long Parliament—Cromwell—Clarendon's Opinion—Motion for Reform in 1745—The Elder Pitt on Reform—Rotten Boroughs and Pocket Boroughs; Seats held as Family Property—The Younger Pitt; his Efforts for Reform—Opposition of Burke and Others—The Friends of the People and Charles Grey—Their Petition in 1793—Hard Facts temperately put—The French Revolution and its Effects—Long Delay of Reform Measures—After the War—Reform agitation; its Supporters and Opponents—Government Coercion—The Peterloo Massacre—Lord John Russell's Reform Proposition in 1819—Lord Castlereagh—George Canning—The Wellington Administration; Catholic Emancipation; Changes—Sir Robert Peel and his Influence—A New Reign and a New Ministry; New Prospects of Reform—Lord John Russell introduces the Bill; its Provisions, Disfranchisement, Enfranchisement, and Redistribution—Various Speeches—Second Reading and Explanations—Dissolution and General Election—Reintroduction of the Reform Bill—Battle Royal—The Bill passes the Commons—Debate in the Lords—The Bill rejected—General Excitement—Birmingham Meeting—Bristol Riots—The Bill again in the Commons—Battle in the Lords—Resignation of the Ministry—Return of Lord Grey—The Bill passed—Conclusion.

POPULAR EXPRESSION OF NATIONAL FEELING.

TOWARDS the end of 1831, when popular feeling throughout England had risen to a pitch of excitement unknown for many years, and all minds seemed engrossed with one burning question, there appeared

in the windows of the print-shops a somewhat remarkable political caricature. It was from the facile hand of the elder Doyle, the H. B., whose sketches were the predecessors of the cartoons of *Punch*, and occasioned much laughter from the humour and accuracy with which it portrayed the situation of the moment. It was entitled

"John Gilpin," and represents in the character of that well-known citizen of credit and renown, his most gracious Majesty King William the Fourth. That somewhat unskilful rider is mounted on the horse "Reform," an animal not originally belonging to him, and with whose habits and temper he is quite unacquainted. In a rash moment he has determined to make this fiery steed his hobby; and in spite of all his cries of "fair, and softly," and defying curb and rein, the trot at which the good horse started has become a gallop; and "Reform" has fairly taken the bit between its teeth and run away with its rider. John Bull, the keeper of the turnpike, has thrown the gate wide open for the headlong career of the horse "Reform," and seems mightily amused at the predicament of the rider, for whom he seems to anticipate no worse disaster than a thorough shaking and a fright, which will teach him caution for the future. That careful soul, Mistress Gilpin, with a face unaccountably like that of his grace the Duke of Wellington, surrounded by a party of friends, in whom the political student will recognise the leading Tories of the day, is peering out anxiously from the window of the Bell Inn, where she expects her lord and master to join her. But the royal John Gilpin involuntarily pursues his wild career towards the residence of the owner of "Reform," an aristocratic personage of great experience, named Charles, second Earl Grey, to whom he will presently be able to say with undoubted truth and accuracy, "I came, because your horse would come." The historical bottles that dangle at his waist are seen, by the inscriptions thereon, to be filled respectively with "Rotunda Pop"—the gas-charged beverage dispensed most liberally by purveyors at the Rotunda in the Blackfriars Road; and with Birmingham froth, of which a certain orator, Hunt, may be cited as the most popular manufacturer at a noted shop known as the Birmingham Political Union. Four persons, two on horseback and two on foot, have joined in the chase, and are riding merrily at John's heels. They are among those who, in the original ballad, expressed their approval of the whole proceeding by crying out "Well done!" as loud as they could bawl. One of them has the long face and aquiline nose of Sir Francis Burdett; while in another, with his portly form and strong, square face, we recognise in a moment the redoubtable liberator, the great Daniel O'Connell himself; while the remaining two are evidently Mr. Hume and Sir John Cam Hobhouse.

To make the picture complete, there are the geese scattered in terror by John Gilpin when he threw the slush about. These

respectable birds are hissing with outstretched necks, in a paroxysm of mingled anger and consternation, as the galloping, reckless "Reform" threatens them with sudden extinction; but—oh! wicked wag of a caricaturist, oh! derider of hereditary dignities, and vilifier of the powers that be—the head of each terrified goose is surmounted by a coronet, and H. B. has evidently intended a reference to the alarm felt by the House of Peers. Above the turnpike gate sits a gloomy bird immovable as Edgar Poe's raven. The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance, not of Duncan, but of democracy, under the battlements of the British constitution; and indeed, there was at that period a certain learned and literary Croker, not unconnected with the Admiralty, who lifted up his parable against change and progress in a monotonously lugubrious manner. And to complete the shockingly profane allegory—in the corner lies overthrown and disconsolate an old orange woman, whose stall has suffered dire wreck in the headlong career of "Reform," who must have "cannonned" against her; and the venerable dame has the features of that Tory of Tories, the man of many doubts, certainly neither "swift of despatch" nor "easy of access," the Ex-Chancellor Eldon.

The caricature completely hit the taste of the town, and was appreciated accordingly. It exactly represented the attitude taken up by the various parties with regard to Reform—the speed at which one party was hurrying on, voluntarily or involuntarily, the apprehensions of another set of legislators, the ignominious overturn of a third. To understand the position of affairs at the crisis that preceded the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, and to appreciate the manner in which that remarkable measure, after a voyage unparalleled in its dangers and vicissitudes, at last arrived safely in the harbour of royal approbation, we must glance at the earlier stages of the question as they had presented themselves to former Parliaments.

EARLY REFORM OF THE REPRESENTATION; THE LONG PARLIAMENT; CROMWELL.

It was a remark of the great Napoleon that hunger was to be found at the bottom of the majority of political revolutions; and, as in most of the observations of that selfish genius, there is much truth in the saying—which may, moreover, be applied to many bloodless revolutions and political changes. The reason is not far to seek. When men are tolerably prosperous, their minds are occupied with improving or enjoying that prosperity. It is in times of dearth, dis-

treasure, and pressure, on the other hand, that they naturally turn to discuss the causes of the great social differences and apparent anomalies, and dissatisfaction with the existing state of things induces them to agitate for an alteration and a readjustment of the positions of the various classes, with the very natural object of bettering their own condition and obtaining for themselves a fairer share of the necessities, and even the comforts of life. Again, when a great change has come, or a great event has occurred to shake the foundations of authority, the opportunity has been taken for altering the details of the constitution in the direction of the admission of a greater number of persons to power. For a period of change or of danger is naturally one in which it becomes desirable to secure the goodwill of the bulk of the community, which is best done by the offer of political influence.

Accordingly, long before the great contest that was fought out in the first year of the reign of William IV., the question of the better representation of the English people in Parliament by an adjustment and redistribution of seats, which should bring about an equitable proportion between the number of members accorded to any part of the country and the number of the constituents and the magnitude of the interests they represented, had seriously engaged the attention of the government. Thus we find that more than two centuries ago the Long Parliament, that remarkable assembly destined to endure such strange vicissitudes of fortune, and to touch the heights and depths of honour and disgrace, had its attention called to the anomalies that even then existed in the representation of the nation in the House of Commons, and made some practical changes in consequence of a measure that may be looked upon as the very first of Reform Bills—giving representatives to Halifax, Manchester, and Leeds, that were becoming important, and taking away the members from places which had fallen into decay in the course of time—while the number of members for London and the counties was increased, and the right of franchise was bestowed upon all owners of land. We are told by Clarendon, too, how Cromwell, when he summoned the Protectorate Parliament, “though he did not observe the old course in sending writs out to all the little boroughs throughout England which used to send burgesses (in which there is so great an inequality that some single counties send more members to Parliament than six other counties do), he seemed to take a more equal way, by appointing more knights for every shire to be chosen, and fewer burgesses, whereby the

number was much lessened; and yet, the people being left to their own election, it was not thought an ill temperament, and was then generally looked upon as an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time.” Here we have a distinct and real reform; in speaking of which, Mr. Molesworth, in his exhaustive “History of the Reform Bill of 1832,” refers us to Whitelock’s Diary, from which he extracts the words: “Wednesday, Dec. 6: Debates about disfranchisement of certain boroughs, and transfer of their franchise to other places,” and the approving tone of Clarendon’s remarks seems to indicate that this “alteration fit to be made” was considered the natural and national means of curing an evil that had grown up in the course of time in the increment of some places and the decay of others.

The projects of Cromwell were not likely to be carried out by the successors to his power, who were not ashamed to tumble his corpse out of its grave to satiate their sorry vengeance. Nor was the earlier Hanoverian period, when bribery and corruption were reduced to a science, likely to be propitious to measures of reform. It was not until 1745 that we find the subject revived in the House of Commons. In that year, Sir Francis Dashwood, in proposing an amendment to the Address on the calling together of Parliament, proposed a measure of Reform as a means of securing the affections of the people to the throne. “It should be our speedy care to frame such bills as may effectually secure to His Majesty’s subjects their undoubted right to be freely and fairly represented in Parliament, frequently chosen, and exempted from undue influence of any kind,” said Sir Francis, who was indeed a sanguine man if he hoped that any such measure could be carried out in such an age.

His motion, indeed, was negatived without a division, being strenuously opposed by the elder Pitt, who declared the time—when rebellion was abroad in the land—to be utterly unfitted for the consideration of such questions. “Shall we employ ourselves,” he inquired, “in framing bills to guard our liberties from corruption when we are in danger of losing them and everything that is dear to us by the force of arms? Would not this be like a man’s amusing himself with making regulations to prevent his servants from cheating him at the very time that thieves were breaking into his house?” Certainly the year of the ‘45 was an unpropitious time for measures of home policy; and that the great commoner was not unaware of the anomalies in the Parliamentary system which left many thousands of people unrepresented, while

boroughs were maintained that represented no one but the owners, is shown by the tenor of his speech on the American Stamp Act, in which, speaking of these boroughs, he used the remarkable words: "This is what is called the rotten part of the Constitution. It cannot continue a century. If it does not drop, it must be amputated." The "great commoner" was right. The decayed limb of the constitution was amputated just sixty-six years after he uttered the prediction.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS AND POCKET BOROUGHS; SEATS HELD AS FAMILY PROPERTY.

There was good and sufficient ground for Pitt's denunciation of the "rotten part of the Constitution," and he himself had only to cite his own method of entrance into Parliament as an instance that the House of Commons was not an assembly that adequately represented the people of England. His grandfather, Governor Pitt, of Madras, had made a large fortune in India at a time when the Pagoda tree yielded its golden fruit abundantly to any official of the East India Company who would be at the trouble to shake it. Among the valuable results of his Indian career was the celebrated gem known as the Pitt diamond, and purchased by the Regent of France. On his return to Europe, we are told, he "bought estates and rotten boroughs; and two of these peculiar pieces of property, in the shape of the seats for Old Sarum and Oakhampton, descended in due time to his eldest grandson, Thomas, the elder brother of William Pitt. At the general election of 1734, Thomas Pitt being returned both for Oakhampton and Old Sarum, transferred the seat for the latter borough to his younger brother William; and as the nominee to a "family seat" did Pitt first make his appearance on the benches at Westminster. In the same way Burke entered Parliament as the nominee of Lord Rockingham for one of his lordship's seats; and Pitt himself, with all his popularity with the nation, was unable to establish a permanent ministry, until, by his coalition with the Duke of Newcastle, his former antagonist, he had brought to his side the tremendous borough influence the Duke had been enabled to array against him.

Among the accusations brought against the unpopular Anglo-Indians, or "nabobs" of the last century, not the least significant arose from the propensity to employ part of their quickly-acquired wealth in the purchase of Parliamentary as well as of landed property. "They raised the price of everything in their neighbourhoods, from fresh

eggs to rotten boroughs." In some of the places which returned a member, or even two members, to Parliament, there were only a few persons who had the suffrage, and these were entirely in the hands of the great landed proprietors, giving their votes as unhesitatingly as they paid their rent. In others, there were absolutely no voters at all. In Cornwall, especially, there were a number of wretched boroughs, such as St. Michael's and Grampound, in which purity of election was not even affected. In others, such as Sutton, in Surrey, there was absolutely no constituency left. The consequence of this was that the majority of the members of the House of Commons were returned by an absurdly small number of electors; while great and populous towns, contributing in a large measure to the wealth and prosperity of the nation by their manufacture, trade, and commerce, were shut out altogether from all share in the representation.

The second William Pitt, in the earlier part of his career, made several efforts to procure a certain measure of Parliamentary reform. In 1782 he moved for a select committee; and in a full house the motion was lost by only twenty votes. In the next year he made an attempt to get a bill passed for disfranchising boroughs convicted of notorious bribery; and in 1785 brought forward a scheme for purchasing from a certain number of small boroughs (or rather from their proprietors) their right of returning members, and bestowing the seats thus bought upon important towns. This scheme failed; and soon afterwards the excesses of the French Revolution frightened the Parliamentary leaders from any renewal of the attempt. Burke, in particular, once the ardent friend of "taxation and representation," was uncompromising in his opposition to any change in the constitution; and strenuous and vehement in all his political views and actions, went far beyond the Tories themselves in denouncing all innovation as fraught with danger to the very existence of the British monarchy.

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE, AND CHARLES GREY; THEIR PETITION.

While the French Revolution, with its tremendous changes, its crimes, and its audacity, inspired the ruling classes with hatred and fear, it produced a very different effect upon the community at large, among whom it excited hope of gain to be achieved, and great alterations to be won by persistency, firmness, and union. Accordingly there was formed the powerful association that took the name of the "Friends of the People," and had for its great object the achievement of Parliamentary Reform; and

the society was fortunate in numbering among its friends a statesman, who, at the early age of twenty-three years, had been looked upon as one of the leaders of the Whig or Liberal party, and had been associated with such giants as Fox and Burke, and the brilliant Sheridan, and the astute Windham in managing the impeachment of Warren Hastings. This was Mr., afterwards Earl Grey, who continued, from the beginning of his long political career to its glorious close, to make Parliamentary Reform one of the main objects of his persevering and well-considered exertions.

In 1793 Mr. Grey presented to the House of Commons a petition "signed only by the members of the society of the Friends of the People, associated for the purpose of obtaining a Parliamentary Reform." In this document the state of the representation, and the grievances arising therefrom, are very fully and temperately set forth. "Though the terms in which your petitioners state their grievance may be looked upon as strong," says the document, "yet your honourable House is entreated to believe that no expression is made use of for purpose of offence,"—and, indeed, the tone of the whole is earnest, quiet, and manly.

The chief points of which the petitioners complain are these:—That the number of representatives assigned to different counties was grossly disproportionate to their comparative extent, population, and trade; that the elective franchise was distributed in such a partial manner, and in many instances the electors were so few, that the majority of the House was absolutely chosen by fewer than fifteen thousand electors, the greater number of the people being excluded from the right of voting; and that this right, where possessed, was regulated by no uniform or rational principle.

The petition then called attention, in verification of its complaints, to the fact that Rutland and Yorkshire, the smallest and the largest county in England, had the same amount of representation, and that Cornwall had so many borough members as to outnumber Yorkshire, Rutland, and Middlesex together in the representation; while Cornwall and Wiltshire sent more borough members to Parliament than Yorkshire, Lancashire, Warwickshire, Middlesex, Worcestershire, and Somersetshire taken together. To substantiate the case concerning the restricted number of electors, it was shown in thirty-five boroughs the elections were a mere matter of form, and that for these thirty-five boroughs, where the right of free voting was practically non-existent, seventy members were returned; that ninety members were returned, in addition, by forty-six places having fewer

than fifty voters in each; thirty-seven more members by nineteen places with fewer than a hundred voters each; fifty-two members by places with fewer than two hundred voters each; and twenty more members by counties in Scotland with fewer than a hundred electors; and ten more for counties with fewer than two hundred and fifty electors in each; fifteen Scottish districts of boroughs, in addition, none of them containing a hundred and twenty-five voters, sent a member each to Parliament; and after this fashion two hundred and ninety-four members, forming a majority of the entire House of Commons, as it was then constituted, were chosen, and "enabled to decide all questions in the name of the whole people of England and Scotland." Many other grievances were pointed out; such, for instance, as the anomaly that prevented Protestant Dissenters from voting (by the action of the Test Act), while they could still have seats in Parliament, and thus might sit in the House of Commons as representatives of the very places where they were not eligible as electors.

The case put forward in the petition was an exceedingly strong one, and the petitioners offered to prove every part of it. But by this time Mr. Pitt had taken up a position hostile to reform; and after a long discussion the question was put aside, though supported by Fox, Sheridan, Francis, and other influential men; nor, though Mr. Grey brought it forward again in 1795 and 1797, was he enabled to make way with it. The time of the great war with France was no convenient season for discussing questions of reform.

AFTER THE WAR; REFORM AGITATION; ITS SUPPORTERS AND OPPONENTS.

In 1815, after Waterloo, the great struggle was ended, and with the return of peace came events that speedily turned men's minds once more in the direction of the reform of the representation. The landed proprietors had profited by the war, through the monopoly it put into their hands for the supply of agricultural produce. Rents had consequently risen to the great advantage of the landlords, while the farmers found high prices exceedingly satisfactory to themselves. When the peace put an end to all this, an attempt was made to continue the period of advantage to the landed interest by the system of Protection to the agricultural interest by a high duty on foreign corn, thus favouring the landed interest at the expense of the community generally.

This was sufficient to revive the Reform question. The manufacturing prosperity of Birmingham and various other towns had

been injured by the cessation of the demand for different articles of manufacture. Bread was dear, and work scarce, and the artisans and miners were intelligent enough to see where they were at a disadvantage. Various Reform associations came into being. The miners of Bilston threatened to come up to London and lay their case before the Prince Regent, each man sleeping in his blanket as they bivouacked by the way—whence they obtained the name of Blanketeers. Popular agitators were not wanting to fan the flame of popular discontent; and a large section of the press lent its aid by putting forward, not always temperately, but generally with force and eloquence, the grievances of partial representation and non-representation, and insisting on the necessity of a speedy and complete remedy.

The Government adopted a policy of coercion and repression—sharpening the sword of the law against libellers and malcontents generally, and seeking to interfere with the rights of public meeting and discussion. One public agitator, known as "Orator Hunt," was especially obnoxious to them; and it was in arresting Hunt at a great Reform meeting held in St. Peter's Field, Manchester, that was perpetrated the cruel and stupid blunder known as the Peterloo Massacre. A body of

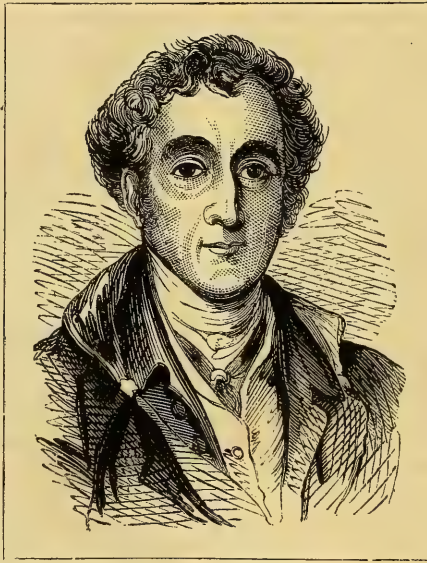
yeomanry displayed their zeal in the cause of order by charging repeatedly upon an unarmed mob of men, women, and children, killing some, and wounding between three and four hundred. Inquiry into this affair, indignantly demanded by a large number, was refused by the Government, who endorsed the action of the stupid yokels with emphatic approval. A bitter feeling was thus engendered, that widened the breach between the agricultural and manufacturing classes, and the determination to have Reform increased throughout the country.

There seemed no great hope of change for the better so long as George IV. remained on the throne. That monarch had during his earlier days leaned towards the Whigs, from among whom he chose his friends. But from the day when he became Regent

he had, with indecent haste, cut himself adrift from his former associates, and had maintained in office the Tories he found there. It was thus under very depressing circumstances that Lord John Russell, in 1819, introduced into the House of Commons the question of Reform. Lord Castlereagh got rid of the question for a time by a half-promise that the Government would one day take up the matter, and thus for some years Reform was successfully shelved.

George Canning, who on many questions was far in advance of his colleagues, especially ridiculed the fears loudly expressed by the Tory majority of that day, that every change must necessarily weaken,

if not destroy, the foundations of the monarchy. He once happily compared the British constitution to Mother Hubbard's dog, who, after being considered dead, was found laughing when his mistress came back with his coffin from the undertaker's. But he had a strong prejudice against Reform; and indeed, his tenure of power, too quickly closed by his lamented death, was too short for any attempt in that direction. For a time his colleagues maintained themselves in power under Lord Goderich, to be then succeeded by a far stronger administration—that of the Duke of Wellington, and his friend



DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

and adviser, Sir Robert Peel, both of them uncompromising opponents of Reform.

THE WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION; CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION; CHANGES.

It may be doubted whether his political career, on the whole, increased the great Duke's reputation; unmatched in the field, he was frequently at a disadvantage in the cabinet. His military career had given something of acerbity to a character imperious by nature. The Duke was, by habit and temperament, as he was by birth, an aristocrat, and loved to concentrate all power and influence in the hands of the higher class. He had snubbed

Canning in a way equally ungracious and unfair, refusing to co-operate with him, and contributing, it is said, not a little to the embarrassments and cares that are supposed to have shortened that statesman's life. After declaring that he should be mad to think of being Prime Minister, he within a short period accepted that office at the request of the King, and expected to find subordinates rather than colleagues in the other members of the cabinet, from whom he expected the deference and obedience which he had been accustomed to receive from his generals in the old Peninsular days. Thus he promptly got rid of Mr. Huskisson, a man of great ability and reputation, whom he had taken over from the Canning administration, because Huskisson chose to vote independently, in accordance with a pledge previously given on the question of the disposal of the seats taken from East Retford, disfranchised for flagrant corruption.

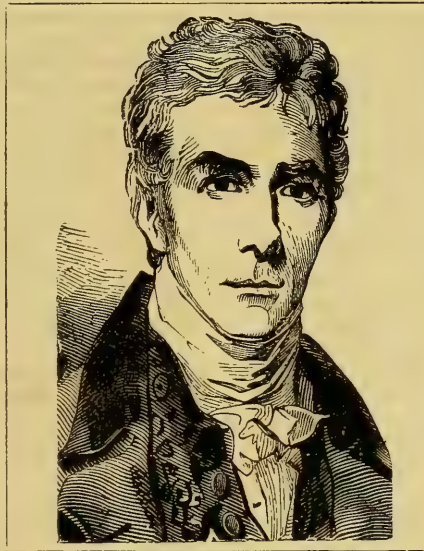
He astonished the nation and alienated some of the high Tory party soon afterwards by his conduct on the great question of the admission of the Roman Catholics to Parliament. Daniel O'Connell had made "Catholic emancipation" the lever with which he proposed to move the Parliamentary world; and had made use of his wonderful abilities as an agitator with such effect, that it became manifest to the Duke that concession on this subject or rebellion in Ireland were the alternatives he had to face. The good sense of the Duke made him choose what he considered the lesser evil; and he determined to carry a measure for Catholic emancipation, winning a reluctant consent from the King, who, it is said, never entirely forgave him for giving way to popular feeling in this matter. Among those of the Duke's side who were scandalised in this matter was Sir Charles Wetherell, the Attorney-General, who refused to draw the Bill for the Catholic emancipation, and was accordingly dismissed from his office. Indeed, the violence of his language on the occasion, when he declared publicly, "he would not defile pen or waste paper by such an act of folly,

and so forfeit his character for sense and honesty," precluded his being retained as Attorney-General in the Wellington cabinet.

Great was the indignation of the Tories, and of the greater number of the clerical supporters of the Duke, churchmen and dissenters alike, at this act of Catholic emancipation. Peel thought it right to resign his seat for Oxford; and on presenting himself for re-election was beaten by a true-blue Tory and honest country gentleman, Sir Robert Inglis, to whom he was, to revive Canning's famous comparison, "like London to Paddington, or Pitt to Addington."

A NEW REIGN AND A NEW MINISTRY; NEW PROSPECT OF REFORM.

Catholic emancipation was carried in 1829. It had cost the ministry many supporters amongst the Tories, and had but half conciliated the Whigs, who wanted not only concessions, but participation in office. There was also great distress in the country, great dearth of food, and want of employment. At the beginning of 1830, the King's speech made no allusion, or only in a cursory manner, to the prevailing distress; and again the question of Reform came to the front. Lord John Russell and the Marquis of Blandford brought forward motions on the



LORD BROUGHAM.

subject. It was evidently one of those coming events that cast their shadows before. There was no hope, however, that the King, who had consented to Catholic emancipation with extreme reluctance, would consent to any further measure likely to decrease his power. But in June of that same year he died, somewhat suddenly, and his next surviving brother, the Duke of Clarence, became King William the Fourth.

The new King had not the dislike to the Whigs and their measures that had characterised George IV., nor was he so entirely opposed to change. A general election was approaching, and various signs showed that Reform would be a leading topic at the hustings. The July revolution in France, resulting in the overthrow of the

foolish and reactionary Charles X., also excited the public mind. As for the Duke, he declared his sentiments with perfect frankness. The trumpet gave no uncertain sound, and men prepared them for the battle accordingly. Earl Grey had made some remarks on the necessity of Reform. The Duke declared that he saw no necessity for any measure of the kind; that the country had never been better governed than it was then; and—what was undeniable—that the representation of the people contained a large body of the property of the country, in which the landed interests had a preponderating influence. “Under these circumstances,” said the sturdy Duke, “I am not prepared to bring forward any measure of the description alluded to by the noble lord. I am not only not prepared to bring forward any measure of this nature, but I will at once declare that as far as I am concerned, as long as I hold any station in the government of the country, I shall always feel it my duty to resist such a measure when proposed by others.” This declaration was the death blow of the ministry.

The unpopularity of the ministry was increased when they spread what was declared to be a groundless alarm, by which the funds were seriously affected. The new King was to have dined with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, but was induced at the last moment to defer his visit on the representation that an attack might be made upon him by the crowd. This was stigmatised as an attempt on the part of the ministry to involve the King, whom the nation regarded with affection, in their own unpopularity; and when, soon afterwards, Mr. Brougham, then perhaps the most influential of all the party pledged to Reform, announced his intention of bringing forward a sweeping measure, the Wellington government resigned; whereupon William IV. entrusted Earl Grey with the task of forming a ministry, and it was felt that the time for a great struggle on the Reform question had come.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL INTRODUCES THE BILL.

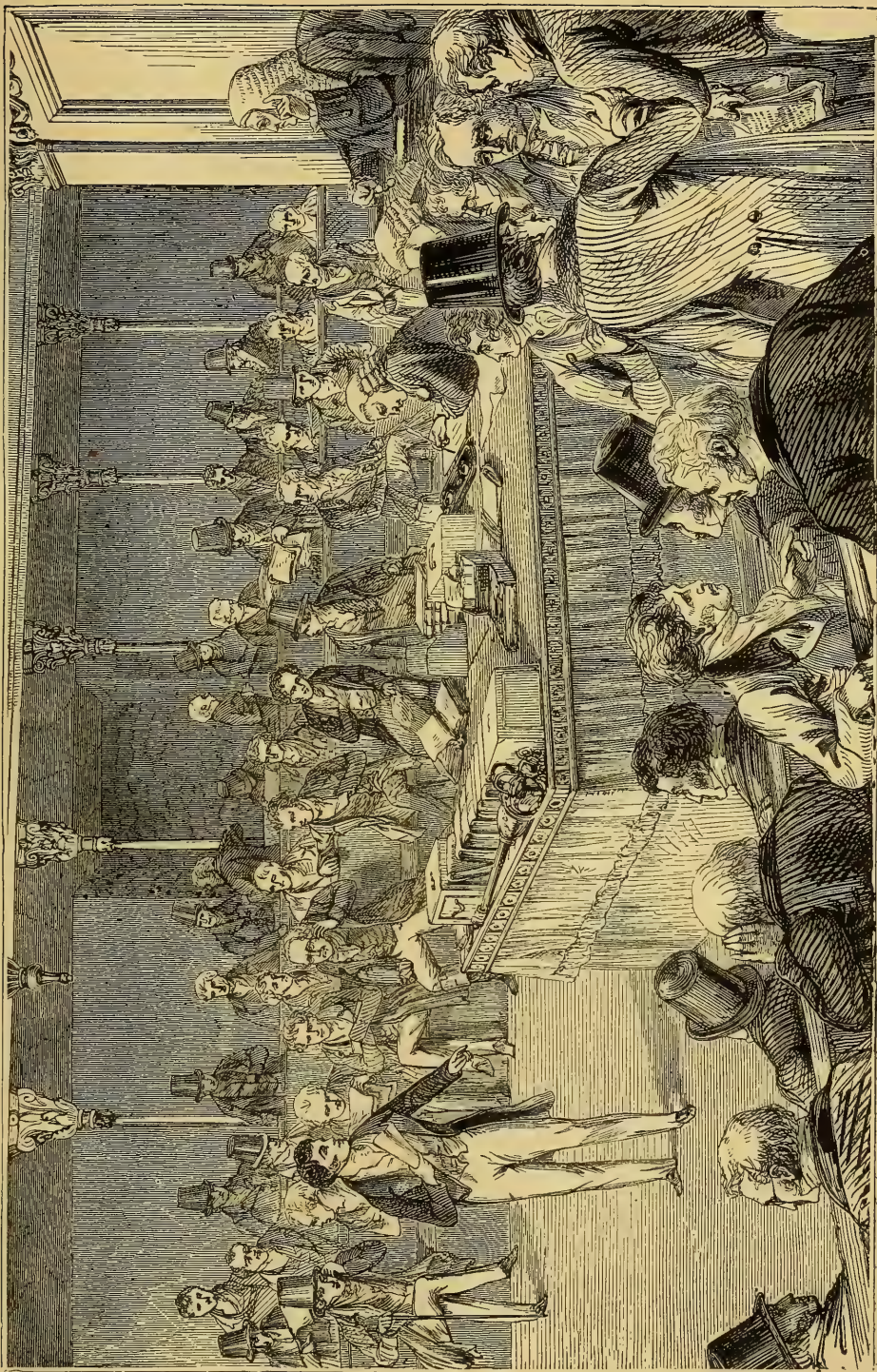
It was necessary to find some place in the new arrangement for Mr. Brougham, if his support of any Reform measure but one introduced by himself was to be counted on. His lucrative practice and great personal power rendered it most unlikely that he would accept any subordinate appointment; accordingly, on the suggestion of the King himself, the Lord Chancellorship was offered to and accepted by him. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Brougham and Vaux. Lord Althorp became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Durham, Lord Privy Seal,

Lord Melbourne, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Lord John Russell (without a seat in the cabinet) Paymaster of the Forces, while Sir James Graham became First Lord of the Admiralty.

Some disappointment was felt that the new cabinet did not at once introduce measures of retrenchment in view of the prevailing distress; but their predecessors had been sufficiently economical, and the King was exceedingly jealous of any interference with his prerogatives in the matter of the civil list. He was propitiated by very liberal arrangements, including an annuity of £100,000 a year to the Queen, if she survived him. The task of preparing the great measure of the session, the Reform Bill, was entrusted to a committee, including Lord John Russell, Lord Durham, and Sir James Graham.

It was on the 1st of March, 1831, that Lord John Russell brought up the Bill with which his reputation was to be identified; and from that day until the 5th of June, it was the occasion of as hot a wordy strife as had ever been waged within the walls of the House of Commons. All the prominent men of the House had their say—on the side of Reform, Lord John Russell, Joseph Hume, Daniel O’Connell, and many others; on that of its opponents, Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and their followers.

Lord John Russell was a man peculiarly fitted for the onerous duty he had undertaken. As a member of the ducal house of Bedford, he could safely be trusted not to bring forward anything revolutionary or subversive of the rights of property; while on the other hand his reputation as a cultivated man, with a mind enlarged by foreign travel as well as by study, was a guarantee against the narrowness that can see only the advantage and interests of a single class. He began his speech in a tone of studied moderation, declaring that the ministry wished to produce a Bill satisfactory to all moderate men, neither agreeing with the bigotry of those who would reject all reform, nor with the fanaticism of men wedded to one plan, and one plan only—hoping to amend abuses on the one hand, and to avoid convulsion on the other. He painted with considerable strength and humour the astonishment of a foreigner, anxious to understand the English system of representation, who should be taken to see a ruined mound and a stone wall, and a park containing no houses, and told that each of these—the mound, the park, and the wall—returned two members to Parliament; and the still greater surprise of the stranger, on finding that great opulent manufacturing and commercial towns sent



LORD JOHN RUSSELL INTRODUCING THE REFORM BILL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

no representatives at all; his greatest astonishment of all on witnessing the unblushing bribery, the money openly given and received as the price of votes, that formed a part of many a popular election. His plan was to disfranchise sixty-two boroughs, in each of which the number of inhabitants was less than 2,000; to reduce forty-seven other boroughs, where the inhabitants numbered less than 4,000, to one member each; and to take from Weymouth two of its four members. Thus 168 members would be deprived of seats. The right of voting was very complicated, including burgage holders, capital burgesses, freemen, potwallopers, and various other voters holding by strange and obscure tenures. Of these complicated rights the Bill proposed to get rid, and to give the vote to householders, rated at £10 per annum and upwards, copyholders to the value of £10 a year to have a vote for the county; and under certain restrictions, holders of leases for twenty-one years and upwards of the value of £50 to have the same right. Seven large towns, including Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield, were to send two members each to Parliament. Twenty towns, including Blackburn, Halifax, Gateshead, Brighton, Kidderminster, and Huddersfield, were to send one member each. Eight new members were to be given to the metropolis to sit as representative of the Lower Hamlets, Holborn, Finsbury, and Lambeth. The counties were also to receive additional members. There were to be two representatives for each of the ridings of Yorkshire, and two additional members for each of twenty-six counties, including Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Leicester, Lincoln, Wilts, etc., in each of which the population exceeded 150,000. The Bill also contained provisions for lessening the ruinous expense of elections—a very necessary point; for in Yorkshire, at that time, the expense of bringing voters to the poll at an election amounted to nearly £150,000; and in Devonshire many of the voters had to travel forty miles from home to record their suffrages—no small hardship in those pre-railway days. In Scotland, every £10 copyholder was to have the suffrage, and every ten-year leaseholder for £50; the representation of counties and boroughs was there, and in Ireland also, to be readjusted; and in the latter country all £10 householders or landholders were to have a vote.

The numbers of the constituencies in some of the English boroughs were ludicrously small, and the places themselves were so entirely under the influence of a proprietor that an election in one of them was a mere form. Bewdley had thirteen voters; Droit-

wich twelve; Launceston fifteen; Marlborough twenty-one; Buckingham thirteen; Sutton, in Surrey, five; Bramber twenty. Many others had so small a number, that the bribing of a whole constituency at a given price per vote became a very simple matter.

Lord John Russell sat down amid loud cheers, after warmly recommending the Bill to the consideration of the House, as fraught with good effects, and conducing alike to the moral and the political improvement of the country.

SPEECHES FOR AND AGAINST THE BILL; THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

It would seem that Lord John's Bill did not contemplate any great or sweeping change in the constitution, but rather sought to clear the ship of the state of the barnacles that obstructed its progress; nevertheless, the first gentleman who rose to oppose it pronounced it "*Revolution*"; a revolution that will overturn all the natural influence of rank and property." This alarmist was Sir Robert Inglis, the member for Oxford, who had replaced Sir Robert Peel in that ancient constituency. The gist of his argument was, that a member of Parliament does not represent a constituency, but has to consider the affairs of the country and the good of the Church. He utterly denied that representation had ever been founded on the basis of taxation and population, and declared openly that most of the small boroughs which it was sought to disfranchise had been called into existence to please favourites; for instance, Old and New Sarum, by Edward I., and Newport, Isle of Wight, by Queen Elizabeth. He also urged the argument that Lord Chatham, Mr. Burke, Mr. Canning, Mr. Fox, and many other eminent men had first entered Parliament by being put in, by the possessors, for such boroughs as Old Sarum, Wendover, and Appleby. He declared that the House, as it existed, represented all interests and admitted all talents.

Lord Althorp's speech in favour of the Bill was not distinguished by any special merit, either in manner or matter, and, indeed, his lordship shone much more as a thoroughly honest and dependable working member than in any position where readiness and brilliancy were required. Mr. Hume, the member who always had an eye to economy, and habitually vexed the soul of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when the yearly estimates appeared, welcomed the Bill cordially, as likely to give large satisfaction to all true reformers. He called it a manly measure. "Orator" Hunt gave the measure a very cold wel-

come, as a tardy instalment of incomplete justice; declaring that everything he had heard said in the house had been said by Lancashire weavers twenty years before. He waxed indignant at the supercilious Whiggism that designated the toiling millions as "the rabble," and told the house that at Ilchester (where, as he observed with a touch of humour, he had been in prison for two years and six months), the voters made it a point to get into debt to the amount of £35 before each election, knowing that those debts would be liquidated for them. "Is that the class of men," he asked, "which the House is told represents the property of the country?" He was very hard on Sir Robert Inglis' "revolution," and sarcastically asked whether rotten boroughs were a part of the constitution? And in spite of all efforts to interrupt and put him down, the indomitable orator insisted in making the house listen to the miserable story of the Manchester massacre, and reminded honourable members that the imprisonment of thirty months, about which they made so merry, had been suffered by him for advocating the cause of Reform which they had now met together to discuss.

Sir Charles Wetherell was somewhat heavily facetious against the Bill, describing himself as making his last dying speech for condemned Boroughbridge, comparing Althorpe and Co. to Cromwell, Fairfax, Lilburne and Co., declaring that the scheme now to be carried out had been introduced by the regicides. In allusion to "Colonel Pride's purge," in the days of Cromwell, he proposed to call the proposed Reform measure "Russell's purge," and the joke was hugely relished by honourable gentlemen at least on one side of the house, who received it with vociferous laughter and cheers. Sir Charles found the principle of the Bill "republican at the basis," and finished with a renewed reference to arbitrary violence, Cromwell and Pride's purge. A sensible speech of Lord Palmerston's must have contrasted somewhat oddly with Sir Charles Wetherell's impassioned declamation. It pointed out that concession was necessary; and that with increase of delay would come enforced increase of concession, and advised honourable gentlemen to submit to the inevitable with as good a grace as possible. The other principal speakers were Sir Robert Peel, gravely and sententially opposed to the Bill, and Mr. Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," who spoke strongly and trenchantly in its favour, and pointedly asked whether such men as Lord John Russell, Earl Grey, and Lord Althorp, had not a stake in the country, or whether they

could have any object in advocating revolutionary or subversive changes. Mr. O'Connell showed the same power of moving and influencing large audiences that he already had exhibited in his own country. He asked those gentlemen who persisted that this old system had worked well, whether they thought the agricultural population would be very ready to give testimony in its favour,—whether such a fact was reflected from the incendiary fires which lately blazed through the counties, and whether such would be the statement we should receive if we inquired from the unfortunate men who fill our gaols, on account of the late disturbances in the country? He made a great impression.

After more than seventy members had spoken, the number of orators for and against Reform being nearly equal, leave was given to bring in the Bill, which was formally read for the first time on the 14th of March.

TROUBLES AND DIFFICULTIES; OPPOSITION TACTICS.

The Bill was now fairly launched; and the lengthy debates and exhaustive speeches that had preceded the first reading had at least one advantage,—the attention of the country was thoroughly called to the subject, and the Reform Bill was the one topic of discussion throughout the three kingdoms. The whole community was divided into two hostile camps of reformers and anti-reformers. The Tories looked upon the measure with mingled hatred and terror, and lugubriously dated the ruin of England from the day when it should become law; the Whigs regarded it with complacency, as a timely concession to public necessity, by which they would avoid a worse thing that might come upon them; while the Radicals, though they thought the measure did not go far enough—for it gave them neither the ballot nor triennial Parliaments—were yet glad to welcome it on the principle of being thankful for small mercies.

The opponents of the Bill were many and powerful, and, naturally enough, comprised those classes who were advantageously placed in the existing state of things, and accordingly recoiled from the idea of change. The great landowners saw their territorial influence threatened, and opposed the Bill tooth and nail. The nobility detected in it, moreover, a dangerous levelling tendency, calculated to injure those time-honoured institutions under which the labouring community felt "the kindly pressure of the social chain"; the clergy, almost to a man, opposed the measure with tongue and pen, and with an intemperate vehemence that recoiled upon themselves; even the great

middle class engaged in commerce, and the more opulent shopkeepers and tradesmen were opposed to it, as calculated to upset established landmarks, and thus to injure trade; while the Army, the Navy, the legal profession, and the Universities were generally enrolled among its unpromising foes.

But against all this opposition was to be set the enthusiastic support of the mass of the people, who, thoroughly impressed with the idea that they were being wronged under the existing system, were determined to have their rights, and declared that they would be satisfied with nothing less than "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill"; and seeing they had thus the public opinion of the country with them, ministers took heart, and were more hopeful of the prospect of ultimate success.

A large section of the press also took up the cause of Reform with unmistakable warmth and zeal, headed by the *Times*, whose comments, indeed, far more outspoken than courtly, induced Sir Robert Inglis at this time to complain to the House, and at a later period caused the publishers to be summoned to the bar of the Commons, and reprimanded after having been kept for a short time in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. Public meetings and petitions in abundance testified to the absorbing interest of the public in the question.

When the Bill came on for second reading, the member for Cornwall, Sir R. Vyvyan, endeavoured to get rid of it by the usual course of moving that it should be read that day six months. In an exceedingly full house a division was taken, which resulted in 302 votes in favour of the second reading, and 301 against it—a majority of one for the ministers. This placed the Bill in a very critical position, and put its opponents in high spirits; for they saw a good prospect of weakening it to such a degree in committee as to render it practically ineffective; and accordingly they cheered vehemently. The Bill was committed to the 14th of April, and a couple of days before that date Lord John Russell came forward with some conciliatory proposals, declaring that Buckingham and several other towns had proved their populations to have been wrongly estimated in the returns of 1821, which had been taken as the basis for disfranchisement and reduction, and that these boroughs and any other boroughs or counties that could prove themselves to have been inserted under a misapprehension in schedules A and B should, on proving their case, be reinstated. Shortly afterwards, Sir George Gascoigne proposed that the number of seats in the House should not be diminished, and this was carried by

a majority of eight, ministers being thus defeated and put in a minority.

A BOLD STROKE; EARL GREY, THE CHANCELLOR, AND THE KING; DISSOLUTION.

It now became clear that the present House of Commons would not pass the Reform Bill, and the opposition hoped (if the ministry resigned) the subject could be shelved for a period, and that in gaining time they would gain everything; or they might perhaps introduce a measure of their own, which should contain just enough concession to appease popular clamour without the disfranchisement and redistribution insisted on by Lord John. On the other hand, there remained the alternative of dissolving Parliament and appealing to the country.

But this alternative it was not supposed that the ministry would adopt. There were various weighty reasons against it. The Parliament had only existed for a year, and had therefore six years to run before it would legally expire. The King would be naturally reluctant to dissolve a Parliament that had treated him exceptionally well in financial matters; and the amount of pressing business before the House appeared in itself to be an argument against dissolution at such a moment. But the ministry saw that to let in their opponents at that moment would be not only to throw away all they had gained throughout the session, but to put themselves in the cold shade of opposition, and they acted with equal decision and promptness. A cabinet council was at once held, and it was resolved that Earl Grey and Lord Brougham, the Chancellor, should at once request the King to dissolve Parliament. The two lords waited upon His Majesty accordingly.

The King was exceedingly disturbed at their proposal, and vehemently objected to it, urging that he could not be expected to dismiss a Parliament so recently chosen, and one, moreover, that had dealt so liberally with him in the matter of the civil list, and of the Queen's income, in case she survived him. To this, the ministers, while allowing full weight to the King's argument, replied that the present Parliament could not continue to sit without grave peril to His Majesty's crown. King William saw that their contention was reasonable, and felt reluctant to part with his ministers; but he urged that it would be impracticable to comply with their desire that he should prorogue Parliament that very day with a view to its immediate dissolution. Nothing was ready. Who was to carry the sword and the cap of maintenance? To this the Chancellor, who, bolder and less

courtly than his aristocratic colleague, seems to have been chief spokesman on the occasion, replied that, foreseeing the necessity for immediate action, the officers of state had been summoned to hold themselves in readiness. But the Life Guards, who were to escort him? the King urged. He had given no orders to call them out, and it was now too late. But again the imperturbable Chancellor was prepared. In the most deprecatory and submissive of tones he informed the King that his colleague and he must throw themselves on His Majesty's indulgence, but that in view of the great crisis and imminent danger to which the throne was exposed, they had taken upon themselves to give the necessary orders, and that the Life Guards were ready for duty.

The King's face flushed red with indignation, for no one but himself had the right to call out the guards. "Why, this is treason, my lords—high treason!" he hotly exclaimed; "and you, my Lord Chancellor, ought to know it."

But again the Chancellor returned to his point, declaring that nothing but the urgency and magnitude of the peril to the King's throne would have induced the ministry to take such a step; and William IV., who would have been sorry to part with his ministers at such a moment, quickly recovered his composure, and even his good humour; and, finding it necessary to yield, did so with a good grace, and at once prepared to proceed to the House for the prorogation.

Great was the wrath of the opposition in both Houses in finding itself thus outmanœuvred. In the House of Lords the indignation expressed against the ministers was so vehement that an eyewitness describes himself as apprehensive that the peers would actually come to blows. Lord Londonderry especially distinguished himself by violence of speech and gesture, declaiming against the profligacy of ministers with a vehemence which did far more harm to his own side than to his opponents, whose game he was unconsciously playing. In the Commons, the dignified Sir Robert Peel, usually sedate, calm, and imperturbable, for once completely lost his temper, and passionately denounced the conduct of the ministry. But to the undisguised glee of the other side of the House, the sound of the park guns announced that the King had set out; and presently the announcement of His Majesty's arrival and the summons that the Commons should attend at the bar of the Lords' house to hear the prorogation produced frantic cheers that drowned the indignant accents of the great Tory leader.

The King's speech was very brief; merely announcing that the prorogation was to be followed by an immediate dissolution, that the King might take the sense of the nation on the state of affairs, with a view of concluding matters in a manner that should uphold at once the dignity and prerogatives of the crown and the just rights and liberties of the people. The dissolution followed in due course next day.

A NEW PARLIAMENT; THE CONFLICT RENEWED; PROGRESS OF THE BILL.

A general illumination testified to the joy felt by the citizens of London at the dissolution. The crowd was vociferous in its demonstrations of delight, and proceeded to wreak its indignation upon the chief opponents of the Bill, especially upon the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Baring, by breaking their windows. Whereupon the brave old Duke caused iron shutters to be put up over the windows on the side of Apsley House facing Hyde Park, and it was characteristic of him that those shutters were never taken down till the day of his death, twenty-one years afterwards. Great efforts were made in the general election that followed to return members who would uphold Reform, and the one question asked of candidates at the hustings was whether they would support the Bill or not. In June the new Parliament met, and the Reform Bill was immediately brought forward. There was no doubt as to the effect of the dissolution in promoting the cause of the Reformers, for on the motion for the second reading of the Bill the division list showed, instead of the bare majority of *one* (and that one vote, too, given by the Hon. Mr. Calcraft, a seceder from the Tory camp) a triumphant majority of 136.

The only hope of the opposition was now in delay. If they could get to the end of the session without passing the Bill, some new subject of interest might arise in the recess, or something might occur to turn popular excitement in a new direction; and all their efforts were consequently turned towards gaining time. French history, in Richelieu's time, had its "day of dupes." The Reform Bill, in 1831, could show its "night of divisions," during which, by continual motions for adjournment, when it was moved that the Speaker do leave the chair, and the house go into committee on the Bill, the opponents contrived to keep the house going through a series of divisions until seven o'clock in the morning. Amendment after amendment was proposed, while it was fully evident that not one of them would be carried. Never had honourable members been more intoxicated

with the exuberance of their own verbosity than during this memorable session. The calculation made by the *Spectator* newspaper gave some curious statistics of the speeches in committee in fifteen days' debate between July 12th and 27th. Among the leading opponents of Reform, it appeared that "Sugden had spoken eighteen times, Praed twenty-two times, Pelham twenty-eight times, Peel fifty-eight times, Croker fifty-seven times, and Wetherell fifty-eight times." But Lord Althorp declared that the ministry would keep Parliament sitting till December, or, if necessary, till December twelvemonths, rather than abandon the Bill at the dictation of the obstructives,—an announcement which considerably vexed the souls of honourable gentlemen who had special associations connected with the 12th of August and the 1st of September.

Both those days, however, passed away, and the House was still hard at work; honourable members were obliged to give the grouse and the partridges a respite in 1831. At last, on the 22nd of September, the last of the interminable divisions on the Bill was taken; and it passed the Commons, in a house in which 584 members voted, by a majority of 106, and was sent up to the Lords.

THE BILL IN THE LORDS; DEBATED AND REJECTED; POPULAR EXCITEMENT.

Having been steered safely past the Scylla of the Commons, the Bill had now to encounter the dangers of Charybdis in the Lords; and these dangers were the greater in proportion to the privileges of the hereditary-legislators, and their influence in the House of Commons, by the presence of nominees and scions of their own families, were seriously diminished by its provisions. The contest, accordingly, was carried on with an acrimony and vehemence almost unprecedented in that dignified assembly. Earl Grey was more than once assailed with invective that amounted to personal insult. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, at a later stage, especially distinguished himself by the vehemence of his denunciation of the Bill and everything connected with it, declaring that he and his colleagues had been vilified and insulted within the last year, "and that, too, by men of the highest station in His Majesty's councils." This ebullition called forth a stern rebuke from Lord Grey, who characterised the bishop's assertion as the most unprovoked, the most intemperate, and the most unfounded insinuation he had ever heard from any member of that House, and indignantly inquired whether any words he had spoken could justly bear such a construction. He

declared that the Bill, so far from being revolutionary and subversive of the best principles of the constitution, was eminently calculated to uphold that constitution, by clearing it of the blemishes that had been, and still were, its disgrace. "Was it possible," he asked, "that the boroughs called nomination boroughs could be permitted any longer to exist? Would the people, when they saw the corrupt practices unblushingly carried on at every election, and turning from such sights, read the lessons of their youth, where they found such practices stigmatised as illegal and inconsistent with the people's rights, be persuaded that the privileges which they saw a few individuals converting into a means of personal profit were privileges conferred for the benefit of the nation?" This gangrene of our representative system, he declared, bade defiance to all remedies but that of excision.

Numerous petitions to the House also showed the widespread and general anxiety that prevailed out of doors on the question; and it was hoped the Peers would see, that, where they must necessarily give way sooner or later, it would be better to make the sacrifice gracefully while there was still, at least, an appearance of option. But they failed to recognise the gravity of the position; and on October 8th threw out the Bill in a House in which 278 peers were present, and 79 sent proxies (making a total of 357 votes) by a majority of 41;—and thus for the second time Reform was thrust forth by the House of Lords.

The excitement throughout the country was tremendous. In some few towns, doomed by the Bill to political extinction, and now, as they thought, rescued from that fate by its rejection, there was rejoicing and congratulation, but the general feeling was one of intense anger and disappointment; and with a corresponding exasperation against the House that was considered to have deliberately set itself against the opinion of the general community, and to have defied the plainly-expressed will of the people of England. There were many who spoke openly of the necessity of abolishing the House of Lords; and at Nottingham, Derby, and various other places, there were serious riots. Nottingham Castle, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, a highly unpopular opponent of the Reform Bill, was fired; and in various places it was necessary to call out the military. The leading reformers, on the other hand, strenuously advised the people to be calm and patient under this temporary disappointment, in the full consciousness that the cause must speedily triumph. "I tell them that Reform is only delayed for a short period," cried Lord

Brougham; "I tell them that the Bill will pass—that the Bill must pass—that a Bill founded on exactly similar principles, and equally extensive and efficient with the Bill which has been thrown out, shall in a very short period become part and parcel of the law of the land."

In a more humorous vein, but with equal effect, Sydney Smith, an ardent Liberal, allayed the fears of the people by his speeches in the west country. It was at Taunton that he introduced the story of Mrs. Partington, that, from the aptness of the illustrations it furnished, has become proverbial. Speaking of the resistance of the House of Lords and their endeavour to stem the tide of the popular will, the worthy Canon of St. Paul's told his delighted audience how, in the winter of 1824, a great flood set in upon the little Devonshire town of Sidmouth, and the tide threatened to overwhelm the whole place. "In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest." And so he exhorted his audience to take heart and bide their time, for the Atlantic Ocean of the British people's will would certainly be too strong for the mop of the Mrs. Partington of the House of Lords.

BRISTOL RIOTS; THE THIRD BILL; THE LORDS AGAIN; RESIGNATION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The gravest public event of that stormy autumn was the great riot at Bristol. Sir Charles Wetherell, who was Recorder of that city, had become especially obnoxious by his violent tirades against the Reform Bill; and on his going down to Bristol to hold the gaol delivery there, the whole place was in an uproar. Sir Charles had been strongly urged not to present himself at Bristol at this crisis; but he disregarded the warning, believing, most erroneously, that a reaction against Reform had set in, and that he had nothing to fear. The measures taken by the magistrates for preserving order were half-hearted and vacillating. Colonel Brereton, who commanded the military force, was good-natured and unwilling to act; and an incendiary mob for a time got the upper hand of the authorities. Since the time of the Gordon riots there had not been so dangerous an outbreak; and

it was not put down until great damage had been done and many lives lost.

The House met again on the 6th of December, and once more Reform was the subject taken in hand. Some alterations had been made by the ministers in their second Bill, but its main provisions re-appeared in the third measure which was now brought before the House. Of its acceptance in the Commons there could be no doubt. When the House reassembled after the Christmas holidays, it was steadily pushed forward, and was carried by a triumphant majority of 116 on the 23rd of March, 1832. Once more it went up to the peers, and once again, "What will the Lords do?" became the question of the day. By this time many of the Peers had become doubtful of the consequences of further opposition; and some leading men among them, such as Lords Harrowby and Wharcliffe, recommended that the Bill should be allowed to pass the second reading, as there would be still an opportunity to alter its most objectionable features in committee. There was the more reason for this, as it was announced that in case of another adverse majority, a large creation of new Peers would take place, to counter-balance the non-contents. The second reading of the Bill was accordingly carried, but only by the narrow majority of 9; and the fate of the measure was felt to be once more in jeopardy.

The apprehensions of its well-wishers were well founded. A motion was brought forward that the enfranchising clauses of the Bill should be taken before those of disfranchisement. This was opposed by the ministers, who were left in a minority of thirty-five, and at once gave in their resignations, and the King's acceptance of that resignation was announced to the House on the 9th of May.

THE MINISTRY RECALLED; THE FINAL TRIUMPH; CONCLUSION.

For many years the affairs of the nation had not been at such a dead lock. The Whig ministry had resigned; a Tory ministry must come in. By Lord Lyndhurst's advice the King sent for the Duke of Wellington. But the Duke's opposition to Reform had been very uncompromising from the beginning, and it was manifestly impossible that any ministry could stand that did not pledge itself at once to bring forward a measure for Reform. Could the Duke bring forward such a measure?—Hardly, after the line he had consistently taken, and after his speech declaring that from the day of the passing of such a measure he should date the downfall of the constitution; and Sir Robert Peel

the Duke's trusty confederate and adviser, whom the Duke advised the King to send for, when he himself declined the impossible task of forming a government, had shown himself as uncompromising an opponent of Reform as Wellington himself. By this time the vacillating conduct of the King had caused the loss of all his popularity. He was mercilessly caricatured in the character of "Billy Barlow"; while on Queen Adelaide ribald songs were made and sung, Her Majesty being represented as "a nasty German frow," and as the imperious Dollalolla of the burlesque of Tom Thumb, in which the King was made to figure as the weak monarch Arthur, powerless under his imperious wife's influence. Even on the omnibuses—then a new invention just introduced in London—the names "William IV." and "Adelaide" were painted out. There was a run on the Bank of England. "Go for gold, and stop the Duke," was the advice posted on anonymous placards. There was a general threat of "No Reform, no taxes"; and Lord Milton set the example of resistance in this direction by directing the tax-gatherer to call again, and plainly intimating that his payment would be dependent on the course of public events. Evidently there was nothing to be done but to recall Lord Grey and his ministry.

The King received his advisers with a constrained air; and it was remarked that he kept them standing during the interview.

But they had now the game in their hands at last, and stipulated that the King should give *in writing* his consent to the creation of new Peers if the resistance in the House of Lords were renewed. With a very bad grace His Majesty wrote the following memorandum, and handed it to Lord Brougham:—

"The King grants permission to Earl Grey and to his Chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of Peers as will be sufficient to ensure the passing of the Reform Bill,—first calling Peers' eldest sons.

"(Signed),

"WILLIAM R.

"Windsor, May 17th, 1832."

An intimation from the King was at the same time sent round to the chief Lords in opposition, "declaring that all difficulties would be obviated if a sufficient number of Peers would drop further opposition to the Reform Bill." This was tantamount to a command. Accordingly the Duke of Wellington left the House of Peers without voting, and did not come back until the measure had passed. A number of his followers adopted the same course. The King's circular was caricatured by H. B. as "the modest request"; but it produced its effect. With many bitter complaints the Peers acquiesced in the inevitable, and the Reform Bill was carried, receiving the Royal assent in June 1832.

H. W. D.





THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

THE STORY OF A GREAT TIME.

"It was a time when men were being lifted into nobleness by the new moral energy which seemed suddenly to pulse through the whole people, when honour and enthusiasm took colours of poetic beauty and religion became a chivalry."
GREEN'S "History of the English People."

"This era has always appeared to us by far the brightest in the history of English literature, or, indeed, of human intellect and capacity."
Edinburgh Review.

Death of Queen Mary—Proclamation in London—Elizabeth, at Hatfield, receives the Intelligence of her Accession to the Crown—Political and Doctrinal Protestantism—The Learned Ladies of the Time—"Now all the Youth of England are afire"—The Maritime Supremacy and Wealth of Spain—Condition of England—A Poor Aristocracy and a Moneyed Middle Class—An Impoverished Exchequer and Debased Coinage—Cecil and Gresham to the Rescue—Ecclesiastical Changes—Papal Bishops lose their Sees—Social Condition of the People—Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars—The Gallows in "Merry England"—Mercantile Enterprise—Maritime Adventures—Drake sails round the World, and brings home Treasure—Seeking a North-West Passage—Trade with India—Shattering the Great Armada—Splendid Literary Development—Shakespeare the Mirror "of the Age and Body of the Time."

THE QUEEN DEAD.

THE gloom of a November morning, the 17th of the month, in the year of grace 1558, was brooding over the royal "house at St. James's," when the darker shadow of death shut out all that remained of life and the outer world to Queen Mary of England. Weak, sickly, affectionate and kindly by nature, the victim of a terrible bigotry, a neglected, motherless wife, with an understanding warped into subtleness and moral crookedness by the domination of more potent wills, Mary Tudor, the "Lady Mary" of the two previous reigns, the

"Bloody Mary" of popular history, was no more; and, as yet wanting a few months of completing her forty-fourth year, and having reigned about five and a-half years, her troubled, wearied life, with its sadness and its turmoils, was succeeded—after what soul struggles, what remembrances, and what prayers, we know not—by the silence of death. Before another day had dawned, Cardinal Reginald Pole, also of the blood of English royalty, the last Papal legate to this country, the last Roman Catholic head of the Anglican Church, was "among those who have been"; and with the death of Mary

Tudor and Reginald Pole began a new and the greatest era of English history.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!

Mary died between five and six o'clock in the morning, and several hours elapsed before the event was known beyond the immediate precincts of St. James's; but shortly before noon Archbishop Heath, of York, the Lord Chancellor, went down to the House of Lords, and summoning the Speaker and the faithful Commons to the bar, announced, in due form, that "God had called to his mercy the late sovereign lady Queen Mary—a heavy and grievous woe, but relieved by the blessing God had left them in a true, loyal, and right inheritress to the crown—the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter to the late sovereign lord of noble memory, King Henry VIII., and sister unto the late said Queen." From nobles on the benches, from Commons at the bar, rose a shout, "God save Queen Elizabeth, and long and happily may she reign!" Then the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Earl of Bedford, accompanied by the troop of gorgeously clad heralds, appeared on horseback in front of the great door of Westminster Hall, in Old Palace Yard, and proclaimed with all due forms that Mary was dead and that her sister Elizabeth was Queen of England.

From Palace Yard they rode to Charing Cross, and thence eastward along the Strand into the City, where, at Cheapside Cross, and again at the Tower, the proclamations were made. There was an outburst of long suppressed feeling. No expression of grief for the Queen that was lost, no tears prompted by the thought that she who, but a few hours before, had been the sovereign of England, was now a pallid corpse; but a sense of relief from an incubus that had pressed heavily on the free spirit and the vital energy of the nation. The red fires of Smithfield had scarcely cooled, the echoes of the shrieks in the torture chamber of the Tower had scarcely died away, the whispered prayers of those who in secret hiding-places had appealed to heaven for strength and deliverance, still lived in the memories of sympathetic believers; and in the prouder and stronger natures of the English citizens there was the remembrance of foreign domination, of foreign wars, of insulted and disgraced nationality. In the picturesque language of Mr. Froude, "The bells which six years before had rung in triumph for Mary's accession now pealed as merrily for her death. The voices which had shouted themselves hoarse in execrations on Northumberland were now as loud in ecstasy that the miserable reign was

at an end. Through the November day steeple answered steeple; the streets were spread with tables, and as the twilight closed blazed as before with bonfires. The black dominion of priests and priestcraft had rolled away like night before the coming of the dawn. Elizabeth, the people's idol, dear to them from her sister's hatred, the morning star of England's hope, was Queen."

Elizabeth was living quietly at the royal manor-house at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, where, as a child, she and her young brother Edward had been chiefly brought up. In the stately mansion which for about three centuries has been the home of the Cecils, the apartments where the royal children dwelt are still shown, and in the gardens the paths along which they rambled, the lawns on which they played, are still associated with the memory of the younger children of "the great Harry." It was at Hatfield the Lady Elizabeth generally resided during the reign of Mary, studying Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, playing on the virginals, dancing with her few lady attendants. She knew well enough that if she outlived her feeble-bodied, morbid-minded sister, the great majority of Englishmen would welcome her as successor to the throne; but she knew also that her life was not "worth a pin's fee," if she stood in the way of Mary's fanaticism or Philip's ambition, supposing he had the courage to defy the national feeling of England by striking a blow at the nation's favourite. Sometimes she had been invited to share in procession and pageant, and had been once taken to London as a state prisoner, knowing probably that the warrant for her committal to the Tower and execution had been prepared, but that at the last moment the fear of consequences had prevailed, and her sister Mary had refused to affix the royal sign-manual.

ELIZABETH REGINA.

Twenty-five years of age, large-brained, inheriting no little of the temper and the strong will of her father, and some of the subtlety and insincerity of her mother, Elizabeth added to these qualities a little womanly vanity mingled with occasional tenderness, easily changing into jealousy and animosity if the vanity were ungratified or the tenderness misplaced. In after life she showed that she could be sometimes prodigally generous and sometimes pitifully mean; but such were inconsistencies that grew with age, and were but little apparent in the tall, graceful, clear-eyed, yellow-haired princess who, under the trees at Hatfield, received the announcement from Cecil and other kneeling courtiers that she was Queen of England. She had waited with brave patience for such a message, which she guessed would come in due time, and she bore the new honour with

modest dignity. Kneeling down, she exclaimed, in the words of the Latin Psalter then in use, *A Domini factum est istud, et est mirabile oculis nostris!* "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"—a text afterwards stamped on the gold coin issued in her reign.

She assumed her exalted position with dignity and a fitting confidence in herself. It may be well believed that she was not ignorant of, nor unsympathising with, the national temper; and she had many personal qualities fitting her to become the leader of the English people. It was a time when a fierce and merciless ecclesiastical, rather than religious, war had been waged, when each of the great parties had in turns produced persecutions and martyrs, and when the fight was less on behalf of doctrines than of the right of Englishmen to be free from Papal or other foreign dictation. The Protestantism, for which so many had suffered conscientiously and for truth's sake, was with the great mass of the people rather political than doctrinal. The London merchant, the country gentleman, much more the ordinary unlettered townsman or yeoman, was little competent to argue about sacramentarian questions, or discuss texts not one word of which he could read in the Vulgate, probably not in the Bishops' translation; but he was willing to attend church, listen respectfully to the services, and understand as much as he conveniently could of the sermon, and only desired to be let alone. It did not seem to him right, however agreeable it might be to ecclesiastical dignitaries, that the Pope of Rome or his legates should not only tell him what to believe, and imprison, torture, or burn him if he failed to have very definite views on subjects about which scholars were quarrelling, and had been quarrelling for a thousand years, but should also claim the right to enjoy or dispose of all the good things of the Church. The political and ecclesiastical changes of the previous quarter of a century had left the plain, practical minds of the mass of the English people in a somewhat hazy condition. They thought that King Henry had acted as an English king should act, in defying the Pope; but they were not quite so sure that the suppression of the religious houses was an unmixed boon. The stately abbeys, the fertile pastures where the monks had dwelt and enjoyed themselves, not by any means in an exclusively spiritual manner, had passed into the ownership of court favourites or wealthy upstarts of the middle classes, and although Mary had made an attempt to restore some of them to the original owners, it had not been possible, except in a very few instances, to reunite the scattered communities, and the complications and foreign troubles which

marked her brief reign had not materially altered the state of the case. Possibly, it was felt, the monks were lazy, irreligious, or even profligate—but they fed the poor; and even if worthless vagrants sometimes received good meals which they did not earn, they were less likely to be mischievous than when hungry. The nuns, too, were kindly women, who looked after the sick, and were ready with many little helps and comforts. Now the abbey and convent gates were closed, the beggars were hungry and clamoured for bread from door to door. The country roads were infested by mendicants who robbed as well as begged. The farmer or trader was waylaid and maltreated on market-days, the goodwife lost the linen she spread out to dry on common or hedgerow. The average Englishman did not like to be told that he must say his prayers in any particular fashion, or forfeit his hope of salvation, besides incurring the chance of being handed over to the tender mercies of some Tony Fire-the-Fagot; but, if allowed to do as he liked in the matter, would probably not have troubled himself to change the old forms of worship which had contented his father and grandfather, or made any serious objection to the vicar praying in Latin, or duly bowing at the proper times.

Difficult doctrines, subtle hairsplittings, did not much trouble his practical Christianity (so far as he understood what Christianity meant); but to be ordered, under penalties, to do what otherwise he was quite willing to do, aroused the independent spirit of the Englishman. Queen Mary had represented a spirit of intolerance which had become intolerable. Her young sister, at Hatfield, was the rising star which it was hoped and believed would be the harbinger of a beneficent change.

THE QUEEN'S PROTESTANTISM.

"Elizabeth herself," says Mr. Froude (whose "History" sheds so much light on this eventful period), "had been educated in a confused Protestantism, which had evaded doctrinal difficulties and had confined itself chiefly to anathemas of Rome. She would have been contented to accept the formulas which had been left by her father, with an English ritual and the common service of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. But the sacramentarian tendencies of English Protestant theology had destroyed Henry's standing-ground as a position which the Reformers could be brought to accept. It was to deny transubstantiation that the martyrs had died. It was in the name and in defence of the mass that Mary and Pole had exercised their savage despotism. Elizabeth had borne her share of persecution; she resisted with the whole force of her soul the

indignities to which she had been exposed, and she sympathised with those who had suffered at her side. She was the idol of the young, the restless, the enthusiastic. Her name had been identified with freedom, and she detested more sincerely than any theologian living the perversity which treated opinion as a crime. In her speculative theories she was nearer to Rome than to Calvinism. In her vital convictions she represented the free, proud spirit of the English laity, who would endure no dictation from priests of either persuasion, and so far as lay in them would permit no clergy any more to fetter the thoughts and paralyze the energies of England."

LEARNED LADIES AND ADVENTUROUS SPIRITS.

In another respect Elizabeth was a representative of the spirit of the time. The long and bitter ecclesiastical controversies had unconsciously aided the revival of learning and literature. Familiarity with the classical languages had extended from the clergy to the laity, and what is somewhat pedantically described as "polite literature" was also advancing its limits. The growing intercourse with foreign nations improved the national taste in art and literature. The hard theological fighting had evoked a vitality and intellectual energy which had snapped asunder the bonds imposed by the subtleties of the schoolmen and prepared the way for a new and more robust philosophy, as well as a new and more robust theology. There was a quickened spirit of inquiry, an eagerness on the part of the more cultured classes to become acquainted with the thoughtful and imaginative literature of the quick-witted nations of southern Europe. Scholarship became fashionable, not only with the lords, but with the ladies of the time. The daughters of the nobility sought the aid, as instructors, of erudite men like Roger Ascham, and the acquirements of some of the young women of that age were remarkable. Lady Jane Grey studying Greek with Ascham, in preference to sharing in the pleasures of a holiday, is a familiar picture. Even Queen Mary, feeble in health, not remarkable for great intellectual gifts, read and wrote Latin fluently, had some acquaintance with Greek, and spoke with ease in French, Spanish, and Italian. Elizabeth, blessed with good health and possessing great mental activity, added Hebrew to other linguistic acquirements, was a fairly good musician, and eagerly mastered so much of foreign and English literature as found its way to the secluded chambers of Hatfield.

As yet, perhaps, she had less sympathy, because less acquaintance, with one of the most potent influences in the struggling

energy of the time. A shorter period than the threescore-and-ten years to which men might expect to live had elapsed since Christopher Columbus had revealed the existence of a new world, since the visions of golden cities and other Dorados had dazzled the eyes of Europe. The subjugation of Mexico by Cortez, the conquest of the Peruvian Incas by Pizarro, were scarcely old stories; and there were in England many adventurous spirits, still in the enjoyment of lusty manhood, who in their youth had thrilled with an ardent desire to share the perils of the Atlantic seas and set foot on the almost fairyland of the New World; to follow De Soto in his search for the fountain of eternal youth; to look, as Hernando Cortez had looked, upon the waves of the Pacific which had washed the shores of far Cathay, and which Maghaelan had reached through the strait which now bears his name. Portuguese navigators were familiar with the route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and Portuguese merchants were storing the warehouses with the gold and silver, the precious stones, the silks and sumptuous fabrics, of the East. Only two years before, an English adventurer had visited the Gold Coast of Western Africa, and having discovered that the negroes whom he met with were "a people of beastly living, without God, law, religion, or commonwealth," was convinced that he, as a civilized and superior being, was justified in capturing five of these dusky heathens, and bringing to England, for the purpose of selling them as slaves. The English mind, however, had not as yet expanded sufficiently to appreciate man-catching as a profitable commercial transaction, and as no buyers could be found, the captives were sent back in another vessel. It was reserved for John Hawkins, a few years later, to establish the slave-trade as an adventure in which English merchants could profitably (and therefore, of course, conscientiously) engage. At that time the English people did not want foreign slaves for their own use. There were labourers enough, and to spare, at home; and, indeed, a sort of slavery, by which sturdy vagrants were made to work and practically sold to the highest bidders, was a familiar institution. But the ship which brought over the five slaves, and other ships, too, which had visited the Gold Coast, brought home rumours of wealth in gold, ivory, and other matters, which almost rivalled the glowing accounts from the western world.

THE MARITIME SUPREMACY AND WEALTH OF SPAIN.

The discovery of America had made Spain the wealthiest nation of the world. The broad ocean was traversed by her

ships laden with almost fabulous wealth; her young noblemen and gallant gentlemen were adventurers gathering riches and renown in the islands to which the name of West Indies had been given, or in the auriferous lands once reigned over by Montezuma or governed by the Incas of Peru. Spain was the queen of the seas, and Spain was hated by England. Philip of Spain had been king consort—the encourager, if not the prompter, of Mary's bigotry and cruelty; and Philip had already begun the persecution, afterwards so terrible, of the Dutch Protestants. In an age in which so many elements were active, we may expect to find mixed motives. The English generally, from their own experience, were disgusted with persecution, and they consequently disliked Philip. Spain was a foreign power which had unduly influenced English affairs, and was therefore offensive to English patriotism. Spain was also the greatest maritime power of the day, and enjoyed apparently illimitable wealth, a share of which would have greatly gratified the English nobility and merchants; and that fact appealed strongly to another phase of patriotism. Thousands of brave young Englishmen, younger sons, and others of adventurous spirit and little wealth, would be delighted to share in voyages of discovery and conquest, to meet the richly freighted Spanish galleons on the high seas and teach the heretics a wholesome lesson in morals by capturing their golden freights. There is a law of heredity in national instincts, which, in peoples as in individuals, may be long dormant, but appears at last, even stronger after centuries of slumber. Englishmen are the descendants of searovers, Scandinavian berserkers, Norman adventurers—it might be beneath the dignity of history to say pirates. The people of the inland towns might, in those times of difficult communication, when few except nobles, men-at-arms, and chapmen wandered ten miles from their homes, have retained but little of the nature of their maritime forefathers; but around the coast were hardy fishermen and navigators, to whom sea life was a second nature, and who would be ready enough to enter on any adventure. This revival of the national maritime spirit was one of the most remarkable developments of this remarkable time, and imparted a marvellous energy not only to the adventurous, but also to the intellectual and moral characteristics of the age.

If, as we have said, Elizabeth in her youth had not much sympathy with this adventurous spirit, she no doubt shared in the dislike to Spain, and to Philip, who was an uncomfortable brother-in-law; and she was astute enough to see that, as Spain grew, England would become less and less influential. If

not a very ardent doctrinal Protestant, she was a very decided political Protestant, and nationally ambitious besides; therefore little disposed to acquiesce in a Catholic monarch dominating the destinies of Europe. She inherited the temper of her father, and her father had no disposition to be second to any potentate, be he Pope or be he Emperor.

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

The regency of Somerset, the wretched and ignoble reign of Mary, had reduced England to a miserable condition, financially and socially. The crown revenues were sadly deficient, half of the amount having been sacrificed to reimburse the Catholic clergy for the loss they had sustained by the confiscation of the abbey lands. Philip had influenced Mary to engage in an expensive and disastrous war with France; and she had extorted subsidies from her wealthier subjects only to encounter shame and defeat. At the time when the country was impoverished, and smarting under a feeling of national disgrace, she had allowed Philip to take £60,000 from the Treasury, and had presented him with the valuable crown jewels. The country generally was in a dissatisfied condition, in a strange state of transition. The nobility, with few exceptions, were no longer feudal chiefs, but were impoverished and comparatively weak. Many men of high rank, many of the young men of the old families, struggling against the oppression of the new order of things, had become entangled in conspiracies, had perished on the scaffold, or had sought safety in voluntary exile. The military spirit of the yeomen and peasantry had decayed, and they were no longer familiar with the use of arms. The fortresses throughout the country were dismantled or ungarrisoned; some in ruins. There was no fleet worthy of the name. Mary Stuart, the Scotch princess, had married the Dauphin of France, and assumed the title of Queen of England, with, as many thought, a better legal title to the throne than Elizabeth herself—for Mary was the lineal descendant of Henry the Seventh of England, of unquestioned legitimacy, while Elizabeth was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, whose marriage with Henry the Eighth had been accepted as lawful or unlawful according as personal or political convenience dictated.

An address to the Council, preserved among the "Domestic Papers," thus describes the position of the country in the latter days of Queen Mary:—

"The Queen poor, the realm exhausted, the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; excesses in meat, diet, and apparel; division among ourselves; war with France; the

French king bestriding the realm, having one foot in Calais and the other in Scotland; steadfast enemies, but no steadfast friends."

The general bitterness and distrust engendered by the persecutions in the name of religion, was felt throughout the land. The sufferings to which the Protestants had been exposed might, the Catholics had some reason to fear, induce a reaction, and inspire a feeling of revenge when their hour of triumph came; and the fires of Smithfield and Oxford might be re-lighted, with believers in the mass and the temporal power of the Papacy at the stake, in place of Protestant martyrs. Intolerance and persecution were the common weapons of both theological parties, and it was not unreasonably feared that Elizabeth and the bishops nominated by her would be as ready to put down heresy by strong means as their predecessors had been.

Besides this smouldering apprehension of theological animosity, there was a powerful social animosity at work. The nobility were declining in wealth and influence. The middle classes were rising into importance. Merchants and other commoners had become possessed of vast estates by the dissolution of the monasteries. The old aristocratic spirit was bitter against the mushroom gentility, the sudden rise into social importance, of the townsmen and traders. The writer of a letter addressed to Sir William Cecil, and preserved among the "Domestic Manuscripts," suggested that "the wealth of the meaner sort must be cured by keeping them in awe through the severity of justice, and by providing, as it were, some sewers or channels to draw and suck from them their money by subtle and indirect means." The same writer, having proposed this practical method of dealing with the wealthy parvenus, proceeded to indicate how the nobles might be benefited at the expense of the Church. In this regard, he probably expressed a very general feeling; for the experience of the last few years had not greatly increased the respect of the laity for ecclesiastical dignitaries. He suggested that "it might not be amiss to take from the bishops the titles of lords, and their places in parliament; to allow the archbishops a thousand pounds and the bishops a thousand marks [one-third less] yearly, and to give their temporal lands and stately houses to noblemen having need of the same." Evidently there was little love lost between the prelates and the "old nobility."

Sir William Cecil (the great Lord Burleigh of after times) was unquestionably the ablest statesman of the time, and Elizabeth, who well knew his value, acted wisely in at once entrusting him with the office of secretary and direction of political affairs. He at once grappled with the financial difficulties of the situation. On the day following that on

which Cecil had announced to Elizabeth that she was Queen of England, Sir Thomas Gresham, the leading merchant of London, and the most clear-headed man of the time in commercial and monetary matters, accompanied him to Hatfield, and received instructions to set out immediately for Antwerp, for the purpose of at once raising a loan to pay the enormous interest on some of the bonds held by Flemish Jews, and to defray pressing demands.

One of the first efforts of Cecil, who enjoyed the most perfect confidence of the Queen, was to put the coinage into a more satisfactory condition. It had been abominably depreciated, and private mints had been established for the issue of base coin. This was remedied by calling in the old coin and substituting for it new and genuine money. Of course this necessary proceeding involved a money loss, but it was well compensated by the greater security of all commercial transactions.

ROYAL ENTRY INTO LONDON.

Six days after her accession, the young Queen set out from Hatfield, "with a joyous escort of more than a thousand persons," on her way to London. At Highgate she was met by the bishops, who, kneeling, acknowledged their allegiance, not, perhaps, without some doubts as to the probability of the tenure of their sees. She was in a gracious humour, and permitted each bishop to kiss her hand, except Bonner, Bishop of London, "whom," says Stow, "she omitted for sundry severities in the time of his authority." He perhaps remembered the slight when he afterwards refused to take the oath of supremacy—a refusal for which he was deprived of his bishopric, and remitted to the Marshalsea prison, where he died miserably. At the foot of Highgate hill the young Queen was met by the Lord Mayor and aldermen and chief citizens of London, and conducted by them in great state, through Islington and Clerkenwell, to Lord North's mansion, the Charter House, adjacent to Smithfield. After a week's residence there, she entered the city at Cripplegate, and rode in state along by the city wall to the Tower, where she remained another week, and then went by water to Somerset House. One of her first acts as Queen was significant. The Archbishop of York ceased to be Lord Chancellor, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, the famous father of a more famous son, and brother-in-law of Cecil, was appointed Lord Keeper. Since that time no ecclesiastic has held the high position of "Keeper of the Sovereign's conscience."

No man could say with certainty that the accession of Elizabeth would produce any important change in the ecclesiastical con-

dition of the country. The majority of the peers were Catholics, and of course the bishops and beneficed clergy belonged to the Romish Church. Elizabeth herself, and Cecil, her chief adviser, had hitherto avoided any direct opposition to that Church, and the new Queen retained thirteen avowed and devout Catholics in her Privy Council. As intimated already, her Protestantism was less doctrinal than political, and at present, at least, she did not choose to assume the character of a doctrinal Reformer. What she did intend to do in regard of the national Church was manifest a year or two afterwards, when she was more firmly settled on the throne. The London mob, however, jumped to the conclusion that the tables were about to be turned, and assaulted priests in the open streets; while Protestant divines emerged from their hiding-places, and began, without waiting for official permission, to read the services in English.

The Spanish ambassador, noting the workings of the popular feeling, wrote to Philip that an insurrection was imminent, and that his best course would be to invade the country at once, to prevent it falling into the hands of France—that country being willing, he supposed, to support the claims of Mary, wife of the Dauphin, to the throne of England. "The realm," wrote the ambassador, "is in such a state that we could best negotiate sword in hand." Philip, accustomed to tortuous courses, declined to adopt this advice, and trusted to the effect of bribes, promises, and persuasions. He hit upon a plan of his own; and when Elizabeth formally notified to him the death of his wife Mary, and her accession to the throne, he replied by offering to marry Elizabeth, his sister-in-law, thinking, perhaps, she would be unable to resist so splendid an offer, and by that means he might obtain even a stronger hold on England than he had enjoyed in the reign of Mary. He little understood either England or England's new Queen. She was too independent in spirit to be made a political tool, and too womanly to receive the advances of her sister's widower. Queen Mary was interred in Westminster Abbey, with all the solemn funeral rites of the Romish Church, and the celebration of a mass of requiem; but the day afterwards (Christmas Day) Elizabeth withdrew from the service in the private chapel before the elevation of the host. She did not forbid the Catholic celebration, but declined to be present at it.

CHANGES IN THE CHURCH.

Before a year had elapsed, "the English Church was lost for ever to the Papists." Probably the Queen was a little influenced in her action by the language of Pope Paul

IV., who, when the ambassador at Rome officially notified to him the death of Mary and the accession of her sister, replied that "he looked upon Elizabeth as illegitimate, and that she ought, therefore, to lay down the government, and wait for his decision as to whether she was lawful Queen." Of all women in the world, Elizabeth was the last to bow to such a dictum as this; and of all people in the world, the English were the last to accept a Papal allotment of the crown. The change must have come in course of time, but there can be little doubt that it was precipitated by the language of the Pope. In the first session of Parliament, held immediately after Elizabeth's coronation, the Lords and Commons enacted that the Queen, notwithstanding her sex, was the supreme head of the English Church; that the laws made concerning religion in King Edward's time should be re-established in full force; and that his Book of Common Prayer in the mother-tongue should be restored, and used to the exclusion of all others in all places of worship. The Liturgy, however, received certain modifications, which made it less objectionable to the Catholics, even if it failed to satisfy enthusiastic Protestants. The Pope was deposed from the headship of the Church, but the prayer for deliverance from him "and all his detestable enormities" was struck out. The words used in administering the Sacrament were so altered that the recipient could take it whether he believed in the real presence or not, and the rubric directed against the doctrine was struck out.

Doctrinally, there was certainly a considerable compromise; but politically, the Queen and her advisers were decidedly uncompromising. Her faithful subjects were quite welcome to say of the sacramental bread, as she herself is traditionally reported to have said—

"Christ's was the hand that brake it,
Christ's was the word that spake it,
And what that word did make it
That I believe and take it,"

but they must admit, whether they liked it or not, that she, Elizabeth, Queen of England, was head of the Church. On the 15th of May, the bishops, deans, and other Church dignitaries were summoned before the Queen and Privy Council, and admonished to conform to the new statute. Heath, Archbishop of York (the see of Canterbury was vacant), had the courage to remind the Queen of her promise "not to change the religion which she found by law established," and said that his conscience would not suffer him to obey her present commands. The other bishops concurred, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching.

One after another, the bishops refused to take the oath of supremacy; one only, Bishop Kitchen, of Llandaff, who had been Papist and Protestant, and Papist again,

were deprived, and many Church dignitaries also suffered the loss of their position in the Church; but the great body of the clergy complied, and the vacant bishoprics were



ATTACKING A SPANISH TREASURE SHIP.

and was now willing to be Protestant once more, complied, and was rewarded by being allowed to retain his bishopric. The others

filled up chiefly from the ranks of eminent Protestant divines who had fled the country to avoid the Marian persecutions, Matthew

Parker, who in early life had been chaplain to Anne Boleyn, being appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE CLERGY AT HOME.

The work of Church reformation by no means ended with the establishment of royal supremacy and the deprivation of those prelates and priests who declined to accept it. Personally, the clergy needed reformation quite as much as the system. In the reign just ended, the prelates had cared

more for doctrine than for discipline; and the new comers into sees and benefices were mostly determined to make the best of their opportunities. Within two years after the Church of England was put on the new basis, we are told, the prelates were granting long leases (for a consideration) of the estates in which they had but life interests, "caring nothing for the future." The Queen, it was known, objected to a married clergy, although she did not press the legal enforcement of celibacy. Many priests who had wives in the background in Mary's reign

now brought them forward; and many of the new incumbents and dignitaries had wives and families. The Queen had a right, or assumed a right, to interfere in the colleges and cathedrals, and cleared out the wives and little ones, declaring that the rooms intended for students were not to be sacrificed to women and children. The ladies, indeed, carried matters with a very high hand before the Queen interfered. We read that the singing men of the cathedral choirs were made to act as private servants to the clergy, and that the cathedral plate was

transferred to private sideboards; "the organ pipes were melted into kitchen dishes, the frames being made into bedsteads; and the copes and vestments, valuable for their golden embroidery, were cut up into gowns for the wives of the clergy. The said wives did call and take all things belonging to the Church and corporation as their own." The national Church was indeed in a bad condition. In some dioceses at least a third of the parishes had no clergymen; and of course the children were unbaptized, there

were no services, no administration of the Sacrament, and the dead went unblessed to the grave. Some of these vacancies, especially in the northern and western counties, were caused by the refusal of the occupants to take the oath of allegiance. The buildings fell into decay, and the Queen was moved to address an indignant remonstrance to Archbishop Parker on the "no small offence and scandal of the neglected condition of the churches." The personal changes caused by the new settlement of the Church are described by Burnett, who says



FRANCIS DRAKE.

that of nine thousand four hundred beneficed persons in England, all who chose to resign their benefices rather than comply with the new order of things were, beside the fourteen bishops and three bishops-elect, only six abbots, twelve deans, twelve archdeacons, fifteen heads of colleges, fifty prebendaries, and eighty rectors.

This statement confirms the view taken, that doctrinal matters were far less in dispute than ecclesiastical supremacy. There was no national dislike to a national church. As Mr. Green remarks, in his "History of the English People," "The most advanced Re-

formers did not dream of contending for a right to stand apart from the national religion. What they wanted was to make that national religion their own."

Elizabeth and her advisers having resolved to supersede the Roman Catholic as the State religion, resolved also to do their best to banish it from the country. The Tudors had little of the spirit of toleration in their composition; and, having decided that mass should not be celebrated in the national churches, proceeded to forbid it also in private chapels. Some of the practices of the Romish Church were not objectionable to the Queen; and when on one occasion Dean Nowell, a hot Reformer, was preaching before her, and began to vehemently denounce the use of images, she shouted from the royal closet, "Stick to your text, Master Dean; leave that alone." But she would be independent of the Pope, just as she would be independent of Philip of Spain, and the Parliament shared the feeling. There was, in fact, a strong national reaction, and little difficulty was experienced in passing the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. By the former an oath was imposed acknowledging "the Queen's highness to be the only supreme governor of this realm, as well in all spiritual and ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal." Members of the Roman Church who believed in the supremacy in spiritual matters of the Pope, of course could not conscientiously take this oath, and they suffered accordingly deprivation of civil rights, and in some cases were subjected to charges of treason. Elizabeth instructed the ecclesiastical visitors of the dioceses to deny that she meant to "challenge authority and power of ministry of divine service in the Church;" but that the true meaning of the Act of Supremacy was that she intended to "have the sovereignty and rule over all manner of persons born within her realm, dominions, and countries, of what estate, either ecclesiastical or temporal, soever they be, so as no other foreign power shall or ought to have any superiority over them." This vigorous protest against foreign interference was quite in accordance with the prevailing temper of the people; and scrupulous adherents of the Papacy being in the minority, they were, with considerable cheerfulness, left to their fate.

Similarly, the Act of Uniformity met with general acceptance on account of its political significance. It interdicted the celebration of Catholic rites, even in private, and the use of any liturgy except that of the Church of England, under pain of forfeiting goods and chattels and imprisonment (for life for a third offence). The service was conducted in the English language; and as, therefore, there could be no excuse for not listening to

it, everybody was ordered to attend church on Sundays and holidays, or to pay a fine of one shilling for every non-attendance. The Protestant clergy, having been themselves persecuted, were quite ready to be persecutors in their turn, and the common people who had shouted with delight when Protestants were burned in Smithfield would have been equally pleased to see believers in the Papacy at the stake. The Queen and Cecil were not disposed to revive the terrible spirit of the times just passed; but there was nevertheless, at the instigation of some of the clergy, influencing the agents of the government, "a persecution, not fiery, hot and bloody, like that of the late reign, but petty, minute, destructive of individual liberty, household independence, domestic peace, and too often of property." It was a stormy and volcanic time, and the national energies were in a disturbed condition, and assumed divers contorted forms; but the real meaning of "Protestantism against Papacy" was "England against the world."

POLITICAL REFORMS.

While the nation was thus the subject of very important changes in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters, it was also moving forward towards a new political and constitutional condition. An alteration took place in the representation of boroughs, hitherto limited exclusively to burghers of the towns represented. Now others were allowed to be representatives, the result being that men of wealth and connected with the nobility and county families sat in the House of Commons as representatives of boroughs, and their attitude towards the crown was bolder and more independent than that which the previous representatives had dared, or indeed had been disposed, to assume.

The new Parliament soon contrived to intimate to the Queen that it was not disposed to be a mere instrument of the royal will and pleasure; and she, finding the position she had at first assumed to be untenable, withdrew from it with consummate tact, and "protested she did not mean to prejudice any part of the liberties of the House."

SOCIAL STATE OF THE PEOPLE.

It is difficult to picture the social condition of the lower strata of the people in the Elizabethan times. When the young Queen came to the throne the population of the whole realm was about 5,000,000, or but little more than the inhabitants of the "Greater London" of the Registrar-General of the present day. Wealth was concentrated in comparatively few hands; the townsmen lived generally as few labourers would like to live now; the poor were miserably poor indeed. We can be easily deceived by figures; and

when we read that an ox could be bought for about fifty shillings, a wether sheep for three or four shillings, a milch cow for five-and-thirty shillings, and a pound of butter for fourpence, we might be disposed to think that the workman or country labourer must have been poor indeed if he could not feed well. But a master mason could only earn a shilling a day, a common labourer fourpence, and a hedger or ditcher from fourpence to sixpence. Wheat was about fifty shillings a quarter, and in some years of scarcity rose to more than a hundred shillings. From these facts we may guess that meat, even at the low prices quoted, did not very frequently adorn the poor man's table; and what kind of bread he ate we are left to conjecture.

The land was literally overrun with beggars. One of the first public measures of Elizabeth's reign gave authority to the justices in session to assess persons for the relief of the poor, and if they refused or neglected to pay to commit them to prison. The Poor Law was growing into shape, but was yet a long way from maturity. Elizabeth had been ten years on the throne when the preamble of an Act of Parliament averred that "all the parts of England and Wales be presently with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars exceedingly pestered." Some of the provisions of an Act passed in the reign of Edward VI., but subsequently repealed, were revived, and beggars "who were vagabonds" were whipped, burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron, and virtually made slaves by being apportioned to some employer to work without wages for a year, to be imprisoned if they ran away once, treated as felons for a second offence of the kind, and very summarily hanged if they ran away a third time. The really helpless poor were to some extent taken care of at the expense of the ratepayers; but for the "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" there was no mercy. The line of demarcation between vagabondage and actual crime was not very distinctly marked by the local magistracy, whose chief object seems to have been to make as short work as possible in dealing with the prowling gangs. One historian of the period says that the magistrates of Somersetshire captured a gang of a hundred at one stroke, hanged fifty at once, and then complained to the Council of the necessity of waiting till the assizes before they could hang the remaining fifty. Why, having gone so far, they should have had any scruples, is not stated.

Scarcely a year passed without two or three hundred malefactors being hanged. In some districts the magistrates and county gentlemen who attended the sessions were intimidated by the threats of the sturdy

beggars and other rogues; but generally the authorities were ready enough to try the effect of the gallows in improving the morals of the community. They had precedent for the experiment, for in the course of the thirty-eight years' reign of Henry VIII. 72,000 persons had been hanged for the offence of being thieves or vagabonds. So, at least, says Harrison, the historian; and with nearly two thousand miserable wretches to dispose of every year the hangmen must have had a busy time. The Elizabethan officers of justice did not act on quite such a colossal scale in disposing of offenders; but they were active enough. To quote a modern writer, "the 'merry England' of the days of Elizabeth was in some respects rather a terrible country to live in; and the courtly and literary splendour which makes the sunny foreground of the picture it has spread before the imagination of all of us is set off, when the whole is uncovered, by no small force of contrast in the black barbaric gloom of the other parts."

MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE.

Let us pass from the shadows into the light. After the accession of Elizabeth there was a rapid increase in foreign trade. A taste for luxuries developed in the upper classes of society, side by side with the taste for literature and art; and in the suddenly enriched middle and mercantile classes, with the increase of wealth the daily strengthening spirit of adventure and enterprise aided the more sordid commercial spirit. The credit of England with foreign merchants and capitalists was re-established, thanks to Cecil, Gresham, and others; and the merchants of England began that competition in trading enterprise destined to eclipse the commercial glories of Antwerp and Venice. From India, Persia, and Turkey, were imported carpets, velvets, damasks, cloth of gold, silk, perfumes, and spices. English ships visited the ports of Russia and the Baltic states, and brought back flax, furs, tallow, iron and steel, ropes, cables, and masts for ships. Home-staying capitalists started factories, and encouraged handicrafts, the manufacture of woollen fabrics especially receiving a great impulse; and a foreign demand for English goods grew with the growth of the foreign trade. It is an evidence of the increasing luxury of the time that in 1559, the year after the accession of Elizabeth, foreign wine to the value of £64,000 was entered at the port of London—an enormous quantity, the retail price being only on the average sevenpence a gallon!

ROVERS OF THE SEAS.

There was a very vigorous element in English society, an element destined to take part in

some of the most remarkable achievements of that remarkable time—young men of good abilities, and belonging to good families, resolute and ambitious, with ambition made more active by want of money. They met with bold seamen who had seen the wonders of the New World, who had handled the gold and silver and precious stones, tasted its luscious fruits, and heard its legends—men who had seen the richly freighted galleons sail into the Spanish ports, and men, too, who were not disposed to diminish the effect of their narratives by keeping too scrupulously on the safe side of literal truth. With such adventurous mariners young Walter Raleigh talked, when as a boy he watched the waves beating on the desert coast. With such men a hundred others, older and ready to take part in any daring venture, held converse at London, Bristol, and Falmouth. There were already “rovers of the seas,” young men of family driven to what was really little better than piracy by the persecutions and political changes which had deprived them of their heritages; and they found in the new attitude of England towards foreign powers, in the imminence of a contest with Spain, new opportunities. Some of them had, during the war with France, received commissions; and on return of peace they had been formally censured for their misdeeds, but not punished; for there was no regular navy, and the services of the daring, able seamen, who not unfrequently boarded a foreign vessel in the British Channel, and whose respect for international law was extremely slight, might be again needed. Among these bold spirits were representatives of the Carews, Killigrews, Tremaynes, Throgmortons, Cobhams, and other families of repute. On Elizabeth’s accession some had become servants of the Crown; one of the most famous, Sir Edward Horsey, was appointed governor of the Isle of Wight, and Harry Killigrew, of a Cornish family, was employed as a confidential agent of the Court. Leaders cast in this mould soon found followers among the fishermen of the coast, hardy fellows whose trade declined when the Catholics, who ordered much fish to be eaten, were displaced by Protestants who did not observe fast days. They were willing enough to follow the fortunes of the dashing young fellows who had contrived to raise funds for fitting out a ship or two, and ventured into the broad Atlantic to look out for Spanish ships with treasure on board. Sometimes a rich prize was made; but sometimes the English rovers got the worst of the encounter, and were taken prisoners to Spain, where such of them as had the courage to stand by their Protestantism were handed over to the Inquisition and burnt as heretics.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* de-

scribes the adventurous spirit which characterized the age: “Maritime expedition and colonization were the favourite undertakings and projects of the more enterprising and active speculators of that stirring period. The ocean and the New World attracted all their actions and thoughts. The more daring and adventurous fitted out cruisers to intercept the Spanish ships on their return with rich cargoes from the colonies; while those who aimed at plantations and the extension of commerce looked to the northern parts of America as the appropriate field of their nobler exertions.”

MARITIME ADVENTURES.

The expedition to the coast of Africa by William Hawkins has been already mentioned. Hawkins was accompanied on that voyage by his son, the more famous John, whose memory bears the disgrace of the first systematic slave trading by an Englishman. In 1562, four years after the accession of Elizabeth, John Hawkins and Thomas Hampton fitted out three vessels, and with a hundred men sailed for Sierra Leone, where they collected three hundred negroes (readily enough sold by the native chiefs, who probably failed to see why they should be more scrupulous about dealing in human flesh than were the clever white men who offered tempting prices for the dusky cargo), and took them to St. Domingo, where they were sold as slaves. King Philip, however, would not sanction the transaction. It is only charitable to suppose that humanity had as much to do with this determination as desire to annoy an Englishman; but the negroes were retained, although the hides which Hawkins had purchased with the price of the slaves, and sent to Cadiz, were confiscated when they reached that port.

The seamen of that day were not easily discouraged, and Hawkins was in some respects a typical man. A second expedition was fitted out; and Elizabeth actually gave the leader one of the best ships in the service to be employed in the trade. The name of this ship was the *Jesus*; but we have no record that any of the ardent religionists about the Court, any of the zealous Protestants or eloquent preachers, noticed the unfitness of the name. It may be that the Queen resented the action of Philip, whom she no doubt heartily detested; but it is quite certain that she more than once condescended to take a share in what might prove a profitable venture—and, after all, they were only black heathens who were to be stolen. In those days men and women of culture were rather hard-hearted. Not only did the Queen thus aid Hawkins, but she gave another ship to Davis Carlet, bound on a similar expedition. Hawkins captured or purchased from Portuguese

traders about four hundred slaves,—not, however, without escaping many dangers, as, with an edifying piety he acknowledged, by “the aid of Almighty God, who never suffers His elect to perish.”

ACHIEVEMENTS OF DRAKE.

The great sailor of the age was Francis Drake, a kinsman of Hawkins. He was the eldest of the twelve sons of Edward Drake, a sailor, and was born in 1545, near Tavistock, in Devonshire. Hawkins noticed the ability and spirit of the lad, and took him to sea with him. At eighteen he was purser of a ship, and at twenty-two captain of a vessel named the *Judith*. He behaved gallantly in an action at St. John d’Ulloa in the Gulf of Mexico, and returned to England, as he himself said, “with a great reputation, and without a groat”—not an uncommon condition with the bold, reckless adventurers of the time. His ship’s company included a chaplain, who probably fitted his divinity to the latitudes in which he chanced to be cruising, and he had advised Drake on a question of casuistry. “The case,” he said, “is clear: the King of Spain’s subjects have undone Mr. Drake, and therefore Mr. Drake is at liberty to take the best satisfaction he can on the subjects of the King of Spain.” This doctrine, we are told, “how rudely soever preached, was very taking in England.” In 1570 Drake sailed on his first expedition, with two ships, the *Dragon* and the *Swan*, landed on the Isthmus of Darien, which he crossed, and then returned to England with a good booty. In the following year he made a less successful voyage in the *Swan* alone. He started on a third expedition from Plymouth on the 24th of March, 1572—himself in the *Pascha*, of seventy tons; and his brother in the *Swan*, only twenty-five tons. With such small vessels did the knights-errant of the ocean seek adventures in those days of daring. The crew consisted of seventy-five men and boys. In July he reached the Mexican coast, and attacked the town of Nombre de Dios, near which were rich silver mines. The town was taken by storm; but Drake himself was dangerously wounded, and the adventurers were afterwards compelled to retreat to their ships, having obtained very little booty. The town of Venta Cruz was next attacked and captured, and a small amount of plunder obtained, but more from a train of fifty mules laden with plate which Drake’s followers met on the way. They carried off as much as they could, and buried the rest. In these exploits they were assisted by some of the native Indians, who hated the Spanish with a very intelligible hatred, and as yet believed in the superior virtues of the English rovers. The chief, or prince, of the Indians gave Drake four large wedges of gold in

exchange for a cutlass. With a seaman’s generosity Drake gave this treasure to the common stock, saying “he thought it but just that such as bore the charge of so uncertain a voyage on his credit should share to the utmost in the advantages that voyage produced.” On the 9th of August, 1573, the weather-beaten sails of the returning ships were seen from Plymouth Hoe, and Drake and his comrades received the congratulations of the townsmen on the success of their venture—which some unromantic persons might describe as of a piratical character.

Drake’s restless energy would not allow him to repose. While awaiting opportunity for making another sea venture, he served as a soldier in Ireland, where there was plenty of fighting, and where, too, there was occasionally a little “loot,” as it is called now-a-days. There he so distinguished himself that on his return Sir Christopher Hatton introduced him to the Queen. He was soon afterwards at the head of a fleet of five small vessels (the largest only of eighty tons), with 164 men; and in December, 1577, started from Falmouth to achieve the great adventure of his career. He sailed through the Straits of Maghaelan into the Pacific, plundered with patriotic (and perhaps a little private) zeal the Spanish towns on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and then sailing westward touched at the East Indies and returned home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. He was the first Englishman who had sailed round the world; and it is no wonder that when he reached Deptford Elizabeth warmly welcomed the bold seaman who had rivalled the greatest achievements of the vaunted Spanish navigators. She visited his ship, the *Golden Hind*, at Deptford, and knighted Drake, who was henceforth in great favour. In 1585-6 he was busy in the West Indies, doing all the damage he could to Spanish ships and Spanish towns; and a year afterwards commanded thirty ships in an expedition to Cadiz. It was known that Philip was preparing a great fleet for the invasion of England, and Drake’s orders were to attack and destroy as many ships as he could. With amazing daring he entered Cadiz roads, passed the batteries, and in one day, the 19th of April, 1587, burned a hundred vessels and possessed himself of an immense booty; and having quitted the roads before the Spaniards had recovered from their panic, sailed along the coast burning and plundering. Then he steered for the Azores, looking out for homeward-bound treasure-ships, and encountered and captured an enormous “carrack,” the richest prize ever taken at sea. This he brought in triumph to Plymouth, and the heads of his countrymen were nearly turned by the arrival of booty worth about a million sterling.

SEEKING A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

But Francis Drake, although the most brilliantly successful seaman of his time, had rivals in the spirit of adventure. The possibility of a north-western passage to the Indies was even then suggested. In July, 1576, Martin Frobisher left England with two small vessels (the largest only of twenty-five tons) and a pinnacle, reached the coast of Greenland, and made an unsuccessful exploration of a strait which he supposed would afford the desired passage. He returned to England and prepared another expedition. The coast of Greenland was again reached, but few discoveries were made, except of stones which "sparkle and glisten in the sun like gold," and the horn of a "sea-unicorn," into which some spiders being put immediately died, and that was, according to some very astute axiom, a sure proof of "great store of gold." Two women (Esquimaux probably) were also captured, one of whom was so ugly that the sailors suspected her to be the devil, and would not be convinced to the contrary until they had stripped off her boots of skins, to see whether she had a cloven foot. In the following year the Queen sent Frobisher on a third voyage, to take possession of the land he had discovered; and 120 persons accompanied him, intending to establish a colony; but the ice barred the passage, and the expedition returned, with no other gain than a large quantity of the "glistening stones," which were generally believed to indicate the presence of gold, but were most probably pieces of the beautiful iridescent spar found abundantly in Labrador. England was hungering for gold, and no simple country lad ever tramped to London with greater belief in the existence of the golden pavement than that with which the adventurers of the Elizabethan age dared the perils of the sea in search of Dorados in the western world.

In 1585, John Davis, of Sandridge, in Devonshire, with two ships, reached the coast of Greenland, which he called "the land of desolation;" then steering to the north-west, he saw a high mountain, "glistening like gold" (gold again!), to which he gave the name Mount Raleigh. For sixty leagues Davis sailed up a strait (now known as Cumberland Inlet), but was compelled to return. He made two other voyages subsequently, but with small practical result. His name is still preserved in Davis Straits.

Then there were the expeditions to the American coast by Sir Humphrey Gilbert (ending so pathetically), and by captains sent out by Walter Raleigh; the discovery and settlement of Virginia; and afterwards Raleigh's own voyage to Guiana, and attempt to reach "the golden land," and his marvellous narrative, so grandly told, of the beauties

and natural wealth of the country. About the same time, too, Thomas Candish, or Cavendish, emulating the achievement of Drake, passed through the Maghaelan Strait and attacked the Spanish towns on the South American coast. He sailed round the world, and returned with abundance of wealth, and was knighted by the Queen; but soon spent his money, undertook another voyage, met with no success, and died broken-hearted on his way home.

RISE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

While daring men of adventurous minds were turning their thoughts to the western world, India, the "Cathay," that powerful magnet of attraction to the merchants of Europe, was the bright particular star to which the more sober-minded wealth-seekers turned their eyes. The Turkey company sent expeditions through Syria to Bagdad, and down the Tigris to the Persian Gulf, whence India was reached; and other expeditions made their way by sea round the Cape of Good Hope. Agents were despatched to the court of the Great Mogul; associations of merchants were formed in London for the purpose of establishing a trade with India, and towards the close of her reign Elizabeth granted a charter of incorporation to "the governor and company of the merchants of London trading with the East Indies." What the East India Company grew to, we all know, and we all know, too, that Queen Victoria is now Empress of India; but the seeds of that greatness were sown in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

SHATTERING THE GREAT ARMADA.

The time came at last for the supreme trial of strength between England, a few years before so weak, and Spain, claiming to be the mistress of the world, but already tottling on the pinnacle of greatness. We need not repeat the familiar story of the great Armada. The world never saw—unless perhaps when the Persians under Xerxes invaded little Greece—so great an array as the gigantic fleet which, under the command of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, set sail for England in 1588. All England was afire with excitement and patriotism when the great news came. The nation breathed with a new life. Elizabeth marshalled the troops on land, ready to repel the invaders, covered her golden locks with a steel helmet, enclosed her spare figure in an iron corslet, and having dubbed as knight "the bold lady of Cheshire, Lady Mary Cholmondeley," mounted a charger and made a brave speech to the army gathered at Tilbury. "I am come amongst you," she said, "not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst of the heat of the battle to live or die

amongst you all. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and of a King of England too!" There spoke the spirit of England by the mouth of England's Queen. Howard of Effingham, Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and many other heroes of the sea, encountered the great Armada in the Channel, and scattered it. A violent storm completed the work of destruction; the naval supremacy of Spain was destroyed for ever, and England gained the title, so proudly worn for three centuries, of "mistress of the seas."

SPLENDID LITERARY DEVELOPMENT.

Contemporaneously with this marvellous development of the power of England in its external aspects, there was an intellectual development even more remarkable. The last thirty years of the sixteenth century in this country were made illustrious by the birth and growth of an imaginative literature of almost unrivalled splendour. Thomas Campbell—and there could scarcely be found a more competent critic—says, in the introduction to his "Specimens of the British Poets":—

"In the reign of Elizabeth, the English mind put forth its energies in every direction, exalted by a purer religion and enlarged by new views of truth. This was an age of loyalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits, while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstition of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivities. Quaint and pedantic as these allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were nevertheless more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning than they had been in former times. The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A political spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of dreams. They had high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy. The life of Sir Philip Sidney is poetry put into action."

The acquaintance with the French and Italian languages, possessed by most of the cultured class, and the attention given to the study of the classic authors of Greece and Rome, improved the taste and stimulated the imagination of those who possessed poetic sympathy. A few years before Elizabeth ascended the throne, Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey had produced many

charming poems, inspired by genuine sentiment; and to the latter is due the introduction of blank verse into English literature. Puttenham, the author of the "Art of English Poesy," published in 1589, says, "In the latter end of King Henry VIII.'s reign sprang up a new company of courtly makers [poets], of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder and Henry Earl of Surrey were the two chieftains, who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poetry, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of poetry."

It has been said of Sir Philip Sidney, that he "trod from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of joy." His verses are graceful and animated; his prose more poetical than most poetry. One critic has declared that "Sidney's is a wonderful style, always flexible, harmonious, and luminous, and on fit occasions rising to great stateliness and splendour; while a breath of beauty and noble feeling lives in and exhales from the whole of his great work like the fragrance from a garden of flowers." His "great work" is "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," inscribed to his sister.

A greater poet than Sidney was his friend Edmund Spenser, "the poets' poet," as he has been styled. Some of Spenser's earlier poems are exquisite. He wrote from the impulses of a passionate, loving heart, when he addressed "the widow's daughter of the glen," Rosalind, probably Rose Daniel, a sister of another poet; and when he married Miss Nagle, an Irish girl, he wrote the "Epithalamium," of which Hallam says, "I do not know any other nuptial song, ancient or modern, of equal beauty. It is an intoxication of ecstasy, ardent, noble, and pure." Spenser was the friend of Raleigh (the "Colin Clout" of his poems), with whom he became acquainted in Ireland, and by him was introduced to friends of kindred tastes. His great poem, "The Fairy Queen," the first three books of which appeared in 1590 and the remainder six years afterwards, is beyond question one of the great poems of the world. It is an allegory, but so interspersed with incident that it rivals in personal interest the great epic romances of Italy; and the grace and beauty of the language, and the command of a difficult metre, are no less admirable than the mingled delicacy and vigour of description, and the exquisite fancy and imaginative power which pervade it. It is a succession of pictures, a continuous strain of music; and eye and ear are alike gratified, the one by the chivalrous and lovely figures which fill the scene, the other by the melody, so flexible and so sweet, so spirited and so tender, which accompanies the pa-

geant, or seems to float in the air above "heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb."

Of lesser poets there were many: Walter Raleigh, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, Thomas Sackville, and others; but the poetic development was preparing to assume, as we shall presently show, another form—the dramatic, and in that form to achieve its highest triumph. Prose began to emulate poetry in dignity and sonorous beauty, and the writings of the historians and thinkers of the time exhibit a considerable advance on the rugged, if vigorous productions of their immediate predecessors. The period is marked by the appearance of the first portion of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and we are told by a critic of great ability that "Hooker's style is almost without a rival for its sustained dignity of march; but that which makes it most remarkable is its union of all this learned gravity and correctness with a flow of genuine, racy English, as untinctured with pedantry of any kind as anything that came from the pen of the most familiar and careless of popular writers." This characteristic, indeed, arising from the consciousness of strength, and the ease of manner ensuing from that knowledge, marks all the best productions of the time. There was, indeed, a great outbreak of affectation, the "aestheticism" of the time, the high priest of which was John Lyly, a man of genius, with a crocheted, who has been ridiculed by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour Lost*, and by Scott in "The Monastery;" but the affectation, popular for a time, soon wore away. The spirit of the age was too earnest for such trifling to affect it permanently. Towards the latter part of the period George Chapman produced a portion of his noble translation of Homer, the perusal of which made John Keats (who should have lived in the Elizabethan, not the Georgian age) feel as he imagined Cortez felt when, "silent upon a peak in Darien," he first gazed on the Pacific. Philosophy was in the throes of a new birth; but as yet Francis Bacon was only a law student of brilliant promise, and his great achievements in recasting the philosophical method were reserved for the next reign.

SHAKESPEARE THE SYMBOL OF THE AGE.

The most remarkable literary feature of this illustrious time was the springing into existence, by a bound as it were, of the English drama. In twenty years after Elizabeth's accession forty-six regular tragedies had been produced, and young men of genius were devoting themselves to dramatic poetry. There were Peele and Greene, and many others; and Marlowe, who except one, the greatest of all poets, was the most powerful dramatic poet of the time. Then Shakespeare appeared on the scene, and the triumph was

complete. His consummate genius—his instinctive mastery of the expression of all human emotions—his creative power, which never mistook words for realities, rhetoric for passion or grief—his imagination, fancy, wit, and humour, mark him out as the unique figure not only of the Elizabethan age, but of all ages and all countries. Universal as he is in his sympathies, he is in a special sense the microcosm of the Elizabethan time. It was an age of adventure, and the brave spirit of the time echoes in his chivalrous lines. It was an age when new worlds were opening to the vision of men, and from the "still vexed Bermoothes" came the inspiration which took shape in the enchanted isle where dwelt Prospero and Miranda. It was an age when the national spirit was evoked, when chains had been broken, and England stood free before the world; and the historic plays are the very embodiment of the heroic English spirit. Harry of Agincourt exclaims, as in effect Elizabeth exclaimed at Tilbury, "Our hearts are in the trim;" Falconbridge echoed the national outburst when the shadow of the Armada darkened the waves of the Channel, in saying "Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them;" and the words of John, "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in my dominions," was the key-note of the Reformation. The intense nationality which animated Englishmen finds expression in old John of Gaunt's descriptive epithets:—

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle . . .
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England!"

It was a time when the passionate and picturesque romances and legends of southern Europe were acclimatized in England, and we have the loves of "Juliet and her Romeo," and the grim figure of Shylock. It was a time when the dim legends and antique chronicles of our own land were coming into the light, and there are Lear and Imogen and Macbeth. It was a time when classic literature and biography were studied; and in Shakespeare's pages Achilles and Hector, Andromache and Cassandra, Brutus and Coriolanus, Antony and Cleopatra, live again, not as antique statues, but informed with the life which creative genius can alone impart.

Ben Jonson, rising into fame as Elizabeth's yellow hair turned grey, has paid Shakespeare the magnificent compliment that "he was not for an age, but for all time." This is true in one sense; but in another sense he was for one age, and that the most illustrious period in our national annals—"the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

G. R. E



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

THE FIGHT AT FONTENOY, AND WHAT LED TO IT.

European Affairs—Maria Theresa—Frederick the Second of Prussia—The Beginning of the War of Succession—Battle of Mollwitz—Affairs in England—State of Europe—Progress of the War—The British Cabinet—The King in Germany—Battle of Dettingen—Defeat of the French—Incidents of the Battle—Marshal Saxe and the Invasion of England—The Campaign of 1744—The English Alliance—The Campaign in Flanders—The Siege of Tournai—Battle of Fontenoy—British Bravery—The French Repulsed—English Hard Pressed—Defection of the Dutch Troops—The Result—Foreign Opinions of the Fight at Fontenoy—Conclusion.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

IN the 20th October, 1740, the Emperor Charles the Sixth died, leaving as the successor to his crown his daughter, Maria Theresa. The Emperor had died in the hope and

belief that he had made the succession sure. He had endeavoured by all means in his power to arrange that his daughter should peacefully succeed, and had managed to obtain the agreement (termed the Pragmatic Sanction) to her undisturbed succession, by

parting with various slices of territory to the reigning houses.

Maria Theresa had married Stephen of Lorraine, but neither he nor his ministers were very resolute in Government. We have testimony to their irresolution and despair in emergencies. But no sooner had the Emperor died, than all the watch-dogs to which he had cast bones, in the shape of territory, forgot the bones, and came to fight over his possessions. They forgot all about the Pragmatic Sanction, and feeling assured that in this instance might was right, they pounced upon the poor little princess *en masse*. Frederick the Great annexed Silesia, Charles Albert was elected emperor, while Spain followed the example of France, although the latter was free to move, having made no promises. Prussia made the first stir. The old king was dead, and Frederick the Second had succeeded.

Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, sent advices to the crowned heads informing them of the death of the Emperor; and when the Elector of Bavaria received the news he declared that it was impossible to acknowledge her as Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, "because of his pretensions to the Emperor's succession, which he was resolved to make good." He confirmed this opinion in interviews with the Ambassadors at his Court, and claimed the throne, in consequence of the will of Ferdinand, whose Austrian estates had been left to his daughter, failing male issue, and he, the Elector, was descended from that daughter.

Prussia and Saxony, however, promised to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction, also, if necessary, to send troops, and France was particularly energetic; but on the 14th of December, having meanwhile kept up the greatest protestations of friendship, Frederick of Prussia marched nearly 30,000 men into Silesia with speed.

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

So quietly were the measures of the young King taken, that his sudden departure for the army one evening from a masked ball excited considerable surprise. He had arranged with the French Ambassador to play the game. "I am going," said the King, "to play your game, I think, but if I throw *doublets* we will share the stakes" (Voltaire). Frederick the Great declared that he must protect Silesia "in the preservation and prosperity whereof we have the more interested ourselves, as it serves for a defence and bulwark to our territories in the empire"; and he proceeded to explain in his manifesto that he only took Silesia and carried war into it, for fear of somebody else doing the same thing so near his own dominions!

"We have no intention," he says, "of

disobliging Her Majesty of Hungary, with whom we evidently desire to maintain a strict friendship, and to contribute to her real interest and preservation"; and he concluded by warning the Silesians that if any trouble arose they would only have themselves to thank for it. No opposition was made by the people, and so quickly was the seizure made that there were not wanting people who declared that the whole arrangement had been concocted between the King of Prussia and Maria Theresa herself.

Such a sudden step as this naturally astonished the other nations of Europe, yet Austria was not a power to be defied with impunity. Frederick, however, was diplomatic. He sent to Maria Theresa to tell her what he intended to do, and suggested that she should quietly cede to him Lower Silesia. If she would consent he would assist her. He named his price, but the Queen declined, and declared she would never make any terms with him; and when the hypocritical manifesto was published, as above quoted, it only added fuel to the flame of the Queen's wrath. The Prussian Minister quitted Vienna, and on the 22nd of December Frederick entered Breslau without bloodshed.

But at Otmachan a more spirited resistance was offered, and the drummer who was beating the parley was shot dead. An attack was immediately made upon the place, and in twenty-four hours it surrendered. In one or two other places the Austrians made a stout resistance, and at the town of Neiss they obliged the Prussians to retire and commence a siege. Frederick then left the command of his army to Marshal Schwerin, and returned to Berlin to hurry up more troops. A good deal of desultory fighting went on, and the Prussian forces were greatly strengthened in Silesia; and in King George's speech at the opening of Parliament in London in April 1741, the war then going on was alluded to, with other incidents, "as events that require the utmost care and attention, as they may involve all Europe in a bloody war. The Queen of Hungary has already demanded the 12,000 men expressly stipulated by treaty, and thereupon I have demanded of the King of Denmark and the King of Sweden, as Landgraves of Hesse Cassel, their respective bodies of 6,000 men each." Both Houses assured His Majesty that they would assist him in defending such a righteous cause as that of the Queen of Hungary. So England was already preparing for the struggle, and determined to uphold her treaties.

THE BATTLE OF MOLLWITZ.

Maria Theresa was now thoroughly roused to action. She appealed to her people, and collected a small army, about 20,000 men.

At the head of this force she placed Marshal Neuperg, who had just been released from prison. He advanced to Neiss, where the Prussian army was still occupied, and taking Grotkau on his way, fell in with the enemy at Mollwitz, and a severe battle ensued. The Prussians took the Austrians somewhat by surprise, for the snow was deep; but notwithstanding this advantage the Austrians at first succeeded in driving back their antagonists, and the Prussian troops took to flight, carrying with them Frederick, then not the Great, as he was the first to fly.

It is related of him in this battle that when his baggage was captured by the Austrian cavalry he mounted his horse and saying to his companions, "Farewell, gentlemen, I am better mounted than any of you"; he rode away leaving his friends to be captured by the Austrian hussars. This fact is vouched for by one of those thus left by the King to the British Ambassador. Things would have gone badly with the army but for the steady bravery of the Prussian infantry. The engagement lasted four hours, and the Austrians had almost assured themselves of victory when the infantry changed the fortunes of the fight. Marshal Schwerin held his ground, and the Austrians were obliged to retire with a loss of 5,000 men, although the Prussians lost nearly as many.

Very little can be said for the King of Prussia, and he himself confessed that he and the Austrians had been trying who could make most mistakes; but there is no doubt that Frederick had a lesson he never forgot. After this engagement the Austrians crossed the river, and fortified themselves opposite, while the Prussians pushed on to Brieg, and after a short investment the famous Piccolomini was obliged to capitulate.

It was about this time that George II. proceeded to Hanover against the advice of Walpole, who had a good deal to contend against there just then. England had already given her adhesion to the Pragmatic Sanction, and troops and money had been voted. But some idea got into the heads of the community that the King was mainly interested in defending Maria Theresa, because he was afraid of his own Hanoverian possessions. Hanover never had been very popular in England; the evident German tendencies of the Sovereign Electors "stank in the nostrils" of the English people, and Pulteney even declared in the House that England ought not and could not go to war to preserve Hanoverian territory. But Walpole replied, explaining that England was bound to protect Maria Theresa by treaty, and in support of the balance of power in Europe to repress the ambition of the French, and to preserve the national independence. However, the subsidy to the Queen of Hungary was voted to the

amount of £300,000; and though the vote had been taken without a division, Lord Carteret took care to inform the Court at Vienna that Walpole had been compelled to bring in the measure against his wishes, and so the young Queen took a decided dislike to the Minister, and declined his advice when subsequently it was proffered.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

It was while things were in this condition that Parliament was prorogued, and new writs were issued. The King came over to Hanover as aforesaid, and got into a state of alarm concerning his Electorate. The defeat of the Austrians had been more disastrous politically, perhaps, than actually in the field of battle. No sooner were the successes of the King of Prussia announced than a horde of vultures made ready to swoop upon the carcase of Austria so soon as Frederick had killed the empire. But like those birds, the Powers did not wait for the death of the victim. Austria was down, and apparently helpless in the dust, and so the vultures came round clamouring for a share of the prey.

Spain, Sardinia, and Poland came, and France, seeing the great success of the Prussians, thought an alliance with the young king would be very advantageous. Frederick had already hinted to the French ambassador (as related above) that he would give him a share in the spoils, and Marshal de Belleisle was dispatched to conclude a treaty upon the following terms:—

- (1) The Elector of Bavaria was to be raised to the imperial dignity.
- (2) The dominions of the Queen of Hungary were to be divided.
- (3) The King of Prussia was to obtain Silesia, renouncing the Duchies of Julius and Berg, and to vote for the Elector of Bavaria as the Emperor Charles VII.
- (4) France was to send two armies into the Empire to help Bavaria and defeat the English, and to keep all they could get for themselves—the Netherlands if possible.

These were very nice terms indeed, and—to employ the words used in England subsequently—"sure never was poor princess in worse plight than Her Majesty of Hungary"! The French emissary appeared, determined to despoil her of everything, and judging from history he seems to have even exceeded his instructions. "He seemed," says Frederick himself, "as if he thought that all the territories of the Queen of Hungary were already on sale to the highest bidder." Walpole was most desirous to come to terms, and tried all his resources of diplomacy in Prussia and

Austria, before he would consent to armed intervention. He attempted an appeal to the feelings of the King of Prussia, and failed. The King would have his bond. On the other hand, Maria Theresa was advised to relinquish a little to save the larger portion of her dominions, but she would not hear of the Prussian claim; and even when she consented partly, she expressed a hope that her enemy would refuse her terms. He did.

But while Walpole, through the ambassadors, was thus negotiating, or attempting to negotiate, King George was in a most terrible fright concerning his Electorate of Hanover. The alliance of the French filled him with fear; it would never do to have Hanover annexed. So we read that he sent an envoy to arrange a neutrality treaty for a year. Frederick himself relates this as a fact. So Hanover was neutral, while Saxony gave up the Pragmatic Sanction without much pressure; for while Walpole and King George had been talking, Frederick and France had concluded the treaty above mentioned.

No time had been lost in France. Cardinal Henry was quite put on the shelf; hints were thrown out to the Jacobites to worry England; and Marshal Maillebois advanced upon Hanover, where he induced King George to stipulate for neutrality, and another army marched into Bavaria, where they subdued Lintz, and pushed forward to Vienna, where Maria Theresa then was, and in a condition quite unfit to travel. But her enemies gave her no choice. She had to fly into Hungary with her infant child, and daily expecting another. Her husband and his brother remained to defend the capital.

In England, meantime, popular opinion had declared itself very firmly against the King's action respecting the treaty of Hanover. It was freely denounced, and when the King returned he was not in the best of tempers at what he had agreed to. At the opening of Parliament in December, he expressed a hope that the Continental powers would see the error of their ways in attacking the Queen of Hungary. The war with Spain had not been fortunate, and there was much discontent manifested on this account beside.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Meanwhile the allies had been making way. They had driven the Queen away from Vienna, but did not attack the city, they marched into Bohemia and attacked Prague; and yet with all their undaunted sagacity, the oppressors of the unfortunate young Queen had permitted her to escape, which was an error, for her personal popularity in Hungary was very great. Putting aside her personal charms,—and she is described by

contemporary chroniclers as very beautiful and winning as well as dignified,—she had much tact, and acquiesced in Hungarian customs to please her subjects. She reaped her reward.

When she arrived at Presburg she, carrying her little son in her arms, addressed the assembled "magnates" in Latin in a most effective and affecting manner. They could not resist her appeals. She pushed the words home, and drove them into their hearts with the address—"The kingdom of Hungary, our person, our children, our crown are at stake. Forsaken by all, we seek shelter only in the fidelity, the arms, the hereditary valour of the renowned Hungarian States!" Was it in human nature to resist this, emphasized by a Queen—a beautiful, pleading, unhappy woman, holding up her child for protection?—No. All present clashed their swords and shouted enthusiastically, "Our lives and our blood for your Majesty. We will die for our *King*—Maria Theresa!"

The enthusiasm did not end there. Once determined, no time was lost. The "fiery cross" was sent through the land, and all flew to arms for their beautiful Queen. Never had monarch such a following: rich and poor, town and village aroused themselves and each other to succour the distressed woman, and to avenge the Sovereign. Far and wide went the call to arms; from near and far came the answer ever the same, in old Magyar tones, and with all the chivalrous accent of the race, "We will die for our Queen!"

But they were too late to help Prague. Notwithstanding the welcome English subsidy, which reached them,—an immense boon to the impoverished country,—the troops did not reach Prague before it had fallen, and the Bohemians, with the French, had elected the Elector of Bavaria Emperor. He was subsequently crowned as Charles VII. Success had also attended the Prussian arms. Breslau was occupied without loss; and at last, after some negotiations not altogether free from the suspicion of mendacity, Lower Silesia was abandoned to Frederick the Great, who gave his word of honour that he would not "attempt any more against her Hungarian Majesty."

So the Austrians remained satisfied, and the allies were astonished at the withdrawal of the Prussians. But, remarks the Royal historian of his own times, "this temptation was too great to be resisted, the enemy being willing to rest satisfied with a verbal communication which would acquire provinces to Prussia and winter quarters for her army fatigued with eleven months of military labour." "Put not your trust in princes" has been more than once quoted against the



THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

anointed of the people ; but seldom has a more barefaced instance of duplicity been confessed by its author. Frederick returned to Berlin, indeed ; but left secret instructions to Schwerin to advance at the proper time, and these instructions the marshal carried out with care. He waited until December and its snowstorms had sent the Austrian army under shelter, and then he made a dash upon Moldavia before the enemy could in any way ward off the attack. Olmutz fell ; but the Austrians pulled themselves together at last, and, in revenge, swooped down upon the French armies and obliged them to retreat, thus invading Bohemia, and causing the retirement of the Bavarians from Prague.

THE NEW ENGLISH CABINET.

The year 1742 saw the retirement of Walpole and a truce concluded between Prussia and Austria. Frederick the Great had put himself at the head of the armies of Saxony and Prussia ; but the contest was evidently not relished by the former State. Saxony was very lukewarm in the business, and the King let them go, winning a victory at Chotwitz in May, and thereby impressing the Austrians very much. This defeat induced the Queen to proffer terms ; and aided by England, which had been endeavouring to cause the enemies to arrange a truce, the treaty was signed. The Queen agreed to cede Upper and Lower Silesia, the province of Glatz, and a district of Moravia ; Frederick, on his part, engaging to remain neutral during that war, and to recall his troops within a fortnight.

Frederick had been rather suspicious concerning his allies, the French, and now by this treaty he compelled them to retire from the contest also ; but they had penetrated so far that it was a matter of some difficulty for them to retreat. They had to suffer immense loss in the retrograde movement they were thus compelled to make ; but Marshal Belleisle was equal to the task. He managed to withdraw his men—or, more correctly, a portion of them—for out of the 35,000 who had marched into Austrian territory only 8,000 remained. The other army still supported the Elector of Bavaria, or the Emperor, as he preferred to be styled. This retreat of Belleisle's was extolled by French historians ; but, as a matter of fact, the people turned it into a jest, and ridiculed it as heartily as did Frederick the Great.

In November 1742, the English Cabinet, with Lord Carteret as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, formed what was termed the "Drunken Administration" ; for the Secretary himself was seldom sober. He seems to have had his wits about him occasionally, at any rate, combined with a desire to serve number one (and the King) for his

sake. George was very anxious to come forth as a commander ; and his Minister, although previously opposed to the transmission of soldiers to the Continent, now agreed to it. So troops had been sent during the recess ; and Hessian infantry had been enrolled to reinforce this British contingent. In the King's speech, on the 16th November, he announced that he had caused the soldiers to be sent, and defended the increase of the British force in the low countries as a necessary step. The 16,000 of the Electoral troops had been despatched with the Hessians in British pay to support the House of Austria. These proceedings met with the approval of both houses, and the necessary vote was passed for the expenses in December. Notwithstanding this agreement by the Ministry the people did not, as a body, approve of these measures ; and the Opposition took advantage of the excitement against the employment of mercenaries to annoy the Ministry. But the money was voted, and in April 1743, Parliament having been prorogued, the King and his son, the Duke of Cumberland, crossed over to Hanover.

Things in Germany now began to look as if they were coming to a climax. The French seemed scarcely to have appreciated the fact that the British were in earnest. But when it was discovered that the Earl of Stair was advancing, they took steps to intercept him, sent 10,000 men across the Rhine, and proceeded to raise an additional army of 40,000 to oppose the advance.

The King and his son set sail from Greenwich, and made little progress owing to a contrary wind, so they put back to Sheerness, where they remained until the 1st of May. The wind then being favourable they proceeded, and reached Hanover as speedily as possible, while more troops were forwarded to Flanders to support those who had been advancing under Lord Stair's command in Germany. Meanwhile the Austrians had been by no means idle or unsuccessful. Although the French had driven them once from Bavaria, the Austrians about this time repaid the debt, and advancing to Braunau drove their enemies out, and the Duc de Broglie retired to the Rhine, while the Duc de Noailles kept Lord Stair in view.

But the English and their Austrian allies did not appear in any hurry. They did not reach the Rhine till May, and took up a position near Frankfort to await the Hanoverians and Hessians. The Emperor had retired to Frankfort after the defeat of the French army in Bavaria, and so far there was no reason why Lord Stair could not have seized him. It is a question whether it was worth invading a free town for such a doubtful advantage. The Dutch had by this

time passed the resolution to support the British with 20,000 men, which were "to encamp between Namur and Maestrichte."

THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

Lord Stair had about 40,000 troops at his disposal, and De Noailles, who came up on the opposite side of the river Main, had about 60,000 men under him. It is remarkable that all this time no declaration of war had been made by either France or England. On the 9th of June, Lord Stair, who had apparently made a mistake in moving from his position, passed up beside the Main, and on the 16th of June (N. S.) the King left Hanover and reached Aschaffenberg on the 19th. He was closely followed by the Duke of Cumberland and the English Prime Minister, *de facto*, Lord Carteret. Here the army remained encamped, and the King, who was in no way deficient in personal courage, determined to lead the battle. Meantime he inspected the troops, and on the 22nd of June, the anniversary of his succession, he received a royal and loyal salute from the army.

The French General, De Noailles, made such good use of his opportunities that the British were completely cut off from their supplies. The enemy had occupied a very strong position, and commanded the fords while in possession of the forts. Thus it happened that things looked very serious when the King made his inspection. The English position was between the river and a wood, and completely cut off from their base of action. There was very little to eat, and forage for the horses was getting very low, so under the circumstances it appeared to the French commander that he had only to wait,—well supplied as he was,—and the British, with their allies, would fall into his hands.

The English army was encamped along the river, and the French position was almost exactly opposite, their right supported by Great Ostein, and the left by Stockstadt, and as the French could not cross and attack, they determined to starve them out. The allies could not remain in such a perilous position, and so they made ready to depart. Voltaire says that there was no alternative, as the horses must have been killed had the army remained two days longer. The French commander perceived the intention, and was ready to defeat it. He got his men ready in the early morning. He pursued the allies, and changing front soon reached a position behind them, and sent a strong force across the river with orders to occupy the village of Dettingen, through which the retreating army had to pass on their way to Hanau.

This march was begun at daybreak, and in many instances the officers of the

opposed armies conversed across the stream; for, says a combatant, "Many of us went down to the brink of the river and reviewed their troops as they passed; many of their officers conversed with ours." The French crossed the river, and a French account says that instead of occupying the village of Dettingen as directed, when the allies began to form, the troops posted themselves in the narrow pass, believing that they had to do with only a "strong rear-guard beyond it."

The French artillery began to play upon the allies as soon as they could, and sent their cavalry across. King George had taken the post of danger in the rear, believing that the French would attack there; but when the leading files found themselves actually engaged, the King changed his position, and came to the van of the army. When this movement of the French was perceived, and it was found impossible to advance just then, the King called a halt, and drew up his troops in battle array. A cannonade had been carried on by both, but now the enemy's foot had appeared in front between Dettingen and Klein Welsheim towards the hills, so that they were upon the right flank of the British, and about a mile away.

When the allies perceived that the French were actually in force, and crossing the river at Seliginstadt, they drew up facing the wood. The position the allies had quitted at Aschaffenberg had meanwhile been seized by the French, the river was to the left of them, and Grammont occupied the village close by; the hills were to the right, and the enemy again in front. So the position of the little army was by no means a pleasant one. It did not appear to Noailles that his enemy could possibly escape from the trap.

The King made his dispositions immediately. He commanded the infantry to shelter in the wood from the cannonade, and covered them, the left was advanced to the river. These dispositions naturally took up a great deal of time, and from eight o'clock in the morning until midday the French guns kept pounding away at the allies within a few hundred yards, just across the river. By noon, however, all the arrangements were made, and then the French advanced, the English also moving forward to engage them. Generals Clayton and Sommerfelt, with the Duke of Cumberland, marched at the head of the first line of foot. The King himself was at the head of the second line, and the battle was suspended to give him time to come up, as he was very desirous to join in it.

The English lines halted after a while to take breath, and then resumed their rapid advance. The King's horse took fright as soon as the firing began in earnest, and running away almost carried him into the enemy's

lines. But the King managed to pull up, and the Duc d'Arenberg remonstrated with His Majesty for running such a risk, and encountering so great danger, for a battery of cannon was then playing upon him, but the shot flew overhead. "Don't tell me of danger," replied George; "I'll be even with them." However he dismounted from his still uneasy horse, and took up his post on foot at the head of his men; and when the French advanced on the right flank through the wood the King himself ordered up the Hanoverian troops, drew them up in line of battle, and then ordered six cannon which were close by to give the French a few rounds. He stood by the guns while his orders were obeyed, and noticed how the shot tore through the advancing columns, doing great execution. He then resumed his place at the head of the infantry, and told them on no account to fire till the enemy came close.

The French were then within a short distance, and at one hundred yards opened fire vigorously, the "bullets flying as thick as hail" says an officer. Then the King flourished his sword, and said "NOW, BOYS; NOW FOR THE HONOUR OF ENGLAND, FIRE; AND BEHAVE BRAVE, AND THE FRENCH WILL SOON RUN." These stirring commands were well obeyed, and the allies advanced firing as they charged upon the enemy. The French could not stand the onset, and it would probably have succeeded had not the Duc de Grammont left the shelter of the village, and poured down upon the left flank. But even here fortune favoured the British, because the French cannon which had kept up such a disastrous fire for so long, was stopped when the French rode into the open range.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

The Black Musketeers then charged, but were repulsed by the English, and a standard was taken. Then the British and Austrian cavalry, passing through the infantry, fell upon the household troops of France, and at first some allied regiments were repulsed. But they speedily recovered themselves, and then a French Grenadier regiment gave way, while the King, behaving most gallantly, rallied the whole line of the allies, the Duke of Cumberland admirably seconding him with other commanders, and the French were pushed back.

De Noailles, who was watching the fight from the opposite side of the river, was horror-struck when he perceived his men driven back. Again and again the struggle was renewed, but the solid infantry of the allies defeated all attempts to break its ranks, and advanced steadily, rolling back the enemy as they advanced. Hanoverians and British were equally brave. It is stated that but for the King and the Duke of

Cumberland the result might have been different. They led the stout infantry to victory, and had narrow escapes. The Duke was twice wounded, and once very nearly killed by some Austrians who mistook him for a French officer.

There are a great many letters before us written by some of the officers present, some of which testify to the personal bravery of the King, and describe many interesting incidents. There were reports that the "Blues" turned tail, and an officer in the Fusiliers describes their retiring through the regiment. But again an officer of the Blues denies this, but confesses that their impetuous charge carried them too far, and they had to retreat in disorder when the French came in upon the infantry, who "tore them to pieces" with their close fire. "What preserved us," says an officer, "was our keeping close order, and advancing near the enemy ere we fired." A dreadful slaughter of the French ensued. The following account is from a Dutch source:—

"The battle began about ten, between 28,000 French and about 18,000 British and Austrian troops. It lasted with great obstinacy for better than four hours, during which time the French were continually reinforced. They had once disordered the English troops; and the Household (troops) of France, which composed the front of the army, endeavouring to make the best of this advantage made a motion to the right, which exposed them to a covert battery of Hanoverian artillery, which did prodigious execution. In the meantime the Duc d'Arenberg caused the Austrians to advance, and close the opening which had been made. This entirely changed the scene, and the French finding it quite impossible to gain their point, began to retire towards the bridges." In fact, the retreat became a rout; the French were cut down as they retired, and hundreds were drowned in the Main.

The King remained upon the battle-field until ten o'clock at night, and it was estimated that not less than 6,000 of the French were left upon the field. The allies lost about half as many, and the superior commanders are by some writers much praised; but the King and his son undoubtedly bore off the palm. Torrents of rain fell that night, and the allies had no food nor tents after all their exertions. The army did not pursue the French, but quitted the field, leaving the wounded to the mercy of the enemy—a confidence which was not misplaced, as De Noailles treated them with the greatest kindness and humanity. But this in no way exonerated the English commanders, and they were greatly blamed for their neglect.

Lord Stair was decidedly of opinion that the enemy ought to have been pursued, and

more than once asserted the necessity for so doing. But the King over-ruled the general, for the army was in great want of provisions, and a portion of the French troops were quite fresh. It is related by Voltaire, that he afterwards met Lord Stair in Holland, and asked the Scotchman what his opinion was concerning the battle of Dettingen. "I think," replied the general, "that the French made one great mistake, and the English made two. Your error was in not standing still; our first fault was getting ourselves into such a dangerous position; our second in not pursuing your army after the victory."

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE.—MARSHAL SAXE.

The immediate results of the battle of Dettingen were beneficial to Maria Theresa, for she had also been victorious, and the French were driven into their own country. Under these circumstances the Elector of Bavaria had no choice but to submit, and he accordingly humbled himself and signed a treaty of neutrality; but his territory had meantime been overrun by the Queen, and she occupied it until such time as seemed to her convenient to retire. This she did until peace was signed, and King George was appointed the mediator at Hanau. Unfortunately these trumpeted arrangements came to nothing after all; firstly, because Maria Theresa *Victrix* was not altogether moderate in her demands; and though, perhaps, she might have been induced to forego somewhat of her request, the Elector of Bavaria could not get on at all unless he was paid English money; and under these circumstances Carteret, who was acting as Prime Minister, advised His Majesty not to consent to the arrangement, which fell through.

After a time spent in these fruitless negotiations, a grand invasion of France was talked about; but autumn drew in, and the usual rains commenced, so it was determined that no further hostilities need be undertaken that year, and that the troops must go into their winter quarters. When this was decided great dissatisfaction was evinced by Lords Stair and Marlborough, who were present in a subordinate capacity, and many other British officers. The result was that a great many resigned their commissions, while the King only remained long enough to sign a treaty at Worms with Austria and Sardinia, by which the latter, for a territorial consideration, agreed to provide 45,000 men for the assistance of the Queen of Hungary, and consented to receive an annual subsidy from England.

It is no part of our object to give an account of the Pretender and his son, but in 1744 the French openly espoused his cause, and an army was embarked for England

under the command of Marshal Saxe. This celebrated officer deserves a few lines, for he is intimately connected with the events we have to chronicle. The French, in the matter of the young Pretender, were very chary of committing themselves unless they could positively see their way to success. But when England supported Austria, France made up her mind to maintain the Scotch,—although, be it remembered, that all this time no declaration of war had been published by either France or England. It was arranged that 15,000 men should be sent, 3,000 to Scotland, and the remainder should invade London under the command of Marshal Saxe.

This successful general was a natural son of Frederick, King of Poland. His mother was the Countess Maria of Konigsmark, and sister of the Count who had caused Thynne to be assassinated in London. He was born in 1696, and when quite a youth joined the allied armies under Marlborough and Eugene, and studied war in a very practical manner. He subsequently served in Sweden, and was present at the capture of Straslund. After the treaty of Utrecht he went to France, and declining the command of the Saxon army he threw in with the French then on the Rhine, and distinguished himself at Dettingen and Philipsburg. In 1744 he was created a Marshal of France, and prepared for the invasion of England at Dunkirk.

Towards the end of February all was in readiness, and the French fleet came up to the Isle of Wight, and cast anchor off Dungeness to wait the arrival of the troops. Sir John Norris, with the channel fleet, coming up, but not attacking, the French Admiral slipped away during the night before a strong breeze, which increased considerably, and fell upon Marshal Saxe as he attempted to weather it near Dunkirk. The flotilla was destroyed, and many ships were entirely lost with all on board. So the demonstration in favour of the young Pretender came to nothing then, except so far as it was the cause of war being formally declared by France and England, for this perhaps unnecessary formality had been dispensed with during the fighting on the Main and the descent on the sea coast.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1744.

We must give a sketch of the incidents of the war carried on in 1744, so as to lead us up to the great encounter in Flanders, which resulted so unfortunately for the allies. It was already May when Louis proceeded to take the field. He and George II. had been indulging in a little mutual recrimination, in which the French monarch accused the King of England of having been the cause of all the wars by his support of Maria Theresa.

while George retorted by casting the Pragmatic Sanction in the teeth of his royal brother, and accused him of aiding and abetting Spain and the Pretender in their attacks upon England. Thus having made up their minds to declare open hostilities, there was no want of reasons.

Marshal Saxe was appointed to the command of the French army in Flanders, and it amounted to 80,000 men. To this well-equipped and well-commanded force the allies could only answer with about 50,000 of all nations interested—viz., English, Flemish, Austrians, and Dutch; and so Louis XV. had every opportunity to indulge in war made easy; for many towns, which, remarks a historian, seem specially ordained to be taken and retaken in war, were captured without much trouble or loss. So it was not until the Austrians, in July, dashed into Alsace and drove the French army back that any real fighting was put before the King as a *bonne bouche*.

Louis determined to witness the campaign, and hurried into Alsace, but sickness overtook him, partly in consequence of fatigue, partly because he had eaten too much. The King made preparations for the end of his life's journey, turned away the lady who just then happened to be in favour, and gave himself up to the consolations of religion and the exclusive society of his priests to see how they could prepare him for his interview with the grim agent who was coming to demand an account of the monarch's stewardship. And thus, casting up his accounts, the King "lay between life and death for many weeks."

The Austrians were, however, more alarmed at the storm which suddenly burst upon them from a clear sky, so to speak. Frederick the Great, who had made peaceful arrangements, and who ought to have adhered to his treaties, suddenly ignored all his engagements, and with an army of 60,000 men marched into Bohemia and Moravia. Prague capitulated, and assisted by the French and the lately very impecunious Elector of Bavaria, the Austrians were worsted. These successes brought Charles of Lorraine, who had been successful against the French, into Bohemia, and aided by the patriotic Hungarians, Frederick of Prussia soon found he had ventured into a hornets' nest. In vain he appealed to his allies. The Austrians and Hungarians showed him no quarter, and his friends began to make excuse. The result may be imagined.

After some fighting and several considerably harassing skirmishes and night attacks, Frederick found himself in no pleasant position, and retreated, blundering into wonderful errors in every direction. It is extraordinary how he managed to misdirect

his troops, and, as he himself confesses, he committed more mistakes in this most disastrous campaign than ever he had before. His general, Einsiedel, was compelled to evacuate Prague and abandon his guns, returning into Silesia with a loss of 5,000 men. Frederick hastened to his capital to recruit his army, which were then safe in winter quarters.

Things did not look well for Frederick of Prussia just then, nor for his allies. The French sent him a mission, consisting of the Marquis of Belleisle, a bitter partisan against England, and his brother. It so fell out that these gentlemen endeavoured to make their way through Hanover, and were arrested and sent prisoners to England, where they arrived on the 13th of February, 1745, and landed at Harwich. Here for some days they were detained, and then were carried to Windsor, *viâ* Greenwich. Their arrest gave rise to much comment, and was considered a violation of the rights of Germany. They refused to give their *parole* as required, but after being detained for some months they were released.*

On the death of the Duchess of Marlborough Lord Carteret became Earl Granville, and continued high in favour of the King because he supported the Hanoverian measures; and to such a pitch did Granville's pride carry him, and so openly expressed he his disdain, that the Pelham faction threatened to resign. Granville had told them that matters could not remain as they were. "I will not," he said, "submit to be overruled and outvoted upon every point by four to one. If you will take the Government upon you, you may; but if you cannot, or will not, there must be some direction, and I will not do it."†

These disputes brought things to a climax, and it became a question of choice between Granville and his opponents. Pelham had the Commons at his back, and the King was dreadfully perplexed. His adviser (the Earl of Oxford), however, suggested the King's course; he gave in, and Granville resigned in favour of the Earl of Harrington. But it is worth noting that scarcely had Granville been ousted from office when his opponents began to pursue very much the same course, and Hanover was still protected.

THE FLANDERS CAMPAIGN.

When King George replied to the address of his faithful Commons in February 1745, he made the following remarks: "I have, in conjunction with the Queen of Hungary and

* For details and general treatment of the case see Pamphlets and *Gentleman's Magazine*, etc., for 1745.

† Cox's *Walpole*.

the States General, concluded a treaty with the King of Poland, which I will order to be laid before you." This was the Quadruple Alliance, and now the European States were banded together against each other in the manner set forth below.

France comes first as the power wishing to demolish the House of Austria, and the conquest of Flanders for the Emperor nominally, but really for her own ends, in consideration for the expenditure of blood and treasure she had undergone.

Spain wanted to carry matters with a high hand, and to obtain power in Italy.

The Emperor Charles (whose days were numbered) wished to fix himself more firmly upon his tottering throne, and to grasp his dominions with an ever-extending arm.

The King of Prussia wanted more territory, and other smaller States were awaiting their turn, or anxious to strike a blow for a friend.

On the other hand, we find an array of power to meet this combination. In the first place we have,—

Great Britain, anxious to keep France within bounds at sea, and, if possible, on land; and with England Hanover, of course, was united.

Hungary, led by its valiant Queen, who had everything at stake in the contest, was clinging to England and her own Hungarian subjects, as much from gratitude as from a sense of assistance.

The Dutch, who would fight for their hearths and homes, and, if stirred up, would feel inclined to take the field with England. The Elector of Saxony, as King of Poland, who was bent upon consolidation and his allies. Even Sardinia and Russia were ready to play a part with Britain, the former because of the Treaty of Worms, the latter by virtue of her promises. Thus there were all the elements of "a very pretty quarrel" as it stood.

When the Emperor died in January 1745, the state of affairs was in no way improved. He died at Munich, and his successor resigned all claims to the Austrian succession, and promised to assist the Duke of Lorraine. There was now really no excuse for proceeding with war. But the Austrians and French still continued to skirmish, and in these encounters both sides appeared to claim the advantage. On the Rhine the French were in retreat before the Duke of Aremberg, and the States General preparing for the inevitable campaign, appointed Prince Waldeck to the command of their army in Flanders.

About the beginning of March the Austrians advanced across the Inn at Passau and other places. They attacked the enemy, the Bavarians, and gained some successes. The French on the lower Rhine continued their retreat, but being reinforced recrossed

the Main, at which the allies retreated, and the French also passed the Rhine in the beginning of March, and took "Mentz." The Hungarians had held their own against the Prussians, and the Austrians were generally successful.

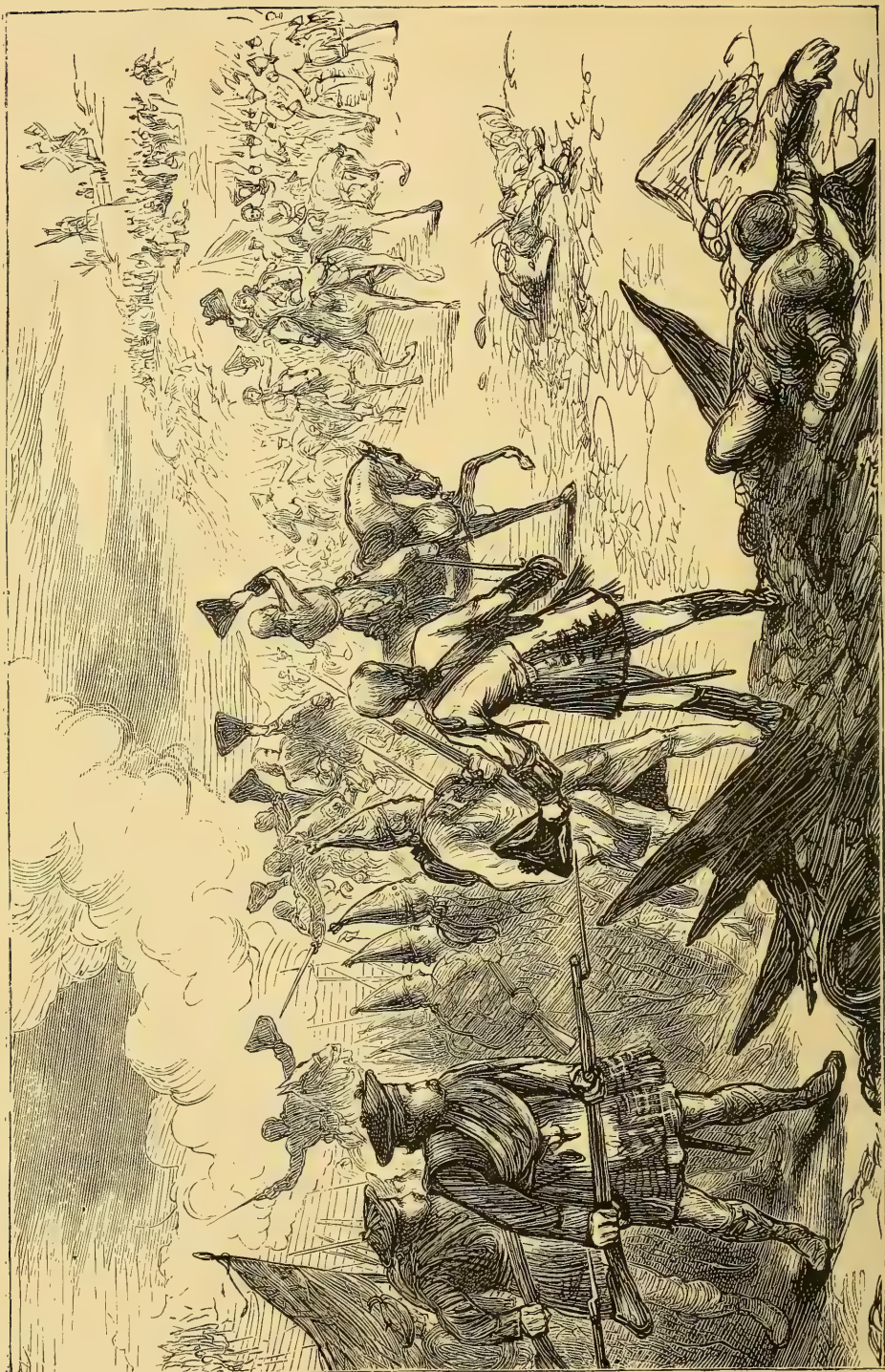
Meanwhile the French were making rapid preparations, and on the 1st April Marshal Saxe was appointed to the command of the army in Flanders. On the 5th, the Duke of Cumberland set out for the same destination, and arrived at Helvelsluys next day. The French army under Marshal Saxe lost no time in advancing, who made up his mind to invest Tournai. The Duke of Cumberland proceeded to the Hague, and he arrived at Brussels on the 10th. After some time spent in drilling, the army advanced on the 19th to Halle and Tubise, and subsequently proceeded to Leuse.

The English army consisted of about 28,000 men, and with the Dutch troops the whole force at the disposition of the Duke did not exceed 50,000. The French had 76,000 men under Marshal Saxe, and he was thus enabled to invest Tournai, and yet spare an army to meet the English and their allies. Tournai is supposed to be a very ancient town, and it is certain that Cæsar occupied it. Henry VIII. took it from the French, and erected the citadel. It was afterwards restored to them, but taken and held by the Spaniards till 1667, when Louis XIV. got possession of it. He made improvements in the fortifications. In June 1709, Marlborough invested the town, and it surrendered, while the enormous French army within fighting distance was afraid to come to its relief. Lille and Tournai were called by Louis XIV. the eyes of France, of so great importance were they considered. We now come to the memorable battle before Tournai, in which Marshal Saxe defeated the allies.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

The French, bent on invading Tournai, opened their trenches on the 30th of April, 1745, and worked with skill and rapidity. There were only 9,000 Dutch troops in the town, and the French assured themselves of victory, particularly as the allied commanders were rather divided in their councils, and perfect accord did not reign concerning the chief command, which the Duke of Cumberland nominally possessed, but he was under the control of the Austrian Marshal Königsegg, and obliged to defer to the suggestions of the Prince of Waldeck.

It need scarcely be said that upon the propriety of raising the siege of Tournai there was no question. The allied generals were all of that opinion, and it was determined to attempt the relief of the town notwithstanding the superior numbers and advantageous posi-



tion of the French army. The allies therefore advanced, and encamped at Bougnies, within a measurable distance of the French outposts.

When Marshal Saxe had heard of the arrival of the allies at Linze he had no doubt as to their intentions, and so the troops which had passed the Scheldt were ordered to recross. The bad state of the weather prevented the allies from advancing on the 9th May; but on the 10th they made a movement by the left, and the Marshal took up his position with his right near Antrain, and the left on the road to Mons, near Notre Dame aux Bois.*

The English generals proceeded to inspect the enemy's position, and were enabled to ascertain the disposition of the army which was separated from their own by underwood and hedges. The village of Fontenoy was in their front, the wood of Barré was on the left. Every precaution was taken by the French; and the army, of which some 15,000 had been left to cover Tournai, was enthusiastic at the arrival of the King and the Dauphin, who had come from Paris to be witnesses of the battle, and as they hoped,—and as the event proved,—of the defeat of the allies. On the 10th an attack was made by the English. "Six battalions and twelve squadrons, with 500 pioneers and guns, were commanded from each wing for this service." The allies marched confidently forward, and without much difficulty drove in the French outposts to the very top of the hilly ground in front of their camp, where they halted, so as to cover the arrangements Saxe was making for the morrow.

The Duke of Cumberland and the other commanders then proceeded to an inspection of the ground, for the battle had still to be fought. The troops bivouacked on the ground they had won, and orders were issued for the final engagement to take place at daybreak on the 11th. The French troops remained in their tents, the King of France returned to Calonne, and Marshal Saxe passed the night in his carriage with his army around him.

His Royal Highness, says the official account of the action, commanded that the army should march at two in the morning; and having ascertained that there was an unoccupied fort near the village of Vezon, he dispatched General Ingoldsby to attack that village, while Prince Waldeck advanced upon the village of Fontenoy. General Campbell was commanded to cover the right wing, but owing to his wound this order was not carried out, and General Ligonier attempted it under an artillery fire.

All was now apparently ready for the

advance, and it was begun. The Duke, with the English and Hanoverians, went boldly forward to Fontenoy; but General Ingoldsby, who had been commanded to carry the redoubt in the wood, did not even make the attempt, and despite repeated orders despatched by his superiors, he continued to hang back, and lacked the courage apparently to make a dash at the fort; there can be little doubt he would have succeeded had he made a bold push for it.

Meanwhile upon the French side the King was in the field, and a brisk cannonade was kept up and as briskly answered. One long line of infantry extended from Fontenoy to Rancercroix supported by guns. It was by the very first shot of the cannonade that the Duc de Grammont had his thighs shot away, and he died almost immediately.

The English lines were now in position, the cavalry regiments in squadron behind them, and seeing that all was ready the Duke of Cumberland gave the order to advance, while Prince Waldeck made his attack upon the village of Fontenoy. Ingoldsby, as already mentioned, came upon the wood which was tenanted by a body of skirmishers, and feeling nervous at the idea sent a message to the Duke for orders, notwithstanding his instructions to attack. This delay was unpardonable, and caused disaster.

The Dutch at first advanced bravely and attacked Fontenoy, assailed, as they proceeded, by a terrible cannonade, which smote them fearfully, and compelled them to retire. The English and Hanoverians still advanced however within thirty paces of the enemy, and obliged the French to retreat within their lines. But unfortunately the left wing did not succeed so well, and as Ingoldsby had disobeyed orders and turned tail, the troops had no support, and being exposed to a cross fire as well as the file firing in front they were obliged to retire in their turn. There is no doubt that the Duke ought to have retreated, "for his sole way to the enemy led between Fontenoy and the batteries of the wood of Barré, to the flank of which he was exposed." He proceeded however, as already related, and his troops uniting "pressed boldly on into a phalanx, which nobody seemed able to stop. Meeting the French guards, the well-known compliment passed, each bidding the other fire first. But the rolling fire of the English, imitated from the Prussians, prostrated rank after rank, and the French guards were routed. No regiment seemed able to stand before the advancing column, and preparations were made for retreat, and for the safety of the King,—the latter, however, would not budge."*

Had this gallant attack been supported we

* Lettres et Memoires des Marechal de Saxe.

* Crowe's History of France.

should not have had to deplore the loss of the battle. The English were mowed down by the batteries, and compelled to fall back. They were rallied, however, and again formed. Again they advanced; but the Dutch being quite paralysed and no assistance forthcoming, the attack failed, owing to the gallantry of the French charge, and particularly to an Irish regiment, which was fighting in the enemy's ranks. But although beaten, the English column retired in good order, and returned to its former position, sadly diminished in numbers. The French cavalry endeavoured to break the retreating troops, but without success.

The Dutch had run away, and did not appear again in the field. It is related that one of their commanders rode away to Ath, and wrote a letter to the States General informing them that the allies had been cut to pieces, and that he, only by his valour, had succeeded in bringing off his men in safety. When the Duke perceived that his orders were not carried out, and that his allies were mere spectators of the engagement, he decided to retreat, and the army, protected by its cavalry, withdrew in good order. The French did not attempt a pursuit, and there is no doubt they suffered severely.

FOREIGN OPINION OF FONTENOY.

The testimony of the French to the gallantry of the British advance is conclusive. Voltaire speaks highly of the conduct of the English in his impartial account of the battle, and extracts from correspondence of French officers engaged, leave no room for doubt. "The enemy attacked in two columns," says a French writer, an eye-witness. "The English, in particular, did wonders, and fought like furies. Towards eleven o'clock, some places in our line were broken, and the allies had passed the village of Fontenoy, between two redoubts of which, however, they did not make themselves master." . . . "The sutlers and valets of the army," he continues, "took to their heels, and carried the alarm to the bridge on the upper Schelt. But all things were put in order again; the allies were quickly repulsed, and abandoned to us the field of battle in disorder at one in the afternoon.

"We did not think it proper to pursue them," they said, "for fear they should form again behind the wood." This little sentence proves the stubborn fighting qualities of the British brigade, which so gloriously distinguished itself at Fontenoy. The French estimate of the loss of the allies is 3,000 killed on the spot and 4,000 wounded. Large though these figures are, they are nothing in comparison with the holocausts of brave men who fell in the terrible War of Secession in

the United States. On the French side they confess to have lost 1,200 men killed on the spot, and 2,000 wounded.

"I never knew," writes another French officer, "in thirty years' service, either a briskeer or a more obstinate engagement—no, not in Italy, where we had to do with Count Merci, who, you know, was reputed the most desperate officer of his time, and the general who spared men least. Not to hide the truth our men were thrice obliged to give way, and nothing but the extreme calmness and good conduct of Marshal Saxe could have brought them to the charge the last time, which was about two o'clock, and then the allies in their turn gave way. Our victory may be said to be complete, but it cannot be denied that as the allies behaved extremely well in the action, more especially the English, so they made a soldierly retreat, which was much favoured by an adjacent wood."—"In short, we gained the victory, but may I never see such another," sums up a third writer.

We could multiply instances and incidents, but it would not add anything to the lamentable fact that the allies were beaten; though, but for the disaffections of the Dutch, and the inactivity of Ingoldsby, who subsequently printed an elaborate excuse for his conduct, they would have soon turned it into a victory. Horace Walpole was right in his estimate that the French were *only not beat*, and the Hon. Philip Yorke in his letter to Walpole, ascribes the victory not to the bravery of the French troops, but to their advantageous situation, and "the number of their batteries' from which they had a hundred pieces of cannon playing upon us without intermission." The estimate of the French losses in the *Gazette* is put down at from 5,000 to 10,000 killed and wounded.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

An inquiry was set on foot in England when the unwelcome news arrived, and the disappointment at the result was very general in the country; and it was "of the highest importance to the country" that an investigation should be made into the causes which led to the disaster. The inquiry began by ascribing the failure of our arms to the courage and the conduct of our enemies. "I know," continues the author of one pamphlet, "there are some who think it so absolutely an impossibility for a French army to beat an English one, that, if they cannot find a miracle to account for it, they are ready to lay a load of infamy upon somebody or other."

The paper from which we have quoted the above lines then proceeds to investigate the dispositions and arrangements of the French, dwelling upon the admirable way in which the Marshal had placed his men and posted

his guns, and declaring it was not so much the business of the French to gain a complete victory as to prevent us from approaching Tournai. The "inquiry" is, in fact, an elaborate eulogium upon the army of the great Marshal Saxe.

But historians tell us how grandly the British and Hanoverians plunged into the fire from the well-served range of guns opposed to them. Dragging cannon with them over ground in which cavalry was useless, the English troops "marched steadily upon a position which the best marshals of France deemed impregnable," defended as it was by the *corps d'élite* of the French army. We have already followed the Duke of Cumberland in his bold advance which bore down all before it. Not even the report of the failure of the attack they had counted on damped their ardour; even though they felt themselves abandoned by their supports, they pressed on, and the finest troops of France failed to check them.

Marshal Königsegg had actually congratulated the Duke upon his victory, and, as related, Marshal Saxe counselled retreat, which was partly cut off. But the French King declined to move, and cheered his troops. "If," says Voltaire in his "Siccle de Louis XV.," "if the Dutch had now put themselves in movement, there would have been no resource—nay, no retreat for the French army; nor, in all probability, for the King and his son." Fontenoy has been described as a defeat of the British arms; it was practically a victory till the indefensible conduct of the Dutch troops necessitated a retreat of the small English column opposed to 60,000 men of France.

The Duke of Cumberland was the last to leave the field, as the column broken, indeed, but terrible in its fall, carried with it many a life, while it retreated slowly with face to the foe. The cavalry distinguished itself greatly, and thus the whole army, accompanied by the dastardly Dutch, and the incompetent Ingoldsby, fell back upon Ath. The victory was due to the King for his bravery, and to the marshal for his keen sight and excellent strategy, ailing though he was, and suffering. It was with great difficulty that the British troops were prevented from "falling foul" of the Dutch, and had no enemy been near there is reason to suppose that our inactive allies would have suffered very considerably. But Dutch cowardice and desertion did not end with the battle. Hertsall, a Dutch engineer, betrayed Tournai to the French, and it surrendered in a fortnight. Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, and other places followed; and at Ostend a Dutch officer was again suspected of turning traitor. So altogether the English had no need to be proud of these allies, who in the first place did not bring

into the field half the men they had agreed to produce when the time for action arrived.

CONCLUSION.

There are some English authorities, eye-witnesses, whose opinions lead us to a conclusion respecting the battle; we append some of them.

"I won't describe the cause of our failure," says Lieutenant Forbes, in "The Colloden Papers," "although I know it; but sure never troops behaved with more intrepidity than the English, nor never have troops suffered so much. In short, there was but one way of marching into the ground where we were to form our line, which was through the village of Vezon. The opening would not allow above fourteen or twenty abreast, and from thence to the French batteries a rising ground like a glacis, and they at half-cannon shot distance. General Campbell, with twelve squadrons, was ordered through the defile first, as a corps to cover the mouth of the opening whilst the infantry marched in, which, as they marched from the right, formed as soon as they went in; so one regiment covered another till they formed all the way to the left. You may believe this took up a great deal of time, in which the French batteries played incessantly on the twelve squadrons and on the troops as they formed; but as it is impossible to describe a thing unless you had the plan before you, I shall only say we formed with all the regularity in the world, and we marched up towards the enemy, who were all along upon the height with their different batteries, the whole length of which ran a hollow way that they had made a very good entrenchment. Off we beat them out of this hollow way, and gained the height, whence we had the first view of their bodies at about two hundred paces distance, an immense number of them and numberless cannon still playing upon us.

"Here we dressed our lines, and began to march towards them, when pop they went into another entrenchment, extremely well provided and flanked with batteries of cannon. Nevertheless, on we went, drove them from that, which was the first small shot we had an opportunity to make use of from the beginning, which was now near six hours."

Respecting the conduct of the Dutch allies, there cannot unfortunately be two opinions. Foreign critics, as well as English eye-witnesses, animadvert in strong terms upon their behaviour, and a letter from an officer who was with the brigade of Highlanders when they were sent to the support of their allies, Colonel Munro, says himself: "We were to support the Dutch, who in their usual way were very dilatory." The Highlanders had actually got within musket shot of the batteries of Fontenoy, he adds, "when we

received their full fires from batteries and small arms, which killed us forty men and one ensign. Our regiment being in some disorder, I wanted to draw them up in rear of the Dutch, which their general would scarce allow of; but at last I did it, and soon marched again to the front. In half an hour after the Dutch gave way."

After this unfortunate retirement, it appeared to the officer commanding the division quite useless to attempt to stem the opposing torrent of 5,000 troops supported by their guns. This brigade was then withdrawn to assist the Hanoverians. Philip Yorke, who wrote an account of the battle to the elder Walpole, declared angrily that "it was monstrous for the Dutch not to have brought even half the quota which they had agreed into the field. When the battle was fought," he continues, "the whole Confederate army, according to the best accounts I have seen, consisted of 46 battalions and 73 squadrons, making in all 33,000 effective men." The French army, it appears from the same authorities, consisted of 102 battalions and 149 squadrons, making 60,000 men—"a terrible disproportion, seeing how advantageously they were posted and lined with so many batteries."

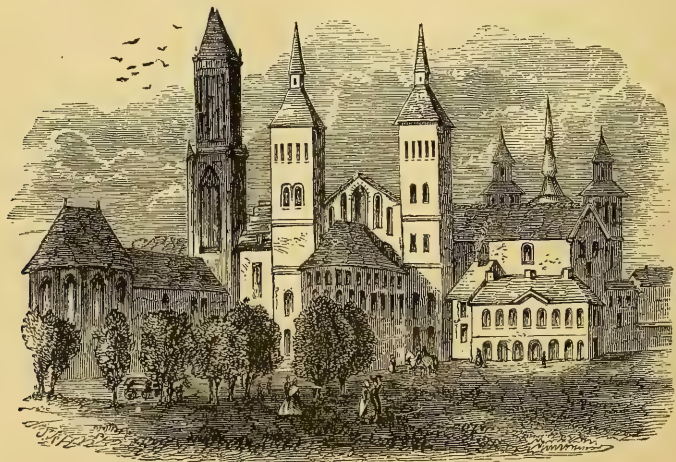
There were many different accounts of the action promulgated; but it would appear that for some reason or other many were suppressed in Flanders—perhaps because the allies did not like the aspersions cast upon them. Be this as it may, we think the allies were far outnumbered, and in a most exposed situation, while the subsequent surrender of the towns (as already mentioned)

certainly gave some colour to the expressions used by the English, that the Dutch had behaved very badly. It was said that Prince Waldeck pushed the English in this "desperate attempt." But on the other hand it was necessary to raise the siege of Tournai.

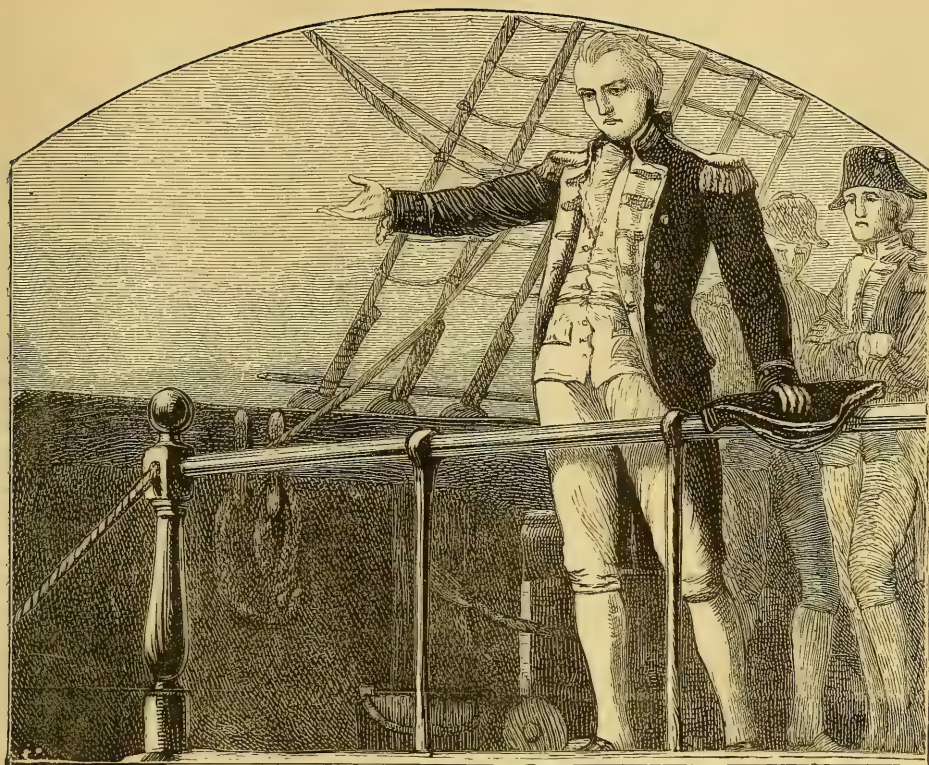
At any rate, whatever the reason of the defeat, we cannot altogether blame the Dutch for it. General Ingoldsby was in some measure responsible. He had distinct orders to advance, but he lost time in sending for instructions when he had only to go on. The British and Hanoverian troops also were kept too closely together, and on these compact masses the enemy's artillery did great execution; and when the time came for the British cavalry to charge, they did not do much, owing, it is said, to the nature of the ground. If personal bravery could have won the day, the English troops would have remained the victors.

This success so emboldened Frederick the Great, that he declined any negotiations of peace with Austria, and attacked them furiously at Hohen Friedburg, where he showed the true abilities of a general. The loss of the Austrians in this battle was very great. But we cannot here follow the fortunes of Maria Theresa, although they had brought her prominently within the scope of the events which led directly to the war in Flanders and the fight at Fontenoy.

We need not here pursue the fortunes of Maria Theresa. Our task is finished at Fontenoy—a story of a defeat, it is true; but a defeat carrying with it all the prestige of victory for the British arms.



MAESTRICHT.



ADMIRAL DUNCAN ADDRESSING THE MUTINEERS.

THE MUTINIES AT SPITHEAD AND THE NORE.

A Woman's Love—Digging up the Body of a Mutineer—The Panics of 1797—The Glory of the English Fleet—First unheeded Murmurs of the Tars—Black Dick, the Sailor's Friend—Outbreak at Spithead—The Yard-ropes—Splendid Temper of the Mutineers—Their Tale of Woe—The Jolly Tar a Century ago—The Sweets of Liberty—The Press-gang—The Admiralty at Portsmouth—Dangerous higgling of the Commissioners—The Bloody Flag hoisted—The Settlement—Fresh Outbreak at St. Helen's—Another Blunder—The first Bloodshed—Triumph of the Seamen and the Sailor's Friend—The Rising at the Nore—Frolics of the Delegates—Proposals of the Mutineers—Escape of the *Clyde*—Blockade of the Thames—Piracy of the Mutineers—Some more Barbarities—Hanging Pitt—Parker's Washerwoman—Break up of the Mutiny—Terrific Scenes in the Fleet—The Last of "President" Parker.

A WOMAN'S LOVE ; AT THE SCAFFOLD AND THE GRAVE.

ON the twenty-ninth day of June, 1797, a middle-aged woman, evidently suffering from some great sorrow, and clad in a black silk gown, a scarf mode-cloak, a purple shawl, a black bonnet, and a deep gauze veil, might have been seen waiting with a companion at the palace of St. James, in the great city of London. Every minute has a weight of agony, and the sound of the bells as they strike the slowly passing hours seem to her like a death-knell. She is only a sailor's wife and a poor woman, but, fired with a passionate love, and a determina-

tion such as possessed the heart of Jeanie Deans, she has succeeded, like that heroine of romance, in making her way from Scotland to the metropolis of England, in order to see her husband, and save him, if possible, from the sentence of a felon and a dishonourable grave.

Three days before he had been condemned to death by court-martial ; and she had a petition drawn up in her name, which the Earl of Morton, her fellow-countryman, had promised to present to Queen Charlotte, praying her gracious Majesty to use her influence on behalf of her husband—on the ground that he was insane, that he had on

that account, at a former time, been dismissed from his position in the navy, and that his sister was actually in confinement as labouring under the same disease. This prayer of the loving wife has been presented by her noble Scottish patron, and as she waits anxiously for an answer from the Queen, she talks to the pitiful bystanders of her sorrows, and assures the attendants in the guard-chamber that she would give a thousand guineas if she could save her husband's life. At last, wearied and hopeless of success, she hears the hour of five struck; the wife of King George has not deigned to notice her petition, and she drives away with her companion so that she may be able to reach Sheerness and see her husband for the last time, before his execution on the following morning.

It was close on midnight when the Rochester coach arrived at its destination, carrying among its other passengers the forlorn wife of Richard Parker, the notorious mutineer, whose name had been in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in that district of Kent during the past few weeks. In spite of this odium, however, she immediately succeeded in finding a boatman who was going up to Sheerness in the morning with garden vegetables, and who agreed to take her with him. At the early hour of seven she reached the side of the *Sandwich*, the vessel on which her husband was to suffer at the yard-arm; but the stern sentinels, heedless of her anxious request to see him, ordered her off, and even threatened to fire in case of disobedience. When this first boatman had taken her back to Sheerness on the pretext that as the yellow flag had not been hoisted no execution would take place that day, she engaged a second. As this boat was rowed up she discerned the fatal flag; again she begged to see her husband; but in spite of her intense pleading, she was once more ordered off, and taken back on shore. She hired a third boat, and this time, as she approached, she saw the fatal procession of her husband, with his hands bound, from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. "My dear husband!" she exclaimed with a loud shriek, as she fainted away; recovering again, she beheld him mount the platform on the cathead and the dark-robed chaplain leave his side; but from that moment a pall fell upon her sight, and she "saw nothing but the sea, which appeared covered with blood." An hour had passed away before she reached the ship in a fourth boat, in time to see her husband's lifeless body lowered from the yard-arm. It was immediately placed in a shell already prepared for its reception, and exactly at mid-day it was interred in the Naval Burying Ground at Sheerness, amid the deep silence of a large company of the comrades of the unhappy man.

It was in vain that the sailor's widow made an earnest and immediate appeal to one of the vice-admirals for the disposal of her husband's body; and she formed a resolution for securing it, by means that have perhaps no parallel even in the wildest of romances. When darkness had stolen down upon the quiet waters of the Thames, and silence reigned over the harbour of Sheerness, this faithful wife, accompanied by three other women, clambered over the high gateway of the graveyard, and by their aid dug up with her hands the rude coffin in which her husband's dishonoured body was enclosed. But how, after this first portion of the strange undertaking had been accomplished, was the dismal freight to be carried off unseen? Whatever means were adopted,—and one story of the time gives an account, which, though perhaps true, reads like a ghastly fable,—certain it is that the shell which encased the remains of Richard Parker was safely lodged in a room hired by his widow in the Hoop and Horseshoe public-house, Little Tower Hill; that immense crowds gathered there on the two succeeding days; that the weeping woman was led before the magistrates in Lambert Street police-court; and that the public authorities, in fear of tumults, had the body buried secretly and finally, shortly after midnight, in the vault of Whitechapel church.

This last scene in the tragic episode of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore may fitly serve as an introduction to a narrative of the strange events of the spring of the year 1797, when the seamen of the British navy rose in rebellion against the cruelties, tyranny, and neglect to which they were subjected, and in the course of their determined stand imperilled the naval supremacy, and perhaps the independence, of their country.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD; PANICS OF 1797.

Never during her whole history was the greatness of England so completely staked upon the solid fibre of her "wooden walls" as in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The glorious spring of the French Revolution was like a mother that devours her own children. Paris, the mother of freedom, had become the fierce metropolis. The "far-famed tree" of liberty, of which the peasant bard of Ayrshire had sung exultingly, had yielded such monstrous fruit as Marat, Danton, Robespierre. And now the whole of Europe trembled, bled, and crouched before Napoleon's invincibles. The first months of the year 1797 beheld the sacred Head of the Roman Church "taking the trouble" to bow before his "dear son," ceding to the French Republic the sum of thirty million livres in specie and diamonds,

and yielding up for ever Avignon and other fair and fertile provinces; boastful Venice, whose republic had stood for many centuries, furiously butchered Frenchmen in the hospitals, and was crushed out of political existence; and the Emperor of Germany was driven in the early days of April to sue for peace from the great general who had chased his armies out of Italy, and was striking blow after blow on the triumphant march to Vienna.

England stood alone at last as the unbending and unbroken foe of France, her ambition, her allies, and her legions. Never was it so true as then that she was mistress of the seas; the maritime traffic of the world was in her hands; she had swept the trading craft of France and Holland from every corner of the main; and amid the deep convulsions of Europe, the insurance of British vessels sailing to India and "far Cathay" actually sank from fifteen guineas to one half of that amount. At last the point of the lance was held out towards our "impregnable" shores. Ireland was filled with discontent and insurrection, panting like a wild bird that is caged in view of the green fields. A French expedition of 25,000 men, under Hoche, had attempted in December 1796 to land on the reckless isle of Erin, but had gone back to Brest to wait for better winds and better luck; and in the month of February, a band of 1200 men, picked veterans and ragged scoundrels, provided with seventy cart-loads of powder and balls, scrambled on shore among the rocks of Pembrokeshire, began to steal clothes, and marched into the country. Our fleet was to be decimated by the united war-ships of the triumvirate of France, Spain, and Holland, and a great army was to "march to the capital of that mighty nation, seize the immense heaps of gold in the Bank of London, the prodigious wealth contained in their shops, their warehouses, and their magazines, the riches contained in their gilded palaces and their stately mansions," etc., etc.

The fear of French invasion created a panic throughout England in the last ten days of February. Millions of solid British gold had been spent in lending sinews to the feeble arm of Austria. Farmers flew to their

country banks and emptied them of specie. These again hastened to devour the reserve of the Bank of England. The heads of that great national institution were at their wits' end. Payment in specie was suspended. The country, exclaimed Fox, was in the gulf of bankruptcy. The governors of the Bank immediately assured the nation that it was in "the most affluent and flourishing condition."

Britain had little need of domestic troubles. She required her whole strength. Her reliance and her boast were in her "wooden walls." Not to travel back to the distant times of Alfred, or to those of Richard of the Lion Heart, whose strong-fisted men had boarded the impregnable *Dromunda*, the floating castle of Saladin, or to those of Willoughby, Drake, Howard, Essex, Raleigh; not to speak of the more recent achievements of the dauntless dare-devil Benbow, of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and of Rooke, who in the year 1704 hoisted the British colours on the Rock of Gibraltar, where they are flying to this hour—had we not still with us, in the chief command of our brave and loyal tars, Earl Howe, the hero of the "First of June," when the French were thrashed in the Bay of Biscay; and had not Jervis and Commodore Nelson, on the 14th day of February in this very year, thrown a bright gleam of sunshine into "the wild and darkening forest that threatened to



ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

close around us," by smiting the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, fifteen sail of the line against twenty-seven? Neither merchant nor statesman permitted himself for one moment to dream that the great wave of the righteous power of manhood which had swept over France would touch the decks of our wooden walls, and that the mariners who guard our native seas would be found swerving in the years of storm and license.

BLACK DICK, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND; UNHEEDED MURMURS.

Richard, Earl Howe, had grown old and worn in the service of his country. The veteran admiral, now half a decade beyond the allotted span of threescore years and ten, suffered from the gout in his feet and ankles, and had gone down to take the waters at

Bath in the autumn of 1796. During the whole winter he was confined to his room, and was not able to throw aside his crutches till the end of March. No name, in his own special line, was more respected by the nation or more trusted by the seamen of the navy. To these last the tall and serious admiral was familiarly known as "Black Dick," from a mezzotint portrait that used to hang in his cabin, the sight of which, when first presented to the noble tar, threw him into a state of ludicrous amazement. They also called him the "sailor's friend;" and rightly, for beneath that dark, serious, and haughty countenance there lay a heart which was not only firm as an oak, and never knew what fear was,—to use his own words,—but which was at the same time humane and tender as a true tar's. Was there a sailor in the whole fleet who did not know how, after the famous "first of June," a deputation of petty officers and seamen came aft to thank him for leading them to victory, and how he replied with faltering voice and tear-filled eyes: "It is you, my brave lads, it is you, not I, that have conquered"? There were stories, too, of his benign condescension,—how he was accustomed to go below when a bloody action was over, sitting by the cradles of the poor wounded fellows, talking cheerily to them; and how the sick were nursed with his live stock and wines.

In the last days of February and the opening days of March, the old admiral was disturbed by the receipt of anonymous petitions from four vessels of the Channel Fleet at Spithead. One of these complainants had been his own flag-ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, which was for ever famous, because of the glorious victory of the 1st of June, 1794, when her 900 men and 100 guns had dealt death and havoc among the French. So dear was her cabin to him, that the library at his mansion near St. Alban's was fitted up as a facsimile of his ocean home. The seamen in these petitions simply asked him to request the Board of Admiralty to extend to them, whose payment was the petty sum of 9½*d.* per day, the same munificence that the army had received.

The earl saw that three of the petitions were written in the same hand. This seemed to him suspicious. But as these petitions of the brave tars dropped in day after day, doubtless his memory recalled the serious murmurs of bygone years. He would remember that in the House of Lords he had declared that his own flag-ship was very filthy, and that many of the vessels were in a wretched state; how, among the several mutinies of 1783, the crews at Portsmouth, on a report that the ships just returned were to be refitted and unjustly sent to sea again, had confined their officers and had rushed

down with lighted matches ready to fire on the appearance of any attack from without, and that he had hastened on board the *Janus*, ending the mutiny by a timely and just concession; how, for this same complaint, three men had been hanged in that year on the yard-arm of the *Raisonnable*; how eight men had been sentenced to death on the *Culloden* at the close of 1794, and that he had cast the blame of this discontent upon the captains, who were accustomed to regale themselves on shore, while the toiling tars were kept on board like prisoners.

But the old ways were too inveterately ingrained in Howe. There was no hurry. He intended to take the petitions in his pocket to Earl Spencer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, when he went up to town from the waters at Bath; and in the meantime he wrote to two of the chief officers of the Channel Fleet, whose inquiries ended in a report that there was no perceptible disaffection, and that the smoke was simply manufactured by some evilly-disposed person, in order to throw scandal on the government of William Pitt. Whatever discontent there might be would instantly blow off when the ships stood out to sea, and the patriotic tars were brought face to face with the mortal foes of England. He and his correspondents were mistaken. They forgot the homely proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine." Unseen, the neglected embers were nursed into a flame, which broke forth weeks after into a series of mutinies that threatened the ruin of the country.

OUTBREAK OF THE SPITHEAD MUTINY.

Thus neglected by their friend, the crews carried on a secret correspondence, and formed a sullen resolution that not an anchor should be lifted until their complaints were attended to and their grievances redressed. The officers remained in strange ignorance of the "conspiracy," and the Admiralty had no knowledge of its existence until the 12th of April, when orders were at once telegraphed to Admiral Bridport, the commander of the fleet, to put out to sea. On Saturday the 15th he gave the signal to weigh anchor and proceed to St. Helen's. Three cheers instantly rose from the crew of the *Queen Charlotte*; and instead of mustering obediently round the handspikes of the capstan, the sailors ran up the shrouds. As if by magical contagion, every other crew in the roadstead echoed the cheers of the flag-ship, and similarly manned the fore-shrouds. Not a single anchor in the fleet was lifted. The officers spent their threats and eloquence in vain. The marines were disarmed and the magazines seized. Within a few minutes the authority of the officers was at an end, and the common seamen were masters of the fleet.

It remained to be seen whether the seamen were able to hold down the combatant they had surprised and stunned; in other words, whether they possessed sufficient determination, cohesion, and administrative capacity. Two "delegates"—that "dangerous" word which had been employed in 1794 by the rebels of the *Culloden*—were appointed by each of the sixteen ships. On the following day, which was Easter Sunday, these thirty-two deputies assembled to deliberate in the favourite cabin of Lord Howe; and on Easter Monday they went through the ceremony of swearing every sailor upon the Bible, the ropes which were run out at the yard-arm of each ship hinting grimly to any unwilling tar the terrible penalty of disobedience. A list of rules prepared by the committee enjoined, under severe penalty, the greatest attention to the orders of the officers; that every ship should give three cheers both morning and evening; that no private communication should be held with the shore; that no ship should lift its anchor until the demands of the fleet were satisfied; that no woman should be permitted on shore, but as many might come in as pleased; and that any person found drunk or attempting to bring liquor into the ship should be rigorously punished. These laws were enforced with unrelenting severity; for instance, a sailor who had dared to smuggle a pint of spirits on board was flogged unmercifully with a thief-cat; and on one occasion the *Royal William*, having declined to join in the general cheering of the fleet, was peremptorily warned that she would be fired into if she repeated this act of disobedience. Even the sick seamen who lay in Haslar Hospital (opposite Portsmouth) were infected with the spirit of enthusiasm, tacked their handkerchiefs into a flag, and added their daily cheers to those on board the fleet. The officers whose cruelty had rendered them obnoxious, in spite of all their fears, received no greater injury than that of being sent ashore by the mutineers; and the terrific yard-ropes were called on to perform no sterner duties than that of ducking any sailors who were found guilty of petty misdemeanours,—a more amusing and less brutal punishment than the lash, from which many of the honest tars had suffered for similar offences. Altogether the conduct of these half-enslaved seamen deserves the eulogy of Earl Stanhope, that "perhaps no men raised to power by a successful mutiny ever showed so much temper and moderation."

PETITIONS OF THE SEAMEN; A TALE OF LONG SUFFERING, STATE NEGLECT, AND ROBBERY.

On the 18th of April, two petitions, distinguished by a most respectful and loyal

tone, were prepared and signed by the thirty-two delegates of the mutinous fleet, in order to make plain to the authorities and the nation the wrongs of sailors, and the only terms under which they could be expected to remain in the service of their country. One of these, addressed to the House of Commons, set forth their disappointment and surprise at the neglect of Howe, in whom they had expected to find an advocate, as under his command they had often made the British flag ride triumphant over that of their enemies; asked for an increase of the Greenwich pensions from seven to thirteen pounds per annum, and for an increase of their own pay sufficient to enable them and their families to live in the same comfortable manner as seamen and marines did in the time of Charles II.; for, strange to tell, as is pointed out in this address, their wages were still as low as they had been fixed by Act of Parliament more than a century before, "when the necessities of life and slops of every denomination were at least thirty per cent. cheaper."

The address to the Admiralty is more emphatic, and presents a fuller tale of wrongs, and yet does not even mention the hardships of impressment and flogging, which formed the leading articles of indictment among non-seafaring people and parliamentary philanthropists. In addition to the insufficiency of pay, the demands therein set forth are as follows:—

"First, That our provisions be raised to the weight of sixteen ounces to the pound, and of a better quality; and that our measures may be the same as those used in the commercial trade of the country.

"Secondly, . . . There should be no flour served while we are in harbour, in any port whatever, under the command of the British flag; and also, that there might be granted a sufficient quantity of vegetables of such kind as may be the most plentiful in the ports to which we go; which we grievously complain and lay under the want of.

"Thirdly, . . . To look into the state of the sick on board H.M. ships, that they may be better attended to, and that . . . such necessities as are allowed for them in time of sickness . . . be not on any account embezzled.

"Fourthly, . . . That we may in some way have grant and opportunity to taste the sweets of liberty on shore, when in any harbour, and when we have completed the duty of our ship . . .; which is a natural request, and congenial to the heart of man, and certainly to us, that you make the boast of being the guardians of the land.

"Fifthly, That if any man is wounded in action, his pay be continued until he is cured and discharged; and if any ship has any real grievances to complain of, we hope your Lordships will readily redress them, as far as in your power, to prevent any disturbances."

In the preamble and the epilogue of this wail from the sea, care was taken to speak with deference, moderation, and patriotism, so that no pitiable excuse might be given to a dense-hearted and close-fisted government

to cover a refusal of these demands with charges of disrespect, disloyalty, laziness, cowardice, and revolutionary ideas; and the nation at large gave its fullest sympathy to the demands of the brave, ill-treated, and half-paid tars,—demands or “requests” so modestly put forth by the thousands of men whom the rulers of England, as the petition sarcastically puts it, “make the boast of being the guardians of the land.” Not only would they “suffer double the hardships we have hitherto experienced before we would suffer the crown of England to be in the least imposed upon by that of any other Power in the world,” but it was also—these are the closing words—“unanimously agreed by the fleet, that from this day no grievances shall be received, in order to convince the nation at large that we know when to cease to ask as well as to begin, and that we ask nothing but what is moderate and may be granted without detriment to the nation or injury to the service.”

OUR JOLLY TARS A CENTURY AGO.

There is nothing fabulous or magnified in all this tale of woe; it is not the cry of peevish discontent, but a manly-spoken claim for justice. The lines of the “jolly tars” who manned our wooden walls and won our victories, and slashed right and left the fleets of the world, were in nowise fallen in pleasant places. There is nothing overdrawn for comic effect in the terrible and scathing exposure of naval life made in the career of that rollicking scapegrace, “Roderick Randon”; in fact, we have there revealed a mere sample of the enormities endured by poor Tom Bowling so late even as the year of grace 1797. The immorality, mortality, disease, cursings, floggings, and desertions, cannot be inspected closely by a modern reader without a feeling of wonder, horror, and disgust. A man-of-war was not, as now, one of the healthiest places to inhabit in the world; the food, the cruelty, the restrictions were so shocking that sufficient volunteers could not be had to man our fleet. The men were at the mercy of tyrant officers like Captain Oakum, and an impressed seaman of this very time has left on record that there was “starting and flogging all day long,” and that on the very first night he spent on board he saw seven men flogged because they were not smart enough; the purser was simply a robber by prescription, making £1,000 a year on line-of-battle ships, although he had no pay from Government, for he was privileged to retain an eighth of all provisions for the seamen, on the score of waste or leakage; and everything doled out was of the worst description. The ration for meat was one pound per day, but rarely did more than one-third reach the

hands of the tar; the salt beef and pork were sometimes mixed up by contractors with salted horse, and were often flavourless and polished like a cornelian, after having become indurated with salt in voyaging over and over the seas for years; cheese, butter, breakfast cocoa, water, all were often in the last stage of rottenness. Of these things Roderick Randon speaketh truly: “We had languished five weeks on the allowance of a purser’s quart *per diem* for each man, in the torrid zone, where the sun was vertical, and the expense of bodily fluid so great that a gallon of liquor could scarce supply the waste of twenty-four hours. . . . Our provision consisted of putrid salt beef, to which the sailors gave the name of “Irish horse”; salt pork of New England, which, though neither flesh nor fish, savoured of both; bread from the same country, every biscuit whereof, like a piece of clockwork, moved by its own internal impulse, occasioned by the myriads of insects that dwelt within it; and butter served out by the gill, that tasted like train oil, thickened with salt.” But as “a sorrow’s crown of sorrow” lies in remembering happier things, two-and-a-half gills of new rum were daily administered to the tars in order to preserve them from that unpleasant state of mind. Add to all this the fearful ravages of disease, the horrid condition of the unfortunate sick (that too has been described by Smollett), the embezzlement of their medicines and necessities, the abominable associates with whom the true tar was forced to mingle, and to lay the copestone of hardship, the fact that he was absolutely lorded over by “a petty monarch, whose slightest caprice was indisputable law,” with no appeal from any wrong save to a “code of jurisdiction so severe that every line appears to have been traced in blood, and every other penalty is a shameful death.”

What of the “sweets of liberty” when in port? Men who should have gained their freedom from the service in three years were drafted from ship to ship and sent away into distant service, as if they were no freemen, but prisoners and slaves, at the pleasure of His Majesty’s commanders; and as the seamen were only allowed a few hours on shore, it was impossible for them, in most instances, to pay even a flying visit to their homes, their mothers, their wives, their children. The picture of a man-of-war in port during the great war is too degraded for a modern pen to trace; hundreds of the vilest women flocked on board whenever she arrived, and made the ship a den of pollution, on which no decent wife, or mother, or sister could set her foot. This immorality was not without an effect in spreading the mutinous spirit which existed at the Nore. An admiral then commanding a fleet on a foreign station

found that a large number of the letters addressed to his sailors were from this class at the British ports, and urged them in the strongest terms to join the mutineers. To attempt to go on shore without leave was a terrible crime. A sailor who had been pressed into the service, after many years' absence, touched at his native port, but no women were allowed on board, and even his aged mother and sister, although they came alongside, did not obtain the privilege. In the darkness he swam ashore, remained at home for a few hours, and returned early in the morning. He was discovered, however, by the captain, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to a severe punishment with that sovereign remedy, the cat-o'-nine-tails.

One-half of the seamen during the great war were captured by that odious institution, the press-gang, which had its head-quarters at the "Royal Naval Rendezvous," on Tower Hill, London. In the adjacent public-houses, as one writer has described it, there might be seen alluring pictures of Jack dancing horn-pipes on deck with a lieutenant, or hobnobbing over his grog with an admiral, or slaying half-a-dozen Frenchmen before breakfast, or lighting his pipe on shore with Bank of England notes. When genuine volunteers became scarce and deserters many, there was no scruple about accepting the garbage of society, such as dishonest clerks and excisemen of damaged reputation. In the urgency of the great war, the very gaols were emptied, and thieves and murderers were thrown into the drag-net of the navy; and all these means being insufficient, the country pressed everybody she could lay hands on. We are told that apprentices showed their indentures in vain; people would come home from China or Honolulu, and fall into the clutches of the press-gang five minutes after they set their foot on shore; bags of money would be found on posts on Tower Hill, left by persons who had been kidnapped unawares; men would leave public-houses for a moment to see what kind of a night it was and never be heard of again. These are only a few of the evil ways by which our navy was recruited, and of the dreadful hardships endured by the brave mariners of England, who toiled and bled for the munificent figure of ninepence three farthings a day; but they will serve to interline the modest and moderate complaints presented to the consideration and acceptance of the Government of England. The terrible articles of war are still read constantly upon our men-of-war, but the seamen, better educated, better paid, better fed, self-reliant, sober, and little given to violence, regard them only as a bogie; and although some rough-and-ready officers of the old school look upon the times of our wooden walls as

the golden age of the navy, there are few indeed who will not respect the man-of-war's man of to-day as a vast improvement on the drunken, rollicking tar of a hundred years ago.

VISIT OF THE ADMIRALTY TO PORTSMOUTH.

Those petitions, with the genuine signatures of Val Joyce, Jack Morris, Pat Glynn, Joe Green, Bill Potts, and twenty-seven other British seamen, delegates of the Channel Fleet, looked like the first rush of a lurid storm. The already terrified metropolis was panic-stricken as by the sudden shock of an earthquake. The mutiny of the English mariners, of whose bravery and unstained loyalty every Englishman was justly proud, and on whose sometimes wayward follies on shore he looked with fond indulgence, was the theme of anxious conversation at every fireside, every street corner, every tavern. It was feared that the Channel might become an open pathway for the ships and privateers of France; and, indeed, in Paris it was almost believed that England would sink from being queen of the ocean waves into a feeble and dependent power, without a voice in the councils of Europe. The rumour even flew through London that the seamen had refused to advance to meet the enemy.

My Lord Bridport and other great men who thought they held in their hands the key of Europe's freedom and of England's greatness might not now quietly lay the complaints aside, and, hands in pockets, denounce the whole affair as a scandal got up by ill-disposed persons against the Government of William Pitt. A Cabinet Council was summoned in hot haste on the 17th, and it was there and then determined that Spencer and two Junior Lords of the Admiralty should hie to Portsmouth; the idea being indulged that the appearance of those great officials would at once act as a magical sedative on the fevered spirits of the simple-minded men. On their arrival, a consultation was held on shore with the best admirals, and an immediate answer to the petition was despatched through Lord Bridport, directing him to take the speediest method of communicating to the fleet that they would recommend His Majesty to propose to Parliament an increase of wages, that wounded seamen would enjoy full pay until cured, or until, if completely invalidated, they should be received into Greenwich Hospital, or retire with a pension. Finally, with a strong "puff" of the courage, loyalty, and "spirit which always so eminently distinguished British seamen," they desired them to return at once to duty, as it might be necessary for the fleet to put immediately to sea in order to meet the enemy of the country.

This was too meagre a sop for Cerberus to

swallow. The increase offered by my Lords was 4s. per month to petty officers and able seamen; 3s. per month to ordinary seamen; and 2s. per month to landsmen. But there was not a word as to the quantity of provisions of which the pursers robbed them; not a word as to the quality of the abominable dog's meat doled out to these patriot martyrs whose life was worse than a dog's; not a word as to the fresh vegetables in port; not a word as to the treatment of the sick and wounded, so scathingly exposed in the familiar tale of "Roderick Random"; not a word as to the sweets of liberty on shore. Is it to be wondered at that, in their reply of the 19th April, these points should be insisted on again by the delegates, who had not yet succumbed to the magical presence of the Lords; that they should insist still on the redress of the grievances of particular ships, in other words, the removal of obnoxious officers; and that they should now, remembering the fate of the men of the *Culloden*, who had been hanged by the neck two years before in spite of an assurance of pardon, express their determination not to lift an anchor until an Act of Indemnity was passed? They also, with a tone of conscious strength far different from their meek first petition, offered some "remarks" for the "consideration" of the Board, viz., 1s. per day for able seamen, and a proportionate increase to the others; a similar increase for marines when on board; the augmentation of the Greenwich pensions to £10, towards which the sailors would give one shilling per month; and that this increase should be extended to the seamen of the East India Company, most of whom were obtained from the navy; for "we have seen them," said they, "with our own eyes, after sickness or other accident has disabled them, without any hope of relief or support, but from their former service in the navy."

SCENE ON THE "CHARLOTTE"; THE RED FLAG HOISTED.

Although a message of the following day yielded to the seamen their demands as to increase of pay and provisions and the full allowance to the wounded, the foolhardy Lords closed their gift with an ungracious threat, that every company which did not return to duty within an hour would be answerable for "the dreadful consequences which will necessarily attend their continuing to transgress the rules of the service, in open violation of the laws of their country." The foot of the determined tars was not to be raised by leverage like this; and on the morning of Friday the 21st, Admirals Gardner, Colpoys, and Cole, went off to hold a conference with the delegates of the fleet, Lord Spencer not being permitted to

go, as it was urged that he was too tempting a prize to be placed in the hands of the mutineers. The upshot was disastrous. Although the flag-officers were received on board the *Charlotte* with all due honours, and found the delegates respectful in language and demeanour, yet these last were determined to accept no terms except by Act of Parliament, or rest on any promise unless given under the King's signature. Gardner, who was a thorough and a popular seaman, but of a very nervous temperament, which caused him many a sleepless night, although it never suffered him to lack coolness and courage in presence of a foe, unfortunately lost his temper in the debate. He denounced the seamen as cowards, "a set of skulking fellows who knew the French were ready for sea;" and seizing one of the delegates by the collar, he swore that they should all be hanged, along with every fifth man in the fleet. The crew made a furious rush towards the quarter-deck, and the choleric admiral might have gone overboard, had he not succeeded in extricating himself from the grip of his assailants. Jumping into the hammock nettings of the ship, and placing his neck in the noose of a "yard-rope," he called out, "If you will return to your duty, you may hang me at the yard-arm!" This heroic speech instantly stopped the onset of the sailors, and at once changed their indignation into cheers for the brave and really beloved officer.

Negotiations, however, were broken off; Bridport struck his flag upon the *Charlotte*; the delegates assembled on the *Royal George*, in answer to the blood-red flag of war which was now hoisted; watches were set and the guns shot; the officers were made prisoners; and on that evening Spencer returned in haste to town with the dreadful news.

The people on shore were alarmed at the sight of the "bloody flag," the signal of a challenge to combat, which called up in their imagination a host of hideous fears; but the good-hearted tars were themselves soon struck with repentance for the unhappy extreme of disrespect to which they had been driven, and on the following day the delegates, whose storm of indignation had by this time fallen into a gentle breeze, penned a humble letter to Bridport, their commander, in which they affectionately termed him their "father and friend." They also addressed a letter of gratitude to the Admiralty for an order, which Bridport read to them that morning, in which some of their demands were granted; but they still insisted on an Act of Parliament and other unyielding items; and so little, with all their tenderness, was their determination moved, that in the evening particular orders were issued

THE MUTINIES AT SPITHEAD AND THE NORE.



THE OUTBREAK OF THE MUTINY AT SPITHEAD—THE SAILORS REFUSING TO PUT TO SEA.

that on the next morning, which was Sunday, every sailor should appear on the rigging with clean clothes and give the three customary cheers. Accordingly, the shouts sounded more lustily than ever on that April morning, and the flag of defiance still streamed from the *Royal George*.

But the fight was won. No sooner had Lord Spencer reached the city than a meeting of the Cabinet was held; he hurried off to Windsor, and on the forenoon of that same Sunday Lord Bridport and other officers stepped on board the *Royal George*, handed a copy of the royal pardon to the captain of each vessel, and exhibited the original proclamation to the suspicious delegates on the *Charlotte*; the commander's flag was once more hoisted, the terrible red flag fell, three hearty cheers arose from every crew, and every man at Spithead declared his readiness to perform the commands of his superiors. On Monday afternoon choleric old Gardner dropped down to St. Helen's with the first division of the fleet. The agreement did not come one moment too soon, for the Plymouth squadron also mutinied at this juncture, and a week elapsed before they learned from men whom they had despatched in a cutter to Spithead that the demands of the seamen were finally settled, and that the cry of "All's well!" might once more be shouted as truly as of old.

THE MUTINY AT ST. HELEN'S; ONE MORE BLUNDER.

Bis dat qui cito dat. The niggardly indifference and left-handed generosity with which the seamen of the Channel had been treated left them in a suspicious and explosive mood, which the slightest spark would start off again into a more desperate rebellion. Several of the crews, indeed, hesitated to move from Spithead because their demand for the removal of certain officers had been refused; nor had the rest of the fleet gained absolute confidence in the temper of the Government. Apart from the delay—necessary, it was alleged, for the preparation of estimates—in presenting a Bill to the Commons for increase of the seamen's pay, no step could be more imprudent than that taken by the Admiralty on the 1st of May. An order, of the most provoking character alike to officers and seamen, was issued to all the commanders of the navy, declaring that it had "become highly necessary that the strictest attention should be paid by all officers . . . not only to their own conduct, but to the conduct of those who may be under their orders;" it even condescended to intimate that choice pieces of beef, or select casks of wine or spirits, should not be taken for the officers from the stock of the ship's company, etc.,—

good enough advice, indeed!—and captains and commanders were to "see that the arms and ammunition belonging to the marines be constantly kept in good order and fit for immediate service, as well in harbour as at sea;" as if the brave British tars, who had crowned the history of England with centuries of glory, were no better than the herds of Egyptian slaves who in old times dragged the obelisks and vast stones of the pyramids, to be flogged and shot down like brute beasts!

There was very soon a favourable chance for showing the wisdom of this precious missive. Handbills went round the ships, warning the crews of the unwillingness of the House of Lords to stand to the promises by which the tars had been beguiled; and these, coupled with the threats of bayonets and guns, bore fruit on Sunday the 7th of May. On Bridport's giving orders to weigh anchor, the old cheers which prefaced mutiny were heard again, the "yard-ropes" were once more rove, delegates were again elected, and the officers stripped of their command.

THE FIRST BLOODSHED; A SAD PROCESSION.

The delegates, more determined than before, proceeded to invite the whole Channel Fleet to anchor at St. Helen's: a frigate was despatched to the mutinous ships at Plymouth; the squadron at Torbay was also to be summoned; and orders were sent for the *London* and the *Marlborough*, which were still lying at Spithead. When the delegates approached the former of these two vessels, Sir John Colpoys, vice-admiral, whose blue flag was flying on that ship, ordered the officers and marines to arms. It was in vain that the crew, after some hesitation, came aft and requested the admission of the delegates; a sailor proceeded to unlash one of the guns and point it towards the quarter-deck; Lieutenant Bover threatened to shoot him if he did not desist; and when the sailor refused to obey, the officer killed him on the spot with a pistol. The sailors ran for their arms, and the officers were overpowered. Bover was hurried towards the fatal yard-arm by the indignant comrades of the murdered man, and was only saved by the intercession of the admiral, who declared that the act was done by his own order. Several seamen, however, were slain and wounded in the desperate scuffle, and their wrathful companions imprisoned Colpoys and the other officers; the bloody flag was hoisted in the place of the blue bunting of the admiral; and with the dead and wounded the *London* and the *Marlborough* sailed down to St. Helen's with their tragic tale. Still the hearts of the tars were loyal to old England, and when some persons were heard talking of surrendering their vessel to the French, she was

threatened with destruction by the delegates, and guard-boats were stationed round her night and day.

On the next Tuesday, Portsmouth witnessed the melancholy procession which followed the bodies of three men who had perished by what a coroner's jury had pronounced "justifiable homicide." They were conveyed from Haslar Hospital in the *London's* launch with the colours half-mast high; they were landed at the Commons Hard, now "neither the most cleanly nor the most moral spot in the world;" guns had been planted as if to defend the garrison from a siege. But all was peaceful. Before the first coffin there were borne two colours, and one before each of the others, half-struck; behind walked fifty of the dead men's shipmates, two by two; nearly the same number of women followed, dressed in black, and six other women on either side of the coffins. Amid the silent and immense crowds the mournful procession wended its way through Portsea and other villages, until the remains of the first three victims of the year of mutinies were laid in their last resting-place in the churchyard of Kingston.

ARRIVAL OF THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

The very elements seemed to be in wild sympathy with men's uncertain minds. A fierce storm swept over the ships at St. Helen's and in the Channel. In London there were dark fears as to Colpoys and his rash supporters. The seamen deliberated, quite respectfully, as to whether the admiral should be put to death on the spot. In a work of great rarity we read a story that may in part account for his escape, and which at the same time displays the finer spirit of the British tar. "A man was heard to call him a '— — rascal,' or some such words. Notwithstanding the furious irritation which at that moment agitated the whole crew, the habit of respect and regard for a beloved commander prevailed so far as to turn part of their resentment against the person who dared to use such language to their admiral, who was uncommonly regarded, and they threatened to punish or throw the offender overboard."

Meanwhile aristocratic London and the British Parliament had other great and grave affairs to talk of besides the woes of sailors. There was "marrying and giving in marriage," as in the days of Noah. In answer to the King's message of the 3rd of May, a bridal gift of £80,000 was granted to his eldest daughter on the 4th; and on that same day a loan of £2,000,000 to perfidious Austria was agreed to, while the business of the poor seamen was deferred for consideration to the 8th. There was need for haste when that day came. Pitt rose to move his

resolution in a state of great agitation; and on that same evening a Cabinet Council decided on sending the resolution by express to the fleet. On the following day the Bill passed through both Houses at a single sitting.

In spite of the triumphant news, the embittered sailors read with rancorous pleasure the fierce attacks of Fox, Sheridan, and Whitbread. There had been wild and random cries afloat among the panic-stricken citizens of the metropolis, such as that the king himself should visit the rebellious fleet; but wise men found the true magician of the waves in the venerable Richard Howe. When the sailors heard that Black Dick was coming among them at last; when they saw their feeble and crippled hero carried from a barge on board the *Royal George* on Wednesday afternoon; when they listened to the reasonings and chidings of the Napoleon of the British navy, who had led many of them in many a deadly action, and had wept out words of gratitude with all his big heart before their eyes after the glorious engagement of the 1st of June, — then the mutiny was simply doomed. He carried with him authority, *carte blanche*, for the final settlement. It was supremely touching to see the worn veteran doing his last service to the country he had served so well and so long, day after day moving from ship to ship, and listening with the patience of a true friend to the tales of wrong poured eagerly into his ear by the seamen's deputies. The other crews refused all intercourse with two ships that defiantly nailed the red colours to the mast-head until they finally surrendered; they begged forgiveness of Gardner, and with three hearty cheers welcomed him again on his own quarter-deck; and they yielded to the skilful suggestion of Black Dick that they should formally express contrition to him for their conduct, and ask his good offices. Lastly, each company, by his advice, presented its separate petition to him for the removal of certain officers; and these in their turn resigned connexion with those that entertained for them so little respect. By such prudent means the wise old admiral granted all demands to the seamen, veiling "the dangerous concession so skilfully that it assumed the form of a gracious indulgence rather than a yielding to mutinous dictation." The tars were "jolly" once more, and they subjected the "sailors' friend" on Sunday and Monday to a true ovation. It was a story to be told over and over, how Val Joyce, one of the delegates, a Belfast tobacconist who had been sent into the service on a charge of treason, was invited on Sunday into the governor's mansion, and joined the old admiral over a glass of wine! The pardon arrived that evening, and early

on Monday morning the delegates landed at Portsmouth, marched up to the governor's to the strains of "Rule, Britannia," and partook of some refreshment. At eight their venerable chief embarked amid the cheers of the boats' crews, attired in their best clothes, and with a salute of ordnance. Several ships were visited, and the fervent thanks of the seamen received by him; and the Spithead mutineers crowned their return to allegiance by bearing him that evening on their shoulders to the residence of the governor. This was Howe's last great service, which no other man in all England could have done so well; and yet there were people so unwise and ungrateful as to declare that Black Dick was in his dotage.

THE SPREADING OF THE WEED; THE OUTBREAK AT THE NORE.

Although the weed had now been cleanly rooted out at Portsmouth and Plymouth, the hesitating, languid, and ungenerous action of the authorities had given ample time for the planting of dangerous seeds in other portions of the navy. They cropped up in turn at the Nore, at Yarmouth, on the coast of Spain, and even at the Cape of Good Hope. Handbills were being circulated that served to stir the embers of discontent; and these were written, it was alleged, not in the language of seamen, but in the style of the circulating library. Then why not keep the car rolling, and trample down every wrong from which the seamen suffered? On the 12th of May, 1797, before Richard Howe had wound up his Portsmouth triumph, there arose a more ferocious mutiny; indeed, says Earl Stanhope, "no crisis so alarming, or nearly so alarming, has ever been known in England since the Revolution of 1688."

The sailors of the fleet lying at the mouth of the Medway had partaken of breakfast that morning as usual, and at half-past nine those on board the *Sandwich*, which carried the flag of Admiral Buckner, received orders to clear the hawse. At that moment a number of the captains were holding a court-martial on board the *Inflexible*. The command of Lieutenant Justice on the *Sandwich* was answered by three cheers from the crew; the yard-ropes of this famous ninety-gun ship were rove by the sailors, and the fore-castle guns were brought aft to the quarter-deck. Cheers were heard all round, and the whole fleet was instantly in possession of the several crews. Delegates were chosen, a committee was selected from their number, and at the head of all was placed a "president." The person appointed to this equivocal honour was Richard Parker, a man of thirty-five, and a native of the town of Exeter, who had served in the navy during previous years,

and had several times been discharged for bad conduct or for lunacy. He had received a better education than the great mass of his comrades, and in the position of a supernumerary on the *Sandwich*—a class of idle seamen from whom the petty officers of the fleet were chiefly drafted, and of whom there were a large number under the command of Buckner—he enjoyed sufficient leisure to speculate on the great possibilities of disturbance or reform awakened by the Spithead mutiny. It has been supposed, on no sure ground, however, that he and others in the fleet were filled with the revolutionary ideas that had swept over the Continent, and found expression even in the "corresponding societies" of steady-going England.

Not only was the Spithead token of defiance, in the shape of the bloody flag, hoisted by these new mutineers, but from the first a more reckless spirit revealed itself in every action: in the fact that for days they made no statement of their grievances; in the fact that on the morning after the outbreak the *Inflexible*, while passing down to the Nore with the red flag flying, fired in the *St. Fiorenzo* until her crew raised the cheer, which they had refused on the previous evening; and in the fact that on that same day the crew of the *Champion*, on reaching the destination at the Little Nore to which their captain had been ordered, seized the command and proceeded with the vessel to the Great Nore, declaring that that was their destination by order of the president and delegates. On the 14th, four delegates were despatched to Portsmouth to consult with their "brethren"; and one of these, who deserted by the way, made a mysterious confession to his captain that Parker held communication with a "man in black," and received "plenty of money" for the leaders of the mutiny. It may just be mentioned that this proved a fruitless mission, in spite of the information given by the president to Admiral Buckner, that a little bird had whispered in his ear that the Spithead fleet would join him.

DELIBERATIONS AND FROLICS OF THE DELEGATES.

Every day the inhabitants of Sheerness witnessed a formidable line of boats, with that of the president at its head, moving from the ships to the shore, to the strains of "Rule, Britannia," "God save the King," "Britons, strike home," or other patriotic songs; this was followed by a procession on shore, when a large number of the seamen, armed with pistols and cutlasses, walked in peaceful order behind the red ensign of the "sailors' cause." It was in Sheerness that the delegates held their conferences, the "Royal Arch" and "Chequers" public-houses being the favourite seats of this new

naval legislature ; and there, when the serious deliberations of the day were over, they were accustomed to enjoy a "grand dinner," and quaff the pint of beer provided for them out of a fund collected from the ships' companies. These visits occasioned deep alarm among the peaceable people of Sheerness, who expected every day to be subjected to the horrors of a siege ; and many of the inhabitants, principally women and children, fled with their movables to Chatham and other places, among the former being the wife of the master of the dockyard, who escaped with three hundred pounds in gold concealed about her person. On one occasion, the delegates paid a visit to the sick seamen in their quarters, and used such menacing language that the surgeon fled in terror of his life, while his assistant took the more desperate course of cutting his own throat. The obnoxious boatswain of the *Proserpine* was seized on shore, carried off to the fleet, and there condemned to death. As the rope was being placed round his neck to run him up to the yard-arm, he succeeded in whispering in the ear of one who was beside him that any offence he might have committed was done in obedience to the superior officers. The grim judges—if after all the affair was anything more than a practical joke—were moved by this appeal to mitigate the penalty of death into one of harmless ridicule. His hands were tied behind his back ; a large mop was fastened on each shoulder, and a rope around his neck ; he was then placed with these shackles and decorations in a boat, and rowed through the fleet in manner of a guy, to the sound of the "Rogue's March" beat upon a drum ; thereafter he was landed at Sheerness, and finally set free, after having been marched through the dockyard and garrison under a guard of mutineers.

PROPOSALS OF THE MUTINEERS ; FRESH BLUNDERS AND HIGH JINKS.

After eight days of this huge and dangerous and insane folly, Admiral Buckner arrived on board the *Sandwich* with a proclamation of pardon, granted on the same terms as had been accepted by the Spithead seamen,—terms which Parker and the other delegates had previously assured him would completely satisfy their wishes. The brave commander was not even welcomed with the customary honours of his rank. He saw that his officers were deprived of their side-arms, and had no command on board. Parker, who had been on shore engaged in a procession, at last arrived, and handed him the list of articles, eight in number : (1) Asking the same indulgence for the Nore seamen as had been granted to the men at Portsmouth ;

(2) greater liberty for every man, so that he might be able to visit his friends ; (3) payment of all arrears of wages down to six months before the ships proceeded to sea ; (4) no dismissed officers to be re-employed in the same ship without consent of the ship's company ; (5) newly pressed men to receive two months' advance to furnish them with necessaries ; (6) indemnification of deserters ; (7) a more equal distribution of the prize-money ; (8) a mitigation of the articles of war.

Whatever the justice of these claims—the first had really been granted in the Portsmouth settlement, and the others (if we except the sixth, which is destructive of all order) are perfectly capable of defence—the tone of dictation which inspires their expression, and especially the closing paragraph, is indefensible, and forms an unpleasing contrast to the moderate and courteous requests of the Spithead men. Buckner saw that his authority upon the fleet was gone ; the seamen paid no heed to his remonstrance against those "disgraceful ropes called yard-ropes" being always kept hanging ; and among other insolent talk and conduct Parker prevented one man from answering a question put to him by the admiral, with the remark, "Hold your tongue ; if you don't, I'll take care of you."

It would be tedious and fruitless here to track out at length the lingering steps of the Admiralty, which had in the Spithead crisis committed the same blunder and had also condemned itself by want of tact,—a blunder of which Parker and his associates were too late in seeking to grasp the advantage, for had they at once stood down the river beyond the difficulties of the buoys and beacons, the mutiny of the Nore would not merely have convulsed England, but might have weakened the foundations of her empire. As it happened, the Board at first (23rd May) distinctly refused the terms of the mutineers, and expressed their determination not to visit Sheerness ; and two days later again transmitted their reply. The reckless assurance of the mutineers was not lessened one iota by these unyielding missives, and it was bolstered up by the belief that the same spirit of rebellion was stirring in the army. On the very day on which the Board's reply first reached the fleet, Parker and several other delegates forced themselves into the presence of Admiral Buckner, in Sheerness, formally demanding the liberation of two drunken marines ; the foolish president taunted him with being no longer admiral of the fleet, as his flag was now struck, and that he (Parker) had now the power in his own hands. Captain Cunningham, of the *Clyde* on hearing this insult, was "about to seal the fate of Parker," but was held back by a brother officer ; and in the end the intoxicated

men were allowed to be carried off to the fleet, as it was "a small matter"! In further defiance, a strong party rowed into Sheerness harbour, seized a number of gun-boats, scaled the guns, and threatened to fire on the garrison. On the morning of the 25th, every ship in the fleet proceeded to the Nore, bearing on the mast-head the bloody flag, and every man and virago wore a red ribbon in the hat or cap. At this juncture, Parker at last took notice of the letters of the Admiralty, stating that the mutineers would make no "accommodation" until the Lords Commissioners appeared in person at the Nore, and redressed their grievances. Far from being alarmed by the firm front and the commands and threats of the Admiralty, they had now taken a step, the aim of which was to blockade the commerce of the metropolis by stretching a line of armed "wooden walls" across the pathway of the Thames; they had already despatched seventeen deputies to enlist Duncan's fleet at Yarmouth in the "sailors' cause"; and on Saturday a cutter proceeded up the river to Long Reach, to bring down the turbulent *Lancaster*, the *Agincourt*, and the *Naiad* to the station at the Nore.

PARKER AND THE ADMIRALTY; ESCAPE OF THE "CLYDE."

In spite of all their protestation, Spencer and two other Lords of the Admiralty flattered the obstinacy of the mutineers by paying a short visit to Sheerness; held an interview with their leaders, Spencer actually submitting to hear from the lips of Parker, who acted as spokesman for his twelve disciples, the insulting remark—"Go and consult the ringleaders of your gang!" My Lords thereupon returned to town, empty-handed as they came, leaving the men "to become temperate at their leisure,"—the sarcastic expression used in a letter of Earl Howe, the peacemaker of Spithead, who attributes the "seeming reasonable discontents" to the incompetence of the persons who had the immediate superintendence of the seamen, to the delays in the Admiralty courts, and the chicanery of practitioners and prize-agents.

The proclamation of the royal pardon was sent to the fleet, but was suffered to be read on only seven of the ships. Two of these, the *Clyde* and *St. Fiorenzo*, instantly and unanimously hauled down the bloody flag, hoisting the white one in its place, amid three rounds of deafening cheers. On other ships a determined struggle was carried on between the parties of resistance and submission; the captains made strenuous efforts to support the latter; alternately the red and white colours were hoisted and lowered; but in the end the former triumphed. The guns

of the ruthless *Inflexible*, the coryphæus of the mutiny, were pointed at the loyal *Clyde*, which once more hoisted the bloody flag out of respect for this strong pressure. But the two submissive ships, which the *Inflexible* offered to go alongside with the object of taking vengeance on the officers and every tenth man, were determined on escape from the clutches of the mutinous vessels. A little after midnight, on the 30th, the *Clyde* drifted in dead silence up the river with the flood-tide, and at sunrise came off Garrison Point, near Sheerness, greeted by volleys of cheers from the soldiers on the shore. Shortly after midday, the *St. Fiorenzo* took the opposite course, and ran through the mutinous fleet under fire, with only a slight damage to her rigging; but down the river she encountered another danger, in the shape of a number of vessels from the North Sea Fleet on their way to join the "brethren" at the Nore. As she still prudently and fortunately kept the bloody flag flying at her masthead, the new recruits gave her an ovation of mutinous cheers, amid which she sped on her way to the harbour of Harwich, in order to convey to the Continent the book-hunting Prince of Wurtemberg and his happy English bride.

ARRIVAL OF THE NORTH SEA FLEET; BLOCKADE OF THE THAMES.

This defection, but for the accession of fresh blood from Yarmouth, would probably have ended the odious mutiny. Parker had learned at last that the soldiers were against him. A band of mutineers had met a regiment on its arrival at Sheerness garrison, and one of them, relying on the sympathy of the privates, had thrust a red flag in the face of the commanding officer; but as his insult was not received as he had anticipated, he was compelled to fly for his life, seeking safety in a haystack, from which he was ignominiously dragged and carried off to prison. At the same time that the daily arrivals of vessels from the North Sea Fleet lent a new courage to the mutineers, their departure from the command of Admiral Duncan was a serious peril to the shores of England. It was with a sad heart that the brave old Scotsman, in a few months to become the hero of Camperdown, awoke one morning to find that his whole armament had forsaken him, his own flagship and another vessel being all that were now left him to proceed with to the Texel and hold the Dutch fleet at bay. He summoned his crew on deck, made a touching speech that melted every one of his "brave lads" into tears, in the spirit of true British heroism proceeded to the Texel, and day after day made a show of signalling as if to vessels in the offing, so as to keep the Dutch squadron

under the delusion that the rest of the fleet was near. Fortunately for England, this ruse was thoroughly successful.

Conferences, indeed, were still held on shore between the delegates and the authorities, but Parker was now daring enough to defy the royal proclamation, which presented the alternative of the articles or unconditional submission, and to denounce it to the Admiral as "foolish and irritating to honest men;" he and his fellow ringleaders, knowing that for them at least there was no place for repentance, decided on dying "game." The commerce of the Thames and the Medway was now completely blocked; on either hand of the fleet there was a perfect forest of masts, among other vessels detained at Gravesend by order of the Government being the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, which usually sailed in May; the metropolis itself trembled in fear of a siege. Fishing-boats, however, were permitted to ply upon the idle waters of the Thames, and a few merchantmen were allowed to pass upwards by virtue of an order signed by "Richard Parker, President."

The wrath of the British lion was at last roused. The city and the parliament rose in giant anger and strength. On the 3rd of June an Act of Parliament declared any person liable to the penalty of death who should endeavour to seduce sailors or soldiers from their duty; and three days later a still more drastic Act forbade every species of intercourse with mutinous vessels. The Commissioners of the Admiralty instantly declared the *Sandwich* and her comrades in a state of mutiny. There could be no mercy but by their will to any one of the thousands of mutineers.

The rebels passed in turn from signs of loyalty to deeds of barbarous defiance. They lowered the bloody flag, hoisted the royal flag, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns on the 4th of June, the King's birthday. After a mock trial for "conspiracy," they lashed severely a number of mates and other officers on the *Monmouth*, also shaving the head of one offender. They ducked officers, with several souses, from the yard-arm; they tarred and feathered them, and thus rowed them through the fleet,—barbarities which, recited by the officers when set on shore, hastened the day of retribution. In sore straits for fresh provisions, the mutineers were forced into acts of piracy. Not content with rifling the stores of two store-ships, the *Grampus* and *Serapis*, they stole the flour of trading vessels; seized the salmon of Scottish smacks (in one case Parker gave the master an order on the Admiralty!); half-murdered the master of a Dutch scout and his two sons for daring to

beg a few shillings from the robber—"admiral" to keep them from starving in London; and tried their hand at sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting on the Isle of Sheppy. The very surgeons had deserted them. Fifty or sixty sick whom they sent to the *Spanker*, a hospital ship, were ordered back by the Admiral, and these poor fellows carried back in their repentant bosoms copies of the latest royal proclamation. This helped to burst the Parker bubble.

The treasure-chest had been removed to Chatham from timid Sheerness. Strong forces of the military were summoned to London, and stationed down the river; the naval officers of the East India Company who were at home tendered their services; the companies of London sent down volunteers; vessels were rapidly manned by Government, under the direction of Sir Erasmus Gower; the Medway and Sheerness harbours were closed by booms and chains; batteries were planted to command the rebels, and furnaces were heated to make the balls red-hot for action; finally, to hinder all escape, the buoys and beacons at the mouth of the Thames were removed. The question was now—starvation or surrender?

They tried their last mad mission upon the 6th. They sent up Lord Northesk with their stern ultimatum, to be answered in fifty-four hours; if unanswered, "something would happen that would astonish the nation,"—they would put to sea. The reply was,—unconditional submission.

HANGING PITT; PARKER'S WASHER-WOMAN.

Captain Brenton, of the *Agamemnon*, one of four vessels of Duncan's fleet, that arrived upon the 6th of June, describes a freak which caused no small alarm on shore. "At sunrise I was awoke by the report of great guns and musketry, and saw what I supposed to be officers and men hanging at the yard-arms of some of the ships. They were run up in the smoke of the guns, in the manner usually practised at naval executions. While hanging, volleys of musketry were fired at them; and we concluded we were very soon to share the same fate; nor was it till two or three hours afterwards that we were undeceived, and informed that the figures suspended were only effigies meant to represent the Right Hon. William Pitt and Dundas, whom they familiarly termed "Billy Pitt," and considered their greatest enemy."

The *Serapis* had cut itself free from the mutinous leash upon the 6th, suffering some damage from the guns. Two days later a captain arrived at the fleet with copies of the Acts, and the royal proclamation. The "admiral" read them to the crews, but omitted all mention of a pardon. In this

procession he made some strange speeches. The King had called them rebels. "I say we are honest men; I and my brother delegates are all united and acting *in the cause of humanity*; and while life animates the heart of Dick Parker, he will be true to the cause." In answer to the charge of peculating the money contributed by the seamen to the delegates, he said: "That is false; I owe my washerwoman eighteen-pence, and I have not even money to pay her;" whereupon a disrespectful tar exclaimed, "Why then, you're a precious admiral indeed!"

BREAK-UP OF THE MUTINY; SEIZURE AND SENTENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.

The charm was broken. There arose a dearth of water and fresh provisions; the tyranny and the curses of Parker were like the scourges of Rehoboam; the fact of his treacherous concealment of the pardon leaked out and spread like wildfire. The terror increased to madness when it was known that the merchants of London would never admit a mutineer into their service. On the 9th, a lieutenant of the *Leopard* unmasked the battery on her main deck; sailors ran aloft and loosed the top-sails; her cables were cut, and away she floated up the Thames to Gravesend amid a rain of fire. A terrific struggle took place on board between the loyalists and rebels, during which a lieutenant received a mortal wound. The *Repulse* followed on the same day, ran aground, and lay for an hour and a half under the fire of the whole fleet; she escaped after terrible mutilation. When she had almost reached Gravesend, some of the mutineers formed a plot to blow her up, but this was discovered in time, and the disaffected were thrown in irons.

On that morning Parker gave the signal to put out to sea. The fore top-sail of the *Sandwich* was loosed, a gun was fired, every ship answered; but not one obeyed, for in spite of their mutiny the crews remembered still that they were Britons. The cries of the famishing and thirsty women and children were pitiful. A vote of want of confidence was passed against the rebel president, whose charm was at last broken; the crews were broken up into parties of "Republicans" and "Loyalists"; flags of truce passed constantly from the Nore to the Sheerness; but

the mutineers, although otherwise casting themselves upon the royal clemency, gallantly refused to surrender the ringleaders, and insisted on a general pardon. Utter despair had roused the crews to madness, and on the evening of Monday the 12th of June, the union flag rose and fell by turns on every ship; signals of distress were displayed, and during all that night and morning horrid scenes of violence and bloodshed occurred among the crews, in one case the struggling parties firing at each other, the guns being placed in opposite parts of the ship. Two men—one of whom was a Scotsman with the heroic name of William Wallace—committed suicide in order to escape the ignominy of a public execution; and, according to the custom of the time, they were buried in a cross-road, "with a stake in their inside." It was expected that Parker would attempt to escape, and a proclamation offered a reward of £500 for his apprehension.

By Wednesday afternoon almost every vessel had hoisted the white flag in token of surrender; and on the following day (15th June) the dishonoured *Sandwich* herself floated into port within gunshot of the Sheerness battery. The flag of her true admiral was at once hoisted; Dick Parker, whilom "president" and "admiral," was fast pinioned and landed at the Commissioner's Stairs, amid the hisses of the crowd. Altogether some 300 prisoners were made by the military in the surrendered ships, but of these only twenty-three underwent the punishment of death. Parker, the arch-rebel, was lodged for a few hours in the "black hole" under the chapel of Sheerness garrison, was then conveyed to Maidstone, and after a three days' trial by court-martial on board the *Neptune*, during which he made an able and cool defence of his conduct, was sentenced to be hanged by the neck till he was dead. A gift of five pounds sent to him by his brother was received with the pleasant remark that he would "have roast goose before he died." At half-past nine, on the last day of the leafy month of June, his body hung lifeless on the yard-arm of the *Sandwich*; and in the short space of seven minutes, so bright was the atmosphere, the Admiralty learned by telegraphic signals that the most notorious and dangerous of English mutineers was dead.

M. M.





BRITISH CHARTERS OF LIBERTY; FROM KING JOHN TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Barons and their Dependents—Royalty and the Barons—The early Charter of William and Henry I.—Constitutions of Clarendon—The Assize of Northampton—King John and the Barons—The Conference at St. Albans—The Meeting in the Temple—The Tryst at Runnymede—Magna Charta—Its Clauses explained—Rage of John—The Confirmations of the Charter—Parliamentary Influence—Petition of Right—Charles and the Parliament—The Revolution—William and Mary—Bill of Rights—Declaration of Rights—The Act of Settlement—Modern Measures—The Chartists—The Kennington Scare—Conclusion.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

WHEN the eleventh century was drawing to a close the Feudal System was fully developed on the Continent; and though it is not necessary to do more than refer to it, we must briefly consider the relations of the barons and their vassals, to arrive at the state of things which led to the demands for Magna Charta. William, with his Norman knights, had conquered the independent Saxons, and accordingly found it very necessary to maintain their feudal

organization, and to exercise a certain authority upon the serfs who were within their jurisdiction. The castle dominated the village, and the baron reigned over the "villeins," or tillers of the soil.

In the castle he had built dwelt the Norman baron with his family; and here he passed his time when not out upon any warlike expedition. The people surrounding the castle were kept in a state of vassalage and degradation, and looked back with regret to the mild and beneficent laws of Edward

the Confessor, in whose days they were an independent and prosperous community. This spirit of independence had not been crushed by the Norman Conquest; and when William, in 1070, was recalled to England by urgent messages in consequence of the disaffection of the people, he promulgated a Charter, or body of laws, "being the same which his predecessor and cousin observed before him," to conciliate his subjects.

This instrument, the confirmation of the laws of Edward the Confessor, formed the first stepping-stone to the Great Charter wrung from John Lackland in the pastures of Runymede.

But after a time each individual baron sought to enrich himself by robbery and spoliation. The barons thus became more and more isolated in their "fiefs"; and the Norman kings took every advantage of these circumstances to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the individual baron, when practicable.

Encroachments by royalty soon became distasteful to these paramount lords, and they found it desirable to band themselves together to resist the too great power wielded by the king; and in these conditions they at one time found factious assistance in Stephen the usurper, and in others who aspired to wield the British sceptre and to wear the English crown. We find from history that William II., Henry I., and Stephen all and each had to obtain the goodwill and assistance of the great feudal lords, who were able to enforce their demands respecting their privileges and liberties.

Again, if we peruse the history of England during the reign of Richard I., we shall see how the various factions arose in England while the regency of John was continued. His never-ceasing intrigue gave rise to many such divisions, and even before that time the regency appointed by Richard had been the cause of strife. A struggle for power arose between Pudsey, the Chief Justiciary, Bishop of Durham, and Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, so another regency was decided upon, the three additional justiciaries being Hugh Bardolf, William Briwere, and Longchamp. The lastnamed soon assumed chief authority; and when after a time Prince John gave himself all the airs of an heir-apparent, his adherents and those of Longchamp came into collision; and a disadvantageous treaty was concluded, by which John gained virtual possession of several royal castles, to be delivered finally to him should Richard die. The Regent was soon obliged to yield altogether, and he then fled from England. But the barons had had a taste of the sweets of power, and fancied themselves entitled to a share in the government; while "Longbeard" stirred up the populace to a dangerous pitch.

Things were so when John mounted the throne. The conflict between the races had in a great measure died out. The barons and the king's adherents were the opposing factions. John was not a sovereign to forego any of his privileges or rights, unless absolutely forced to do so; and the barons, believing that they too had certain privileges, wished to compel the recognition of them. John's barons would not assist him against France, and he was universally detested for his conduct and crimes. To add to his unpopularity he managed to quarrel with the Pope, and one consequence of this was the interdict, which filled England with "lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

THE EARLIER CHARTERS.

It may be accepted as a fact, that the charter by which William of Normandy agreed to follow the laws of Edward the Confessor, was the first one granted by the Normans. Henry I. also granted a charter, in which he promised to redress all the grievances of the former reigns, and one clause distinctly renews the laws of the Confessor, "with those emendations with which my father amended them with the advice of the barons." This charter of Henry I. was a very important one, although the various enactments were never carefully observed by the King. Its provisions were as follows, and it served as a basis for the Great Charter wrung from the pusillanimous John.

When Henry I. came to the throne, his first act on the very day of his accession was to inform his subjects that they would surely derive great benefits from his rule. This was very politic on his part, as his weak claim to the throne required something to support it, and by uniting the interests of the people with his own, he secured the kingdom. His charter ran thus:—

(1) To the Church: That on the death of an archbishop, bishop, or abbot, he would neither sell, nor let to farm, nor accept anything from the possessions of the Church nor its tenants during the vacancy of the see or benefice.

(2) He granted to all his barons and vassals in chief the remission of various exactions to which they had been subjected, and declared that they should equally relieve their tenants. The king's license for his vassals' weddings was still retained, but without fee, and should not be refused unless the intended husband were an enemy. Widows were not to be married without their free consent. Mothers of children had the wardship and custody of them and their lands.

The right of a vassal to bequeath property by will was admitted, and fines for offences were not to be levied as the king

might desire, but according to the nature of the offence.

(3) Generally to the nation the King granted the laws of Edward the Confessor, as altered by William I. He agreed to levy no "moneyage" which had not been paid in the Saxon king's time, and vendors and coiners of light money were to be severely punished. All military tenants were exempted from land taxes and burthens; all fines due and pecuniary mulcts for murder before his accession were remitted. Henry also ordered the fullest reparation to be made for all his brother's former injustice.

Such were the chief provisions of the charter of Henry I., which gave general satisfaction, except in the matter of the preservation of the hunting forests, which the King determined to retain for his own use and indulgence. The marriage of Henry with Matilda of Scotland crowned the edifice of concession.

But the barons did not approve of these concessions of the King and of the clauses directed against their irresponsibility. When Robert of Normandy landed to claim the English crown they held aloof; but the people thronged to the King's standard, and presented so formidable an array that the Normans feared to attack. When peace had been concluded, Henry revenged himself on his barons, and despoiled many of them, seizing all their possessions. By these and other means Henry gained the goodwill of the people, while he crushed the feudal barons and raised up another class of knights upon whom the ancient barons looked in scorn.

Stephen and Henry II. confirmed the "Scholar's" charter, and we find that the usurper particularly favoured the Church, to which he owed his exaltation; but Henry II., while transacting all the chief business of the nation with the help of a legislative council, took care to retain his own authority. The Constitutions of Clarendon (sixteen in all) were the outcome of the controversy between Becket and the King respecting the treatment of offending clerics, and the latter made great complaint of the extortions of the Ecclesiastical Courts. The Constitutions "concern questions of advowson and presentation to churches in the King's gift, the trial of clerks, the security to be taken of the excommunicated, the trial of laymen for spiritual offences, the excommunication of tenants in chief, the license of the clergy to go abroad, ecclesiastical appeals, which were not to go farther than the archbishop without the consent of the king, questions of title to ecclesiastical estates, baronial duties of prelates, the election to bishoprics, the right of the king to the goods of felons deposited under the protection of the Church." These provisions led to the exile of Becket. The

Assize of Clarendon, which has been regarded as a re-enactment of the "Constitutions," was afterwards arranged.

The Assize contained twenty-two articles respecting the presentment of criminals and the mode of trial by jury. "Twelve lawful men from each hundred, and four from each township, were sworn to present those who were known as criminals within their district for trial by ordeal." Another article enacted that "no stranger might abide in any place save a borough, and only there for a single night, unless sureties were given for his good behaviour."

The Assize of Northampton, issued in 1176, was intended as a code of instructions for the itinerant justices, as the Assize of Clarendon had been. It referred to the infliction of punishments on felons and rebels, and the demolition of certain forfeited strongholds. The country was divided into six circuits for the purpose.

These various charters or enactments were all very important, not only to the English constitution, but as the beginning of the legal forms and usages now so beneficial. Judicial and financial progress was steadily made, for Henry II. was certainly a legislator of much talent, and one of the greatest politicians of the time.

KING JOHN AND THE BARONS.

We have already briefly noticed the steps by which John made himself so thoroughly obnoxious to the English people, who had, during the preceding reign, acknowledged the law of the land. All classes, from the barons downwards, had become accustomed to regard the law, instead of the dictates of the King, who was so long absent; and thus a respect for the constitutional enactments superseded the doctrine of might. Normans and English were already becoming an united people when John ascended the British throne.

Lord Chatham once said that the "Bible of the English Constitution" might be summed up in *Magna Charta*, the *Petition of Right*, and the *Bill of Rights*, and it is with the first of these three chapters that we have now to do. "The Great Charter," says Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*, "is the first great public act of the nation after it has realized its own identity, the consummation of the work for which, unconsciously, kings, prelates, and lawyers have been labouring for a century. . . . It is in one view the summing up of a period of national life; in another, the starting-point of a new and not less eventful period than that which it closes."

John's manners and scandalous irregularities in every way had completely disgusted the English people; and when he surrendered

himself as the vassal of the Pope, public opinion condemned him, although he was certainly supported by some of the barons. The King was a vassal, and when the barons failed to gain their demands from him, they appealed to the Pope, on the ground that had it not been for their influence, the King would never have consented to become Innocent's vassal. They refused to go abroad when summoned by the King, for he had made himself so thoroughly despicable and despotic that they declined his authority.

The northern barons openly defied the King; and these were the families who had, as already remarked, been raised up to baronial dignity by Henry. They were not all Normans; many were English, and men who had close sympathies with their adherents, not feudal lords who cared only for their own aggrandizement. "They had been trained under the eye of Glanville and Richard de Lucy, and had been uniformly faithful to the King against the greater feudatories. . . . They were the forefathers of the great north-country party which fought the battle of the constitution during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries."*

John had ascended the English throne monarch of a mighty empire. Within a few years he had been stripped of all his foreign possessions, and Normandy was lost, and then he was obliged to turn all his attention to his limited realm. So with the barons, who "gradually came to regard England as their country, and Englishmen as their countrymen. The two races, so long hostile, soon found they had common interests and common enemies. The great-grandsons of those who had fought under William, and the great-grandsons of those who had fought under Harold, began to draw near each other in friendship, and the first pledge of reconciliation was the Great Charter."†

CONFERENCE OF THE BARONS.

While John was sailing to Jersey, the barons, under the presidency of FitzPeter the Justiciary, met at St. Alban's on the 4th of August, 1213. This meeting had for its object an inquiry into the amount due to the plundered spiritual lords, and was attended by representatives from the townships as well as by the prelates. The discussion of the compensation, however, was not the only one introduced; indeed, it was only the ostensible cause of the council or conference. FitzPeter and Archbishop Langton took a speedy occasion to put before the assembly the results of the misrule to which they had been subjected.

The resolutions at which the conference arrived were soon put forth by the Justiciary as a royal proclamation, by which the charter of Henry I. was ordered to be obeyed; and pronounced capital punishment upon those who should exceed their duty, "whether sheriffs, foresters, or officers of the king." Here we have Henry's charter brought forward as the basis of English liberties; and the composition of the council, containing as it did the representatives of the people, seems to point to that occasion as the first recorded instance of a national assembly. If any ignorance existed in the minds of individuals as to the specific conditions of Henry's charter, Langton quickly supplied the information.

On the 25th of August another council was summoned at St. Paul's in London; and on this occasion the charter of Henry I. was actually produced, and comments were made upon it. The enthusiasm of the barons was aroused, and an oath was administered to them by which they agreed to die, if necessary, in defence of their liberties. John had meantime arrived in England; and hearing what had occurred at St. Alban's, he swore to punish the "traitors." He advanced to Northampton with his usual headlong impetuosity; but there the Archbishop overtook him, and begged him to reconsider his determination, and to proceed in a more judicial fashion. This was in September 1213.

In October the Justiciary laid the claims of the barons before the King; and soon afterwards was taken ill and died. "Now," exclaimed John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England,"—a most ungracious speech; for had it not been for FitzPeter, the violence of the people would have broken out against the King, who was only shielded by his trusty justiciary. The Pope finally was appealed to, and he supported John his vassal, and nothing of any great importance succeeded during the remainder of the year 1213, except the foreshadowing of parliament by the assembling by the King's writ of the council at Oxford. In 1214, John went abroad. The barons assembled at Bury St. Edmunds under pretext of pilgrimage; and there they entered into a league, and made a solemn oath that if the King would not relieve their grievances, they would withdraw their fealty and allegiance, and make war upon him until by sealed charter he should confirm the privileges they sought,*—the laws and liberties of the people.

* "Ipsi ei guerram tamdiu moverent ut ab ejus fidelitate se subtraherent donec eis per cartam sigillo suo munitam confirmarent omnia quæ petebant."—PARIS.

* Stubbs.

† Macaulay.

Holingshed calls this a "cloked pilgrimage," in which, "at the abbey of Burie, they uttered their complaint of the King's tyrannical manners." "The chief cause that moved the lords to this conspiracy," continues our old chronicler, "rose by reason the King demanded scutage of them that refused to go with him to Poitou; and they, on the other hand, maintained that they were not bound to pay it. . . . Finally, it was determined that shortly after Christmas they should go to the King, and require of him that they might have those laws restored which he had promised to them."

The King did not return until October, when he concluded an ignominious peace with Philip of France. At Christmas-time he went to Worcester, but eventually hurried to London, and shut himself up in the Temple, where, on the 6th of January, on the Feast of the Epiphany, the barons assembled to present to him their demands. The King at first attempted to "ride the high horse," and endeavoured to insist upon the barons withdrawing their claims, and one or two even consented. But the majority decidedly refused; and then John temporized, promising to give an answer at Easter; and he used this interval to the greatest advantage in endeavouring to explode the conspiracy by concessions, and to break up the confederation of the barons. "You must grant me time till Easter, that with due deliberation I may be able to do justice to myself, and satisfy the dignity of the crown."

Many of the barons knew quite well from experience the use which the perfidious and crafty King would make of the time allotted to him; but when Langton and the Earl of Pembroke consented to be surety that the King would redeem his promises, the barons agreed to the respite, and retired until the great festival time should call them forth again. The King immediately cast about to revenge himself, and adopted a measure which he believed would serve his turn. His first efforts were directed to the conciliation of the Church, in whose favour he at once renounced certain privileges, one of which he had formerly strongly insisted upon, viz., the election of bishops and abbots. By this concession he fancied he could win the clergy to his side; and then he turned to the populace.

If he could only succeed in gaining the people and the clergy, the barons would have no chance with him, so the subtle monarch ordered his sheriff to assemble the freemen, and tender them a new oath of allegiance; and then as a checkmate he complained to the Pope of the conduct of his vassals the barons, who also sent a messenger to Innocent; but the Pope soon made it evident in his reply to Archbishop Langton that he

considered John was right; and Innocent hoped by these means to stifle the agitation. But the thunders of the Church were unnoticed under the circumstances. Langton took no heed of the Pope's letter; and then John, putting himself under the protection of the Cross, fancied his person and possessions were secure under its shadow.

Easter arrived, and the barons assembled in great array at Stamford. The King was at Oxford. From Stamford the malcontents marched to Brackley, near the University city, where they met a deputation from King John, Langton being at the head of it. The barons at once handed to the deputation the parchment containing the details of the privileges they desired. "These are our claims," they said, "and if they are not instantly granted our arms shall do us justice."

Langton with the others withdrew, and put the proposal of the barons before the King. John flew into a terrible rage when he had perused the conditions, and swore his favourite oath that he would not grant them. "And why do not they demand my crown also?" he cried in a fury. "I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave." But he immediately endeavoured to win the opposite side by vague concessions and evasive offers, while Pandulph, the legate or nuncio, wished the barons to be excommunicated *en masse*. But this friendly suggestion Cardinal Langton declined to carry out; and the barons appealed to arms, proclaiming themselves "the army of God and of the Holy Church." They disclaimed all allegiance to the King at Wallingford, and were absolved from their allegiance.

Robert FitzWalter was chosen as their commander, and the discontented bands marched to attack Northampton castle. Robert FitzWalter was a very powerful noble, and lord of Baynard's castle. His daughter had been wooed dishonourably by the King, whose advances the maiden, called Maude the Fair, had contemptuously repelled. When the lady died—which she did soon after her refusal of the King's attentions—there were not wanting reports to the effect that John had caused her to be poisoned for the rejection of his suit. Under such circumstances did the King stir up the wrath and indignation of the nobles. His despotism and lust were unbridled. Yet with all this he had "a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women."

The barons met with no success at Northampton, and after a vain attempt to subdue the castle they quitted it for Bedford, where the governor was one of their own order. Here they were received; and as they were in consultation, a deputation was received from London. The malcontents immediately set

out; and continuing their march all through the summer night, the barons reached London early on the morning of Sunday the 24th of May, when they found the gates open and a majority of the inhabitants at church.

Everything had gone well. The barons entered London by Aldgate unmolested and quite unknown to the royalists. The incomers at once took possession of the gates before the Court in the Tower were aware of their coming; and when they had full possession of the city they began to massacre the Jews. John was in the Tower of London and greatly

chosen by the barons not because it was so convenient for the King at Windsor, but because it was an usual place for conferences to be holden. The spot is now familiar to all who travel on the Thames, and Magna Charta Island is an extremely picturesque bit of scenery viewed from the Berkshire shore. On that day, the 15th of June, 1215, it wore a very different aspect. From Windsor came the King with his sadly reduced retinue across the royal park to the Thames bank, and opposite could be perceived a great crowd of knights in chain



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

alarmed. The Earl of Pembroke offered to go as mediator, and the King sent a message saying he was prepared to grant all their demands. Let them appoint a time and place for a conference.

The nobles went, and FitzWalter's reply was concise and to the point: "We appoint the 15th of June and for the place Runymede."

THE TRYST AT RUNYMEDE.

Runymede* on the Thames was the spot

armour, accompanied by pages bearing their shields. Mitred bishops and holy abbots, crowned king and regal state mingled with helm and spear and shield to keep the tryst at Runymede on the 15th of June.

Beyond the intervening trees stood Windsor Castle on its height, while Cooper Hill rose close by, and the chalk downs of Bucks in the distance over the forest. Boats and barges, citizens and soldiers, men, women, and children, came out from Staines and London to behold the sight—a memorable one indeed

* The Runing or Running Mede, as some say. Races were once held there, and meetings were

frequently appointed at the spot, hence the Anglo-Saxon Rune-Mead.

—which was to be seen on the Rune-Mead or Council Meadow, bounded by the silver Thames.

"Here was that Charter sealed, wherein the Crown
All marks of arbitrary power laid down ;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear ;
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love."

Tuesday in Whitsun week, the 9th of June, had been the day originally suggested by the King for the meeting with the barons. He came up from Odiham to Merton for the purpose, and granted "sure conduct" to the rebellious vassals. But circumstances deferred the assembly until the following Monday, the 15th, when John had proceeded to Windsor. This was "Trinity Monday;" and on that day the barons with their attendants, and accompanied by a numerous concourse of citizens, arrived at the Council Meadow.

The opposing bands encamped separately; and, according to Sir William Blackstone, the conference lasted several days. The contrast between the retinue of the King and the numbers of his enemies must have been sufficient to prove to John that his despotic power had come to an end. These were no mere suppliants; they had come to demand concessions, and were, moreover, in a position to enforce their demands. On one bank of the Thames the small array of force—about seventy adherents—surrounded the King. In the meadows opposite, on the Surrey side, were the armed host of the disaffected. Between them lay a small island or islet, which was destined to be known for all time as the *Magna Charta eyot*.

Preliminaries were entered into, and the serious business of the hour was gradually led up to by unmeaning discussion. The King knew he had no escape; the barons, with the populace, were equally aware of it; and after some fencing the articles were drawn up, to be afterwards embodied in the form of a charter. To these articles the King affixed his signature, the Royal Seal; and *Magna Charta*, the Great Charter of English liberties, was an accomplished fact.

During all the transactions the wily monarch had fully borne out his character for dissimulation. His manner, always good, was studiously polite and even cheerful. He conversed freely with the barons; he made voluntary promises, and agreed to the promulgation of the articles with apparent goodwill and readiness. But when he returned to Windsor and the assembly had dissolved, when the deed had been done, and only the remembrance of his unlimited power remained to him, he behaved like a madman. His rage is described as awful. He cursed the day he was born, rolled about wildly,

gnashed his teeth, tore sticks in his mouth, and really appeared for the time possessed with an evil spirit.

But his few friends begged him to keep quiet, and rather to seek his revenge than to indulge in such useless passions. He took their advice, and sent to secure mercenaries and the interposition of the Pope. The barons left Runymede triumphantly, and proceeded to Stamford, where they learnt that the King had eluded the restoration of their lands, and after some interviews and protestations war was declared between the King and his barons.

THE GREAT CHARTER.

The original of *Magna Charta*, though in a mutilated condition, is still in existence in the National Museum. It will be sufficient for us to comment upon the principal clauses, with passing reference to the state of things at the time which gave rise to the articles in the charter, and which called so loudly for remedy. The privileges were granted by the King on the understanding that he thereby secured the adherence of all estates in the realm. The articles were "written upon parchment," says Sir William Blackstone in his introductory preface to the Charters, "ten inches and three quarters broad, and twenty-one and a half in length, including the fold for receiving the label." The King's seal is affixed. There was also an agreement delivering the custody of the city and Tower of London to the barons till the charter was carried into execution. The Great Charter contains sixty-three clauses in addition to the preamble, and its first clause declares the freedom of the English Church.

We can now examine, by the help of the various ancient and modern authorities at hand, the amount of the liberties granted by the Charter, and those, for convenience' sake, may be divided into four separate groups or classes:—

(1) We have, in the first place, certain privileges granted to the clergy and the Church.

(2) Secondly, there are concessions made to the barons and other nobles "who held of the King, *in capite*."

(3) We have the clauses more directly applying to the citizens, merchants, and others in the cities and towns of the kingdom, for the encouragement and benefit of trade.

(4) The liberties of the freedmen.

In the above summary the lower classes, such as the serfs and vassals of the lords, are not distinctly mentioned, and it does not appear that the barons and their friends troubled themselves much concerning the poor "villeins" who were not free, as against

the lords, though so regarded amongst their own peers.

Let us look at the first group of clauses, which, as will be readily surmised, were supervised by Archbishop Langton and his ecclesiastical friends, upon whose predecessors—or some of them—the Constitutions of Clarendon had pressed very heavily, and with whom they had become a byword and a reproach. But we do not find very much in the Great Charter concerning the Church. "The first article declares the Church shall be free, and have her rights entire, and her liberties unhurt;" and by this the clergy were free to choose their superiors, bishops and abbots. The twenty-second article also is favourable to the Church, respecting "amercement," which shall not be according to the quantity of his ecclesiastical benefice, but according to his lay tenement; in other words, he shall be treated as a layman, and being without lay property, is practically exempted. The forty-second article permitted free travel of the clergy, a privilege withdrawn by the Constitutions of Clarendon, for the clause allowed "anyone except prisoners, outlaws, or enemies, to leave the kingdom and return to it, by land or by water."

The greater portion of the advantages were gained by the barons. The clergy, having made themselves much feared, and having gained much influence, did not want so much redress as the nobles at feud with the King. So we find many articles devoted to their interests in the Charter. Though the Church took precedence, we perceive the barons well up in the second article, by which the heir, if of age, shall pay only the "ancient relief" (from the King's wardship); and this clause requires some little explanation.

When an heir was a minor, the King acted as his guardian, and we may not doubt made great profit of him during the minority; and even after he had thus plundered the estate, the King demanded a sum as a relief, and this was very uncertain and arbitrary. Article II. of the Charter fixed the sums formerly paid—for an earl or baron, £100; for a knight, 100s.; and so on in proportion. But Article III. declared "a minor who is in ward shall have his inheritance free." Often besides the robbery of funds, the estates were neglected, and in many cases went to "rack and ruin" because they were not kept up during the minority; and Articles IV. and V. refer to this abuse and provide for its removal. The disposal of the heirs in marriage, unless they paid to get off, was also a great hardship at that time and formerly. So the barons took care to insert a clause in their Charter to protect themselves according to Henry the First's Charter, referring to the marriage of heiresses. They accordingly provided in Article VI. that "heirs shall be married

without disparagement, their near blood relations having notice beforehand."

In those "good old times," heiresses as well as widows were greatly oppressed, and many cases could be quoted in which ladies were obliged to pay for their money and marriage. The Countess of Warwick and the Countess of Chester are two instances in which Maud and Lucia respectively paid seven hundred marks (£7,000) and five hundred marks (£5,000) to be permitted to marry whom they pleased, and not within a fixed time. The barons took care of the widows in the seventh and eighth articles of Magna Charta, by which "they were to receive their inheritance freely, and not be forced to re-marry" in any station of life. This applied to feudal lords as well as to the king.

By the twelfth and fifteenth articles the levying of scutage or aids were specially limited to the ransoming of the king's person, making his eldest son a knight, and once for marrying his eldest daughter; and the king shall not empower mesne lords to exact other than the ordinary aids to ransom the lord's person, to knight his eldest son, and once to marry his eldest daughter; and these of reasonable amount." There were also some general clauses respecting the military vassals of the Crown, who were relieved from certain exactions hitherto levied upon them, and the Feudal System was modified.

We now come to the third series of articles, those affecting the merchants and laity. We find in the thirteenth article of the Charter that "the city of London shall have all its ancient liberties and its free customs, as well by land as by water. Besides we will and grant that all other cities, and towns, and burghs, and seaports, shall have all their liberties and free customs." The twenty-third and thirty-third clauses deal with the questions of bridge-building and of weirs, as regards the freedom of navigation; and the Londoners had the decision of the weights and measures put into their hands by Article XXXV., while another clause made it illegal for Christians to lend money on usury. So money-lending fell into Jewish hands, though it was enacted that no Jew should be paid interest during the debtor's minority.

Merchants, whether of native extraction or of foreign growth, were permitted to come and go; and Article XLI. put the case very clearly. Previously foreign merchants had been much distressed by fines and personal restrictions, and their goods liable to be seized during war. But the trade influence of England was now making itself felt; the nation of shopkeepers was born, and cried. So the barons, albeit careless of merchants, could not evade the Londoners' demand. "All merchants shall be safe and secure in



KING JOHN SIGNING MAGNA CHARTA.

coming into England and going out of England, and staying and travelling through England, as well by land as by water, to buy and to sell without any unjust exactions, according to ancient rights and customs, except in time of war," when reciprocal courtesy would be extended according to the treatment received by British traders in other countries.

In other articles, the King resigned his arbitrary power, and it was enacted that "no freedman be apprehended or outlawed or in any other way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, except by legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." This was a very important clause, and it was supplemented by another, viz., "To no man will we sell, to no man will we deny or delay right or justice." The proper appointment of competent legal officers was also provided for, and provision was also made for further protection of life by the limitation of the power of inflicting capital punishment. The Courts of Common Pleas were to be stationary.

Fines were limited according to the degree of the offence, and "not above measure;" and certain personal property could not be amerced. The property of the people was defended from unjust exaction, nor were any animals to be taken by a bailiff without the owner's consent. There are many other clauses, but we have enumerated the chief. The sixtieth article is significant, viz. :—

"But all these aforesaid customs and liberties which we have granted in our kingdom, to be held by our tenants, as far as concerns us, all our clergy and laity shall observe towards their tenants as far as concerns them."

This clause was probably inserted by John himself.

Twenty-five barons were elected to enforce the charter, and if the King refused to do justice as required by any four of their number, the barons were empowered to make war against the King and his possessions, saving his wife and children.

The Welsh and Scotch were also granted certain concessions; but the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth articles were perhaps the most important of all, containing as they do the clear definition of taxation. These refer to the scutage or aid already mentioned, and the liberty accorded to the cities. The fourteenth clause declares a Common Council is to be assembled for the purpose of assessing a scutage or aid; and when the members so assembled shall decide, they may be accepted as acting for the whole body summoned. This is really the germ of parliamentary voting of supplies. The fifteenth article has been already mentioned.

The Forest clauses of the Charter were after-

wards enlarged and embodied in a separate instrument called the *Carta de Foresta*. As we have said, great precautions were taken by the barons to bind the crafty King to his deed. The Tower of London was handed over to the barons, and all mercenaries were dismissed; but the King managed to evade all the safeguards of the lords, and a very long and severe struggle ushered in the true enjoyment of the Great Charter.

Henry III. renewed Magna Charta and the subsequent Forest Charter, a grant of a fifteenth of all movables being demanded as the King's price for the Act; and in its altered—very slightly altered—form, Edward I. confirmed Magna Charta; and so, for a consideration, which the people were always ready to pay, it was confirmed many times by successive Kings to Henry VI., no less than fourteen times by Edward III., and frequently by Henry III., Richard II., and Henry IV.,*—thirty-seven times in all.

THE PETITION OF RIGHT.

It is impossible within the limits at our disposal to trace the rise and history of the Parliamentary government of England. Our business is with the Charters only, but, as we all remember, the successive assemblies had been in constant conflict with the monarchs of England at various times, and many checks had been put upon the royal authority. In Hallam, the student will find the results of the measures and the Acts passed in despite of the King's remonstrances, and will, from the following extract, be able to judge how the subject was gaining in the struggle. The writer of the Constitutional History thus briefly sums up the facts, and shows the power of Parliament :—

"The King could levy no sort of new tax upon the people except by grant of the parliament, consisting as well of bishops and mitred abbots, or lords spiritual, and of hereditary peers, or temporal lords, who sat and voted in the same chamber, as of representatives from each county, and from the burgesses of many towns and less considerable places forming the Lower or Commons' House.

"The previous assent and authority of the same assembly were necessary for every new law, whether of a general or temporary nature. No man could be committed to prison but by a legal warrant specifying his offence, and by a usage nearly tantamount to constitutional right, he must be speedily brought to trial by means of regular sessions of gaol-delivery. The fact of guilt or innocence in a criminal charge was determined in a public court, and in the county where the

* See also "Constitutional History" (Taswell-Langmeed).

offence was alleged to have occurred, by a jury of twelve men, from whose unanimous verdict no appeal could be made.

"Civil rights, so far as they depended on questions of fact, were subject to the same decision.

"The officers and servants of the Crown violating the personal liberty or other right of the subject, might be sued in an action for damages to be assessed by a jury, or in some cases were liable to criminal process; nor could they plead any warrant or command in their justification, nor even the direct order of the King. The King's Ministers were liable to be impeached by the Commons for misgovernment, and the general privileges of the nation were far more secure than those of private men, though there was little effective restraint upon the Government except in the matters of levying money and enacting laws."

James I. could not agree with his parliament from the very outset. He had strong notions concerning the divine rights of kings, and many conflicts arose; the Commons insisted upon their full rights and drew up a protest of them which was entitled, "A form of apology and satisfaction," in which they claimed as *rights* the privileges they enjoyed, and that "they cannot be withheld, denied, or impaired." The protest is long, and will be found *in extenso* in parliamentary history. The Commons asked nothing but that to which they were entitled; but still, as a writer remarks, they managed to show that "the King, the Council, the House of Lords, the Bishops, and Puritans, were no less emphatically in the wrong."

So the King and Commons remained, if not at "daggers drawn," at any rate on the defensive till his death; and Charles I. came to the throne imbued with all the divine-right ideas of his father, in March 1625. He was in want of money, and threatened the Commons if they did not grant it. "I wish you would hasten my supply, or else it will be worse for yourselves," was scarcely the tone to adopt with the House which was more than ever determined to stand upon its rights.

We now come to the commencement of that period of English history which culminated in Charles's death and parliamentary sovereignty. The King's reply called forth an answer from the Commons, and though they granted him the subsidies, they in set terms asserted their rights and privileges in the matter of supply, and in the case of Buckingham's impeachment as well. In fact, while granting the King's request as to money, they reminded him sharply that he could not do as he pleased.

We need not trace the fortunes of Buckingham, nor the injudicious conduct of the King

in forcing loans and putting in prison those who refused to lend. War was forced upon France; and when Charles opened parliament in 1627, he used very threatening language towards the House; but it was not at all alarmed. "We have come together," said Wentworth, "firmly determined to vindicate our ancient vital liberties, by reinforcing our ancient laws made by our ancestors;" and a Committee set forth their grievances respecting "liberty of the subject in person and estate." These were in chief:—

- (1) The forced loans.
- (2) Arbitrary imprisonment.
- (3) Billeting of soldiers on private persons.
- (4) Infliction of punishment by martial law.

The Commons also passed four important resolutions without a dissenting voice:—

(1) That no free man ought to be restrained or imprisoned unless some lawful cause of such restraint or imprisonment be expressed.

(2) That the writ of Habeas Corpus ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, though it be at the command of the King or of the Privy Council, if he pay for the same.

(3) That when the return expresses no cause of commitment or restraint, the party ought to be delivered or bailed.

(4) That it is the ancient and undoubted right of every free man that he hath a full and absolute property in his goods and estate, and that no tax, loan, or benevolence ought to be levied by the king or his ministers without common consent by Act of Parliament.

These resolutions were discussed between the King and Parliament, and the arbitrary clauses were argued by counsel on both sides for several days. The King pledged his royal word not to arrest any person without good cause. But this offer was not accepted by Sir E. Coke. He took his stand upon the letter of the law and Magna Charta. "The King," said he, "must speak by record and in particulars, and not in general. Let us put up a Petition of Right; not that I distrust the King, but I cannot take his trust save in a parliamentary way."

The House of Commons then set themselves to draw up the Petition of Right in spite of the amendments or additions proposed by the House of Lords. In the Parliamentary History (vol. ii.) the speeches will be found in full. The Lords wished to include the terms, "sovereign power." "We humbly present this petition," they said, "not only with a care of preserving our own liberties, but with due regard to leave entire the sovereign power wherewith Your Majesty is trusted for the protection, safety, and happiness of your people." But the Commons would have no such terms. "Sovereign

power' is no parliamentary word," said Sir Edward Coke. "What is 'sovereign power'?" asked Mr. Alford. "Bodin saith it is free from any conditions. . . Let us give that to the King which the law allows him, and no more." "I know how to add sovereign to to the King's person," said Pym, "but not to his power. We cannot leave to him a 'sovereign power,' for we were never possessed of it." Sir E. Coke declared that Magna Charta would not admit of such a term: "Magna Charta is such a fellow he will have no sovereign. I wonder this sovereign was not in Magna Charta or in the confirmations of it."

The conditions of the Petition of Right are as follows. After enumerating the various Acts by which certain abuses were forbidden by the statute of King Edward I., it is stated by the petition as follows—

"Nevertheless against the tenor of the said statutes and other the good lawes and statutes of your realme to that end provided."

The articles declare that—

(1) Freedmen had been compelled to lend money to the King, and upon their refusal so to do had been constrained to become bound and make appearance, and otherwise variously molested with imprisonment.

(2) Several persons had been imprisoned, and when brought before the court by Writ of Habeas, yet were returned back to several prisons without being charged with anything to which they might make answer according to law.

(3) That in divers counties of the realme soldiers and mariners have been billeted in the houses of the inhabitants against their wishes, to the great grievance and vexation of the people.

(4) That divers commissioners have been appointed with authority to proceed within the land according to martial law, and punish offences which ought to have been punished by the civil courts, while some offenders have escaped the courts on the pretext that they were only amenable to martial law.

The Petition of Right therefore protested against such irregular proceedings, and requested that they might never become established precedents, being contrary to the rights and liberties of the subject, and the laws and statutes of nations.

The King, instead of contenting himself with the usual assent, returned a reply to the Petition,—assenting, indeed, but in a somewhat equivocal way: "The King willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm, and the statutes be put into due execution that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrong or oppression contrary to their just rights and liberties, to the preservation whereof he

holds himself as well obliged as of his prerogative."

This answer did not content the Commons. Mr. Rushworth relates that when, on the 3rd of June, it was read to the House, "it seemed too scant," and the faithful Commons were much affected. "We must now speak, or for ever after hold our peace," said Sir N. Rich. "For us to be silent when King and kingdom are in this calamity is not fit." The House then resolved itself into a Committee to consider what is fit to be done for the safety of the kingdom, and that "no man go out upon pain of being sent to the Tower." The Speaker, however, was permitted to leave; and he immediately hastened to the King, and returned just as the Duke of Buckingham's reputation was being severely discussed, with a message adjourning the House until the following day.

At the next meeting the Commons united with the Lords, and desired a more definite answer from the King, who when they addressed him, replied, "That he would please to give a clean and satisfactory answer in full parliament to the Petition." Charles came at four o'clock to the House of Lords; and in compliance with the request of the House, stated his willingness to pleasure them in words as in substance. The former answer was cut out, and the wished-for reply, "Soit droit fait comme il est désiré," was given to the Petition. The Commons thereupon "gave a great and joyful applause;" and, to prove their gratitude, granted five subsidies to the King. By this assent as to a Bill, the Petition of Right became virtually an Act of Parliament; and thus "the second great compact between the Crown and the nation" was ratified.

THE REVOLUTION.

On the morning of December 18th, 1688, James II., surrounded by the boats containing the soldiers of the Prince of Orange, quitted Whitehall stairs for Rochester. William of Orange was loudly greeted as he entered London; and soon afterwards the most influential people, and many former members of the House of Commons of Charles II., sent up a petition to His Majesty to summon a Convention Parliament. This assembly met on the 22nd January, 1688-9; and on the 28th the House passed several resolutions of an important character. These were—

(1) Resolved that King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original contract between king and people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of this king-

dom, has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant.

And next day a further resolution was carried, viz. :—

(2) That it hath been found by experience inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a popish prince.

These two resolutions were not accepted entirely by the Lords; and though they agreed to the second, the former was modified. They proposed an amendment to the word “abdicated,” and a long debate ensued in the Commons. A regency was suggested during the life of James to administer the government; but William of Orange had come over to be a king, and gave the House to understand, and plainly, too, that nothing short of that dignity would he receive. If the Estates offered him the crown he would accept it; and he thought it reasonable that the Lady Anne and her posterity might be preferred in the succession to any children whom he might have by any other wife than the Princess Mary.*

The question was then referred to the House of Lords, and a conference with the Commons arranged that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be declared King and Queen of England. But the conditions were not yet settled; and “the Commons wisely determined to postpone all reforms till the ancient constitution of the kingdom should have been restored in all its parts.” The Act by which the succession was settled was decided “to set forth, in the most distinct and solemn manner, the fundamental principles of the constitution,” in order that the deed might be equally binding and advantageous to the rights of the king and people respectively.

This instrument quickly embodied the clauses desired, and was termed the “Declaration of Rights.”

THE DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

At about ten o'clock, a.m., on the 13th of February, the Speaker of the House of Commons, with the members, proceeded in state to Whitehall, where the Marquis of Halifax and the Lords awaited them. The Prince and Princess of Orange entered the banqueting-house, and then the Marquis, as Speaker of the Lords, acquainted their Royal Highnesses that Parliament had agreed upon a Declaration, and the document was read, after permission had been granted.†

The Declaration of Rights is too long to quote *in extenso*. It commenced by showing how James II. had endeavoured to extirpate

the Protestant religion, and his arbitrary manner of suspending the laws and levying taxes. Excessive fines and bails, and many other illegal practices and punishments had been carried out, and the Lords and Commons had therefore determined to assert themselves and their claims to the liberty of their ancestors; and they declared—

(1) That the pretended power of suspending of laws, or the execution of laws by regal authority without the consent of Parliament, is illegal.

(2) That levying of money for or to the use of the Crown, by pretence of prerogative, without grant of Parliament, for longer time, or in any other manner in which the same is or shall be granted, is illegal.

(3) That the raising or keeping of a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law.

(4) That Protestant subjects may have arms for defence suitable to their condition, according to law.

(5) That elections of Members of Parliament ought to be free.

(6) That freedom of speech and debates, or proceedings in parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned out of parliament.

(7) No excessive fines or bail ought to be imposed or required, nor cruel or unusual punishments inflicted.

(8) That jurors ought to be duly empannelled and returned, and jurors who pass judgment upon men in trials of high treason ought to be freeholders, with other enactments of less importance.

The Declaration concluded with a resolution that William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, be declared King and Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, for their lives and for the survivor of them, the King to possess sole administrative power, and after the death of both, failing heirs of the Queen's body, the crown to descend to Anne, Princess of Denmark, and the heirs of her body, and in default thereof to the heirs of the body of William of Orange.

Respecting this instrument, Lord Macaulay says: “It finally decided the great question whether the popular element which had ever since the age of FitzWalter and Simon de Montfort been found in the English polity should be destroyed by the monarchical element, or should be suffered to develop itself freely, and to become dominant. The Declaration of Rights, though it made nothing law which had not been law before, contained the germ of every good law which has been passed during more than a century and a half,—of every good law which may hereafter, in the course of ages, be found

* See Burnet's and Macaulay's Histories.

† Parliamentary History, vol. ii.

necessary to promote the public weal and to satisfy the demands of public opinion."

In October 1689, the Declaration of Rights was embodied in an Act of Parliament called the "Bill of Rights." This Bill has been termed "The third great Charter of English liberty, the coping-stone of the constitutional building."*

On the 16th of December, 1689, the Speaker made a speech to the King when presenting the Bill of Rights, when William attended in the House of Peers to give his consent to the "Land Tax Bill" and "The Bill of Rights and Succession." The Houses have, said the Speaker, "agreed upon a Bill for declaring of their rights and liberties which were so notoriously violated in the late reign, humbly desiring Your Majesty to give life to it by the royal assent, so that it may remain not only as a security to them from the like attempts hereafter, but be a lasting monument to all posterity of what they owe to Your Majesty for their deliverance."

Thus we can perceive how the Parliament insisted upon and obtained its rights. The doctrines of James I., which had been inculcated in his successor, the "divine rights of kings," were all swept away. Everything was then centred in the Parliament. Supplies and all control of expenditure were in the hands of the people's representatives; and it was only by the will of the people, as expressed in the Bill of Rights, that William and Mary, and Anne of Denmark, became sovereigns of England; and similarly our own rulers depend upon the Acts of Parliament.

We have so far traced the history of the great constitutional charters, the three landmarks, so to speak, by which all legislative courses have been directed in subsequent years. The base had been established by Magna Charta, and the subsequent renewals of that structure, with legislative additions and mouldings, became in time the real pillar of the English law. Since the Bill of Rights we have had the Act of Settlement, which is characterized by Hallam in his Constitutional History as "the seal of our constitutional laws, the complement of the Revolution itself and the Bill of Rights, and the last great statute which restrains the power of the Crown."

THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

The Act of Settlement is "an Act for the further limitation of the Crown and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject," and exists still. It commences by lamenting the death of Queen Mary and her

son, the Duke of Gloucester, and goes on to declare that the most excellent Princess Sophia, the daughter of James I., be thereby declared to be the next in succession in the Protestant line after His Majesty and the Princess Anne of Denmark; and in default of issue, the crown to go to and "continue to the said Princess Sophia, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants."

By Section 3, for the "further security of our religion, laws, and liberties," it is enacted that the sovereign shall be in communion with the Church of England. That if the future sovereign be not a native of England the nation will not be obliged to go to war for the defence of any territory not belonging to the crown of England without the consent of Parliament. No sovereign shall leave the United Kingdom without the consent of Parliament (this was afterwards repealed). The Privy Council underwent change, and practically a Cabinet Council was substituted for it, for all resolutions respecting the well-governing of the kingdom were ordered to be taken by "such of the Privy Council as shall advise and consent to the same." The appointments as privy councillors were limited to natives of the United Kingdom or of English parents, and so eligible for parliament or any office of trust. No person holding office of profit under the King was to be capable of serving in the House of Commons. No pardon under the Great Seal could be pleadable to an impeachment by the Commons in parliament.

Some of these provisions were afterwards repealed, such as the prohibition of travel of the sovereign without consent of parliament, the non-eligibility of members to hold offices of profit, and the Cabinet Council clause; but the lastnamed Council revived again as the "Ministry"; and during the long absences of the first Georges really governed the kingdom, as a "Ministry," or executive committee of Lords and Commons, does now; such members of it as are Cabinet Councillors being the real promoters of the business of the country and the Government.

The result of the Act of Settlement and Bill of Rights may be summed up in a few words. Practically these measures took the power from the sovereign and gave it to parliament. The necessity for voting annual supplies, and renewing the Mutiny Act, and passing the estimates generally, gives the Commons supreme control. The real power is in their hands, and parliament, by the voice of the electors, is supreme. This power became gradually understood; and as time passed, the people wanted a voice in the administration. The sovereign's influence was once very great (witness George III.), but since his death it has declined to a certain extent, and is seldom exercised.

* Stubbs.

MODERN MEASURES.

We must pass hastily over the Reform Bills of 1832 and 1837, which were scarcely charters, but the advantages gained by the people in more extended suffrage by the former, led up to riotous consequences, and the demand for a People's Charter, the provisions of which were not altogether new. They had been brought before Parliament in 1780. The Lords were at first opposed to the Reform Bill, but it was eventually carried. The "working" classes, as they are termed, that is the artisans, got little benefit by it, though the middle classes were represented. Disappointment not unnaturally ensued, and the lower classes wished to insist upon more reform. They became Chartists. Chartism, says Mr. McCarthy, "may be said to have sprung definitively into existence in consequence of the formal declaration of the leaders of the Liberal party in parliament that they did not intend to push reform any farther." The working man fancied he had been thrust out into the cold, and was determined to let his influence be felt.

A People's Charter was accordingly drawn up according to O'Connell's advice. But the question had been tried in the House immediately parliament met. An amendment was moved to the Address in favour of the Ballot, but only twenty voted for it, and the Government declined to proceed farther upon the path of reform. It was not long before the measure took definite shape, and the Charter was supported by thousands who objected to physical force, and by hundreds of thousands who believed in it.

THE CHARTISTS' RIOTS.

The Chartists, as they called themselves, demanded more power and a more potent voice in the affairs of state under the guise of the Peoples' Charter. The points enumerated in the Charter were six in number, viz. :—(1) Universal Suffrage, (2) Vote by Ballot, (3) Annual Parliaments, (4) Payment of Members, (5) Abolition of Property qualification, and (6) Equal Electoral Districts.

After the Reform Act of 1832 had passed, the disturbance was initiated, and first showed symptoms of terrorism in 1838, when the Welsh Chartists, after some seasons of depression and indifferent harvests, felt the hard hand of famine. When work got scarcer and food dearer, the unreflecting portion of the community, ascribing all their troubles to the Government, began to agitate for a more equal share in the administration. Some six Members of Parliament, and an equal number of "working-men," as they called themselves, met and drew up the Charter.

The result, when promulgated, was received with acclamation everywhere, and the popular opinion, already red-hot, was diligently fanned with fiery orations by platform windbags; and as a consequence of this, "brute force" was threatened to back up the demands of the people. Then the Chartist riots commenced, but were put down at once, and the leaders imprisoned. A Convention—termed "National"—was elected, and Birmingham, as the hot-bed of Radicalism, was chosen as the scene of the first meeting in May 1839. The suggestions put forth to the people were sufficiently subversive. Universal cessation from labour was one of the means whereby the Government was to be coerced; exclusive dealing and a run on the savings banks were other ways by which the Chartists hoped to gain their ends. Their arrangements led them, however, into a riot, the military being called out; and excesses subsequently were frequently committed. The petition presented to the House of Commons was not favourably received; and the year 1839 closed with rioting in Wales, Newport being particularly distinguished in this way.

The flame of discontent smouldered still. In 1842 more riots occurred in various districts, and a Joseph Sturge came to the front, but did not succeed in uniting the people in a "Suffrage Union," as he hoped to do. The climax of Chartism occurred in 1848, when measures were taken by the Duke of Wellington to act with vigour on the least sign of violence on the part of the mob. The circumstances of that time must be fresh in the minds of nearly all readers. The enrolment of special constables and the military preparations were on a most extensive scale. The great Chartist meeting was on Kennington Common, and thousands were to march to Westminster and demand their rights. They didn't!

There was considerable danger imminent, and those in London at the time will remember the excitement that pervaded all classes. Some two hundred thousand constables had been sworn in; and John Leech, in the pages of *Punch*, made merry at the expense of some of these "specials" when danger was over. The principles of the Chartist were that, as an individual, he had an equal right to vote and to partake in the administration of the law, and as he paid taxes he had a right to representation in parliament. These were what may be termed the moderate section; others went far beyond this, and desired to initiate an entirely new state of things; in fact, tended to Communism. No doubt these latter doctrines had weight with uneducated people, but a very slight examination showed that the claims could not be recognised in the form proposed.

THE KENNINGTON SCARE.

When Louis Philippe had been deposed and revolution was stalking over the Continent, the Chartists, with Fergus O'Connor at their head, imagined that it was a good time to intimidate the Government. The Convention sat in London, and wanted to resort to force. The people must be represented; and finally these unruly spirits, though probably many acted in good faith and sincere conviction, declared that a Republic or a Charter must be granted, and parliament ought to be petitioned.

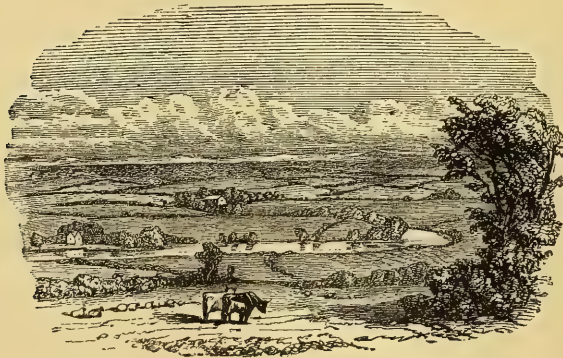
A monster meeting was convened, and the huge procession was to be organized upon Kennington Common. The Government was to be overawed, and the legislature coerced by this display of force. On April 10th the people assembled, though the meeting had been proclaimed unlawful; and fortunately Fergus O'Connor had restricted the carriage of arms else the result might have been different. This resolve disgusted the "brute force" section, and numbers left the meeting or never united with it. About twenty-five thousand people came, about half were spectators; and after some speeches the procession was abandoned. The preparations

everywhere in London, though scarcely any soldiers were visible, had been so complete that any attempt at violence would have been at once severely checked.

This effort was an utter failure. The petition was signed by thousands, including hundreds of fictitious and assumed names; ridicule fell heavily upon the "People's Charter," and it collapsed. This was the last of it. Since then the wage-earning classes have greatly benefited by ballot voting, and there is no farther need for any such monster meetings.

What may be yet in store for England we cannot say. Radicalism is rearing up its head, decrying the House of Lords, and attempting to browbeat an institution as old as the Commons. It was not by setting classes at variance that the liberties of the people (not merely those of the artizans, who are not the "people" any more than the merchants or the aristocracy, but of all classes) were secured. Those who object to the existence of the Lords and their descendants will do well to remember that it was by the barons of England that Magna Charta—the first great charter of liberty—was obtained.

H. F.



RUNNYMEDE.



"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD! BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!"

PLAGUE AND FIRE.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT PESTILENCE OF 1665, AND OF THE
FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666.

The Seeds of Death—The first Victims—Former Plagues—The Portent of the Blazing Star—Spread of the Plague during May—The Prescription of the College of Physicians—The Quacks—Increase of Mortality during June—Multitudes leave the Town—The Lord Mayor's Regulations—The Dreadful Days of July—The Plague Pits—The Horrors of August—The Death-fires of September—The Pest-houses—Abatement of the Plague—The Number of Deaths—What was the Plague?—Fire! Fire!—No Water to be Obtained—Efforts to preserve Property—A Walk through the Ruins—The Rebuilding of the City.

THE SEEDS OF DEATH.

IN the dreary gloom of a December day, in the year 1664, there was brought to the house of a well-to-do tradesman in Drury Lane a large parcel of merchandize from the East; and

shortly afterwards, we may imagine, there was gathered together in one of the low-ceiled, high-wainscoted rooms of the picturesque old house, a little party of persons to inspect the fine fabrics just imported. Loud would be the exclamations of delight as the sumptuous

stuffs were spread before their gaze; and with the pleasure of children engaged with a new toy, coupled with the keenness of business men on the look-out for a good bargain, they doubtless turned over and handled with joyful eagerness the new goods just come from the far-off East.

The firelight flickered on the low-pitched, smoke-blackened ceiling, and the short winter day waned into night, but still they lingered over the goods; yet had they known what terrible danger lurked in the folds of those seemingly harmless materials, they would not only have shrunk back from them in terror and alarm, but would instantly have consigned them to the flames. For even as in the tiny seed lies hidden the promise of the stately oak or the lovely flower, so in these goods lay hidden the virulent contagion, the veritable seeds of death, which before long would burst forth into widespread pestilence. The death-cart rolling on its awful rounds, the hundreds of plague-stricken dwellings, the noisome plague-pits and pest-houses, the unparalleled dreariness and desolation of that fearful plague time, and the horrible deaths of a hundred thousand human beings, were the outcome of the contagion hidden in those infected goods. Those goods brought the plague to London; and in that picturesque old house in Drury Lane the Great Plague of 1665 was born.

THE FIRST VICTIMS.

No suspicion seems to have been entertained that these goods carried contagion, although they had come from the Levant by way of the Netherlands, where the plague was at that time raging frightfully; for, according to an Order in Council then in force, all ships coming from Holland were quarantined for thirty days; but very shortly after the parcel was opened, two Frenchmen who lived in the house began to show signs of feverishness and ill-health. A shivering not caused by the winter's cold shook their shuddering frames, a horrible nausea seized them, headache, swellings in various parts of the body, and low, muttering delirium succeeded; then, in a short time, the dreaded and unmistakable plague-spots appeared on their bodies, and death supervened. This was on the 20th of December, and these two men were held to be the first victims of the GREAT PLAGUE.*

* These are the generally accepted facts; but Mr. F. W. Brayley, F.S.A., points out that they are not strictly accurate, as "there were six persons died of the plague in 1664, as appears from the General Bill for that year;" and he also states that London had not been quite free for some years. Dr. Hodges, who practised in London during the time of the Plague, says in his "*Letter to a Person of Quality on the Rise, Progress,*

The frightened family did all in their power to conceal the circumstance, but to no purpose. The news got abroad; and the authorities sent surgeons and physicians to make official inquiry; and they, finding on the bodies the fatal spots which were so characteristic of the plague that they were known as "tokens," sent in their report that the two men had indeed died of the dreaded disease, and the fact was so stated in the published Bills of Mortality. It does not appear, however, that many precautions were taken; and although the cold weather was unfavourable for the spread of the disease, yet other houses in the vicinity became infected; and not long afterwards, another Frenchman, who had resided in the same house, but who, for fear of infection, had removed to Bearbinder Lane, in the City, fell sick in the same way, and died also.

Then, indeed, people's hearts began to fail them for fear, especially as the recorded number of the deaths in certain parishes, and especially in St. Giles', began to rise, and it was thought that many persons died of the plague whose deaths were publicly referred to other causes. And so in the time of the shameless sin and licentious luxury of the court of the "merrie monarch" fell this terrible pestilence into the city, like a bolt from out the blue of a summer sky, and the people were aroused from their selfish pleasures by a heart-shaking dread of this dire disease.

FORMER PLAGUES.

The people had good reason to dread this frightful scourge, for they remembered the terrors of the plague in previous times, and the terrible ravages then occurring on the Continent. London had frequently been visited

Symptoms, and Cure of the Plague":—"After the most strict and serious inquiry by undoubted testimonies, I find that this pest was communicated to us from the Netherlands, by way of contagion; and if the most probable relations deceive me not, it came from Smyrna to Holland in a parcel of infected goods." And a writer in *Northouck's London* (1773) says that in the year 1663, shocking ravages were made in Amsterdam by the plague, so much so that measures were taken to prevent its spread into England. But in vain, for at the close of the year 1664, it was brought over to London in some Levant goods that came from Holland. These goods were carried to a house in Long Acre, near Drury Lane, or in the upper part of Drury Lane, where they were first opened. Here two Frenchmen died. The disorder communicated itself to other houses in the neighbourhood, and infected the parish officers who were employed about the dead. Another Frenchman who lived near the infected houses removed into Bearbinder Lane, City, and died there. Again, De Foe in his "*History of the Plague*," says: "The first person that died of the plague was on December 20th, or thereabouts, 1664, and in or about Long Acre; the infection was generally said to be from a parcel of silks imported from Holland, and opened in that house."

by pestilence. The narrowness of the streets, the closeness of the houses, built as they then were with the upper stories projecting over the lower, and the crowding together of the people, all rendered the inhabitants very liable to infectious diseases; and the recurrence at irregular intervals of these terrible pestilences is one of the most remarkable facts of history. Frequently—indeed nearly always—they took their rise in the crowded, heated, filthy cities of the Levant and Asia, and spreading westward into Europe, they slew tens of thousands in their onward march.

One of the most notable of these epidemics was the "Black Death" of 1348-9, which, rising in Asia, strode rapidly westward, and raged fearfully for many months in all countries of Europe. Great Britain and Ireland suffered severely, and it is said that in London alone two hundred persons were buried daily in the Charterhouse. The best description of the ravages of this pestilence in Italy is to be found in the introduction to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio.

The next great time of plague was in the closing years of the fifteenth century, from 1485 to 1500, when at intervals the disease known as the "Sweating Sickness" carried off thousands. According to the old historian Stow, this pestilence was so dreadful in London that Henry VII. removed his court to Calais. Again in 1506, and once more in 1517, the "Sweating Sickness" ravaged the land, so much so that, according to the same writer, half the inhabitants died in all the capital towns of England, and Oxford was quite depopulated. This disease was so fatal that it caused death in three hours. In addition to these, there were numerous other occasions when fearful and fatal epidemics prevailed.

But terrible as these diseases were, and widespread as were their ravages, they sink into comparative insignificance when placed beside the fearful plague which raged in London in 1665. So surpassingly dreadful were the scenes of this awful sickness, and so enormous was the mortality, that it is fittingly known as the Great Plague. Doubtless also greater prominence has been given to this visitation by reason of Daniel Defoe's celebrated narrative. Although written many years after the occurrences took place, it has yet been elaborated with so much care, and contains so many truthful details, evidently compiled either from the accounts of eye-witnesses, or from records to which the writer had access, that it leaves a remarkably graphic picture in the reader's mind. No other similar narrative, except that of Thucydides, which gives an account of the Plague at Athens, 430 B.C., can be compared to Defoe's, and the two may fitly be ranked together. It is written as if by an eye-

witness, a saddler of Whitechapel; and many of the circumstances he records may be traced to publications to which Defoe had access.

It cannot be decided whether this plague was of precisely the same character as those which had before swept thousands into one common grave. Indeed, differences of opinion still exist as to its precise nature, and the means of its communication from one person to another.

THE PORTENT OF THE BLAZING STAR.

During the month of February 1665, but few deaths seem to have occurred; and the severe frost which had bound the land in its icy fetters* still continuing, the ravages of the frightful pestilence were still further delayed. But with the advent of April warm, dry weather set in, and the Bills of Mortality rose very high. Then, indeed, terrible apprehensions arose among the people; and the news quickly spread that, especially in St. Giles's parish, the pestilence was in several streets, and many families were all sick together with it. Then the knowing ones began to point out that the *Blazing Star*, or comet which a short time before had passed over the city, had certainly foretold this visitation; and that as the star was faint and dull, it prognosticated a severe and heavy judgment of God, like the plague; also that the new one which was appearing (April 1665)† being swift and bright in appearance, it foretold that the pestilence would slay quickly, like a fiery furnace; although after the Great Fire of London the wise folk and astrologers held that it had foretold that great calamity.

There were other signs and symptoms and supernatural appearances, portending, according to the numerous wizards and astrologers of that day, many evils. Some averred that they saw an angel in the upper air brandishing a fiery sword over the city; while others maintained that they saw a ghost walk about the streets and point from the houses to the churchyards; but there is no need to burden our pages with these details, except to point out that they increased the panic of the people. It was not until the 26th of April, 1665, when the number of deaths was already becoming frightful, that any official effort seems to have

* December 2nd, 1664, "It was now exceeding cold, and a hard, long, frosty season." January 4th, 1665, "Excessive sharp frost and snow."—EVELYN'S DIARY. February 6th, 1665, "One of the coldest days, all say, they ever felt in England."—PEPYS'S DIARY.

† Both comets are mentioned in "Pepys's Diary," and also in the first volume of "Philosophical Transactions." The first appeared in December 1664, and the second in April 1665.

been made to stop the progress of the dire disease. But on that day appeared an Order in Council directing certain precautions to be taken ; as for instance, houses known to have the plague were to be shut up, and all communication with the outer world was to be stopped.

SPREAD OF THE PLAGUE DURING MAY ;
THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE COLLEGE OF
PHYSICIANS.

But still the infection spread, until, in the middle of May, the weather becoming very hot, its ravages increased with frightful rapidity, and the plague began to be the talk of the town. Thus Pepys in his Diary, under date May 24th, says, "To the coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town, and of the remedies against it ; some saying one thing and some another."

Some of these remedies seem to us of these later days ridiculous in the extreme, and suggest that many of the so-called specifics could not be other than utterly valueless. Thus, on the 13th of May, a Privy Council was held at Whitehall, under the auspices of which the College of Physicians formulated a code of directions for curing the plague and preventing infection. One of these directions was as follows :—

"Pull off the feathers from the tails of *living* cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens ; and holding their bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling, and so keep them at that part till they die, and by this means draw out the poison. It is good also to apply a cupping-glass, or embers in a dish with a handful of sorrel upon the embers."

If this were all that the concentrated wisdom of the whole College of Physicians could do for the poor plague-stricken people, no wonder that the pestilence raged so fiercely in the hot, close, and filthy streets of old London, during the sweltering heat of that burning summer. But, indeed, they knew no certain remedy ; and it was as though the people were sheep without a shepherd, and without any protection whatever against the disease, and the plague swept them away by wholesale into one common grave. The pestilence seemed to be utterly unknown to the doctors, past their art and comprehension. Indeed, many of them speedily fled to the country.*

There were, however, here and there some

* "Physicians could not be blamed for retiring; the disease was not subject to their art. Many learned physicians retired, not so much for their own preservation as for the service of those they attended: those who stayed, the plague put to their nonplus, in such strange and changeable shapes did the chameleon-like sickness appear."—De Quincey's Translation of Dr. Hodges' *Loimologia*.

who remained, who seem to have had a fairly adequate idea of treating the distemper ; and it is on record that several cures were effected. Among these physicians may be mentioned the celebrated Sydenham ; and also Dr. Hodges, author of "*Loimologia*," who seem to have practised with some success ; and Mr. William Boghurst, whose manuscripts are still preserved in the British Museum. This writer frankly says that at first he knew not what to recommend, thus :—"At first I was much baffled in giving judgment, yet afterwards, by use and long observation of the particulars, I arrived at a greater skill ; for I rendered myself familiar with the disease, knowing that the means to do any good must be not to be fearful : wherefore I commonly dressed forty sores in a day, held the pulse of patients sweating in their beds half a quarter of an hour together . . . held them up in their beds to keep them from strangling and choaking, half an hour together commonly, and suffered their breathing in my face several times when they were dying ; ate and drank with them, especially those that had sores ; sat down by their bedsides and upon their beds, discoursing with them an hour together. If I had time, I stayed by them to see them die, and see the manner of their death, and closed up their mouth and eyes ; for they died with their mouth and eyes very much open and staring. Then if people had nobody to help them (for help was scarce at such a time and place), I helped to lay them forth out of the bed and afterwards into the coffin ; and last of all, accompanied them to the ground."

There were several other physicians who, like those already mentioned, nobly remained at the post of duty, and did what in them lay to combat the fell disease, but as a rule the doctors of that day seem to have been completely helpless before their noisome foe ; nor is this to be altogether wondered at, when the strange and surpassingly dreadful character of the complaint is remembered. It defied all medicine ; nothing seemed to touch it ; and the very physicians themselves were seized and slain by it, even with their medicines in their mouths.

THE QUACKS.

But there are always fools who rush in "where angels fear to tread ;" and there are always rogues to prey upon the ignorance and credulity of their fellows, especially in times of danger ; and so in those early days of the plague, when the fears of the people were yet young, and the terrible destruction and desolation which would ensue were yet entirely unsuspected, there were crowds of quack doctors, wizards, witches, and fortune tellers, who added greatly to the popular

panic by enlarging upon the terrors of the plague, in order that the people might be the more easily fleeced of their money. Without doubt these quacks greatly helped the spread of the disease, for not only did the poor panic-stricken people succumb the more easily, because of the fright they were in; but the filthy compounds prescribed by the quacks seem to have literally poisoned their bodies and prepared them for the plague.

The art of advertising flourished exceedingly in those days, for innumerable doorposts and street corners were plastered all over with bills of advertisements of antidotes, such as, "Incomparable Drinks, Anti-Pestilential Pills, Universal Remedies, Never Failing Preservatives, True Plague Waters," etc., etc. Pepys in his Diary refers to one of these, thus: "My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of *Plague Water*;" and in No. 38 of the *News* (for May 18th), we find the following quack advertisement, which may be taken as a sample of many others:—

"Constantine Rhodocanaceis, Grecian, hath, at a small price, that admirable preservative against the plague, wherewith Hippocrates, the Prince of all Physicians, preserved the whole land of Greece, etc., etc. To be had in London, next door to the Three Kings' Inn, in Southampton Buildings, near the King's Gate, on Holborne."

And our old friends the College of Physicians issued the following as *The Plague-water of Mathius, or Aqua Epidemica*:—

"Take the roots of Tormentil, Angelica, Peony, Zedoarie, Liquorish Elecampane, of each half an ounce; the leaves of Sage, Scordium Celandine, Rue, Rosemary, Wormwood, Ros Solis, Mugwort, Burnet, Dragons, Scabious, Agrimony, Baum, Carduus, Betony, Centery the less, Marygold's leaves and flowers, of each one handful. Let them all be cut, bruised, and infused three days in eight pints of White Wine, in the month of May, and distilled."

Now, we do not pretend to any knowledge of true remedies for the plague, and this may have been a scientific combination of proved remedies, but to our untutored imagination it seems that no person, even in the most robust health, could drink any of this precious mess without becoming smitten at least with nausea and sore sickness, to say nothing of a worse complaint.

THE CONTINUED INCREASE OF THE PLAGUE DURING JUNE; MULTITUDES LEAVE THE TOWN.

Thus, amid terror and tribulation, and the clamour of many voices, passed the hot and sunny days of that mournful month of May. And with the advent of June the trouble increased. The weather became still hotter;

the plague spread with frightful rapidity. People began to leave town in large numbers, and all the great thoroughfares out of the city were thronged day after day with vehicles of every description,—coaches and carriages containing folks of the richer sort appeared side by side with carts and waggons conveying persons of the humbler classes. There were multitudes on horseback, and many wayfarers on foot.

And all day throngs besieged the Lord Mayor's door, pressing for passes and certificates of health, for the fear of the plague had spread throughout the country, and no person now could lodge at any inn, or indeed as much as pass through a town, without a clean bill of health. London was indeed one great scene of uproar and confusion which contrasts strangely with the dreariness and desolation which were to follow. Some of these circumstances are thus noticed by Pepys, in his Diary, who makes this entry on June 7th:—"The hottest day that ever I felt in my life;" and again on June 21st, "I find all the town going out of town; the coaches and carriages being all full of people going into the country." And yet again on June 29th, "To Whitehall, where the court was full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267, which is about ninety more than the last . . . Home; calling at Somerset House, where all were packing up too."

Up to this time the pestilence had been confined chiefly to the west end of the town,—the parish of St. Giles, where it first appeared, and the neighbourhood around,—but now it spread eastward and southward. The heat continued very great, and the poor people, finding that neither physician nor quack could avail aught, ran about the streets crying, "*Lord have mercy upon us, what shall we do?*"

THE LORD MAYOR'S REGULATIONS.

It was at this time, when panic had succeeded to terror, and it was clear beyond all possibility of doubt that the plague had taken strong hold on the town, that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen bestirred themselves as to the proper means to be taken for stopping the spread of the pestilence. As we have stated, regulations had been in force in St. Giles's since the end of April, and Defoe thinks that had these precautions been early followed in other parts of the metropolis the plague might have been stayed, or at all events deprived of half its terrors;—for he says, "The Justices of Peace for Middlesex, by direction of the Secretary of State, had begun to shut up houses in the parishes of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, St. Martin, St.

Clement Danes, etc.; and it was with good success, for in several streets where the plague broke out, upon strict guarding the houses that were infected, and taking care to bury those that died immediately after they were known to be dead, the plague ceased in those streets. It was also observed that the plague decreased sooner in those parishes than it did in the parishes of Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, Aldgate, Whitechapel, Stepney, and others, the early care taken in that manner being a great means to the putting a check to it." But it was not until the latter end of June that the regulations of the Lord Mayor were published. They were to come in force on and from the 1st of July, and are very lengthy and explicit. They provided for the appointment of examiners for every parish; watchmen—one for the day and one for the night—for every infected house, to prevent both ingress and egress; searchers to make due search and true report of the various cases of infection; surgeons and nursekeepers. There were also orders concerning the regulations of infected houses and for the treatment of persons sick of the plague. Notice was to be given to the examiners of health of every person taken ill within two hours of the first appearance of any sign of illness, and as soon as the examiner, searcher, or chirurgeon (surgeon) found that any person was sick of the plague, the house was to be shut up, and a large red cross, a foot long, placed on the middle of the door, and the words, "LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US," to be set close over the cross, and to continue there until the lawful opening of the house, which would not occur until all fear of infection therefrom was absolutely removed. There were also regulations for the burial of the dead,—that carts for the conveyance of the corpses were to perambulate the streets, accompanied by a bellman, and that funerals should only take place before sun-rising or after sun-setting, with the privy of the churchwardens or constables, and not otherwise, and that no corpse dead of the plague should be buried in or remain in any church.

The principal and most stringent regulation was the shutting up of houses at the least fear of infection, and this rule was stoutly resisted by many of the people. Complaints were daily made to the Lord Mayor that the searchers, etc., had shut up houses unnecessarily, and from malicious motives, and also that in many instances there were several perfectly sound and healthy people who, being shut up with the one infected, perished in the miserable and unhealthy confinement, when otherwise they might have escaped. The magistrates were very strict, however, and the rule appears never to have been relaxed. This led at

times to violent scenes between the watchman and some of the people confined; and often they broke out by main force, and many were the arts and deceptions practised to outwit the watchman and escape.

Pest-houses, or special hospitals for the reception of the patients, were also established in various parts of the town, and the churchyards being full, the dead were buried in the open spaces around, greatly to the disgust of certain of the inhabitants. Thus we find Pepys, in his Diary, writing, "I was much troubled to hear at Westminster, how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields (Tothill-fields), pretending want of room elsewhere."

King Charles and his Court left the town and went first to Hampton Court, then to Salisbury, and finally to Oxford, where the Parliament was held. The Duke of Albemarle was left Governor of London, and he co-operated cordially with the Lord Mayor in his measures of relief. Most of the ministers fled, as also did many of the doctors. To their everlasting credit be it said, there were many of the Nonconformist ministers who stayed. One of these, the Rev. Thomas Vincent, M.A., who happily lived through the fearful scenes, wrote a remarkable account, entitled, "God's Terrible Voice in the City," in which he says:—

"The citizens, when under the dreadful and deplorable circumstances to which the plague had reduced them, and in the greatest want of spiritual guides, were forsaken by their parochial ministers; and the people, crowding into eternity (bewailing the want of spiritual assistance), the Nonconformist ministers, considering their great obligations to God, and indispensable duty in this dreadful visitation to their fellow-citizens, were induced, though contrary to LAW, to repair to the deserted Church pulpits; whither the people, without distinction of Church and Dissenters, joyfully resorted. The concourse on those occasions was so exceedingly great that the ministers were frequently obliged to clamber over the pews to get at the pulpits; and if ever preaching had a better effect than ordinary, it was at this time; for the people did as eagerly catch at the Word as a drowning man at a rope."

THE DREADFUL DAYS OF JULY.

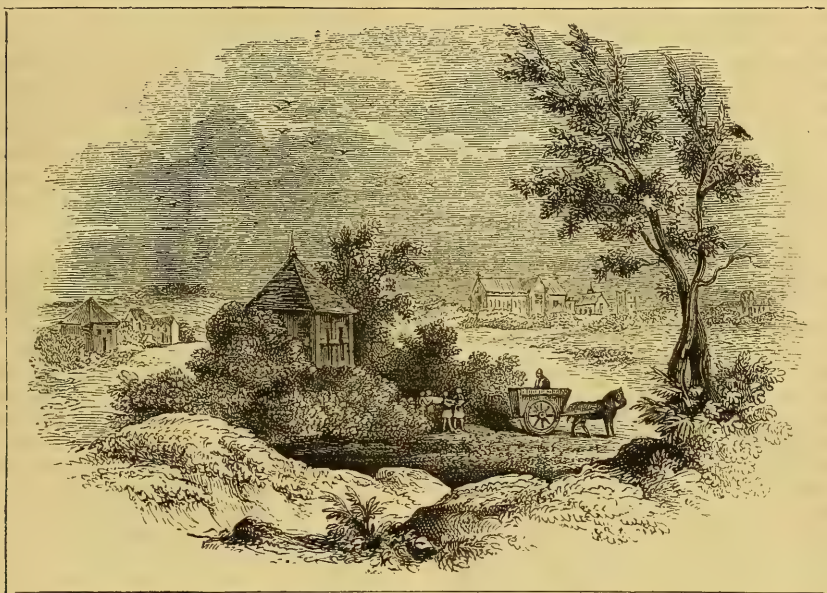
But these regulations of the Lord Mayor did not stay the plague. Indeed, after the 1st of July, the number of deaths increased from 470 in the week to 725, 1089, 1843, and even 2010. The pestilence was in every street, and door after door was shut, and marked with a red cross and the pathetic appeal, "LORD HAVE MERCY ON US," while before it stood the silent watchman. The stillness

in many places was most profound, for half the people were away, and of the other half many were dead or dying or attending to the sick. Quiet and hot lay the bright sunshine on the desolate streets, and so deserted were the usually crowded thoroughfares, that grass began to grow between the stones. All trade was stopped, and no sound was heard save the shrieks of the plague-stricken people, or the agonised cries of those mourning for their dead. Scarce any person passed through even the largest thoroughfares. There were but very few besides the devoted doctors or ministers, save the watchers or the corpse-carriers, and even these stepped in the middle of the roadway, and carried myrrh, wormwood, or rue in their hands. In the

looked on strange and fearful sights, such as might well have eclipsed her mellow light. The churchyards being full, great pits were dug at Aldgate, at Finsbury, and other places; and into these the dead-carts were emptied one after another, the corpses being shot pell-mell into one common grave, and the buriers shovelling in earth over every few bodies.

THE PLAGUE-PITS.

These pits were in some cases twenty feet deep, forty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and more than 1,100 bodies were buried in them.* They were dug out until they could be dug no more because of the water, and the corpses, frequently naked,—for incredible as it seems, it



PEST-HOUSES, TOTHILL FIELDS, WESTMINSTER.

star-lit dusk of the summer night, the dead-cart rolled on its awful rounds, and the desolate streets echoed to the melancholy cry, "*Bring out your dead, Bring out your dead.*"

Then the red-crossed doors were silently opened, and in the summer twilight the ghastly burdens were brought forth and thrown into the cart, accompanied by the groans and lamentations of the living. And the cart moved on with its gruesome freight, and the street was once more left to the solemn silence of death. London has never witnessed such scenes of horror before or since. It was no longer the busy metropolis. It was a city of the dead.

Out in the suburbs the summer moon

is said that the nurses and buriers often stole the linen or rugs wrapped round the poor bodies,—were hurried into them. These buriers were taken from the refuse of society; and so hardened and brutal did they become, that it is almost impossible to believe the tales of depravity reported against them,—some of them even secretly conveyed contagion from the sores of the sick to those who were well in order to rob them of their clothes. Sometimes infected persons, in the frenzy of their fever and mad with pain, rushed up to the pits and threw themselves in, crying aloud that they would bury themselves; and wher

* Dimensions given by Defoe of the great pit in Aldgate.

the men descended into the pit to rescue them, they were found quite dead though not yet cold. There were also many pits dug of a smaller size, capable of containing from fifty to sixty corpses, and these were sunk in any convenient place. By command of the magistrates, no body was allowed to be left within six feet of the ground, and so it was necessary to dig deep in order to bury any number of bodies at all.

THE HORRORS OF AUGUST.

It was in this way that July passed and the fourth month of this terrible visitation drew on. All this time the plague had been increasing, and notwithstanding all efforts to stop its ravages, it still continued to spread. The people were now dying at the frightful rate of more than 2,000 per week, and so virulent had the pestilence become that some dropped down dead suddenly in the street. Several of the drivers of the dead-carts were taken in this way. The explanation of these astounding instances may be found in the fact that in some cases the premonitory symptoms of the disease were so mild that the sufferer could not or would not admit that he was attacked, when suddenly a severe faintness palsied his limbs, the fatal maculæ, or tokens, as they were commonly called, appeared on his body, giving unmistakable signs of the corruption within, and the disease—all the more deadly because secret—completed its fatal work at once.

But in the majority of cases the symptoms were far too painful and severe to admit of any doubt. The disease usually commenced with severe sickness, shiverings, and headache; then followed pains in the limbs, swellings on various parts of the body, and carbuncles, or sores. If these could be made to discharge and so relieve the system of the poisonous matter, it was considered that the patient might recover, and great efforts were made to obtain this result, but usually, alas, with no success. Sometimes the swellings were cauterized to such a barbarous extent that the poor patients, already tortured almost past bearing by the disease itself, became frenzied under the added pain, and in their raving madness burst the bands which bound them to their beds, and either leaping from their windows or breaking down the doors of their houses, fought the watchman, and ran naked about the streets, eventually to leap into the river or into the burying pits, or to fall dead.

As the sultry days of August advanced, the heat became more oppressive, and the horrors of the plague increased tenfold. The death-rate rose to 8,000 a week, so that the regulations of the magistrates could no longer be enforced, and the dead-carts were obliged to convey their ghastly freights to the great graves at all hours of the day as

well as in the night. House after house stood open to the winds of heaven, and the death-like solitude and stillness which now brooded over the city was appalling. The great thoroughfares became so overgrown with grass that they looked like fields.

The dread silence was here and there broken by the wild ravings of delirium or the wailings of woe, borne from out the open casements on the soft summer air; and sometimes the solitude of the streets was startled by the cries of poor frenzied fanatics, whose brains had been turned by the terrible scenes around.

One of these, named Solomon Eagles, walked about the desolate streets entirely naked, with a pan of burning coals on his head, proclaiming the judgment of the Almighty upon the inhabitants of the great city; while another, pacing the pathway with ghostlike tread, never ceased day or night to cry aloud in hollow, sepulchral tones,—“*Oh, the great and dreadful God! Oh, the great and dreadful God!*” and a third, remembering only in his wearied brain the prophecy of Jonah, solemnly exclaimed, as with stealthy tread he walked the streets,—“Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed.”

And indeed it seemed as though the prophecy would be fulfilled; for sometime since there had been a complete stop put to the exodus from the city, and it appeared as though all who remained would perish. The Lord Mayor, Sir John Lawrence, could no longer grant certificates of health; for all streets were alike infected, and the country towns would not permit any stranger to enter within their gates. Some persons managed to evade all regulations, and escape, and lived by the roadside or in barns; others took tents with them, and lived a literally nomadic life. But there were very few of these; and it seemed as though all shut up in the doomed city must perish. The absence of all or nearly all the wealthy persons, the complete cessation of trade, and the breaking up of so many establishments had thrown thousands out of work. It is said that 40,000 servants alone were without a home, and left literally in the streets to starve or die of the plague, while the number of artisans without employment was too large to be calculated.

During the whole of this trying time the Lord Mayor—Sir John Lawrence—and Aldermen remained in town and nobly fulfilled their duty. When the plague had begun seriously in May they did all that lay in their power to compose the minds of the people and keep them from the tricks of the astrologers and from that state of panic which we have seen prevailed to such an alarming extent, and so powerfully help to spread the

PLAGUE AND FIRE.

plague. They published their determination not to quit the city, and announced their resolve that whatever happened they would remain to preserve order and do everything possible to prevent the ravages of the plague. Every day they held councils, inspected the markets to see that food free from taint was sold, and collected large sums for the benefit of the starving and plague-stricken poor. Fearful as were the scenes through which London passed during that fatal summer, they would have been still worse but for the noble, self-denying conduct of Lord Mayor Lawrence, for the horrors of star-

There were various plans pursued for the purchase of provisions without spreading infection. On some occasions the money was placed in vinegar on a stone some little way out of the city, and the purchaser then retired some distance away, while the persons from the country having the food, vegetables, fruit, etc., to sell, and who had watched the proceeding from a place of safety afar off, came forward and took the money, and left the provisions bargained for. When meat was bought in the market it was hung on hooks in the same way, and the purchasers deposited the money in vinegar and



PURCHASING PROVISIONS IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE.

vation would have been added to those of the plague, and whatever mitigations were in force would have been wanting. A fund for the relief of the suffering city was inaugurated and regularly dispensed. The King subscribed a thousand pounds per week, and the city six hundred. The Earl of Craven, the Duke of Albemarle, Sir John Lawrence, Dr. Sheldon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who remained in London all the time, the Queen-dowager, and others, also gave liberally. It is said that for several weeks the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were able to dispense £100,000 a week, but it is probable that this is an exaggeration.

took it themselves off the hook, so that the vendor and purchaser came not at all near each other. The pestilence raged fearfully among the butchers and slaughter-houses of Whitechapel, and the market there was shunned as much as possible; it is said that no person could go near the market without seeing several dead bodies lying about or across the narrow lanes leading to and from it. And there they lay until the dead-cart came and they were found by the buriers.

THE DEATH-FIRES OF SEPTEMBER.

As August passed and the sultry days of

September set in, the mortality still continued to increase. As a last hope it was resolved to endeavour to dissipate the pestilential miasma by burning huge fires in the streets. There were many doctors who opposed this plan, but it was ordered by the council, and on the 2nd of September a proclamation was issued by the Lord Mayor to the effect that as the number of deaths still continued to increase, huge fires of sea-coal were to be kindled in every street, court, and alley, in the proportion of one fire to six houses on every side of the way. For three days and nights did these death-fires continue to burn, when they were extinguished by a heavy fall of rain. Whether caused by the suffocating smoke which arose from the fires put out in this way, or from the reeking mist caused by the hot sun shining after the heavy rain is not known, but certain it is that the mortality rose higher than ever, more than 4,000 deaths occurring in the night following.

The plague was now at its height, and it spread with an irresistible fury which seemed as though in a very few days it would sweep away every person left within the doomed city. The citizens, in the desperation of despair, gave over all efforts to stop its ravages.

Some poor creatures paraded the streets, crying and wringing their hands, and praying God for mercy; others sat in their houses and wearily waited for death. Mothers murdered their own children in their desperate despair, and many went melancholy mad. Whole streets were now deserted, and it was a common thing for the buriers to find a houseful of persons all lying dead together. Frequently there were many dead-carts congregated at the pit's mouth full of dead bodies, but there was neither bellman or burier with them. These men had fallen dead while employed in their ghastly but necessary work.

In the curious little book before alluded to, and published by Mr. Vincent after the plague, he speaks thus of the days of August and September:—

"Now the cloud is very black and the storm comes down upon us very sharp. Now Death rides triumphantly on his pale horse through our streets, and breaks into every house almost where any inhabitants are to be found. Now people fall as thick as the leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of the Sabbath day, observed with greater solemnity than it used to be . . . and a deep silence almost in every place, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling in customers nor offering wares, no *London cries* sounding in the ears.

If any voice be heard it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help. . . . Never did so many husbands and wives die together; never did so many parents carry their children with them to the grave and go together into the same house under earth, who had lived together in the same house upon it. Now the nights are too short to bury the dead; the whole day, though at so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves. . . . Now the grave doth open its mouth without measure. Multitudes—multitudes in the valley of the shadow of death thronging daily into eternity! The churchyards now are stuffed so full with dead corpses that they are in many places swelled two or three feet higher than they were before; and new ground is broken up to bury the dead."

The week ending the 19th of September was that in which the pestilence reached its greatest destructiveness. It is impossible to give the accurate figures of those who fell in this fearful week, as the buriers themselves said they were unable to reckon how many they had carried to the grave each day, and they frequently did not know the number in their carts; but it is certain that more than 10,000 perished. The number returned is 8,297, but it was well known that the Bills seldom gave more than two-thirds or three-fourths of the actual number.

Yet even in this awful time there were some persons so desperate in their wickedness, and so utterly lost to all sense of shame, that they rioted in the basest licentiousness, and prowled about bent on robbery and murder. They literally fulfilled the heathenish maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." To-day they indulged in the grossest vice—on the next, their bodies were in the dead-cart.

THE PEST-HOUSES.

Without doubt the Lord Mayor and Council were remiss in one particular—viz., the erection of *pest-houses* or hospitals, where stricken persons could have been taken directly they were infected. Defoe mentions that during the whole of this time there were but two pest-houses—one in the fields beyond Old Street, and one in Westminster, Tothill Fields; but he must have been mistaken, for according to other sources, such as the parish book of St. Giles, etc., we learn that there were certainly others, though probably only small ones. Lord Craven, who remained in London during the whole of the time, caused one to be built on

what is now known as Golden Square. This consisted of about thirty-six small tenements, and was capable of holding about two hundred patients, but certain charges appear to have been made for admission, which of course prevented its usefulness, and defeated the very object for which it was erected, as the very poor, among whom the plague raged so violently, could not avail themselves of it.

The "pest-houses" in Tothill Fields, Westminster, consisted of a few red-brick buildings, also built by Lord Craven; and many a torch or lantern-lighted group of mysterious figures bore litters of plague-stricken people to this then solitary spot when the pestilence was at its height.

The other pest-house belonged to the City. It consisted of several tenements, and was situated on the spot upon which *Pest-house Row* now stands, near Old Street, St. Luke's.

In these pest-houses the people were so well looked after that there were but comparatively few burials from them, only about 160 from each of the two principal ones having occurred during the entire time.

ABATEMENT OF THE PLAGUE.

Towards the end of September, cool winds began to blow, and the scorching heat of this most sultry summer sank to a more normal temperature. The effect was instantly seen in the weekly Bills of Mortality, and men thanked God as they had never thanked Him before when, on the 26th of September, they saw that there had been a considerable decrease in the number of deaths during the week. There were, in fact, nearly two thousand less than in the week preceding. Although the number was still very great, yet the citizens regarded this decrease as a most favourable sign; and grim Despair, which for so long a time had been their dread familiar, now gave place to white-winged Hope. Joy began again to beam forth on faces which for so many weary weeks had been stricken with gloom.

We can well imagine that bright autumn morning when this first good news was published. Those who knew it went from street to street, repeating it to those whom they met.

"Have you heard the good news, neighbour?"

"Nay, what good news? There can be no good news in these dreadful days!"

"Yes, but the plague is abating."

"The plague is abating?" Oh! thank God. God be praised!" And he would cry or weep aloud for joy, and hasten to tell his friends. And those who could not leave their houses would shout the glad tidings from their narrow casements to any persons who might be near; and thus the city of the dead and dying began again to take hope and courage.

But at this time it has been computed that there were no less than 60,000 people sick of the plague; and if it had not been that many of them began now to rapidly recover, the mortality must have been greater than even when the plague was at its highest, in the third week in September. But the most cheering feature of this period was, that whereas before, most persons who were infected died, and died very rapidly, a very great number now began to recover. The poison of the plague seemed to have lost its virulence, and out of that large number—60,000—it is believed that the vast majority became healthy again.

This fact received still more striking confirmation during the next and following weeks, for the number of deaths decreased daily, and the same cold winds and crisp frosts of that chill October which shook the sere leaves of the long, hot summer to the ground, gave new life and vigour to the poor plague-stricken and enervated people in town. The cold, bracing weather of late autumn and early winter seems to have done more to stop the plague than all the efforts of physicians.

The city now made rapid progress to health, and people began gradually to return—very slowly and timorously at first, lest the contagion might not be really gone. By degrees the shops were re-opened, and the bustle of business was again heard in the streets. Every morning when the Bill of Health was published, and the numbers were seen to be still on the decline, the people would go about with smiles on their faces, repeating the good news one to another.

As the plague still further abated, the people returned in crowds to occupy their houses. In fact, such foolish haste did many of them exhibit, that several cases occurred of persons sleeping in beds from which but a few days before bodies dead of the plague had been taken to the grave. Thus Dr. Hodges, in his *Loimologia*, writes: "Those citizens who were before afraid even of their friends and relations, would without fear venture into the houses and rooms where infected persons had a little before breathed their last; nay, such comforts did inspire the languishing people, and such confidence, that many went into the beds where persons had died, even before they were cold or cleansed from the stench of the disease." This foolish temerity caused many persons to lose their lives, and in the first weeks of November, when the people were fast returning to their homes, the bills rose again; but by degrees people began to resume their usual occupation.

London once more appeared full and busy. The Court returned in February to Whitehall, and the nobility followed. So many people again crowded the streets that in a short time those who had perished seemed

not to be noticed; and though the plague still lingered in out-of-the-way streets, its terror seemed almost forgotten.

According to the official returns, there perished in London during the time of the plague-year—*i.e.*, from the 20th of December, 1664, when the plague first broke out in Drury Lane, by the death of the two Frenchmen, to the 19th of December, 1665, when the number had decreased to about 200—the immense number of 68,596; but as many deaths were known to have been unrecorded, and as in the six most terrible weeks of August and September the dead-carts were so constantly full that the buriers lost all count, it has been computed that the real number of deaths must have been at least 100,000, while Clarendon gives the appalling number of 160,000. It is believed, however, that this last number is an exaggeration.

WHAT WAS THE PLAGUE?

Happily the plague has been unknown in England since the times of which we have written, and there has been no opportunity for our scientific men to study it with accuracy. Its true home seems to be in Egypt and the Levant. Great difference of opinion still exists among medical men as to its cause, exact nature, and treatment. It would seem that a subtle poison, which has hitherto escaped all chemical tests and microscopic examination, is communicated and absorbed in the system, where it speedily alters the blood and tissues, and decomposes the whole body before even life has become extinct. It is known, however, to be a very malignant contagious fever, prevailing epidemically, and accompanied by buboes or painful swellings of the lymphatic glands, and also by carbuncles. It appears usually to commence with sensations of intense weariness, accompanied by shivering and sickness, giddiness and pains in the loins. Mental disturbance, delirium and stupor, follow; there is a painful sense of constriction about the heart, and darting pains are felt in the armpits, groins, and other parts of the body where the lymphatic glands are situated, and which presently swell painfully, although some accounts exist in which these swellings have not occurred. Carbuncles appear on various parts of the body, and also petechial spots, or purple patches resembling bruises, and dark-looking stripes. These spots are supposed to have been the "tokens" alluded to by the old writers on the subject.

Most writers agree that it spreads rapidly by contact, and that temperature exerts a considerable influence over it. Both extreme heat and cold seem to be fatal to it. Thus in tropical and in extremely cold countries it is unknown, while in Europe it has been always most fatal in September.

It may be that it is a very malignant and complicated combination of other epidemics with some of which we are even now at times familiar; such malignancy and complication being due to the closeness, sickening heat, and filth of the old cities. In any case there is no doubt but that the better sanitary conditions under which Europeans now live, the free use of cold water, good ventilation, wider streets, and moderate habits of life, all conduce to keep us free from this horrible pestilence.

In former times, however, seeing that the people could find neither adequate cause or certain cure for the disease, it is not to be wondered at that many persons believed that the Almighty had for the time being put aside all natural laws, and inflicted upon the people a strange and terrible disease which should baffle all human skill, and which He alone could stop at His pleasure.

FIRE! FIRE!

Scarcely had the terror and tribulation occasioned by the ravages of the plague died away before another appalling calamity burst upon the devoted city,—a calamity which, although at first it appeared so desperately disastrous, was to prove a veritable blessing in disguise.

It was just a year after the terrible death-fires were burning in London streets, and doubtless there were many who were speaking of those dismal times, when about ten o'clock on the evening of Saturday the 2nd of September, 1666, the late loiterers in the narrow streets near London Bridge were startled by the sight of a bright tongue of flame shooting upwards into the darksome sky; and before long they learned that the house of a poor baker named Farryner, situated in Pudding Lane, near Fish Street Hill, had caught fire.

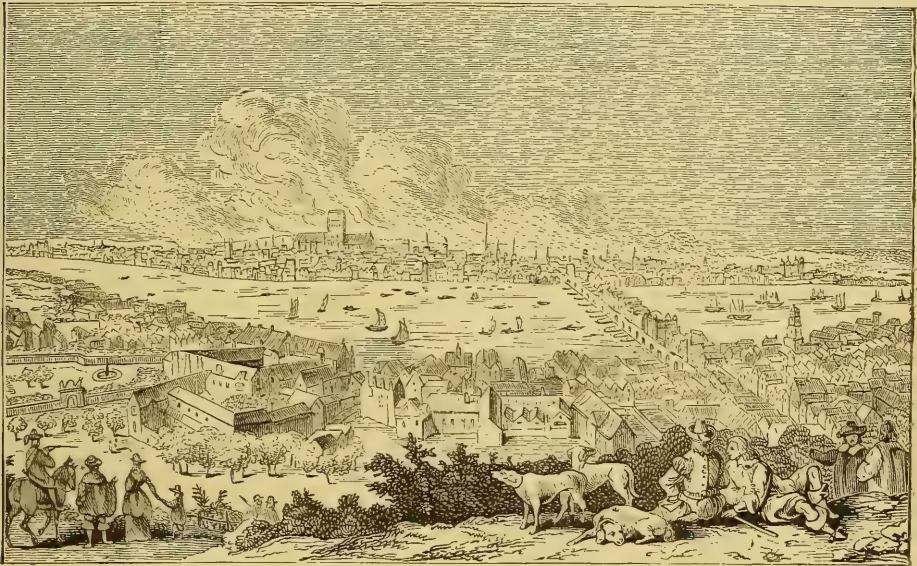
Unfortunately in those days a fire in the close and crowded London streets, built of wooden houses, some of them a century old, was no uncommon occurrence; and after the first shock of surprise had passed, most of the people went quietly home to bed. "Oh, it is only the half-decayed house of a poor baker who has over-heated his oven," they said. "It is better down than up, no doubt, it is so old." But before morning had dawned they thought otherwise, for the fire spread with startling rapidity, and all efforts to stop it were unavailing.

The house in which it originated was a very old and worm-eaten structure; and being dry as tinder by reason of the recent drought, it was rapidly consumed. A high wind was blowing from the east, and the flames speedily spread to the neighbouring houses, which, being all old and half-decayed, and filled with oil, tar, and other combus-

tibles used in ship-building and ship-furnishing, afforded ready fuel for the wind-driven fire. In a few hours the whole of Billingsgate ward was in flames; and then, fanned by the fierce wind, the fire tore along Thames Street, and seized upon St. Magnus' Church, which was situated at what was then known as Bridgefoot.

At first the few citizens who were alarmed were so affrighted and amazed that they knew not what to do. The cumbersome engines then in the neighbourhood were reduced to ashes before they could be used. Then as the terrible cries of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" resounded through the streets, the inhabitants of the surrounding houses rushed

sparks and flakes of fire a great distance ahead, and set many buildings on fire before the original conflagration reached them. Still the flames swept on, and their lurid light fell upon the white faces of the terrified people who thronged and struggled in the crowded streets. Their terrible rattling and roaring was now mingled with the din of falling houses and the shrieks and shoutings, the oaths and curses of the panic-stricken people. Now the terrible scene was lighter than day by reason of the ruddy flames, and again it was dark as night when the fire seized some warehouse of oil and tar and poured forth volumes of dense black suffocating smoke.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, SEEN FROM BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK.
(From a print of the period by Visscher.)

from their beds in terror, panic-stricken, and numbers of half-dazed, half-dressed creatures thronged into the narrow thoroughfares and increased the panic.

Then burst forth the fire-bells from the neighbouring churches, and their loud alarms now mingled with the roar of the rushing flames, and the terrible cries of "Fire! Fire!" The confusion and terror increased every minute. Every one seemed bent on saving what they could of their own property, and the narrow streets were choked with piles of household goods. But the flames were so fierce that they burned even these, and the terrified people had to fly for their lives.

The summer had been long and hot, and all the wooden houses were dry as touch-wood. The wind, blowing fiercely, carried

NO WATER!

To add to the terror and confusion the pipes of the New River Company were found *dry*, and no water could be obtained. This added to the belief that the fire was the work of incendiaries, either fanatical papists or foreign enemies, or, as an old writer quaintly said, "The same doth smell of popish design." And there were not wanting religious enthusiasts who sternly shouted aloud that this was another judgment of the Almighty for the wickedness of the times, and that He, seeing that the people had not been turned to repentance by the plague, now intended to make an end of the wicked city. Every minute the flames gathered fresh force, and seemed to justify the belief that every building would be burned to the ground.

The Lord Mayor—Sir Thomas Bludworth—and the civic authorities were long in coming to the scene, and when they arrived they shrank from such bold and decisive measures as the blowing up of houses and so localizing the flames, which alone could have availed anything. For many hours the Lord Mayor would not even accept the aid of the soldiers, and, in short, nothing worth mentioning seems to have been done to prevent the spread of the flames.

As the night passed, the fire continued to rage with the utmost fury, rushing from house to house with marvellous rapidity. The narrow lanes and streets speedily became streets of flame, and the half-naked people, abandoning all hope, fled before them in abject terror.

Sunday morning dawned, and the September sun showed through the canopy of lurid smoke like a spot of blood. Still the flames rushed on, and the whole city resounded with their roaring and rattle and the cries of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The houses near London Bridge, all Thames Street, and up to Cheapside, appeared now but heaps of hot and smouldering ruins. The consternation and confusion increased every minute. Never was there such a Sunday before or since in London. The terror and tribulation, the frenzied fright and panic-stricken confusion were without parallel. The people, deprived of house and home as it were in a second of time, were driven westward and northward to find refuge in the fields about Islington and Highgate, for there was fear of every building being destroyed. The city train-bands were put under arms, with orders to watch at every quarter for treacherous men, because it was rumoured that fire-balls were thrown into houses to increase the fires, and that popish emissaries were at work. And indeed men's thoughts seem to have been almost more turned on these stories of malice and treachery as to the cause of the fire than how to prevent it. Immediately near to it were gathered a vast number of wretched ruffians who carried on their work of plunder even in the very teeth of death. Oaths and shrieks, the clanging of fire-bells and the roaring of the flames, were all mingled in one horrible din. Many churches were in flames that day; and of this the Rev. Thomas Vincent writes in the quaint pamphlet to which we have before alluded:—

"God seemed to come down and preach Himself in them, as He did in Sinai when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered. . . . Instead of a holy rest which Christians had usually taken on that day, there was tumultuous hurrying

about the streets toward the places that burned, and more tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those that sat still, and had only the notice of the ear of the strange and quick spreading of the fire."

As that Sunday night drew on, the spectacle became most appallingly magnificent. Thousands of houses were burning, and a vast sheet of fire, a mile in diameter, was seen ascending to the sky; the flames were bent and broken, and twisted by the fierce wind into a thousand fearful shapes, and every blast bore through the air large flakes of fire which, falling on the pitched roofs of the old houses, kindled new conflagrations on every side. The lurid glare of the sky, which for miles was like a burning vault, and the oppressive heat, the roaring of the flames and the falling of the houses and churches, combined to make a scene the like of which has never been witnessed before or since. For ten miles around the country was bright as mid-day, while for fifty miles the billows of smoke rolled, and London seemed like a sea of flame. The fire had now reached Garlick-hithe, in Thames Street, and had levelled part of Cannon Street to the ground. It was blazing all along by the water's edge, and advancing up towards Cornhill.

All efforts made this day to stop the flames proved ineffectual, the wind still continued high and swept the fire onward with merciless rapidity. Little sleep was taken in London that night.

Complete consternation had seized upon all the people, and those who had hitherto regarded the fire as a local affair, not concerning them, were now aroused and fearful. The slothful king himself was startled from his selfish pleasures, and leaving his luxurious palace, appeared in person and gave directions for fighting the flames. Houses were pulled down, and water was thrown on the burning masses by means of buckets; but all to no purpose. The fire leaped over the gaps caused by the ruined dwellings, crossed the narrow streets, and lapped up the water like oil.

When Monday morning dawned, Gracechurch Street was all in flames, with Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street. The burning was like a bow, the point of which soon reached Cornhill, and attacked the Royal Exchange. This splendid building, which at that time was the best of the kind in Europe, had been built just one hundred years before by Sir Thomas Gresham.

But very quickly the noble galleries of that spacious building were burned down, and with an appalling noise the walls fell in, and all the stone statues of the English kings which had stood within its quadrangle cracked and crumbled with the intense heat, leaving only the founder's statue, which, strange to say, remained un-

shaken. But when the merchants and the townspeople saw their celebrated Exchange consumed, then indeed did they quail and tremble. They feared that everything must go, and became full of distraction and confusion, running hither and thither in utter bewilderment and having no command of their own thoughts.

EFFORTS TO PRESERVE PROPERTY.

Some persons who still kept their wits about them chartered boats and barges, and filled them with such goods as they could save and sent them floating down the Thames. Others paid as much as £30 for a cart to convey some of their property far beyond the outskirts of the city. The fields for many miles around were strewn with movables of all kinds, and tents were erected to cover a few of the thousands of burned-out people.

It was indeed a piteous sight to see these terror-smitten myriads wearily wending their way, with their wives and little ones, into the fields. There were some so terror-stricken that tears ran down their pallid cheeks like rain, others beat their breasts and wrung their hands in utter despair, while many sobbed and shrieked aloud in their agony and distress of soul. Here might be seen sick invalids just borne from their beds, and others only just able to drag themselves along, and close by were aged persons whose withered cheeks and white hair told of many a painful struggle past, and now in their old age they were reduced to utter penury and want. Sick and sound, aged and young, were all going forth in their thousands to seek shelter in the shelterless fields, and so Monday night drew on.

If the evening of Sunday had been fearful, Monday night was much worse. The very pavements were glowing with fiery heat, and the air was so hot that no person could venture within a furlong's space of the burning streets. The blaze was so fearful that it was lighter than noonday. The fire had now worked backward against the wind along Thames Street East, and up towards Tower Hill. The other part of the conflagration had burned Cheapside, and was close upon St. Paul's, while another portion had blazed along the water's edge towards Fleet Street and the Temple.

There were some who hoped that the Cathedral, being isolated and only very lately rebuilt of stone, would remain untouched, and for a long period it towered grim and dark above the sea of flame like a massive rock amid the stormy waves. But it yielded at length; and the all-conquering flames, driven furiously towards it by the fierce east wind, caught the roof and some of the scaffold poles which were still standing around it. The molten lead from the roof

ran down its walls in a fiery stream, and the stones split and peeled off with the intense heat, and pieces flew from side to side with loud reports as if shot from a cannon; massive beams fell to the ground with a noise like thunder, and as the splendid building was consumed, the triumphant flames shot higher and higher into the burning sky.

After this, the fire raged down Fleet Street with wonderful rapidity, and blazed to the north along Newgate Street, and attacked Newgate Prison, which was soon consumed. The flakes of fire now fell thick on every side, and so rapid was the spread of the flames that King Charles feared that not only Whitehall, but Westminster Abbey would be consumed. Then indeed he bestirred himself. He sent numbers of gentlemen to various posts, with instructions at all hazards to stop the flames; and as it seemed quite clear that nothing short of blowing down houses—so as to create wide gaps over which the fire could not leap—would be of service, this plan was now adopted. But the fire was spreading with such marvellous rapidity that it was now several miles in compass. Beginning near the Temple, it was blazing northward along by Fetter Lane to Holborn; here it bent backward by Snow Hill, Newgate Street, Guildhall, Coleman Street, Lothbury, Broad Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Leadenhall Street. All through Tuesday night the fire raged with unabated force, the roaring of the flames was increased by heavy sounds as of thunder, as houses were blown down. This night Guildhall was a splendid though appalling spectacle. Being built of solid oak, it stood for many hours after the fire had seized upon it, glowing with heat like the heart of a fire or burnished brass.

Thus, notwithstanding all efforts, the fire still raged fiercely; and when Wednesday morning dawned on the weary eyes of the terrified people, there were many who believed that all the suburbs would be burned. King Charles had sent all his belongings down the river to Hampton Court, and great preparations were made for a still further exodus of the people and removal of property. But now providentially the wind fell, and the efforts that had already been made seeming likely to be successful, the people were encouraged to make still further exertions; the gaps caused by the blown-up houses being wider than previously, and the wind being far less furious, the fire could not leap across; consequently it began very sensibly to abate. It came no farther west than the Temple, and no farther north than the entrance to Smithfield; but within these limits it still raged, and so great was the heat thrown out by the burning ruins that no one could venture near.

The people still worked with a will, and the fire being thus localized and limited in

its extent, was kept under, although so fiercely did it rage in certain quarters—towards Cripplegate and also near the Tower, while it also broke out again in the Temple—that there were many who still feared it might spread. The exertions of the King on this day were most praiseworthy. He made the round of the fire twice, and by commands, threatenings, and a good store of money, kept the workers at their various posts. He also exerted himself to obtain food and procure provisions and shelter for the thousands of burned-out people who were lodging in the fields. Orders were sent into various parts of the country for supplies of food and tents, and also for boards wherewith to construct temporary huts. During Wednesday afternoon the flames gradually decreased, and on Thursday the fire was everywhere extinguished. Curiously enough, it ended at a place called Pye Corner, where a tablet still marks the spot.

A WALK THROUGH THE RUINS.

It was a fearful and melancholy sight that the September sun shone upon, that Friday morning following the fire. London in ruins—smoking, smouldering, burning ruins. A traveller making his way with extraordinary difficulty along what once was Fleet Street, would see on every side the heaps of smoking rubbish where once had been quaint and picturesque houses, ancient churches, and historical edifices. And when, often mistaking his way, he reached the spot on which St. Paul's Cathedral had reared its imposing front, he would be able to see straight down to the river on one hand, and obtain a clear view of the Tower before him on the other; there was nothing to obstruct his view—on every side were the blackened heaps. But the sad ruins of the Cathedral itself would arrest his attention. Before him lay long flakes of the huge stones, all split asunder, and many pieces of the massive Portland stone quite calcined; ornaments and arches, capitals and columns, all destroyed and crumbled into dust; yet, singularly enough, the inscription on the architrave was yet entire.

But the ground was still so hot that he would not be able long to stand at one spot; and indeed in the narrower streets he could not pass at all, while the clouds of suffocating smoke that here and there arose almost choked him; so making his way north, he would come in time to Moorfields and Finsbury Fields, where for several miles around, and as far as the eye could reach, were encamped the poor inhabitants burned out of house and home. Many of them, by reason of the hurriedness of their flight, had scarcely any clothes to cover them; many more had nothing but the dress on their backs. Yet, though on the verge of starvation, they were

for the most part quiet and orderly, although it was the quiet of melancholy and despair. On every side were ruin, poverty, and distress.

THE CITY'S RESURRECTION.

The sturdy English spirit soon reasserted itself, and before long great efforts were made for the rebuilding of the city. Even before the ruins were cold, Sir Christopher Wren, by the King's command, had been over the great plain of ashes, roughly surveyed the ground, and drawn out plans for the reconstruction of the city on a uniform and magnificent scale. Unfortunately the owners of the various sites could not be brought to agree, and a splendid opportunity of rebuilding a magnificent city was lost.

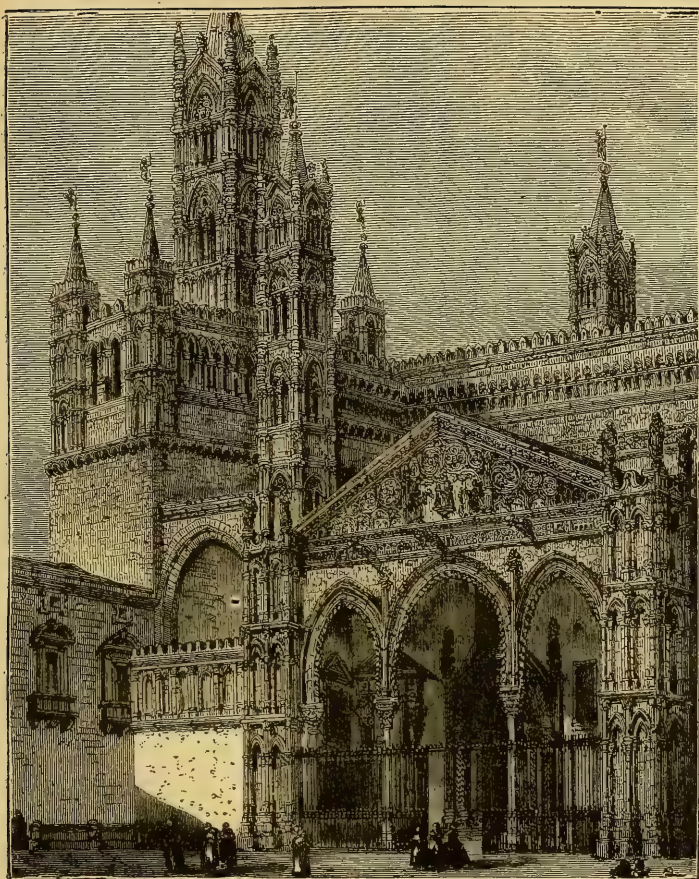
But as it was, London soon rose phoenix-like from its ashes, with more spacious streets and splendid edifices than had ever been seen before in England. The Act for rebuilding was drawn by Sir Matthew Hale with great wisdom, so that no lawsuits ensued; and here and there houses began speedily to arise, as far as possible on the old sites; these were gradually joined into wide streets.

In four years' time, according to the writers in one of the papers of the period, London was rebuilt with so much beauty and magnificence that all Europe was amazed.

And in order to preserve the memory of this terrible visitation, it was enacted by Parliament that a tall column should be erected as near to the place where the fire began as was possible; in consequence of which Sir Christopher Wren erected the famous monument on Fish Street Hill, on which is set forth, in accordance with the searches of the city surveyor, that the destruction comprised eighty-nine churches, 13,200 houses, the city walls and gates, Guildhall, four hundred streets, St. Paul's Cathedral, and many other public edifices, the total amount of loss being estimated at £7,335,000.

But however much the good citizens of London might have suffered through these dreadful three days, and however great the destruction might have been, there is no doubt but that the fire was one of the greatest blessings that ever befell London. For not only did it purify the city from the plague, and banish it from our midst, but instead of the close, and crooked streets, with their dark and ill-contrived wooden houses, each having its various stories jutting out one above another, so that light and air could scarcely penetrate into the street below, where pestilential vapours always hung,—instead of a foul and filthy town, the nest of noisome disease, there arose a handsome and healthy city, well adapted for the grand part it was destined to play as the great centre of the Anglo-Saxon race and the mighty metropolis of the whole world.

F. M. H.



THE CATHEDRAL AT PALERMO.

THE SICILIAN VESPER.

THE STORY OF A NATION'S VENGEANCE.

"Ill-lording, which doth desperate make
The people ever, in Palermo raised
The shout of 'Death!' re-echoed loud and long."

DANTE : *Paradiso*, Canto viii., l. 73-80.

National Outbreaks and their Effects—The "Roman Empire" of the Germans—Italy in the Middle Ages—Her Municipal Institutions—The Hohenstaufen Emperors and the Popes—Guelphs and Ghibelines—Sicily under the Saracens and the Norman rule—Frederick Barbarossa and his Successors—Policy of the Popes—Supremacy of Rome—Manfred the Suabian Hero; and Conradin the Last of the Hohenstaufen—Papal design to establish a King in Sicily—Charles of Anjou and Manfred—Battle of Benevento—Conradin's invasion of Italy—Tagliacozzo—Death of Conradin—Vengeance of Charles of Anjou—Feudal Oppressions—Condition of Sicily and Apulia—Peter of Aragon and John of Procida—The Massacre of March 31st, 1282—Its Results—Conclusion.

NATIONAL OUTBREAKS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

IN his glorious *Lay of the Bell*, Schiller describes, in thrilling verse, the sudden uprising of a people, that breaks its bonds asunder, and in a

sudden burst of fury sweeps away, like a mighty inundation, the landmarks established by law and government. With a vivid recollection upon him of the scenes of slaughter and violence that horrified Europe in the first French Revolution, the poet declares that though it is dangerous to

arouse the slumbering lion, though the tiger's fang is destructive, "*Das Schrecklichste der Schrecken*" (the horrible of horrors) is man when fury has bereft him of reason. With glowing eloquence he paints the scene of rapine and of ruin; emphatically denouncing the folly of those who place in the grasp of the blind, besotted helot the torch of liberty, which sheds no light upon him, but becomes in his hand the instrument of the incendiary, laying habitations and cities in ashes, and spreading woe and desolation around.

It is not, however, always thus. Sudden outbursts of popular indignation do not always end in impotent bursts of fury; "Time and destiny also travel on." Thus in Paris, on the 14th of July, a mob assembles suddenly,—a fierce "*sauculotte*" mob, such as the majority of great cities can produce at a moment's notice. "A hundred and fifty thousand of us," says Carlyle in his magnificent History of the French Revolution, "and but the third man furnished with so much as a pike! Arms are the one thing needful: with arms we are an unconquerable, man-defying National Guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grape-shot." Arms are procured; and before the shades of the short summer night have descended upon Paris, the Bastille has fallen, and the last hour of the despotic government and of the power of poor Louis XVI. has sounded. Again, an adventurer who had failed repeatedly and disastrously when the conditions of success seemed in his favour, puts forth from a port of Northern Italy, with a few hundred companions, in a steamer bound for Sicily, in 1860; and men shrug their shoulders, and cynically speculate on the probable fate of the madman Garibaldi who has engaged in a desperate venture to overthrow the government of the Neapolitan Bourbons. But the hour has come, and the man; and the enterprise, to the marvel of Europe, succeeds—succeeds brilliantly; and Garibaldi the conqueror marches from triumph to triumph, until Francis II. and his troops and his *sbirri* have been hustled out of Italy. These and many other instances bear witness to the great results achieved by desperate ventures and in sudden tumults, when the time is ripe for action, and when the heart of a nation has been thoroughly stirred by a feeling of hatred and a determination to endure wrong no longer.

Such a sudden and irresistible outburst it was that occurred at Palermo just six hundred years ago, on the Tuesday in Easter week in 1282, Easter falling in that year on the 31st of March. The event is known in history as the Sicilian Vespers, and has justly been designated by the

Italian Amari, the historian of the "War of the Sicilian Vespers," as the most important thing that happened in Sicily during the middle ages. Its effect was to wrest the Kingdom of Sicily, consisting of the island and of the large territory on the mainland, from the rule of the French, and ultimately to transfer it to the Spaniards. It also had a most important influence on the fortunes and destinies of the continent of Europe generally. National vanity and other causes had obscured the facts of the revolution, and surrounded it with fables that arose in long subsequent times, and were repeated by various historians. It was reserved for the intelligent and acute reasoner, the Sicilian Michell Amari, to sweep away the accumulated errors, and to place this important Epoch of History in its true light before the world. A new interest has been given to the event, moreover, by the recent celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers, a proceeding which to many has appeared like commemorating a massacre of St. Bartholomew. But the cases are widely different. The St. Bartholomew was a treacherous and cruel conspiracy, involving the murder in cold blood of a number of peaceful citizens against whose lives fanaticism had been roused in its most hideous form. In the "Sicilian Vespers," though involving a lamentable butchery, may be recognised the furious outburst of anger of an oppressed people seeking a kind of wild justice in righting its own wrong. Therefore, also, the defenders of the celebration declared that the event was to be commemorated as the French were accustomed to observe the anniversaries of the taking of the Bastille,—not with reference to the violence and bloodshed it involved, but in its character as a great effort made by a people to free itself from unendurable tyranny.

To place before the reader this event in an intelligible form, it is necessary briefly to speak of the state of things in Italy and the German Empire some time previously.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE OF THE GERMANS.

It had been a fundamental principle from early times, that the German Emperors should protect the Church with their great material power, and stand forth with their armies to defend the pope in his rights and immunities whenever these should be attacked by an enemy. In return the sovereign pontiff was to uphold the authority of the Emperors by all the great spiritual influence he wielded as the Head of the Church,—an influence that was greatly increased in the course of centuries. The old formula that defined the respective position of the greatest of earthly and the

first of spiritual rulers ran thus: "God hath sent two swords into the world for the protection of Christendom—to the Pope he hath entrusted the spiritual, to the Emperor the temporal. Thus the feudal supremacy of the Emperors of the West, from Charlemagne downwards, extended over Italy; and in the tenth century, under the powerful Saxon House, under Henry the Fowler and his descendants the Othos, this dominion and supremacy was real and actual. But after the Saxon House came feeble successors; and the influence of the Church increased as that of the Empire diminished, the long minority of Henry IV., afterwards the opponent of Gregory VII., giving a good opportunity for the increase of the ecclesiastical power throughout Germany, while the imperial sway in Italy became merely nominal. Humiliation was inflicted upon the Emperor Henry IV. at Canossa, where the unfortunate monarch's only hope of regaining his authority over his revolted vassals was in reconciliation with the pontiff whom he had bitterly offended, and who revenged himself by keeping the suppliant waiting in penitential garb in the outer court for several days before admitting him to an audience; and even then, though the kiss of peace was at last reluctantly given to the suppliant emperor, it was only on condition that the points in dispute between Henry and the pontiff should be referred to a council to be summoned the next year.

It may easily be supposed that such a spectacle was not calculated to raise the respect of the Italians for the imperial authority; and, indeed, the popes now repudiated the idea of the divided power, and arrogated to themselves temporal as well as spiritual sway over the nations of the earth; alleging that the emperor's power was of human, and that of the pope of divine institution, and that the divine must in the nature of things prevail over the human.

ITALY AND HER MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS.

The material prosperity of the beautiful land of Italy meanwhile continued to increase with astonishing rapidity as time went on. Italy was the great emporium for the commerce from the East in those days when a maritime route to the Indies was yet undreamt of; and in intelligence, in literature, science and the arts, she was as far in advance of the rest of Europe as in opulence, in those days "when commerce proudly flourished through the state," and when at wealth's potent command "the palace learnt to rise; Again the long fallen column sought the skies; The canvas

glowed, beyond e'en nature warm; The pregnant quarry teemed with human form"—ere yet, "more inconstant than the southern gale, Commerce on other shores displayed her sail."

As feudal communities are by the nature of things aristocratic in their constitution, so are commercial states inclined towards the republican form. The wealthy cities of Italy aspired to govern themselves independently; and a municipal system, or confederacy of cities, sprang up, each with its separate polity and laws, but sometimes joining together to resist any attack from without on their privileges or their self-government; and thus, especially in Lombardy and in Tuscany, thriving and warlike cities, each with its own army and its citizen nobles, flourished in opulent pride; jealously guarding their national honour and freedom, and cherishing an intense feeling of hatred against the strangers from beyond the Alps.

THE HOHENSTAUFFEN EMPERORS AND THE POPES; GUELPHS AND Ghibelines.

For a long time the German Emperors were unable to assert, in any practical form, the rights of dominion they claimed over Italy. Their position in Germany itself was full of difficulty; for there also the municipal system, as exhibited in the free towns, had taken deep root, and each imperial city jealously guarded its privileges, and was always on the watch to resist encroachment, if necessary at the point of the lance and sword. The constitution of the Empire was moreover feudal; and feudalism always means the supremacy of a powerful nobility. Many a great noble had more real authority, and could bring a greater number of vassals into the field, than the Emperor himself: the character of Richard Neville the King-maker had many representatives at the Courts of the Kaisers.

The German imperial crown also was not hereditary but elective; and though a kind of prescriptive custom kept the diadem in the same family for successive generations, there was always the prospect of its transfer from one great House to another. "*Die Kaiser-krone geht von Stamm, zu Stamm, sie hat für treue Dienste kein Gedächtnis*" (The imperial crown goes from race to race. It has no memory for faithful service), says the discontented Swiss noble in Schiller's *William Tell*. And the Popes took advantage of this circumstance to increase their own power, arrogating to themselves the right of approving or annulling the election of an emperor; and such was the deference paid to them at this period, that they were able to assert this power in the most practical manner. For high and low courted their favour: the

people, as the protection the Church afforded them against feudal oppression; the nobles, for the sake of the influence it could exert with their vassals and dependents either in their favour or against them.

In the middle of the twelfth century the imperial power in Germany passed into the hands of the great Suabian House, the Hohenstauffen. They were a high-spirited, warlike race. The ruins of their old "Stammburg," or Castle of Stauffen, are still to be seen not far from Stuttgart in Württemberg, the seat of their sway. Conrad III., the first Emperor of the dynasty, after being duly elected, had almost to conquer his kingdom from rebellious knights and townsmen; and the story of the women of Weinsberg has preserved among the people the memory of his clemency as well as of his warlike prowess. It relates how at the siege of the revolted town of Weinsberg, Conrad, exasperated at the obstinate resistance of the place, had vowed to put every man of the garrison to the sword; but that he acceded to the request of a deputation sent by the women, begging that, according to the custom of war with chivalrous leaders, they might be permitted to quit the doomed town with so much of their personal possessions as they could carry away. Whereupon, to the astonishment of the Emperor and his followers, they were shortly afterwards seen emerging from the gates of Weinsberg, carrying husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, and friends on their shoulders. The Emperor's followers cried out against the trick; but Conrad, though at first somewhat disconcerted at the wide interpretation put by the fair dames upon "personal possessions," presently declared that an Emperor's word once given must not be twisted and turned, and that the women of Weinsberg should do as they pleased, and carry off their belongings unmolested.

The Suabians had, in their native domains, an allodial possession called Waiblingen, from which they were known as the "Waiblinger." This name, corrupted by foreign pronunciation, became converted into the term Ghibeline, and became the designation of those who supported the claims of the German Emperors on Italy. On the other hand, the powerful family of the Welfen, the Dukes of Bavaria, the great opponents of the Suabian House, took every opportunity of thwarting the Ghibeline Emperors in their pretensions and efforts, and assisted and supported all who resisted their authority. Thus the name Welf, corrupted into Guelph, became the war-cry of the faction opposed to the rule of the German Emperors in Italy; and for generations the battle-cry of Guelphs

and Ghibelines resounded throughout the fair fields of the peninsula,—the Guelph adherents being those who supported the sovereign pontiff, and endeavoured by every means to keep away foreign influence and German dominion from Italy, while they upheld municipal government and the great union or confederation of the Lombard cities; while on the other hand, the Ghibeline faction was strengthened by many Italians who considered that the future welfare of Italy lay in the establishment of a great imperial power which should unite the strength of the country into one harmonious whole, whereas under the municipal system it was split up and distracted by the quarrels and enmities of a number of separate republics and communities continually at strife with one another. It was the old controversy of the concentrated strength of a dictatorship as against the freedom of individual and independent action. But the feuds of Guelph and Ghibeline brought lasting calamity and degradation, as well as present bloodshed and devastation, upon the fair Italian land.

SICILY UNDER THE SARACEN AND THE NORMAN RULE.

In the general overturn of authority and the barbaric scramble for power that followed the downfall of the great Roman Empire, the southern portion of the Italian peninsula and the island of Sicily had a different fate from the rest of Europe that came under the dominion of the northern races, whose rule was distinguished by ferocity and savage strength. Like Spain, these two portions of fair Italy fell into the hands of the Saracens, at that time far more enlightened and intellectual than their northern compeers, and thus were decidedly in advance of the rest of Europe in civilization, enlightenment, and polity. A number of states were established on the mainland, independent of each other, and holding their own as best they might against the attacks of northern barbarians and the occasional invasions of the armies of the Greek Emperors. Gradually they adopted the republican form of government; and in the effort to maintain themselves, adopted the method often employed before and after those times by states whose existence was jeopardised by foreign enemies.

They called in the aid of foreigners, and were undone by their allies. It was a handful of Norman adventurers who, summoned as defenders, established themselves rulers in Southern Italy and in Sicily in the eleventh century, expelling the Saracens, whose religion and foreign nationality made them hateful to the in-

habitants of Italy; and thus was established the feudal dominion of the Normans in Sicily. In this enterprise they had the assistance and countenance of the Church; for they were looked upon as the champions of the Christian religion against the Moslem infidels; and their leader, the Norman Count Roger, was invested with the authority of a legate by the Pope at Rome. This gave to their dominion the strength of prescriptive and legitimate authority, and undoubtedly contributed in a marked and valuable degree to its permanence; just as in former times the Gothic conquerors who established their rule on the ruins of the effete Empire of the West had considered it advisable to have the sanction of a commission and charter from the Emperors of Constantinople. The degree of power and independence attained by the different states before their arrival also rendered feudalism in Southern Italy less burdensome and oppressive than elsewhere.

The power of the barons was modified and decreased by the prevalence of free municipal institutions among the towns, and could not therefore assert itself, as elsewhere, in the form of unmitigated military tyranny. Count Roger ruled over what could almost be considered a free state, judged by the standard of those times; and the son of the first Count Roger, treading in the footsteps of his father, raised the Norman principality to the rank and dignity of a kingdom; a strong kingdom, moreover, able to defend itself for a long period against the various enemies raised up against it by jealousy and ambition. The monarchs also were able to keep down the power and resist the encroachments of the nobility. The second Roger increased the extent of his dominions by definitely establishing his authority over the other Norman princes in Calabria and Apulia; and as King of Sicily, Prince of Capua, and Duke of Apulia and Calabria, his authority was recognised by the Pope. Industry, arts and sciences, trade and commerce, flourished throughout the monarchy; and in the dominion of the Normans in Sicily there was the hope of a national unity, which might in time have raised Italy to the rank of a great and harmonious power, able to resist the turbulence of factions from within and the encroachments of ambition from without; and realised that dream of a great and solid Italian kingdom, in which patriotism saw the best hope of stability and happiness. But this was not to be.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AND HIS SUCCESSORS; POLICY OF THE POPES.

The successor of Conrad III. in Germany, the renowned Frederick I., surnamed Bar-

barossa, the "Kaiser Rothbart" of mediæval story and popular tradition, was undoubtedly one of the greatest historical characters of the twelfth century, and indeed of the middle ages. Since the time of Otho the Great, the sceptre of imperial rule had not been wielded by so sagacious and so determined a hand. In him the whole strength of the Ghibelines was concentrated and personified; and in his character were found united the great qualities of the warrior and of the statesman. Alike at the council-board and in the field his majestic figure towered above his contemporaries. His reign was long, and his fortunes were varied. At one time he was supreme in authority, and had his rivals at his feet; at another, he himself was impelled, under the pressure of terrible anxiety and fear of the future and its uncertainties, to kneel before his proud and powerful vassal, Henry the Lion, the head of the Guelph family, imploring the man upon whom he had bestowed the duchies of Bavaria and Saxony not to desert him in his utmost need,—a prayer to which the haughty Guelph, a kind of King-making Warwick in his vast extent of dominion and the number of vassals swayed by his command, remained obstinately deaf; and for this refusal to listen to his master's appeal and to fulfil his feudal duty by following his lord to the war, Henry was obliged at length to pay the penalty in deprivation of his estates, and in long years of foreign exile.

The one great aspiration of Barbarossa, and indeed of the Suabian House of which he was the noblest representative, was to consolidate the rule of the German Emperors beyond the Alps. Long afterwards the politic and cautious Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the great Austrian Power, was accustomed to liken Italy to the lion's den in the Æsopian fable; for he declared, like the fox in that fable, that he saw traces of the footsteps of many German Emperors and of great German armies going into that region of peril, while few were found returning thence. It was against the league of the Lombard cities that his warlike enterprises were again and again directed; and it was in the hope of inducing Henry the Lion to follow him into Italy that he had abased himself before his haughty vassal. Milan, the chief in size, wealth, and power among the cities of Northern Italy, was pre-eminently the scene of the struggle he carried on for many years; and around Milan's walls the battle-cries of Guelphs and Ghibelines sounded continually. The proudest moment of the warlike Emperor's life was perhaps that in which, after a long and arduous contest, he triumphantly en-

tered the once stubborn but now humiliated city with a long train of armed followers; not in the ordinary way, through one of Milan's lofty gates, but through a breach made in the walls; through which the conqueror passed, in token of his resolution to punish the proud Lombard town that had so long bidden defiance to his authority.

One of the greatest causes of the long resistance made by Italy to the claims of the Emperor and his House to dominion in Italy was found in the policy pursued with equal astuteness and perseverance by the popes at Rome. The powerful pontiffs who wore the tiara in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, claimed the fullest authority over the monarchs of Europe and the right of intervention in all great political questions of the time. Consequently they upheld in their resistance any towns or communities that set up the standard of opposition against the Ghibeline Emperors; and even the mighty Emperor Barbarossa himself was compelled to acknowledge that in an accommodation with the Pope was his only hope of retaining permanent authority in the peninsula. And on his part the Pope was not indisposed to a compromise, or unwilling to acquiesce in the authority of the Emperor in Italy, provided that authority was subordinate to his own, and was avowedly held and maintained under his sanction. Thus we find Frederick Barbarossa proceeding to Rome to seek the Pontiff's favour and friendship, and consenting to do a deed of vassalage, holding the stirrup of Pope Alexander's mule, in token that he considered himself the Pope's "man," or one bound to render homage and service to him. It was the custom of the Roman rule to hold the balance between Guelphs and Ghibelines, lest either should become independent, and to maintain himself in his position as the umpire and supreme judge among the princes of Europe.

While in Northern Italy the German Emperor thus gained an authority, though at best a precarious and unstable one, by the joint exertion of conciliation and arms, he endeavoured to establish his dominion in the south by dynastic successors, and succeeded in bringing about a marriage between his eldest son Henry, afterwards the Emperor Henry VI., and Constance, the Norman heiress of Naples and Sicily. Thus the dominion of Sicily passed from the Normans to the German House of the Hohenstauffen; thus the Ghibeline ascendancy was for a while established in Southern Italy, and for a few short years Henry VI. governed that country with undisputed sway. But his nature was harsh, cruel, and vindictive; and by his severities he raised such a storm of indignation against him in Italy,

that at his death in 1196 the party of his adversaries was considerably strengthened.

Again the strife of Guelphs and Ghibelines raged in Italy, and Sicily and Apulia were involved in the struggle. Henry had left an infant son, who afterwards became the Emperor Frederick II. of Germany, to which realm his uncle, Philip of Suabia, had succeeded on the death of Henry VI., though the Pope upheld the pretensions of Otho of Brunswick, the head of the Guelphs, who had been elected by that faction in opposition to Philip, and for a long time maintained his sway over part of Germany.

When Frederick was of an age to take the authority into his own hands, he brought about a great and salutary reform in Sicily and Apulia. The magistracy was reformed; a new code of laws based on that of the Normans, but more adapted to the spirit of the times, was introduced; the turbulent nobles were kept in check by the warlike and sagacious Emperor, who ruled with a vigour and dexterity that would have done honour to his grandfather the great Barbarossa himself; the syndics of the various towns were summoned to Parliament, and the foolish and unjust trials by ordeal, which had utterly ceased to command respect or credence, were abolished. The pecuniary resources of the state were also developed by the energetic Emperor, who indeed incurred considerable blame in this matter; being accused of taxing his subjects to the verge of tyranny and extortion, for the means of carrying on the foreign wars in which he was frequently engaged.

The brilliant success of the Ghibeline Emperor was the reverse of welcome to the Papacy; for it manifestly involved the danger of a rule in Italy independent of the authority of Rome, and subversive of that subserviency of the temporal powers which it had been the continued effort and desire of the popes to perpetuate. Innocent IV., one of the most vigorous and politic of the occupants of the chair of St. Peter, perceived this danger, and also saw the means of combating it; for the exactions of Frederick had aroused a formidable spirit of discontent throughout Sicily and Apulia. Accordingly the astute pontiff took advantage of this state of things to rouse the subjects of Frederick to resistance against their master. Everywhere in Sicily, in the Lombard cities of Northern Italy, and in Frederick's German dominions, the Emperor's vassals were incited to rise against his authority; and at length Innocent went to the length, at a great council of Lyons, of declaring that the Suabian Emperor had forfeited the imperial throne, and absolving all Frederick's vassals from their allegiance. The heroic Suabian opposed an undaunted front to all

enemies, and met every peril with equal vigour and skill; but his health was sapped by anxiety and care, and his spirit was heavy at the discovery of the treachery of many trusted friends. He sank into the grave in 1250, his end hastened by disappointment and vexation. The death of Frederick greatly strengthened the hands of Innocent IV., who was moreover jealous of the long tenure of imperial power by the Suabian House; and as the German Empire was elective, he now saw a welcome opportunity for the transfer of the imperial dignity to another family. He exerted his power to the utmost against Conrad IV., the son of Frederick, appearing as an open enemy, and stirring up all the vassals of Conrad to resistance. Liberty and extensive privileges were offered to the citizens of Southern Italy as the price of rebellion against the Ghibeline. The bishops and clergy were exhorted to join in the general movement against the enemies of the pontiff; remission of sins was promised to every zealous upholder of the papal cause; and Conrad, though he had been elected King of the Romans, was virtually shut out from the enjoyment of real authority. But the party of the Ghibelines in Italy was strong; and papal denunciations and promises, embodied in various briefs and mandates, and all having for their aim the overthrow of the monarchical authority in Southern Italy, did not succeed in entirely accomplishing that object.

MANFRED; AND CONRADIN, THE LAST
OF THE HOHENSTAUFFEN.

In 1254, the Emperor Conrad died, leaving an infant son of the same name, who afterwards became known in history, through a most tragic episode, as Conradin, or the little Conrad. But there was a member of the House of Hohenstauffen, who, though illegitimate by birth, was not likely to allow the honours of that renowned family to be reft from it without a struggle. This was Manfred, a son of the Emperor Frederick II. and of a noble Italian lady whom the Emperor married after the death of his wife. Manfred fought valiantly to reconquer the country that the Pope had incited to revolt; and when Innocent IV. died, and was succeeded by the far less energetic Alexander IV., whom the chronicle states to have been "jovial, ruddy, corpulent, and incapable of carrying out the designs of his fiery predecessor," the warlike Manfred fought with considerable success to put down the municipal and republican system that had arisen in Sicily and Calabria under the fostering care of the enemies of the Suabian dynasty, and to set up the monarchy once

more; and a more capable and chivalrous champion could scarcely have been found.

During the short and troubled reign of Conrad IV., the affairs of Sicily and Calabria had been administered by a viceroy, Pietro Ruffo. This man, originally a menial follower of Frederick II., had been raised to high honour and invested with the important office of governor by that monarch, who had a high opinion of his fidelity, valour, and capacity. Conrad had continued the favour shown by his father to Ruffo, whom he created Count of Catanzaro, and retained in his dignity of viceroy. After the death of Conrad, the Governor endeavoured to maintain his authority against the republican movement organized by the Pope; and afterwards, when his position became critical, entered into negotiations with the Vatican, offering to rule Sicily, if he were allowed to retain his position, as a dependency of the Church, and to pay tribute to Rome as a vassal. Manfred's authority he entirely repudiated.

But the cities, bent on municipal independence, would have nothing to do with him; and the confusion was presently worse confounded by their proclaiming a republic, with Palermo at their head, under the protection of the Church. With the help of an army chiefly consisting of soldiers from Messina, Ruffo gained some slight advantages, but was speedily overwhelmed by the united resistance of the cities. Leonardo Alighieri, a member of the family afterwards rendered illustrious by the great name of Dante, was chosen captain of the people. "Success to the municipality! Down with the viceroy!" was the cry raised everywhere; and the unfortunate Count of Catanzaro, who had negotiated with all parties, without succeeding in gaining the confidence of any, was fain at last to compound for his personal safety by a total abandonment of his ambitious claims, and ultimately hid his shame and humiliation beneath the shelter of the Papal Court at Rome. Palermo, Messina, and various other cities thereupon declared a republic, and the confederation placed itself under the papal protection; and there was great rejoicing among the Liberal party, various of whose chiefs, long exiled as Guelphs, or opponents of the Suabian House, now returned in triumph to their homes.

But the new republic had no time to consolidate its institutions, or to establish itself on a firm and permanent basis. "In times of revolution," Amari justly observes, "men often expect to reap the fruit of a political revolution earlier than nature will yield it, and, finding themselves disappointed, rush into the opposite extreme; individuals are sundered by envy, and reaction again rears

its head." There were various great feudatories in Sicily and Apulia, whose interests would be better served under a monarchical than under a republican form of government. These rose in support of the pretensions of Manfred; and in two years the fate of the Republic of Vanity, as Bartholomew of Neocastro contemptuously terms it, was sealed. Frederick Lancia, with one army compelled Calabria to return to its allegiance to the House of Suabia; Henry Abbate entered Palermo with another; and after Lancia's victory on the plain of Corona, not only Calabria but the whole of Sicily submitted to Manfred; who, after governing for a while in the name of the child Conradin, caused a report of his nephew's death to be spread abroad, and on the 11th of August, 1258, had himself crowned in Palermo; assuming the sovereignty of Sicily in his own right as the son and successor of the great Emperor Frederick II.

THE POPE LOOKS ROUND FOR A KING FOR SICILY; CHARLES AND MANFRED.

The establishment of Manfred on the throne of Sicily and Apulia was a sore blow to the Roman Pontiff. Though compelled to acknowledge that the Holy See was not sufficiently strong in the material force represented by armies and a well-filled treasury to rule Southern Italy as a direct possession, Innocent II. would have preferred to see those fertile regions in the hands of any potentate rather than under the sway of the hated Ghibeline. Accordingly he revived a scheme already entertained in the time of Frederick II., and looked round for a prince who might conquer Naples under his patronage, and hold the title of king as a vassal of Rome; thus strengthening the hands of the Guelphic party in Italy, and increasing the respect and honour in which the Vicar of Christ was held as the distributor of thrones and principalities. It was in Western Europe that he hoped to find a ruler to his mind for Sicily and Apulia, and consequently he offered the throne first to Duke Richard of Cornwall, brother of the weak and vacillating Henry III. of England; then to a prince of very different character, Charles of Anjou, brother of the pious Louis IX., "Saint Louis," of France; and thirdly to Prince Edmund of England, a younger son of Henry III. That monarch, at once feeble and extravagant, a lover of splendour and magnificence, and destitute of the knowledge and statesmanship that would have made him aware of the difficulties of the enterprise, negotiated with Innocent, accepted the investiture for his son, and made every preparation in the

way of raising money and troops to carry out the design. But the troubles in which his foolish disregard of the laws and liberties of England involved him with his barons had already begun. The Parliament, then in its infancy, but already putting forth its power to good purpose, compelled him to desist from his enterprise, and Innocent quickly saw that he must choose a prince who possessed more freedom of action and greater material means than the weak King of England could boast. Accordingly he made every exertion to secure Charles of Anjou; and for this purpose endeavoured by all the arts of cajolery, persuasion, and intimidation, to obtain the consent of Louis IX. to his brother's candidature—representing the undertaking in the light of a crusade against unbelief and rebellion as impersonated in the half heathen Manfred, who would introduce Saracen customs and the abominations of the infidel into the beautiful land of Italy, and against whom it behoved every Christian potentate to fight, as against a pestilent enemy of the faith.

His efforts were ably seconded by the ambition of Charles himself, and of Beatrice of Provence, the consort of the Duke of Anjou, in whose right Charles had become ruler over vast estates. The three sisters of Beatrice were all queens; being married respectively to Henry III., King of England, Louis IX., King of France, and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who had been nominated "King of the Romans,"—a title bestowed on the successor to the German Empire, though in his case it was a title only. It is said that the Countess Beatrice, who at the French Court had suffered a slight in not being permitted to take her place on a raised platform of state, with two of the queens, her sisters, ardently urged her husband to accept the offer made him of a throne, with all its perilous surroundings; and that the desire to make Beatrice a queen was a powerful motive with Charles of Anjou, impelling him to use every exertion against Manfred in Sicily. The consent of the King of France was gained, and a bargain was made between Charles of Anjou and Pope Urban IV., and ratified by Clement IV., that Pontiff's successor. It set forth that the Count of Anjou was to take possession of Naples and Sicily, with the exception of Benevento, and was to hold that kingdom as a gift from the Pope, doing service in war as a vassal, and paying a tribute of 8,000 ounces of gold annually. It is only just to add that in the bull which thus gave over the people of Southern Italy to a foreign ruler, some provisions were inserted for the maintenance of their ancient privileges.

THE SICILIAN VESPER.

In some of its features, the invasion of Sicily and Apulia by Charles of Anjou bears an analogy to the invasion of Eng-

some of the spoils of the conquered nation. Charles's army consisted in great part of Condottieri and mercenary troops, attracted



NAPLES, AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

land by the Normans two centuries before. As in that memorable case, a multitude of adventurers now flocked to the standard set up, each hoping to be rewarded with

by the prospect of plunder. Part of the expense of the outfit was borne by Louis of France, and part was defrayed by exactions levied from Provence, of which terri-

tory Charles of Anjou had become lord by his marriage with the heiress of the last of its dukes. Beatrice is said to have even pawned her jewels to furnish money for the enterprise; and large sums were borrowed by her husband from nobles and merchants. He had a great stake for which to play, and took every precaution to ensure success.

The valiant Manfred fully appreciated the gravity of the situation. He saw the storm that was gathering around his head, and seems to have had little doubt that it would speedily overwhelm him; but he determined to uphold the honour of the Ghibelines, and to fight it out to the last. It was in the summer of 1265 that Charles of Anjou landed in Italy, and Manfred speedily saw that the fidelity of many on whom he had reckoned for aid was not to be trusted. The nobles proved fickle, and showed a disposition to make terms for themselves; the people, who had been harassed by taxes and forced contributions during the late war, were inclined to hope for some benefit to themselves from a change of government. Manfred gathered together as numerous an army as he could muster, of Germans, Apulians, and of the Saracens of Sicily, whose fortunes were identified with his. Charles had met with no resistance in invading Italy. He had been awarded the rank of a Senator of Rome by the Pope; and on the 6th of January, 1266, he and Beatrice were crowned at the Vatican as King and Queen of Sicily. Manfred's hope was in delay, that should compel Charles to disband his troops; the Duke of Anjou's prospect of success lay in prompt action, before Manfred could sufficiently strengthen his forces. The Guelphs of Italy played into the invader's hands, and a decisive battle was quickly brought on at Benevento.

That day was fatal to the brave Manfred. In spite of the bravery of his German and Sicilian troops, the French had the advantage almost from the first; and the Suabian hero, perceiving that all was lost, sought and found a soldier's death. He fell fighting valiantly among his men. His corpse, discovered by the enemy on the field of battle, was at first honourably buried by the soldiers, and a heap of stones was raised over it as a memorial; but the vindictiveness of the hostile leaders would not accord a soldier's grave to Manfred of Hohenstauffen. His corpse, to their shame, was dragged from its resting-place and subjected to the grossest ignominy. The triumph of Charles of Anjou was complete, and the fair inheritance of Sicily and Apulia had passed away from the House of Suabia.

THE ENTERPRISE OF CONRADIN, AND ITS RESULT.

The victory of Benevento gave the supremacy in Italy to the Guelphs, and seated Charles of Anjou on the throne of Naples and Sicily. The usual consequences of a successful invasion followed. The partisans of the victors were rewarded with lands, money, and plunder of various kinds; and the inhabitants were made to experience the truth, so often exhibited in history and so continually disregarded and forgotten, that the burden of a war ultimately falls upon the people, whichever side may be victorious. They had been angry with Manfred and had fallen away from him on account of the contributions he exacted from them; but they found their new master far more severe and rapacious; and the extortions were accompanied by every circumstance of contumely and insult.

Accordingly a reaction soon began; and the Ghibeline party meditated revolt against the authority so suddenly and harshly imposed upon the land. The young Conradin, son of the Emperor Conrad IV., was now past the age of childhood. He was undoubtedly the rightful heir to Sicily and Apulia; and it was resolved to invite the imperial youth to come to Italy and claim his inheritance. Conradin himself eagerly embraced the proposal. He was sixteen years of age, full of hope and promise, and ardently hoped at once to regain the patrimony of his race, and to raise the name of the great Hohenstauffen House of which he was the last representative.

Various partisans took up his cause, including two princes of the royal family of Castile, Henry and Frederick, who had been fighting in Africa, and in the former of whom unjust treatment and ingratitude on the part of Charles of Anjou had aroused a feeling of revenge. It was in 1267 that Conradin appeared in Italy with an army of some seven or eight thousand men; and his coming was the signal of open revolt against King Charles throughout Southern Italy. A temporary success gained over Fulk de Puy-Richard, who governed the island of Sicily, gave additional hopes to the Ghibelines and to the partisans of Conradin. But the gallant boy had not the experience or the knowledge to make his authority acknowledged and respected. His army was scanty in number, disorderly and unreliable in action; and at the approach of Charles of Anjou, many who had at first taken part with Conradin submitted to the French tyranny as the established government; fearing the result of the Suabian prince's enterprise, and above all

things dreading the vengeance that would surely overtake them, in case of failure.

Still the army of Conradin had sufficiently increased in numbers to warrant him in risking an engagement. He advanced southward with about 20,000 men. At Tagliacozzo, in the plain of San Valentino, the decisive battle was fought, on the 23rd of August, 1268. At first the army of Conradin had the advantage, and fortune seemed to promise the gallant young invader a brilliant triumph over his foes. But here as elsewhere the steady deliberation of disciplined valour decided the fate of the day. It was the veteran Alard de Vallery who appeared with the reserve of the French army at the decisive moment, and restored the battle that seemed already lost. The followers of Conradin were thrown into confusion, and their defeat was ignominious and irretrievable. They were slaughtered by thousands by the victorious army of the French, and Charles, exasperated at the attempt to overthrow his authority, showed no mercy to the prisoners who fell into his hands. Some Romans were singled out for atrocious vengeance. He had at first ordered that their feet should be cut off; but fearing that their condition might excite sympathy, and rouse indignation against him, he revoked the command and had them imprisoned in a house, which was then set on fire. Conradin, who fled from the field, was soon after delivered by treachery, with his friend and partisan the young Duke of Austria, into the victor's hands. Towards his prisoner Conradin Charles behaved with extreme cruelty; and that cruelty was augmented by a cynical observance of the outward forms of law. A great assembly of lords, syndics, and citizens was convened for the trial of the unfortunate youth whose attempt to regain his own had ended so disastrously. By this tribunal, whose judges were too completely under the influence of Charles of Anjou to dare to oppose his will, Conradin and his companions were pronounced guilty of high treason, in levying war against a sovereign prince. Only one of the council, the famous lawyer Guidone da Suzara, dared to record his protest against the proceedings of Charles, and to pronounce an opinion in favour of the prisoner. On the 20th of October, 1268, a scaffold covered with scarlet cloth was erected in the market-place at Naples; and the last descendant of the mighty race of monarchs who had swayed the sceptre of Germany for more than a century, was led forth, with a train of his friends and followers, to die. He bore himself on the occasion with a fearless dignity worthy of the proud race of the Hohenstauffen. He

indignantly repudiated the charge brought against him of sacrilege and treason, and looked round with bitter scorn on the venal crowd who had doomed him to death at a tyrant's behest. A feeling of mingled shame and horror seized the spectators of this mournful and tragic sacrifice. The Count of Flanders, who was present on the scaffold, though a son-in-law of Charles, was seized with such fury at the sight, that he suddenly killed the man who had framed the iniquitous sentence and read it aloud on the scaffold. It is told, also, that Conradin, before stooping his neck to the axe, flung his glove over the rail as a token that he bequeathed his rights as well as the task of avenging his death to Peter of Anjou, the son-in-law of Manfred. Other details are related, such as Conradin's taking up the severed head of his friend the young Duke, and kissing the lifeless lips; but these rest rather on tradition than on a reliable basis. The last page in the history of the Hohenstauffen is one of the most mournful in history.

OPPRESSION EXERCISED BY THE NEW GOVERNMENT; CHARLES OF ANJOU AND HIS RULE.

A reign of terror now began throughout Apulia and Sicily. The partisans of Charles of Anjou hastened to show their zeal; the nobles and citizens whose sentiments were doubtful endeavoured to clear themselves from suspicion by executing vengeance upon all who had been concerned in the late rebellion. A frenzy of cruelty appears to have seized upon the agents and partisans of the monarchy. "They confiscated, they plundered," says the historian, "they blinded, they tortured, till Charles himself checked the inhuman zeal which was reducing the kingdom to a desert, and at length vouchsafed to forgive. But for the Sicilians there was no mercy." Among the warlike leaders who executed vengeance upon the unhappy island, one William l'Estendard is described as more cruel than cruelty itself; "Drunk with blood," says Saba Malaspina, "and thirsting for it the more fiercely the more he shed." One of the most horrible stories of those times is that of the siege of Agosta, the one place that held out after all the other strongholds of the Ghibelines had surrendered in despair. L'Estendard and his men became masters of the town through the treachery of six of the inhabitants, who opened a postern gate to them in the night. The place was given up to the violence of the soldiers, who, according to the custom of the middle ages, and, unhappily, of later times also, slew and plundered, murdering the inhabitants with-

out distinction of age or sex. But after the vengeance of the soldiery had been satiated, and when no object was to be gained by a further exhibition of cruelty, in the mere wantonness of savagery, the brutal leader caused the captive citizens of Agosta to be brought bound into his presence, and had them put to death by a gigantic executioner, who went about his work of butchery in the style of the "Septembriseurs" of 1792 in Paris, the heads and bodies of the victims being gathered into a great pile. Never was a massacre more purposeless. The unhappy town was literally emptied of its inhabitants; and the memory of the deeds done there remained rankling in the hearts of the dwellers in every part of the island, and had doubtless much to do with the tremendous vengeance executed some years afterwards. "These inhuman butcheries and equally inhuman triumphs," says the latest commentator on the events of that period, "are passed over by the greater number of the historians who so studiously dilate upon the massacre of the Vespers, which was but measure for measure."

"*Væ victis!*" might have been written on every habitation of the captured island. The effect of the revolt had been to impose a heavier yoke than ever on the unhappy country, which was now vexed by exactions, in which no distinction was made between the partisans of the rulers and their opponents; for an equal oppression weighed upon all. The naturally cruel and vindictive temper of Charles had been exasperated by the resistance he met with, and his suspicious nature saw the means of safety only in thoroughly keeping down the people to whom he knew his rule to be hateful; and thus, for a series of years, the materials of hatred and vengeance were smouldering among the inhabitants of Southern Italy: kept down for a time by fear, but certain to burst forth, sooner or later, into conflagration. The brave Manfred had left three sons, Henry, Frederick, and Enzo. These children were kept in strict imprisonment by the conqueror. Documents found in the archives of Naples prove them to have been still living and in captivity in the year 1299; and their confinement probably only terminated with their lives. There was, however, another scion of the Suabian House, and one who was not in the power of the savage victor. This was Constance, daughter of Manfred, and wife of Peter, King of Aragon, the prince to whom Conradin on the scaffold had bequeathed his rights and his vengeance.

Charles of Anjou soon made enemies in every direction; and especially aroused against himself the very important hostility of the Church. He broke the promises

he had made to Pope Clement regarding the privileges and immunities of the ecclesiastics, for his insatiable rapacity drove him, like John of England to "shake the bags of hoarding abbots," and to extort money wherever it was to be had. The powerful associations of the Templars and Hospitallers were also roused to enmity by exaction. The feudatories, too, were harassed by means similar to those employed in England at a later date by Empson and Dudley; inquisition being made into title-deeds of demesnes and baronies, with total disregard of the prescriptive right arising from long possession; and thus Charles obtained the opportunity of transferring many a fair estate from its owner to a follower of his own, who held it on feudal tenure. The customary practice of subtenure was followed, and thus each foreign master was surrounded by French soldier-followers, whose petulant and licentious manners, total disregard of justice in dealing with the natives, and openly expressed contempt of them as a conquered people, added to the general mass of hatred that was accumulating in secret. Impressive warnings and counsels addressed to Charles by Pope Clement, who exhorted him to be content with the taxes he could justly claim, and to leave his subjects free, were disregarded by the despot, whose collectors practised every kind of injustice, fraud, and extortion in the districts they visited. The unfortunate peasants, unable to pay the sums demanded of them, were deprived of all they possessed, even to their implements of husbandry, and dragged off to bondage in loathsome prisons. "Oh, that they would but leave a bit of bread to the cultivators!" thus run the words of a pathetic remonstrance of the civilians; "would they but be content to eat, instead of devouring! But no; the owner can neither secure the goods, nor can the goods secure the owner. . . . We are hardly allowed to fight with the crows for the carrion." The exactions upon the rich were equally general; while oppressive monopolies fettered the action and development of trade and commerce; and frequent loans exacted from the cities increased the general discontent. A new coinage was introduced, and the people were compelled to receive the "Carolines" at a rate much above their real value. The most oppressive features of feudalism were introduced; the game laws and forest laws were enforced with increased severity. The King claimed and carried to its fullest extent the right of bestowing heiresses to great fiefs and estates in marriage, thus obtaining large sums from noble ladies that they might not become the wives of some of the lowest partisans of the King, to whom

he had adjudged them, or for the removal of the royal prohibition against marriages they were desirous to contract. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the particulars of oppression and wrong that afflicted the unhappy countries under the dominion of Charles of Anjou. The monarch, considering himself strong in the allegiance of those who participated in his ill-gotten gains, and in the terror his savage cruelties had inspired, seems to have had no idea that vengeance could overtake him from the wrath of the oppressed people. He seems to have judged the Sicilians and Apulians by the standard of his own country; forgetting that the Italians had been used to a far greater measure of liberty, and were more quick to feel and resent wrongs, than the lower classes among his own countrymen.

THE AGE OF CONSPIRACY AND INTRIGUE;
PETER OF ARAGON AND JOHN OF
PROCIDA.

The two ruling passions of the life of Charles of Anjou were ambition and avarice. It has been rightly said of him that he saw in wealth only a source of power, and in power only a source of wealth. Utterly unscrupulous and devoid of any sense of justice, he made use of any and every means to increase his riches and widen his dominions; and, possessed of talents, valour, and determination far beyond most of his contemporaries, he contrived to turn to his own advantage the circumstances and events by which others were governed.

In the chief features of his character he presented a striking contrast to his brother, Louis IX. of France, a mild and just prince, filled with a pious and romantic enthusiasm. Not unfrequently Charles took advantage, for his own purposes, of the religious zeal of his brother. When his power was to all appearance firmly established in Southern Italy and Sicily, his ambition soared with a stronger wing, and he meditated new triumphs and conquests. His aim was to extend his dominion over Upper Italy, and ultimately over the Greek Empire; trusting for success to the political dissensions in the former country, and to the contests of two rival families, represented by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, and the usurper Michael Palæologus, in the latter. For a time he was diverted from these schemes by Louis, who compelled him to take part in that crusade which terminated so disastrously with the pious king's death at Tunis. Charles arrived with his forces in Africa at the very moment of his brother's death; and turned that calamity to his own profit by an advantageous treaty with the

King of Tunis, stipulating that the crusaders should retire, but that he himself should receive an augmented tribute and a large sum of ready money. He then took up the cause of Baldwin, who had been driven from Constantinople, promising to lead an army against the usurper Palæologus; in return for which he was to receive a third of the conquered territory, and the reversion of the throne of Constantinople itself if the direct line of succession failed. He also affianced his infant daughter, Beatrice, to Baldwin's heir, Philip.

In Italy he had become so powerful that he utterly disregarded the stipulations originally made with the Pope, and perpetrated the greatest violence and injustice, attacking Genoa and other states, and upholding his agents and followers in the commission of the worst crimes. Thus he inflicted no greater punishment than a reproof upon Guy de Montfort, son of the famous Simon, Earl of Leicester, when the said Guy, in revenge for the fate of his father, with his own hand murdered Prince Henry, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and nephew to King Henry III., in the church at Viterbo. By force or by fraud, he managed to obtain power in Northern Italy; and the see of Rome beheld with affright its supremacy menaced by the man upon whom it had bestowed the kingdom of Apulia and Sicily.

Then it was that the celebrated scheme for the liberation of Sicily was promulgated, which was rendered famous in history by the name of John of Procida. This able and energetic man was an Italian noble, who had stood high in the favour of the Emperor Frederick II. and of the warlike Manfred. He had considerable reputation for scientific knowledge, and was justly accounted one of the most learned and astute of the men of his time. After the cause of the Ghibeline party was lost in Italy, he took refuge at the Court of Peter of Aragon. His estates had been confiscated by Charles of Anjou; and it is said that insults to his personal honour increased his natural desire for revenge. Queen Constance received him with welcome as a faithful friend and supporter of her late father; and John of Procida soon gained the favour and confidence of her husband, the King Peter. With two other noble exiles, Roger Loria and Conrad Lancia, he contrived to persuade Peter that the conquest of the Kingdom of Sicily was a practicable, as it certainly must be a glorious, enterprise. They could count upon the influence of the Pope, who was bitterly displeased at the faithlessness and arrogance of Charles; on the help of Michael Palæologus, whom he undertook

to convince of the danger that would threaten his own throne so long as Charles, the insatiably ambitious, occupied that of Sicily; and, above all, on the exertions of the Sicilians themselves, among whom the tyranny of Charles and the horrible maladministration and injustice of his government had excited universal hatred. Each of the powers could contribute an important element to the contest: Michael Palæologus could find gold; the King of Aragon would be able to furnish troops; and the Pope would work for them with the spiritual weapons of ban and excommunication, which in those days had a powerful influence on men's minds.

There has of late been considerable doubt cast on the accounts of the transactions of this time as related by the earlier historians, who represent John of Procida as the head and the chief agent in the great conspiracy for the dethronement of Charles of Anjou. Certain it is, however, that he was very active in bringing about an understanding between the King of Aragon, the Greek Emperor, and the Pope, who also desired to see the power of Charles of Anjou overthrown. The circumstances appearing favourable for an effort, Peter of Aragon began to make extensive preparations for war, ostensibly against the Saracens in Africa. He made a five years' truce with the King of Granada, put his country in a complete state of defence, and provided himself with "the sinews of war" in the shape of ample funds. The Pope, Nicholas III., whom Charles of Anjou had converted into an enemy by his violent proceedings, looked with favour on the enterprise of Peter; which might have been brought to an issue at once but for the death of the Pontiff in 1280. This was a great blow to the conspirators. By this time also the preparations of Peter, in spite of his attempts to keep them secret, had been noised abroad; and Charles of Anjou became suspicious as to the intentions of the Spanish king. Charles had never been wanting in determination, or in the faculty of seizing upon a favourable moment. He saw the opportunity afforded him by the death of Nicholas III.; and in defiance of all public opinion, he imprisoned three cardinals of the house of Orsini whom he considered inimical to his interests, and so closely pressed the others, when the duty of electing a successor to Nicholas came before them, that a Frenchman and a tool of his own was chosen in the person of Martin V., in February 1281; and thus the scale seemed again to have turned in his favour. He now began extensive preparations for carrying out his designs in the East, under pretext of taking the cross for

the recovery of the Holy Land. Bartholomew of Neocastro describes this as "the cross of the thief, not that of Christ!" With the Pope thoroughly in his interest, and only Peter of Aragon to oppose him, he had not the slightest doubt of success.

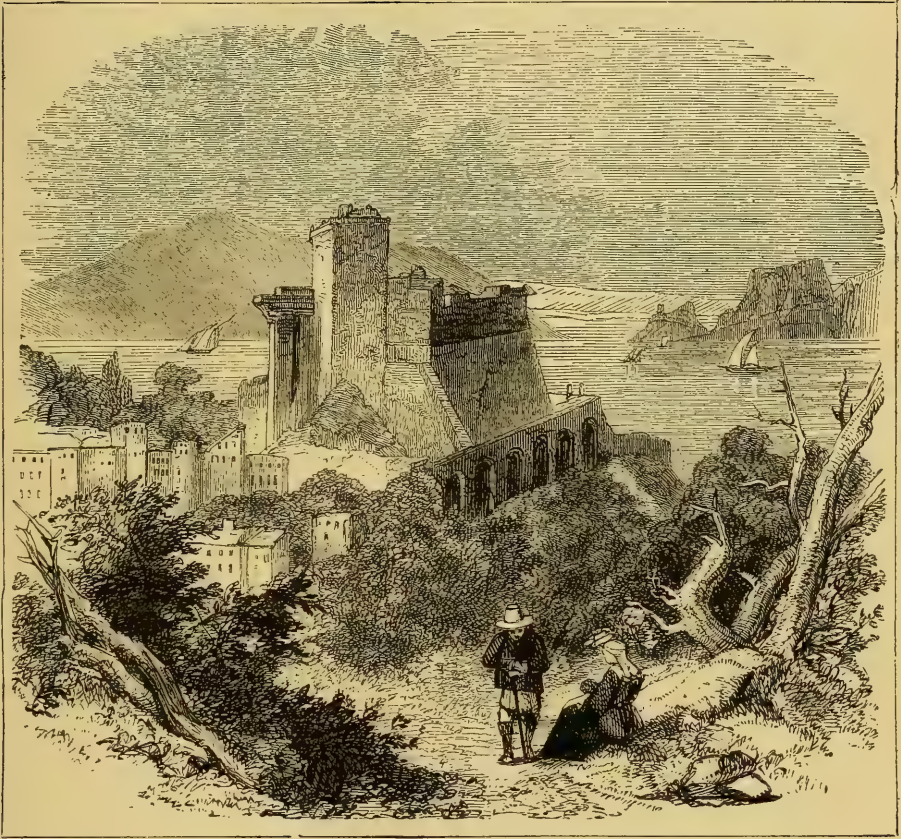
But in Italy the national feeling was against him; and there were many even of the Guelphic faction to whom the idea of the rule of a Frenchman was odious. At a later period even Dante, at first a Guelph, became converted to the idea of the power and unity of Italy under the rule of a German Emperor, and thus we find him, in his immortal epic, welcoming Henry VII. of Luxemburg, who renewed the designs of the Hohenstauffen, as the liberator of his country from internal strife and consequent weakness. From day to day the antagonism between the French and the Latin race became more embittered; and the detestation in which the arrogant rule of Charles was held was increased by the appointment of the cruel and merciless William l'Estendard to the office of Charles's deputy in Rome. The cup of iniquity and oppression was almost full. Deeming themselves secure in their ascendancy, the followers of Charles of Anjou perpetrated every kind of wrong on the people subject to them, unmindful of the slumbering ferocity in the Italian character, that might at any time burst forth into a flame. Here and there warning voices were raised to predict the calamity that would happen, when the temper of the people should be tried beyond all bearing, and when the time came at which endurance should suddenly end. Very remarkable are the words uttered by the good and learned Bertrando, Archbishop of Cosenza. "He who lives long enough," said this wise priest "shall see adversaries of abject condition rise up against these proud oppressors, expel them from the kingdom, and destroy their dominion; and the time will come when he who slays a Frenchman will deem that he is offering a pleasing sacrifice to God."

THE MASSACRE OF EASTER TUESDAY, 1282.

Palermo, the ancient capital of Sicily, was the place where the tyranny of the Angevin King and his satellites appeared in its most odious colours. John of St. Remigia, the Justiciary who ruled in the name of Charles, with a number of subordinate officers, carried out his master's system of terrorism and coercion with an exaggeration of tyranny almost inconceivable, and the very submissiveness of the people seemed to inflame his cruelty. The Easter festival, regarded in those devout

if ignorant days with especial veneration, was chosen by the Justiciary and his men for the display of their relentless spirit. Men who had failed to pay their proportion of the taxes were dragged from the churches where they were praying and cast into prison in chains. The insulting name, "Paterini," was applied to the people in jeering contempt of their dependent condition. But Easter Day, with the week it ushers in, is a season of joy; and the

or stood chatting in groups, while some made merry at the tables with meat and wine, and others danced upon the greensward. But suddenly the harmony of the meeting—it was at the hour of vespers—was disturbed by the appearance of some officers of the Justiciary. These men appeared angry at the cheerfulness displayed by the people, and proceeded rudely to interfere with them, under the pretext of maintaining order. They forced



SCENE ON THE COAST OF THE GULF OF GENOA.

Sicilians, who have all the elasticity of the Southern character, seemed for a time to have forgotten the bitterness of their servitude; and on that Tuesday the 31st of March, 1282, many of the inhabitants of Palermo had assembled near a church dedicated to the Holy Spirit, about half a mile from the southern wall of the city. On the open space near the church, now enclosed as a cemetery, tables and benches had been placed, as for a feast, and the people from the city walked to and fro,

their way noisily among the chatting and dancing groups, accosted the women with coarse barrack-room jests, and insulted them with unseemly behaviour. Temperately remonstrated with at first, they persisted in their annoyance, until such a threatening murmur arose among the younger men that the soldiers declared "these paterini must be armed, or they would not dare to speak out so loud."

Accordingly they began to hustle and strike them, and insisted upon searching

them for hidden weapons. In mere bravado, or with a hideous relish of the pain and humiliation they were causing, they added all possible insult to these violent proceedings. One of them, whose name history has preserved for infamy, seized a young woman of great beauty and of modest and dignified bearing, and proceeded in an insulting manner to search her. She sank fainting into her husband's arms. Then the fierce Southern nature suddenly sprang up, and the submission of years was in an instant cast to the winds. A fierce shout of "Death to the French!" arose from a hundred voices, and a youth rushed from the crowd and laid the insulting Frenchman dead at his feet. A still fiercer yell greeted this summary act of vengeance. It seemed as though an electric spark had kindled the spirit of the people. "Death, death to the French!" resounded again and again, now taken up as a battle-cry; and in another moment the people and their oppressors were in fierce conflict. Of the citizens many perished; but though they had only sticks, stones, and knives to oppose to the warlike weapons of the soldiers, and the courage of hatred and despair wherewith to combat their discipline, they prevailed in the end. The corpse of Drouet was hidden under heaps of the slain, who fell on both sides; but the victory remained with the citizens,—for two hundred Frenchmen were present when the death-struggle began, and when it ended every one of those two hundred was stretched lifeless on the plain.

But the slaughter on their own side had been immense; and, indeed, it could not be otherwise, the inequality of the conflict considered. The sight of the corpses of brothers, fathers, and sons roused the survivors to still greater fury. The throng rushed back into the city brandishing their bloody weapons, and more fiercely than ever rose the shout, "Death to the French!" Through the streets they ran, their numbers continually increased by fresh accessions; and a spectacle of horror ensued, such as is seen when a city is taken by assault. The houses of the French were broken open, and the occupants dragged forth and poniarded. Women and children were included in the fierce vengeance of that moment of madness. The massacre continued until darkness put an end to it for the time, only to be resumed with undiminished fury on the morrow. The

castle of the Justiciary was surrounded by a raging mob, clamouring for his blood. With fierce imprecations they stormed that "Bastile" of Italy; but the Justiciary contrived to escape, with two attendants, and to get out of the city. When the massacre ended for want of victims, two thousand French had been slain. In the case of persons whose nationality was doubtful, they were made to pronounce the word "*ciciri*," and those who uttered it with a foreign accent were at once put to death. The convents were broken open, and the French friars were slain. The memory of the massacre of Agosta seemed to have quenched every feeling of humanity and pity in the breasts of the Sicilians; and horrible instances of cruelty and ferocity occurred. The historian of these events finds in the wrongs inflicted on Sicily an extenuation for the atrocity of the reprisals. "I do not blush for my country at the remembrance of the Vespers," he says, "but bewail the dire necessity which drove Sicily to such extremities—bleeding and tortured, consumed by hunger, trampled underfoot, and insulted in all she held most precious."

In one respect the completeness of the massacre proved of high political importance. The people had gone too far for any hope of forgiveness. There was no possibility of compromise with Charles, and in speedy action lay the only chance of life and safety. A parliament at once assembled, abolished monarchy, and proclaimed a republic. Messina, astonished and bewildered at first, after a few weeks made common cause with Palermo, and slew or drove away the Frenchmen resident within its walls. Charles of Anjou, who was at that time staying at Oviato, was filled with rage at the news of the massacre at Palermo and Messina, and at once turned the force he had assembled for the Greek war against the insurgents. He besieged Messina, and might have obtained submission but that the citizens knew that submission to such a man meant death. They determined to resist to the last man; and before Charles could conquer them, Peter of Aragon appeared with an army, and landed at Trapani in Sicily. The strife was long and arduous; but in the end Peter triumphed, and he and his wife Constance were crowned as King and Queen of Sicily. Thus tyranny and oppression cost the House of Anjou the fair dominion of Italy.

H. W. D.



THE EMBARKATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE AT HELVOETSLUYS FOR TORBAY.

FROM TORBAY TO ST. JAMES'S.

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

"This revolution, of all revolutions the least violent, has been of all revolutions the most beneficent . . . It is because we had this preserving revolution in the seventeenth century that we have not had a destroying revolution in the nineteenth . . . For the authority of law, for the security of property, for the peace of our streets, for the happiness of our homes, our gratitude is due, under Him who raises and pulls down nations at His pleasure, to the Long Parliament, to the Convention, and to William of Orange.—LORD MACAULAY.

Torbay—An Eventful Week—James's Early Designs—His First Parliament—Revenge on Titus Oates—The Insurrections in the North and West; The Battle of Sedgemoor—The "Bloody Assizes"—Persecution of the Nonconformists—The Dispensing Power—Trial of Sir Edward Hales—James coerces the Universities—The First Declaration of Indulgence—The Child of Prayer—The Second Declaration of Indulgence—The Prayer of the Prelates—The Trial of the Seven Bishops—For Parliament and Protestantism—William enters Exeter; Marches on Salisbury—Defections from James—The King escapes, is captured, and again flies—William enters St. James's Palace—Conclusion.

TORBAY.

AWAY down on the east coast of Devonshire, where the wild Atlantic waves, as yet unchecked by the narrows of the Channel, still roll in long and unbroken billows on the pebbly beach, lies a wide and spacious harbour, well-known from time immemorial as a safe and sure anchorage in times of storm and stress.

For many years its smooth waters were scarcely cut by a keel larger than that of a fishing-smack, and the wide amphitheatre of grassy rocks rising around remained desolate and deserted, save for the huts of a few fishermen and farm-labourers. But one mild morning in the month of November 1688, the silence of years was suddenly broken, and a large fleet rounded the lofty promontory at

its south-western extremity, and rode securely at anchor within its peaceful limits.

The shores, once so lonely and deserted, were now crowded by numbers of anxious and excited people, who had thronged from all parts to witness the disembarkation from the fleet; and as boats put off from the ships, and soldiers, speaking for the most part a strange tongue, landed on the stony shore, they were welcomed with loud huzzas, and overwhelmed with offers of assistance. It was more like the home-coming of a victorious prince than the invasion of a foreign army.

Yet such, we suppose, it must be called, for the ships and most of the soldiers were Dutch; and although English royal blood ran in the veins of their leader, William, Prince of Orange, yet he had come to wrest the

throne from its possessor, and to establish himself thereon instead. But he came at the invitation of the people, who were still full of bitterness when they remembered the Bloody Assizes and the cowardly cruelties of the King; he came as the champion of liberty and the defender of Protestantism; he came, if possible, to end once for all the weary contest which had so long been waged between the English sovereign and his subjects,—the Stuart princes and their people.

How time changes all things! Where once the wild bee hummed over the thyme-scented grass of those quiet sunny slopes; where once William of Orange landed on the stony shore amid the huzzas of English Protestants, now stands the thriving town of Brixham, and in the quay is still shown a certain stone which they say is the veritable piece of rock on which he first stepped ashore, while at the north-western extremity of the bay flourishes the fair town of Torquay, famous everywhere for the beautiful softness of its air and the mildness of its climate.

It was thus that Torbay was awakened from the sleep of centuries, and became for ever famous in our "rough island story." Let us now endeavour to set forth the causes which led to the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the errors which had so completely alienated the hearts of the English people from their sovereign. To do so we must glance at the chief events of the reign of that sovereign—James II.

AN EVENTFUL WEEK.

We said just now that it was hoped the coming of the Prince of Orange would terminate the contest between the English sovereign and his subjects. That contest, in short, was for parliamentary power and for the Protestant religion. The Stuart kings were all cursed with an insane desire for absolute power, and blinded by their belief in their "divine right" to rule and do as they pleased with their subjects. To this mad desire for despotic rule, James added a desperate determination to overturn the Protestant religion, and make England a province of the Pope. It was known that he was an avowed Romanist, and during the previous reign certain members of parliament had brought forward a Bill to exclude him from the throne. By reason of the support of the Episcopalians the Bill was thrown out, and James laid up schemes of vengeance in his heart,—schemes which he executed with only too great success when he came to the throne.

Still there were many men whose faces turned pale as they remembered the dreadful doings of the last Romanist sovereign of England, and knowing the autocratic and unreasoning temper of the Stuart race, feared

for a return of the fires of Smithfield and the Torture Chamber of the Tower.

His accession came somewhat suddenly upon the country, for only a few days before, on Sunday morning the 1st of February, 1685, the shameless sovereign known as the "Merrie Monarch" was still well and presumably happy, and both he and his people looked forward to a lengthened reign. But on this day, as he was laughing gaily with his three favourite court ladies in the great gallery at Whitehall, and listening with languid pleasure to the love-songs sung by a little French page, suddenly, in the midst of his Sunday revel, he was stricken with a severe sickness. He reeled, strove to rally, and finally tottered to his bed-chamber. Next morning, as he was dressing, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and for five days his life trembled in the balance. On Wednesday he was better, and joy-bells pealed throughout the land, for the people feared the accession of his brother, James, Duke of York. But at noon on Friday, the 6th of February, he died; and a quarter of an hour afterwards the new King made his first speech to the Council, in which he declared his determination to rule according to the tenets of the Reformed Church. During the same afternoon James II. was proclaimed as king from Whitehall Gate, Temple Bar, and the Exchange, and thus within a week the whole course of events was changed, and an avowed Romanist ruled on the English throne.

JAMES'S EARLY DESIGNS.

Notwithstanding the King's declaration at the meeting of the Privy Council, it was not long before he showed himself in his true colours. On the second Sunday after his accession he went publicly to mass, and ordered the doors of the chapel to be flung open, so that he might be seen kneeling before the altar. He encouraged Romanists to flock to Court, so much so that even Evelyn says in his *Diary* the Romanists "were swarming at Court with greater confidence than had been ever seen in England since the Reformation, so that everybody grew jealous as to what this would tend." Still further he caused his hatred of freedom to find vent in a special letter which he sent to the "Estates of Scotland," by which it was enacted that if any person should preach or attend a conventicle under a roof or in the open air, he should be liable to the punishment of death, and all his goods and lands should be confiscated!

Romanists were released from prison in thousands, and every favour was shown to them. Many were given high appointments in the army and public service. This was in direct defiance of the Test Act, which

had been passed in the previous reign, and provided that all persons holding public appointments should take an oath against transubstantiation. A Papal nuncio was entertained at Court, and Father Edward Petre, one of the most active of the Jesuits, became the confidential adviser of the King. In short, although it was gradually and by slow degrees at first, he began to unfold the grand design of his reign, which was not only to rule as a despotic prince, but to completely restore the Romish worship in England, and to crush all freedom, not only of speech and action, but also of thought out of the land.

One of his first aims was to become omnipotent in the House of Commons. The Commons of England have always been a difficulty with our autocratic kings, and in the long run they have generally forced the sovereign to submit; for although in the far past the prerogatives of the prince were exceedingly extensive, yet the consent of the Commons was necessary to both legislation and taxation. And as a rule, whenever the sovereign endeavoured to pass laws or levy taxes without their co-operation, they have not only failed miserably, but in the end have had to confess themselves beaten.

At the time of the accession of James, however, the representation of the people was almost entirely in his hands. The municipal charters imposed by Charles enabled the sovereign to practically secure the return of any member he chose for the boroughs, while the county members were almost certain to be extreme Tories, who considered it part of their religion to believe in "divine right," and a religious duty to support the King at all risks, and supply all the money he asked for.

But even before James summoned a parliament, his determination to rule with despotic power showed itself most unmistakably. He put forth an edict declaring it to be his will and pleasure that certain custom-duties given only to the late King for life should still be paid, although according to the fundamental law of the realm no duties could be levied without an Act of Parliament.

James was urged to take this course by Chief Justice Jeffreys, whom he had caused his brother, the late King, to appoint, and who undoubtedly was the greatest ruffian who ever wore the ermine. His brutal nature was precisely of that character which tyrants require to carry out their worst designs, and James had been on the throne but a few days when this abandoned wretch was raised to a peerage and a seat in the Cabinet. The whole of the legal patronage was in his hands, and his selection by James reveals still more clearly his determination to have

the whole of England under his thumb, to rule it with a rod of iron.

James put off the general election as long as he could, for, to tell the shameful truth, he was afraid of the displeasure of Louis of France. This king greatly feared the English Parliament, whose policy and influence he believed to be antagonistic to his growing power on the Continent. He had therefore paid Charles II. large sums to keep his Commons quiet. The same course was pursued with James, and the shameless tyrant was thus the virtual vassal and paid partizan of the French king. But there were signs that although the nation was now quiet enough, discontent was beginning to show itself, and unless a parliament were soon summoned there was every probability of a decided outbreak. Moreover James wanted to have certain large revenues settled on him for life. The summons for the Parliament was therefore sent out, and at the same time James sent messages to Louis informing him that he would certainly keep the Commons from meddling with foreign affairs, and prevent them from getting into mischief. The immediate result of this message was that large sums of money found their way from Louis of France into the coffers of King James, who received the money with tears of joy and words of abject gratitude. He then proceeded to fill the House of Commons with representatives who would be slaves of his will. The most illegal pressure was put upon the voters to return James's candidates. Never was there an election so shamelessly conducted: the clergy were ordered to proclaim from their pulpits that the righteous wrath of God would descend upon any one who voted for a Whig candidate; and the returning officers were all bribed to act in the interests of the Court. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, writes under date May 10th, 1685: "Elections were thought to be very indirectly carried on in most places. God grant a better issue of it than some expect." And again on May 22nd: "The truth is there were many of the new members whose elections and returns were universally censured."

The result of the elections was, in truth, far more favourable to James than ever he had dared to hope; but we might almost say that it was one of the first of the series of steps which led to his downfall, for there were many royalists who had fought and bled for his father who stood aghast at the shameless manner in which the almost universal return of James's candidates had been secured.

JAMES'S FIRST PARLIAMENT.

The session opened on the 19th May, and with very little delay the subservient parliament settled on the King for life the whole

of the revenues previously enjoyed by King Charles. A few days after this, however, they passed two resolutions: "To stand by His Majesty . . . for the defence and support of the Church of England;" and the other was to petition the King to "put into execution the laws against all dissenters whosoever from the Church of England." As these laws would operate against Romanists as well as Puritans, James was highly indignant. He was willing enough to take advantage of the Toryism of the Episcopalians to answer his own purpose, but he had no notion of their acting on the initiative in any way or petitioning against the members of his own Church. He therefore issued orders to rescind these resolutions, which the servile House did immediately, and shortly after submitted to be adjourned *sine die*.

James, having obtained a servile Parliament, now proceeded to curb the power of the Established Church, and to advance the spread of Popery. Naturally the clergy were much alarmed at the rise of Romanism, and many of them fiercely denounced the "Scarlet Lady," as they called the Church of Rome, from their pulpits. James, in high displeasure, sent for certain of the bishops, and sternly commanded them to put an end to all such preaching, and for a time he was successful.

But the sturdy Nonconformists required stronger treatment. Thus Richard Baxter, the venerable and pious Puritan divine, was heavily fined and imprisoned, and the odious Five Mile Act—by which no dissenter could live within five miles of any town—was rigidly enforced.

THE TRIAL OF TITUS OATES.

Then James bethought him of revenge, and Titus Oates, the infamous perjurer who had given false evidence of a Popish plot, and had grievously libelled James, in the previous reign, was brought to trial. Undoubtedly Oates was a deeply dyed villain and well deserving of punishment, but his sentence savours more of cruel revenge than justice. He was sentenced to be first pilloried at the Royal Exchange, then in Palace Yard; then he was to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate on one day, and then from Newgate to Tyburn within the next forty-eight hours. He was to be imprisoned for life, and five times every year he was to be pilloried. Intercession was made to James to remit the second flogging. The King's reply was characteristic: "He shall go through with it, if he has breath in his body." And Oates did go through with it, and received more than *seventeen hundred lashes*, every one of which drew blood. The groans and shrieks of the wretched criminal were enough to have pierced the stoniest heart. Many

times he swooned, and had to be dragged to Tyburn on a sledge. Under the tyrant James fearful floggings of this kind soon became quite common for the smallest of political offences, until the Petition of Rights under William of Orange stopped this, together with all cruel punishments.

THE INSURRECTIONS IN THE NORTH AND WEST; THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

The Dukes of Argyle and Monmouth, who were now exiles in Holland because of their attempts in the previous reign to limit the despotic power of Charles, thought this a favourable opportunity to raise again the standard of liberty and Protestantism. Their partizans in England and Scotland supplied money and assured them that whenever they appeared, the country would rise as one man to overturn the Popish king. Moreover, Argyle counted upon the support of the persecuted Presbyterians of Scotland, and Monmouth relied upon the Protestants of the west and the belief, which many persons held, that he was the rightful heir to the throne. He was, in fact, the illegitimate son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, a Welsh girl; but there were several stories in circulation of a secret marriage having taken place, and there were many who credited the story and honestly believed him to be the true heir to the throne.

It is not within the scope of this paper to give a detailed account of these ill-advised insurrections. Both failed utterly and miserably. Both leaders were captured and speedily executed. The battle of Sedgemoor, in which Monmouth's hopes were crushed, is memorable as being the last fought on English soil.

But although it is not necessary to our purpose to refer more particularly to the details of these revolts, the cruelty with which James punished the rebels must be noticed, as affording another link in the chain of evil and tyrannical deeds which finally alienated from him the hearts of even his most devoted adherents.

THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

Among the first of the victims was Abraham Holmes, one of Cromwell's Ironsides. He had been an officer in the Protector's own regiment, and was one of those to whom the idea of a Popish king being the head of the Protestant Church was nothing short of blasphemy. He would acknowledge no king and no superior—in spiritual matters at least—but King Jesus. When examined in London before the Privy Council he said boldly that he had fought against the tyrant James Stuart even as he had fought under Cromwell against his father, Charles Stuart, and if he had the chance he would certainly fight again. When told that if he would give certain information his life should be spared, the stern old soldier

replied : " Not I. Cromwell's Ironsides never submit, and never turn against their comrades." He was taken back to Bridgewater and there hanged.

To Judge Jeffreys was given the task of reaping the bloody harvest sown by the sword of the rebellion. The gaols were full of "rebels," either taken as prisoners after Sedgemoor, or arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the revolt. Numbers had already been slain by Colonel Kirke, who, after the battle, had pursued his opponents far and wide and butchered hundreds in cold blood.

Taunton was the scene of a horrible massacre. Kirke and his officers lodged at the White Hart Inn, and whilst they drank beer within, the prisoners were hanged by scores, one after the other, over the sign-post of the house, the band playing meanwhile various lively tunes, to afford them, as Kirke said, music for their dancing. The victims were then drawn and quartered, and so many were slaughtered, that the executioner stood ankle deep in blood while streams of gore flowed down the streets like water.

During that woeful autumn, Jeffreys condemned to death no less than 331 persons; 849 were transported; and 33 were fined or whipped. His first victim was Lady Alice Lisle, whose sole offence consisted in giving a meal and a night's lodging to two fugitives. For this she was condemned to be burned; and neither her extreme age—she was seventy years old—nor the fact that she had frequently sheltered the adherents of James during the time of the civil war, and it was by no means clear that she knew whom she was now helping, could avail aught. In reply to the most passionate appeals for mercy, sent in even by Romanists, James only commuted her sentence from burning to hanging.

But the barbarity of these executions were equalled, if not surpassed, by the villany of the courtiers who thronged James's palace and made money out of the unfortunate prisoners who were transported for life, by selling them for field labour in Jamaica and Barbadoes. It is said that eleven thousand pounds were paid by the West Indian planters for these sturdy Somersetshire peasants whose faults were that they had fought for Protestantism

and for him whom they considered to be the rightful king. There was fierce contention among James's courtiers for shares of this unholy spoil. Of course Jeffreys took good care of himself in the matter, as also did the Queen and her ladies. The action of her maids of honour (!) was most reprehensible. There were twenty or thirty Somersetshire maidens whose only fault was that they had presented to Monmouth a silk banner and a Bible. The Queen's maids of honour obtained their imprisonment, hoping and believing that their friends would purchase pardon for them at any price. Their atrocious scheme succeeded only too well. The ladies were arrested and thrown into prison, and the Queen by degrees obtained the King's pardon for them as their friends paid the exorbitant bribes demanded into the hands of her agents. Thus did James wreak his vengeance on the "rebels."

This was the state of affairs in "merrie England" during the first year of the reign of James II. The people were imprisoned and sold for the benefit of the King's favourites; they were tortured because of their religious opinions; they were forced to pay illegal taxes; the laws were administered by villains for judges; and last though not least, the country was governed without a parliament and in direct defiance of constitutional law, by the despotic will of the King who was himself the

hireling of the King of France. It was not thus that the so-called "rebel" Oliver ruled England,—at least he had made her name respected throughout the world.

PERSECUTION OF THE NONCONFORMISTS.

James was exultant in his victory. At last he had this turbulent England at his feet, and had carried out some of the despotic designs of his father and grandfather. Poor fool! he little knew the English people; and even while he thought he had conquered them, the storm was rapidly rising which would hurl him from the throne like a withered leaf on a mountain torrent. But at this period, the autumn of 1685, his power was at its height. Everywhere his enemies had been vanquished. The Whig party seemed exterminated. The parliament was entirely under his control; it had voted him immense sums of money, and had then quietly submitted to



JUDGE JEFFREYS.

be dismissed. Even the Nonconformists, the most persistent and invincible advocates of the civil and religious liberty which the Stuarts were so madly determined to crush, seemed completely beaten and discouraged. Their most famous and pious ministers were afraid to be seen in the streets lest they should be grossly insulted and their lives endangered; their places of meeting were literally the holes and corners of the earth; and when they gathered together for worship in any building, sentinels were posted to give the alarm if strangers drew near. Trap-doors were constructed in their houses so that in case of danger they might escape unseen; and so keen was the persecution that at last the bolder spirits determined to oppose force by force. England seemed on the verge of the fiercest of all fights—a religious war. Thus, when a Middlesex magistrate, hearing that certain Nonconformists were wont to meet for prayer in an obscure gravel pit a mile or two out of London, marched upon them with a strong posse of police, the assembly turned upon them, rescued their minister, and put the magistrate and his constables to an ignominious flight. On the site of this place of meeting a chapel was erected, which we believe still stands, being known to this day as the Old Gravel Pit Chapel.

It was thus that James, helped in some instances by the extreme partisans of the Established Church, strove to stamp out Dissent, and burned into the hearts and minds of the Nonconformists bitter memories which unhappily, in some cases, have lasted to this day. Persecution has only strengthened its growth and increased its hold on the affections of its people. Even as the persecution by Papists only promoted the prosperity of the Reformed Church, so the persecution of Dissent increased its life and vigour. Strange that the people who had witnessed the fact in their own case should not have seen it in the case of others.

In those dark and gloomy days of which we write, England might be likened to a wide arena, in which the three parties—the Romanists, the partisans of the Established Church, and the Dissenters—all fought and strove for victory, and all of them professing to be the exact followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who when He was reviled reviled not again!

Without doubt the first-named party appeared to have the greatest chance of success, for the King himself was a pronounced Papist; and now that his enemies were under his feet he prepared to realize more fully his obstinate desire to make England once more a Romanist country. It seemed comparatively easy for him to do this, for the Episcopalians and Tories, strong in their belief in the "divine right" of James to rule and do as he pleased,

at first refused him nothing, and followed his every act with a chorus of sycophantic praise.

But a change was at hand, for James had set his heart upon accomplishing two or three designs to which his zealous cavaliers were bitterly opposed. These things were in fact but further exemplifications of his pernicious principles; but now they would touch his friends, who would speedily discover how bad those principles were when applied to their own case. Thus, Episcopalians could applaud James when he violated the principle of liberty by persecuting the Dissenters; and it was only when he began to exalt the Papists to the detriment of the Churchmen that the latter discovered how precious that principle was. Again, James and his vile judges might unlawfully slaughter and imprison any number of the common people who were suspected of being secretly connected with Monmouth's insurrection, but directly James spoke openly of repealing the Habeas Corpus Act,—the principle of which he had violated again and again,—even his most obsequious Members of Parliament began to grow restive. Well might Englishmen of all classes and of all shades of opinion value this Act, for it is second in importance only to Magna Charta. It secures the liberty of the subject, and no king dare keep even the meanest person in prison without a full and fair trial. Macaulay speaks of it as "the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny;" and even Dr. Johnson, a veritable Tory of Tories, praises it, and says that it is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries.

But this was one of the changes which James was bent upon accomplishing. It is almost impossible to understand how he could have been so blind as to endeavour to force this repeal on his people. He must have remembered how it had been wrung from his brother, and he must have known how highly it was prized even by the dependents on his Court and the most red-hot royalists.

Another design upon which James was fully resolved was the establishment of a large standing army under his own personal control. In defiance of the law he had already increased the number of his soldiers from six to twenty thousand, which was the largest force any King of England had at his own command in time of peace, and not content with this he was bent on a still larger increase. This again was most hateful to even his warmest supporters, for it meant the complete supersession of the militia; and in that force the gentlemen of nearly all the noble and county families held important posts, and thereby gained much dignity and influence.

THE DISPENSING POWER.

There was yet another most audacious design which James was bent upon accomplishing. This was to claim and exercise the power to dispense with the execution of the laws,—a right which he declared was inherent in the Crown, and could certainly not be denied by persons who held—as the Churchmen and Tories then held—that complete and passive obedience to kings was a subject's most sacred duty, and that the only guide and controller of a king was his own conscience! More audacious tyranny England had never known. Not even in the days of the Plantagenets did the sovereign claim such despotic powers.

When Parliament met on the 9th November, James made a bold avowal of these intentions, and asked for further supplies mainly to support his large standing army, which was principally officered by Romanists. But in those days of hideous persecution, to put the sword into the hands of Papists, and then ask Protestants to pay them, was more than even that servile Parliament could bear, and by a majority of *one* it refused to grant James's requests. Finding it completely impracticable, he dissolved it quite suddenly on the 20th, and determined to rule absolutely, and without a Parliament. But if he had had the slightest spark of wisdom he would have acted otherwise, for even that timid Parliament had shown some sign of that sturdy English spirit which had forced his grandfather, his father, and his brother to yield, and which, by persistently and unnecessarily opposing it, finally swept him from his throne.

TRIAL OF SIR EDWARD HALES.

James felt it necessary, however, to obtain some authoritative recognition of his prerogative to dispense with the laws, and the judges being completely obedient to his will, he resolved to bring the matter before them, with the certainty of a decision in his favour. Of course, to admit that this dispensing power was a definite principle, and applicable to all statutes of the realm, would be to render the monarchy completely absolute, and representative government a perfect farce. And it was upon achieving this result that James was resolutely bent. He therefore openly proclaimed his determination to dispense with the Test Act, and appointed Sir Edward Hales, a Papist, to be Governor of Dover Castle and colonel of a regiment. He then caused the coachman of Sir Edward to bring an action, under the Test Act, against his master, to recover a sum of five hundred pounds for serving in the army without taking the Test, intending that the judges should rule in Sir Edward's favour. To James's

surprise and displeasure, four of the judges privately remonstrated with him before the trial on the illegality of his proceeding; whereupon they were at once dismissed, and four servile judges put in their places. The Solicitor-General, Hencage Finch, was also dismissed for the same reason, and an insignificant creature named Thomas Powis, who had no recommendation but his servility, was given the post in his stead.

On the day appointed, the mockery of a trial commenced. There were twelve judges, all of them prepared to decide in favour of James, and a Solicitor-General to argue on the King's behalf. Sir Edward Hales pleaded the King's power of dispensation under the Great Seal; and on June 6th the Chief Justice and ten of his colleagues gave judgment that there was no law with which His Majesty could not dispense. The King was sovereign, therefore the laws were his laws, and it followed that in certain cases he could dispense with their execution, he alone being the best judge as to the suitability of these cases.

Of course, after this most astounding and unconstitutional procedure, James assumed absolute power. He would do as he liked, in defiance of all law. He appointed Romanists to numerous important posts, and within a few days four openly professed Popish Lords were sworn members of the Privy Council. Commands were also sent to the clergy that they were not to preach on doctrinal points, while in many cases preferment was given to Romanist priests. The churches of the Establishment were absolutely turned into Popish mass-houses, and the revenues put into the pockets of followers of the "Scarlet Lady."

The whole of the Established Church was placed under the control of a High Commission Court of seven judges, of whom the villain Jeffreys was at the head. Scotland was placed under the control of Drummond, Earl of Perth, who seems to have won the heart of the tyrant by inventing the steel thumb-screw for torturing Presbyterians; while Ireland was delivered up to the iron rule of Tyrconnel, a fierce Romanist, of whom the popular opinion may be fittingly expressed by quoting his nickname, "Lying Dick Talbot."

As time went on, James continued to pursue his plans, and to push his pernicious principles farther and farther. He appointed John Massey, who was notoriously a Romanist, to the deanery of Christchurch, Oxford; while both the bishoprics of Chester and Oxford having become vacant, he filled them with the vile sycophants, Cartright and Parker, whose religion, if anything, was purely Popish, but whose chief recommendation was that they would do anything that James bade them.

Indeed, it appeared as though the whole government of the English Church would be placed in the hands of its most deadly enemies, the Papists, and that even as James claimed to be the absolute owner and ruler of England, so the Church was to be at the entire disposal of the Pope.

JAMES COERCES THE UNIVERSITIES.

Of course these proceedings aroused the greatest alarm and indignation amongst the clergy and supporters of the Established Church, and numerous indeed were the works then poured forth against the advocates of Rome. But the contest soon grew above a paper war. The 7th of February, 1686, will be ever memorable as the day on which James endeavoured to coerce the University of Cambridge, and the sullen discontent of the people began to shape itself into dangerous and active agitation. On the day named James sent a letter to the senate of Cambridge University ordering them to admit Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, to the degree of Master of Arts. Thereupon the senate required Francis to take the oaths against Romanism prescribed by law, which of course he declined to do, and the senate, of which body Sir Isaac Newton was one, was accordingly summoned before the Ecclesiastical Commission for opposing the King, and acting strictly in accordance with the laws! The Vice-Chancellor lost his office and his income, and James was triumphant.

But at Oxford he acted with even more illegality and despotism. The presidency of Magdalen College having become vacant, the King appointed Antony Farmer, a Romanist, a man of immoral life, and one, moreover, not qualified by the statutes of the college. The Fellows, in the exercise of their right, chose instead, John Hough, a man in every way worthy of the office. They were cited before the Ecclesiastical Commission, and produced the most unmistakable proofs of Farmer's unfitness for the post. Nevertheless Hough's election was declared void. The Fellows persisted that Hough was their lawfully elected president, as he was undoubtedly, and strictly maintained that no other should rule over the college. The King went in person to browbeat the Fellows, but in vain. Hough refused to give up the keys of the college when called upon, and the doors were broken open and he and the Fellows were ejected by soldiery. The end of the matter was that a Romish bishop was placed over the college, and twelve Romish Fellows were appointed in one day.

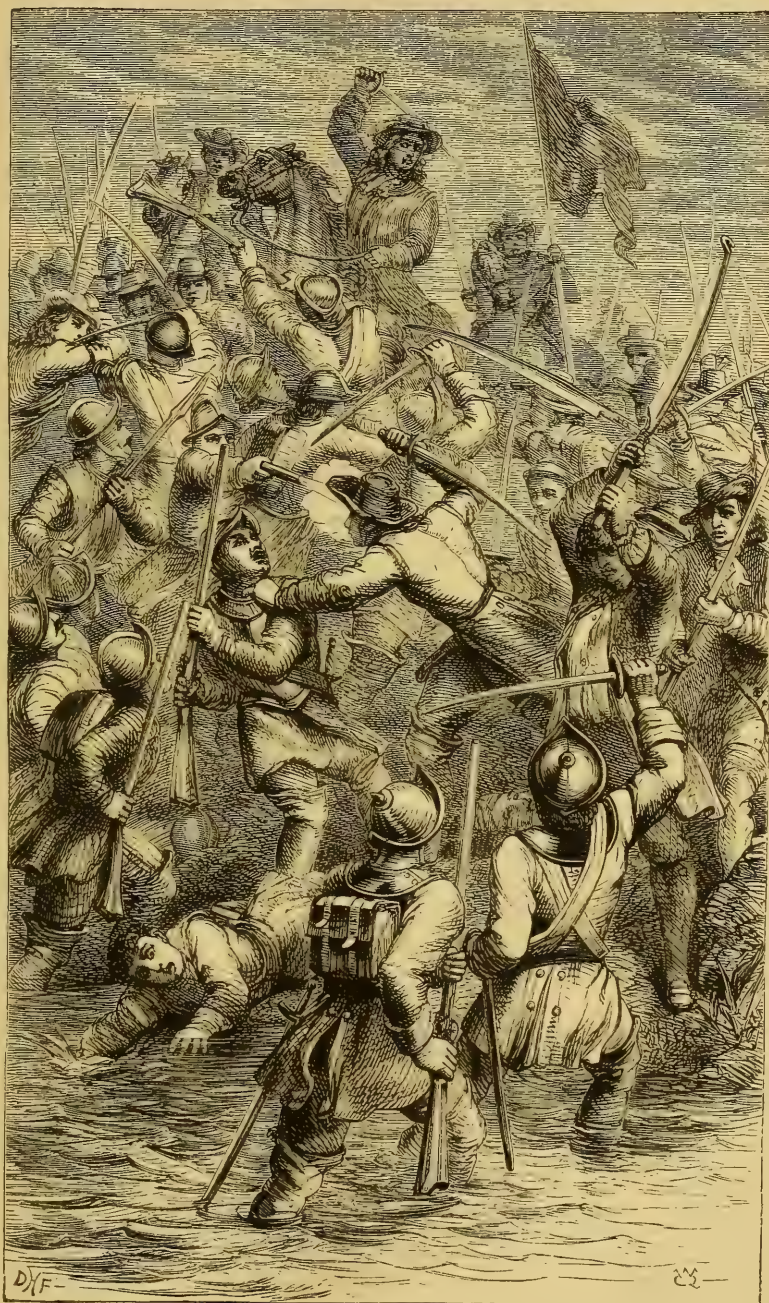
These were the acts which the blind bigot and tyrant thought consolidated his power. Foolish man! They were desperate blows at the very supports of his throne. The party

whom he was now insulting so needlessly was composed of the very men who had given him the crown. But for the staunch support of members of the Established Church he would certainly have been prohibited from succeeding to the throne by reason of the Exclusion Bill, introduced by the Whigs in the previous reign.

It is quite easy to understand the intense hatred of the English people to the Romanists of that day. Not only did they remember the hideous slaughter during the reign of Bloody Queen Mary and the iniquitous Gunpowder Plot, but the idea of the dominion of the Pope was ever mingled with the idea of the Romanist religion, and was just the one thing which Englishmen could not bear. And still further, the opinion was widely prevalent that a Romanist felt it his bounden duty to lie like the devil, to increase the prestige and dominion of his Church. When, therefore, these high-handed proceedings took place, even the most zealous royalists began to look alarmed and to question among themselves as to the soundness of the doctrine of "divine right."

THE FIRST DECLARATION OF INDULGENCE.

Thus passed the dark and doleful year of 1686,—a year heavy with the burden of despotism. Nearly the whole of the time the Parliament was prorogued, and James ruled as absolute king. In February 1687, he took his next great step in the complete subjugation of the realm to Popery by issuing in Scotland a Declaration of Indulgence, whereby all the various prohibitions against Romanists were to be completely repealed. Quakers also might meet in any place, and moderate Presbyterians only in their own houses. But field conventicles were still to be put down with the utmost severity. As the servile Council of Scotland made no resistance to this decree, not even pointing out that, being issued on the King's authority alone, it was absolutely illegal, James resolved next to try the same experiment in England. He had first thought of summoning a Parliament, but on sounding several peers and influential commoners, he found so much opposition, that he resolved to do without their legislature; the Parliament was therefore prorogued for another six months, and James continued to reign as absolute monarch. Early in April 1687, James issued the Declaration of Indulgence, which, as he fondly thought, set the coping-stone to the fabric of despotic power and Romanist supremacy which he had so zealously reared. It proved too heavy, however, and toppled over the whole building, and buried its founder in its ruins. In other words, although at first successful, this Declaration ultimately gave the final blow which overturned the throne.



THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR

It gave absolute liberty to all persons to worship as they pleased, and abolished all religious tests; while it also professed to maintain the legal rights of the Church of England. The King evidently hoped that the satisfaction of the Nonconformists would form an important counterbalance to the dissatisfied Churchmen.

But while the Dissenters were anxious to profit by the advantages thus offered to them, the Declaration was looked at with suspicion by all parties except the Romanists. The Dissenters well knew the intense hatred of James, and, indeed, all the Stuarts, to every kind of nonconformity, and they could not but suppose that this kindness hid some deeply-laid design. Still further, being made on the King's own responsibility, it was utterly illegal, and the Nonconformists understood too well the principles of constitutionalism to accept even liberty in an unconstitutional manner. For if the King's caprice gave them liberty suddenly on one day, it might as suddenly take it away again on the morrow. Further, all parties regarded it as formed especially to promote the spread of Romanism; and if the liberty were accepted at the King's hands to-day, and thereby his prerogative and right of legislating without parliament acknowledged, there would belittle difficulty in the King's making another law to-morrow whereby every person must embrace the Romanist faith.

These were some of the objections raised by the Nonconformists, and subtle as was the Jesuitical policy which directed the Declaration, most of the Dissenters were too wary to be caught by it; by far the greater number of them joined with the Episcopalians against their common enemy.

During the year, however, no resistance was made to the autocratic rule of the King, and James, heedless of the widespread discontent, rejoiced at the success of his schemes.

THE CHILD OF PRAYER.

James now believed himself paramount, but there was one very important thing wanting to complete his designs. He had no son to whom he could leave his crown, and whom he could indoctrinate with his views to perpetuate his system of rule. In default of a son being born to him, the throne at his death would go to his daughter by his first wife, Mary, now married to her cousin, the Prince of Orange, a great Protestant prince, and the chief opponent of Louis of France on the Continent. The thought that his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, would succeed to his throne was gall and wormwood to the Romanist James. But what was to the King such a source of sorrow was to his people a cause of joy. The King being old, it was

not anticipated that any more children would be born to him, and therefore the people hoped to find speedy relief from his tyrannous rule when in due time his Protestant daughter and her husband succeeded to the throne.

But this hope was destined to be quickly overthrown, for early in 1688 it was publicly announced that the Queen expected a child, and prayers were offered up in all the Roman Catholic places of worship that the infant might prove to be a boy. On the 10th of June a son—the child of prayer, as he was called—was born, and great was the consternation throughout Protestant England. Indeed the popular belief then was that the so-called son was a supposititious child, and not the true son of James and his Queen; and although this was afterwards proved to be false, it was made much of at the time by Mary and her husband, William of Orange. There is no doubt but that the fear of the perpetuation of James's evil tyranny under James's son formed another reason for the determination of the people to drive their tyrant from his throne in favour of his daughter Mary; still further, the strong belief that it was a Jesuitical trick, set in motion by the disciples of Loyola for the purpose of increasing their power, added to the extreme detestation with which the people regarded the Romanists. The fact that such stories were generally believed gives us a clear glimpse of the embittered state of popular feeling at the time, and also affords a clue to the popular hatred of the Romanists. "They are always plotting treacherously and in the dark; they cannot be trusted or believed." Thus the people thought.

THE SECOND DECLARATION OF INDULGENCE.

We now come to the more immediate cause of the revolution in favour of the Prince of Orange. This was not the birth of a son to James, although that incident without doubt increased the popular feeling in favour of the movement. It is to be found in the outbreak of the discontent between James and the Established Church into open war.

On the 27th of April, 1688, the King, emboldened by the success of his Declaration of Indulgence of the preceding year, issued a second, which in many respects was a repetition of the former, but contained certain sentences in addition which rendered it more obnoxious. He said that it had come to his knowledge that designing men had spread the report that he might be persuaded to change his mind on the subject, and he therefore thought it necessary to state that his purpose was immovably fixed; only those who would concur in his plans would be employed in his service, and that for this reason many persons had been dismissed from both civil and military appointments

A new Parliament would be summoned in November, and he relied upon his subjects sending him members who would support him in his plans. Alas for the mutability of all human schemes! That Parliament was never held; and when November came, James was a fugitive, flying from the land over which he had ruled with such cruel tyranny.

At first this Declaration produced but little result. People wondered why James should issue a second proclamation merely to accentuate the first, and say that he would not be likely to change his mind.

But it was followed on the 4th of May by an Order in Council, commanding that the Declaration should be read in all churches and chapels throughout the land on two Sabbaths in succession, and by ministers of all denominations. In the *Gazette* of the 7th of May it was published that the 20th should be the day of the first reading in London and its vicinity, and in the country the first reading was fixed for the 3rd of June.

This command was in very truth the throwing down of the glove, and challenging to open war. It snapped the last link which bound James to the Churchmen who had put him on the throne. It was a direct insult to the whole of the Established clergy, for not only was it a most atrocious affront to cause them to proclaim the triumph of Father Petre and the Jesuits (for so they regarded the Declaration), a sect which they hated so intensely, and from whose professors they had suffered so much; but the great point to be noted is that this Declaration, being proclaimed by the King's authority alone, was utterly illegal, and a direct violation of the laws of the realm. It was, moreover, a distinct breach of his kingly promises, and by obeying the command the clergy would be made the instruments of spreading, and at the same time acknowledging, the King's right to absolute power and complete despotism. It was therefore not only the great detestation of the religious toleration of Romanism which caused the clergy to object, it was the hearty disapproval of King James's tyranny and unconstitutional conduct.

At this moment the action of the Protestant Dissenters of London was such as to win for themselves a title to the lasting esteem of their countrymen. They had been estranged by reason of many cruel wrongs heaped upon them both by the Church of England and the House of Stuart, and at first they had witnessed this war between the tyrant Church and the tyrant King which it had placed on the throne with a spice of spiteful pleasure; but at this time, understanding how much was at stake, and sympathizing with their Episcopalian brethren in the day of their tribulation, they boldly threw in their lot with them. We must not forget, moreover, that

it was partly in favour of the Nonconformists that the Declaration was drawn so that their action exhibits all the greater self-denial. But Baxter, Howe, and others, who had known frequently what it was to suffer for conscience' sake, now led the way in encouraging the clergy to do likewise. Their object was to form a coalition among ministers of all persuasions to refuse to read the illegal Declaration.

The congregations of these Independent and Presbyterian ministers were even more enthusiastic than some of their pastors, and deputations waited on several of the London clergy to urge them to strike a blow for the liberties of England and the Protestant religion, by not reading the Declaration.

The outcome of this agitation was that the flower of the London clergy held a meeting to decide upon their course of action. The feeling first seemed to be in favour of yielding to the King, for there were many who feared the power of James. The King could at a week's notice turn them out of their parsonages, take from them their incomes, and leave them to beg their bread from door to door. But the fervent words of Dr. Edward Fowler, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, seem to have turned the majority into a minority. He argued strongly in favour of a determination not to read the Declaration, maintaining that his conscience would not allow him to publish abroad so illegal and monstrous a proclamation. The result was that a resolution was passed, written down and signed by many of the incumbents then present, binding themselves that whatever others might do they would not read the Declaration. Dean Patrick of Peterborough and Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was the first to sign, and Fowler followed him.

THE PRAYER OF THE PRELATES.

The movement thus set on foot gained strength every day. The resolution was sent round the city, and numbers signed it. Further, it helped the action of the bishops, and on the 12th of May a company of them gathered at Lambeth Palace to discuss the course they should take. The general opinion was that the Declaration should not be read, and letters were sent by special messengers to several prelates in the country urging them to come to London without delay and confer with their brethren. These letters were for the most part answered in person, and on the 18th of May another meeting was held, at which a number of bishops and eminent divines were present. After long deliberation and many prayers, it was decided that a petition should be drawn up and presented to the King, in which all disloyal terms or expressions should be studiously avoided, but that though His Majesty could rest assured that

the Church was, as ever, loyal to the throne, yet as parliament had declared that the sovereign could not dispense with statutes in matters concerning the Church, the Declaration was illegal and the petitioners could not be parties to it by reading it in public.

The petition was signed by Archbishop Sancroft and six of his suffragans, and was then taken to Whitehall, and presented to the King.

When James read it his brow grew dark. "This is flat rebellion," he said; "I will be obeyed. Go to your dioceses, and see that the Declaration is read next Sunday." The bishops maintained their loyalty, but said they must obey God rather than man. "But," said James, "God has given me the dispensing power; I am king by divine right; you yourselves have preached and maintained this doctrine; I will maintain my rights, and if you question them, as you are now doing,

London Bridge. The populace lined the banks of the river and cheered them to the echo, for the citizens believed they were fighting against Romanism, and they dreaded a return of the horrors of Queen Mary's reign.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

On the 15th of June the bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench, and the legal objections against their commitment having been over-ruled, they were released on their own recognizances until the 29th of June, when the trial was appointed to come on at Westminster Hall. On that day the whole neighbourhood was thronged with eager and expectant crowds, who begged the blessing of the bishops as they passed on to the great hall.

The charge against the bishops was that



MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF THE PETITIONING BISHOPS.

you are trumpeters of sedition; I will be obeyed."

That night, the bishops' petition was printed and scattered broadcast all over the city, and the prayer of the prelates was loudly praised. When Sunday came the churches were crowded as they never had been before; but in only *four* of the places of worship was the order obeyed, and when a week had passed and the second Sunday came, the same thing occurred. For once in his life at least, the tyrant had been completely set at naught.

King James's rage knew no bounds, and, acting on the advice of Jeffreys, he ordered that Archbishop Sancroft and the other six petitioners should be brought before the Court of King's Bench on a charge of uttering a seditious libel. In the meantime they were committed to the Tower. The enthusiasm of the people on their behalf was so great that they were sent by water to the great prison palace below

of having published in the petition a false and seditious libel; and as the judges were nearly all the creatures of the King, His Majesty hoped to win a signal victory, and either make these high dignitaries completely subservient to his will or remove them from their sees, so that men more to his taste might be placed in their stead.

So exuberant were the people in their demonstrations of delight on behalf of the bishops that it was difficult to maintain order. It was quite clear how the people regarded the matter, and there were those on the King's side who feared a riot when the bishops were convicted. For there was but little doubt among the King's partisans but that they would be convicted; the King's wishes were well-known, and all the forensic force at his command had been retained to prove their guilt.

All through the long, hot midsummer day the legal conflict raged, and it was dark when

the final summing up of the judges was ended. The Chief Justice held that the petition was a libel. Judge Alibone was of the same opinion. The two other judges, Hollo-way and Powell, differed from these decisions; and the latter boldly said that the dispensing power lately assumed by the King was beyond his right, and unless repressed would vest the whole legislative power in the king personally, a result utterly illegal and unconstitutional.

All through that June night the excitement and anxiety were most intense. The people waited for the verdict as if it were a personal matter, and numbers of them paced the streets till dawn. The jury were locked up till ten o'clock next morning, when, pale and haggard, they came into court to deliver their decision.

The jurymen filed into their box amid breathless silence. The vast hall, Palace Yard, and the streets around were packed with an immense crowd.

Sir Samuel Astry, the Clerk to the Crown, put the question to the jury: "Do you find the defendants guilty or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley, the foreman, answered, "NOT GUILTY;" and even as he spoke a shout from a thousand throats cheered them to the echo, —a shout which was taken up by the tens of thousands without, and answered and reanswered from Temple Bar to the Tower. Guns were fired, bells were rung, and everybody everywhere seemed transported with joy. The jury were overwhelmed with the manifestations of the popular praise. They could scarcely make their way from the hall, for the people crowded round them, shook their hands, and blessed them for preserving the liberties of England.

The good news was soon known at the great camp on Hounslow Heath, where the King was then staying. As soon as the soldiers heard it they took up the joyful shout, and cheered so lustily that the King demanded to know the cause. "They cheer for the acquittal of the bishops, Your Majesty;" to which James replied, "So much the worse for them."

Even in that hour of humiliating defeat, when the temper of the whole nation was so unmistakably displayed against him, he still meditated on persisting in his folly. But even then his hour had come, although he knew it not, and the fiat had gone forth,

"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Even then, while the people were giving themselves up to the joy of the moment and preparing for the illuminations of the night and the burning of the Pope and Papists in effigy, while James was meditating new schemes of revenge and tyranny, while the glad tidings were flying all over the kingdom, and steeples everywhere were rocking with the ringing of joy bells,—even then an invitation was presented to William of Orange, the King's nephew and son-in-law, signed in cipher by many leading noblemen and clergymen, to appear in England at the head of a body of troops and drive the tyrant from the throne,—an invitation which William then and there accepted.

FOR PARLIAMENT AND PROTESTANTISM.

The invitation which had thus been presented to the Prince of Orange has a history of its own which is well worth relating; but tradition has been so much mixed with fact that it is difficult accurately to distinguish the one from the other. The simple truth, however, appears to be this:—Ten miles south of Sheffield lies the little village of Whittington, near which stands a little inn known to all the countryside as the "Cock and Pynot." Now it is a dilapidated cottage fast falling to decay, but at the time when King James tyrannised over the English people it was a thriving ale-house. One day, when hunting with his harriers on Whittington Moor, the Duke of Devon-



WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

shire met here the Earl of Danby, and arranged to send the invitation to the Prince of Orange, which, as we have seen, was delivered to him on the 30th of June. The co-operation of Compton, the suspended Bishop of London, was then obtained. Other influential persons joined the plot, and many meetings were held in the vaults of Lady Place, a picturesque mansion situated on the banks of the Thames between Henley and Maidenhead.

Edward Russell had been over to the Hague in May, but the Prince desired a full and formal invitation, and now it had come. He accepted it instantly. With a promptitude exceeded only by the secrecy he set about the consolidation of a force that would be certain to command success if, as he was led to believe, ninety-nine hun-

dreaths of the population would join him on his progress through the country.

But notwithstanding all his efforts news of his preparation began to leak out. Louis of France, who was the inveterate enemy of the Prince of Orange, exhorted James to prepare for the invasion. But James, with the most incomprehensible obstinacy, refused to believe it, and rejected Louis' offers of assistance.

But on the 10th of October William issued a proclamation to the people of England, setting forth in a singularly clear and calm manner the violation of law and liberty of which James had been guilty, and also pointing out the popular belief that a pretended heir had been foisted on the country to set aside the right of the Princess of Orange. In consequence of these things, the Prince of Orange, at the earnest request of many lords, both spiritual and temporal, and of many gentlemen of all ranks, had thought fit to come to England with a sufficient army to defend him from the violence of the King. The proclamation proceeded: "We for our part will concur in everything that may procure the peace and happiness of the nation which a free and lawful parliament shall determine, since we have nothing before our eyes, in this our undertaking, but the preservation of the Protestant religion, the covering of all men from persecution for their consciences, and the securing to the whole nation the free enjoyment of their laws, rights, and liberties, under a just and legal government."

Six days after the publication of this manifesto the Prince of Orange embarked at Helvoetsluys, with a large force of four thousand horse and ten thousand foot soldiers. A fleet of fifty men-of-war and four hundred transports conveyed his army, while he had also many fine ships and frigates. Contrary winds delayed their passage, and, indeed, compelled them once to return to the shelter of their own shores; but on the evening of the 1st of November they were able to sail steadily out to sea.

TOO LATE!

Meantime James had not been idle. The publication of the manifesto by the Prince of Orange had convinced him beyond any possibility of doubt that Louis' apprehensions were correct. Then, in a state of panic, he yielded in a few hours almost all the points for which he had so blindly and so obstinately struggled throughout his reign. He dissolved the Ecclesiastical Commission which had so unjustly judged and unlawfully oppressed the clergy; he restored to London its ancient charter, and gave the Bishop of Winchester power to reinstate the Fellows of Magdalen College, while he restored their ancient franchises to all the municipal corporations. Father Petre was dismissed, and James

announced his determination henceforth to govern strictly according to law. But these reforms came too late. He should have thought of them before. The hearts of his people were gone from him, and their eyes were turned longingly to his daughter and her husband from over the sea. On reviewing his resources James found that he had but a fleet of thirty ships, and an army of about forty thousand men. The ships were at once ordered to oppose the Prince's progress, but were kept in the mouth of the Thames by the baffling east winds which filled the sails of William's vessels and wafted them swiftly onward towards England. The greater part of the army was held in readiness to march to any point at a moment's notice. Some regiments were sent northward, as William was expected to land on the Yorkshire coast.

But though at first the Dutch vessels had been steered in this direction, the Prince of Orange, on the eve of the 2nd of November, suddenly gave directions to alter their course towards the English Channel; and on the morning of the 3rd of November they passed the Straits of Dover. The coast of Kent was covered with innumerable spectators, who could see distinctly the soldiers standing on the Dutch decks, and could plainly hear their martial music. It was a time of intense excitement for England.

A courier sped post-haste from Dover to Whitehall to inform the King of the sudden change in William's plans. He found everything in confusion. James knew not what to do. The regiments sent north were hurriedly recalled and told to march on Salisbury, while some of the available troops were sent to Portsmouth and others to Plymouth. The idea never seems to have entered James's mind that Torbay would be the landing-place. But so it was, and the selection by William of this harbour as a landing-place gives a signal proof of his sagacity and astuteness. On Sunday the 4th of November, sail was slackened, and divine service was held on board William's ships; and on the next day, after passing the place in a sea-fog, the wind having changed, the fleet steered round and sailed quietly into Torbay.

Among the first to land were the Prince of Orange and Marshal Schomberg, and they proceeded at once to reconnoitre the country. The outlook was far from pleasant. The ground was drenched with rain which had fallen on the preceding evening, and the roads were in a most deplorable state. Nevertheless on the next day, when the horses were landed, William began to march up the country, and a few of his regiments advanced as far as Newton Abbot, in the centre of which little town a stone still stands

to mark the spot where the Prince's manifesto was solemnly read to the inhabitants.

Four days after his landing, William entered Exeter. This town was crowded with people who had thronged from all the country near to welcome the champion of their religion, and shout after shout rent the air as they saw on the folds of the Prince's banner the words, "For Protestantism and the Liberties of England." With his accustomed sagacity, William ruled his army with the most rigid discipline, and restrained them from committing the slightest misdeemeanour. Every item of food and forage was duly paid for, and the people, who still retained a shuddering recollection of the excesses of James's troops, regarded these invaders with great favour. At Exeter the Prince of Orange remained a few days, and then moved slowly on Salisbury. He had a superlatively difficult part to play, and his plan was to wait for the support of the English people. A large force had been gathered at Salisbury to oppose him, but on the 15th the King received the news that Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, had suddenly left the camp at the head of three regiments and was marching to join the Prince. After this, the news of several defections reached the wretched despot; noblemen, gentlemen, and officers of all grades were constantly leaving the royal cause and joining the Prince. Even his daughter, the Princess Anne, left him; and in the depth of despair the King cried: "God help me, even my own children have forsaken me!"

A humorous story is told of the Princess's husband, George of Denmark. Never brilliant at his best, he was so bewildered by the news of the repeated defections that he could do nothing but feebly lift his hands and, as each fresh report was brought in, exclaim in utter astonishment, "*Est-il possible?*" (Is it possible.) And when he knew that even his wife had deserted her father he could only repeat his eternal exclamation in precisely the same tone.

But the next day, having in the meantime no doubt received private instructions, Prince George himself absconded, whereupon the King exclaimed, with a slight smile lighting up for a moment his sad face, "What! *est-il possible*, gone, too?"

And now James himself thought of absconding, for it seemed the only chance left him. He had already summoned a meeting of the peers then in London, and they attended him at Whitehall on the 27th of November. The decision arrived at was to send commissioners to treat with the Prince of Orange, to proclaim a general amnesty, and issue writs for the summoning of a Parliament which was to settle all matters in dispute. James's great army had only engaged

in a few trifling skirmishes, the Earl of Bath had put Plymouth into the hands of his opponent, and every hour fresh adherents gathered round the Prince. The negotiations did not appear likely to proceed as James would desire, so on the 10th of December he sent his queen and infant son privately down the river on the way to France; and in the darkness of the wintry morning of the next day he stole out of Whitehall by a secret passage, and in a hackney coach, procured by Sir Edward Hales, proceeded to Millbank. Here he crossed the Thames in a small boat, and landed at Vauxhall, where a conveyance was in waiting to drive him to Sheerness. Before leaving Whitehall he threw the writ summoning a Parliament into the fire, and sent an order to Faversham to disband the army. While crossing the Thames he threw the Great Seal into the water, whence it was afterwards dragged up by a fishing net. These things he did in the childish hope that they would complicate matters for his son-in-law. Arrived at Sheerness, he went at once on board a hoy, meaning to sail to France. But the wind was against him, and the vessel was boarded by fishermen who had recognized the King and Sir Edward Hales and carried them back to Sheerness, where he was kept a close prisoner. Released by an order from the Lords, he returned to Whitehall and then to Rochester, whence he made a second attempt to escape, which succeeded.

On that morning (the 11th of December), when the news spread that the King had gone and that for the moment there was absolutely no government for England, great was the consternation. Fierce multitudes burnt Roman Catholic chapels and attacked the houses of Roman Catholic ambassadors. But at this terrible time Archbishop Sancroft came forward, and supported by several lords spiritual and temporal, drew up a declaration that the King, having fled and destroyed the writs, thereby stopping the hope that a proper parliamentary settlement could be arrived at, they were determined to join William of Orange, and until that prince's arrival they would preserve order. Thereupon the city trainbands were got under arms, the wrecking mobs were restrained, and happily all loss of life was prevented. On this eventful day the hated Judge Jeffreys was discovered lurking in disguise in a low ale-house at Wapping. The fierce mob rushed upon him, and would have torn him limb from limb but that the soldiers saved him and conveyed him to the Tower by virtue of an order from the Lords. On the night of the 12th, London was convulsed with terror at the rumour that a number of rough Irish troops, brought over by James, were marching

on the town bent on plunder and outrage. A satirical ballad named *Lillibulero*, written by Thomas Wharton some months before, in which two Irishmen congratulate each other on the approaching massacre of the Protestants, had been sung in every street for many weeks past, and the passions of the people were greatly inflamed against James's Irish troops. The alarm spread, the drums of the militia beat to arms, and everywhere husbands and fathers might be seen equipping themselves for the fight. But as the night wore away, and the late winter daybreak of the next morning dawned, it was discovered that the rumour was quite false; but that evening has ever since been known as the "Irish night," and the occurrence exhibits the state of panic into which the ungoverned people had fallen.

WILLIAM ENTERS ST. JAMES'S PALACE;
CONCLUSION.

Our story now draws to a close, for very shortly afterwards, on the 18th of December, William of Orange marched into London amidst the rejoicings of the multitude, and quietly took up his abode at St. James's Palace. In a few days he summoned a large assembly of the Estates of the Realm known as a Convention (which differed only from a parliament in that the writs summoning it were not issued by a king), which declared the throne vacant, and after great debate drew up and passed the famous Declaration of Rights, by which William and Mary were appointed King and Queen of England, the chief power resting with him. Failing any issue, the crown was to pass to Mary's sister, Anne, and the son of James II. and his posterity were to be shut out from it for ever. Halifax

offered the crown, which William accepted for his wife and himself, promising faithfully to observe all the laws of the land, and confirming the great principles of our constitution, that no sovereign can make or unmake laws, levy taxes, or keep a standing army without the consent and co-operation of Parliament. Further it was declared that not the meanest subject could be kept in prison without a fair trial, and that the judges, who before held their office at the pleasure of the sovereign, were in future to hold their appointments for life or "good conduct." Moreover, although the Reformed Church was to remain the established religion of the country, Dissenters henceforth were to be released from persecution. And finally it settled for ever the vexed question of "divine right," by declaring that the sovereign simply reigns by the will of the people, and a right no more "divine" than, and in no respect different from, the right of the subject to vote for his representative in Parliament.

Thus ended the great English Revolution—that conflict between king and people which had been waged with varying success through so many weary years,—a revolution which ended, not in the establishment of a wild democracy, nor in the maintenance of an absolute monarchy, but in the formation of a free self-government, in which all classes are represented, and exercise their due influence,—a government which, containing within itself the power of reformation without revolution, is always willing to admit the claims of liberty and progress, without being unmindful of the glorious traditions of a storied past.

F. M. H.





GLENCOE.

A DARK DEED OF CRUELTY: THE STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain
More than the warrior's groan could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!"

SCOTT.

Battle of Killiecrankie—The Chief of Glencoe—Fall of Dundee—King James's Gift of Brandy—Tarbat and Dalrymple—The Burning Questions of Scotland—Estimate of Highland Loyalty—Treachery of the Aborigines—Letters of Fire and Sword—Projected Massacre by James VI.—Tarbat's Golden Bait—The Earl of Breadalbane—A Pious Colonel—Loses his Patience—Castle of Achallader—A strange Armistice—Glencoe's Quarrel—Brutalities of his Clan—Friends of Rob Roy—Dalrymple's Objects in "rooting out" the Thieves—The Royal Indemnity—Dalrymple's "Mauling Scheme"—MacIain of Glencoe takes the Oath—Military Preparations—Dalrymple's Letters—The Campbells in Glencoe—Merry-makings in the Glen—Orders of the Officers—MacIain slain—Details of the Massacre.

THREADING KILLIECRANKIE IN 1689; GLENCOE AND OTHER GIANTS.

WITH fear and trembling General Mackay made a desperate plunge with his four thousand soldiers and twelve hundred baggage horses into the "infernal defile," as he termed it,—the grim and gloomy gorge two miles long, now known far and wide over the world as the Pass of Killiecrankie, and spoken of

with calm admiration by gentle tourists as highly romantic and picturesque. Although it was the hour of noon, scarcely a glint of the summer sun could find its way into the depths of the mysterious Perthshire defile. The "motley rabble of Saxons and Dutch," as they crept slowly along the narrow and perilous track where a single false step was death, imagined that their savage and stealthy foes might be concealed in hundreds

behind the gigantic piles of overhanging rock, and that those invisible birds of prey might at any moment pounce upon their baggage or dash them down with one fell swoop into the raging torrent of the Garry. This dreaded "pass of the withered brushwood"—the same which the Hessian troops refused to enter during the Jacobite rebellion of 1746—having been safely threaded by the timid forces, their cautious commander extended them in a thin line, only three deep, on the rough vale above the flooded river.

Mackay was unfortunately unequal to the occasion. He had been forced into this position by the sudden appearance in the afternoon, upon the heights above his army, of the plaided giants of the Grampians under the gallant Graham of Claverhouse. It was a splendid host, with heroes that might well have graced the field of Troy, which had been gathered by the fiery cross from the miserable huts and proud castles of the Scottish highlands to do battle for the unworthy cause of the last of the Stuart kings. In the array of blooming tartan and blazing brass might be seen the majestic figure of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, the Cetewayo of King James's Court, mounted on a bright bay horse, and with a blood-red plume waving from the crest of his helmet; the rude and dauntless young Glengarry, the fierce Keppoch, the handsome boy of Duart, the Macdonald chiefs of Clanranald and Sleat, both of whom were also of tender years, and as yet in the bud of martial fame; and at the head of his small contingent, for his poor and ferocious sept was feeble as regards number, the venerable chieftain of Glencoe, whose appearance is thus described in a Latin poem of the period:—

"Next, with a daring look and warlike stride,
Glencoe advanced; his rattling armour shone
With dreadful glare; his large, broad, brawny back
A thick bull's-hide, impenetrably hard,
Instead of clothes, invest; and though along
Twice fifty of gigantic limbs and size
The warrior led, fierce, horrid, wild, and strong,
Yet his vast bulk did like a turret rise
By head and shoulders o'er the surly crew.
Round, in his left, his mighty shield he twirled,
And in his right his broadsword brandished high,
And flashed like lightning with affrighting gleams.
His visage boisterous, horribly was graced
With stiff mustachios like two bending horns,
And turbid fiery eyes, as meteors red,
Which fury and revenge did threaten round."

THE RUSH OF THE AVALANCHE; DEATH OF DUNDEE.

Claverhouse saw at once that his antagonist was in a trap, as safe within the grasp of his dashing Highlanders as a feeble deer in the coils of the boa constrictor, that one fierce and swift rush from the heights upon the thin line below would cut it through into disorganised groups, and leave it at the

mercy of the irresistible broadswords. While Mackay did his best to comfort his timid soldiers with the information that the savage mountaineers were accustomed to cast off their brogues and plaids and fight in a semi-nude state, not because of excessive bravery and eagerness for battle, but in order that they might be able to take more quickly to their heels in case of defeat, Dundee, on the other hand, had difficulty in holding back his impatient host from the onset. Although he had begun to draw out his line on the crest of the hill at five in the afternoon, he continued till close on sunset to gaze with his eagle eye on the doomed and mesmerized chickens—"boddachs" his men called them—underneath; the plated armour of the hero glistened in the sunbeams as he rode along on his favourite dun-coloured charger, calling out to his tartaned host, "Steady, Claymores! we must wait till the sun is lower; they can't run away." The Lowlanders attempted to strike terror into their foes by discharging three small leather field-pieces, known as "Sandy's stoups," but without the least effect except smoke and noise, not a single ball alighting among the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. It was within half an hour of sunset—the light had crept out of the valleys, and was only beating on the lofty peaks of Benvracky and the mighty Benygløe; there was just time left for making a complete holocaust of the boddachs, when the leader of the highland host exclaimed, "In God's name, let us go on, and let this be your word, King James and the Church of Scotland, which God long preserve!" There was a terrible pause, like that which precedes a thunderstorm; then from the dead silence the furious avalanche of shoeless and stockingless redshanks swept down the hill with their bodies bent forward; rushed across the short space of level ground towards the embattled line, shielding their faces with their targes, but halting not for a moment as the bullets whizzed among them on front and flank from the wider line of Teutons; stopped for an instant, fired one deadly volley that echoed up the mountains like a clap of thunder, and then throwing away their guns, dashed pell-mell on the foe with their claymores. "After this the noise seemed hushed," say "Lochiel's Memoirs," "and the fire ceasing on both sides, nothing was heard for some few moments but the sullen and hollow clashes of broadswords, with the dismal groans and cries of dying and wounded men." The rout was complete and instantaneous; Mackay turned his head and found himself alone; struck with surprise, knowing that the day was hopelessly lost, and fearing the pursuit of Dundee and his hawk-eyed legions, he rode off with the remnant tithe of his army across the flooded Garry, con-

tinuing his flight during the night-time ; and late in the next day—Sunday—arrived at Drummond Castle as the hero of one of the most pitiable tales of blunder and discomfiture recorded in the annals of his country.

"It was a famous victory." At least fifteen hundred of Mackay's men were butchered. The men of Athole, who had been marched out to join them, and instead had drunk the health of King James in their tartan bonnets, brought in five hundred prisoners who had been caught like conies in the Pass of Killiecrankie. Highlanders used to roll the narrative of the ghastly revel as a sweet morsel under their tongue : "There were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe as were given that day." Officers and soldiers were cut down through the head and neck to the very breast ; skulls were shaven off above the ears by a backstroke as if they were nightcaps ; the single blow of a claymore cleft through shoulder and cross-belt to the entrails ; skull-caps were beaten into the brains of their wearers ; pikes and small swords were cut through as if they were contemptible willow wands. Glengarry mowed down two men at every stroke of his ponderous claymore.

But to what purpose all this carnage and the magnificent piles of baggage on the haughs above the Garry that came into the hands of the looting redshanks ? With that nightfall there fell the last hope and the most heroic spirit of the old cause. There perished in the rebel ranks not only Donald of the Blue Eyes—the valiant boy of Glengarry—the huge Haliburton, who stalked about like a moving castle, throwing fire and sword on every side, but greatest of all, James Graham, "Bonnie Dundee," the man with a woman's face and a hero's heart ; his body was found upon the field, and buried in the church of Blair Athole. "He could not fall," said the elegy, "but by his country's fate." His faithful friend, the Earl of Balcarres, on the Sunday morning after the battle, while in prison in Edinburgh, saw the ghost of the handsome Graham move across the room in stately and melancholy silence ; and when King William was urged to despatch a strong force to retrieve the disaster of the "infernal defile," that shrewd Dutchman remarked that "it was needless ; the war ended with Dundee's life."

DUNKELD AND CROMDALE ; KING JAMES'S TENDERNES AND BRANDY.

The Highlanders were indeed still ready to flock blindly around the standards of their chiefs, but there was now no supreme spirit to launch them at full tide on the soldiers of the plains ; there was no name to charm more, only an Irish Cannon or an unknown Buchan in place of the gallant Graham. The

fiendish rush of the horde broke and was shivered at Dunkeld on the steady pikes of the grim and pious Cameronians, and their host was finally surprised by night on the haughs of Cromdale, when the leaders were fain to escape in the scantiest attire into the mists of the mountains.

"The English horse they were so rude,
They bathed their hoofs in Highland blood."

The battle of the Boyne, in July 1690, to use the words of the Memoirs written by the hand of James II., marked "the melancholy extinction of the King's hopes and authority." The martial fury of the Celts among the picturesque hills of Scotland and the green meadows of Erin could not win back the throne for the feeble Popish despot ; the avalanche of 1689 had lost its soul, its cohesion, and its force ; it was broken up into heartless masses on the scattered braes and glens : Buchan was content to skulk in the remoter wilds of the western Highlands, until the dethroned monarch could assure his faithful Scots whether there was any hope of soon seeing the friendly lilies of France floating on the Grampians. "The King" and his "subjects" were equally in a bad plight. A cordon of ten thousand soldiers hemmed them in from trading with and plundering the lowland valleys ; the neglect of their cattle and of the little tillage that had supplied meal for their brose brought them to the verge of famine and to the necessity of assistance or surrender. The purse of the royal exile was also in a state of ebb. In the exhaustion of his resources during the last determined stand in Ireland he had "made a shift" to despatch a ship from Nantes to the relief of the destitute and desponding patriots, laden with flour, salt, flints, tobacco, drugs, and, above all things, brandy—for the bibulous proclivities of the Scottish Gael were as ravenous as the tastes of Red Indians and unconverted negroes, and had been bitterly assailed by Acts of Parliament. More he was unable to promise after the wreck of the Jacobins (Jacobites we call them now) in Ireland. His Majesty was "too tender of their lives" to expose them to a desperate course ; a trifle of £200 was sent across to the suffering Episcopal clergy by the Popish exile "as a mark of his impartial love and charity ;" they might fight if they wished, but it would be wiser to make peace with Nero and wait for better times, when they might shake off the fetters of the unnatural son-in-law who had torn the crown from his sacred brow.

TARBAT AND STAIR ; THE KIRK AND HIGHLANDERS.

At this momentous crisis Scotland had the fortune to possess a host of clever politicians, who, if they brought around the Court of

Orange the dangerous and despicable elements of duplicity, greed, and ambition, were also able to contribute to the settlement of the seething elements the better endowments of perception, tact, energy, and determination. William had the wisdom, or the luck that goes for wisdom, to select the men for the hour, men it might not be of lofty and unswerving principle, but who, when a certain goal was placed before them, would make for it with implicit obedience, and were able by splendid skill, unscrupulous craft, and unbending determination, to grasp the means and place the prize in the hands of their master. Scotland had two burning questions, either with a blood-stained history : the one was the Kirk, the other was the Highlanders. The Dutch prince, ignorant of these two grave and tragic State questions, would not be able without the greatest care to hold the crown of Scotland on his head, and would probably endanger his seat upon the throne of England. The two statesmen to whom, perhaps, the highest niche of honour is due for consolidating the Revolution in Scotland, and working out her union to England, were the plastic Sir George McKenzie, Viscount Tarbat, afterwards first Earl of Cromartie, and more pre-eminently still, Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards first Earl of Stair. He was the changeling son of a reputed "witch" and a pious judge, who, too, had been nicknamed a changeling, and was the author of a renowned legal treatise and a less renowned one on the Divine Attributes. So utterly, however, has the name of Stair been blasted by his connexion with one side incident of the Revolution, known as the Massacre of Glencoe, that he has not even been allotted the dignity of a separate mention in the most extended dictionaries of Scottish biography. So true is Shakespeare's dictum—

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,"

He was the guide of his sovereign and the genial soul of the social circle ; yet, in spite of his wit, his imagination, his ready eloquence, against which no Scotsman of his day could safely take up the cudgels, and his vast success as a statesman, his name is to most men now but the suggestion of an "infamous" massacre. But, after all, he was but one of many—the King and others were his fellows ; he was only the ablest representative of old Scotland in the tyrannical oppression of a shameless tyranny that, to use a homely expression, deserved all it got. Clans, be it remembered, exist not now ; in those days they were terrible living forces, lawless and dangerous associations, not mere memorial *manes* existing only to cherish "peaceful pageantry, social enjoyment, and family traditions."

ESTIMATE OF HIGHLAND "LOYALTY," TREACHERY OF THE ABORIGINES.

The Highlander was a grievance of the worst type to all peacefully disposed Scotsmen. The clans and septs were as little dependent on the Crown as are the Kroumirs or Beni Hassan of our day on the Bey of Tunis or the Sultan of Morocco. Their feuds form a ghastly and appalling tale of treachery and bloodshed. The records of the Scottish Privy Council during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are exceedingly sensational ; the pages bristle with the barbarous achievements of the aborigines of the isles and highlands. "The inhabitants of the Lowlands," says Sir Walter Scott, "were indeed aware that there existed in the extremity of the island, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men called clans, living each under the rule of their own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceful vocations. The more southern counties saw specimens of these men following droves of cattle, which were the sole exportable commodity of their country, plaided, bonneted, belted, and brogued, and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their nearer Lowland neighbours they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance ; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute, or protection-money, which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared."

That is really a gentle and generous picture of the Gael. No ordinary adjective can express the intense and deserved hatred and detestation of them which existed in the Lowlands till quite recent times. It is almost provoking to a true student to hear a word spoken in favour of the Highland Jacobins. We admire the staunchness of their loyalty, yet it is contemptible from a statesman's point of view. It was simply a wider feeling of clanship,—a graft on the reverence for a chief ; only the larger growth of a blind barbaric serfdom. They had only for two or three decades made the slightest show of submission to law when Montrose led them out—like the Red Indians in the American war a hundred years later—to interfere in the constitutional government of Britain by true and serious patriots, who and whose ancestors had thought and toiled and bled for many centuries in the best interests of the country ; these Stuart kings, and their Claverhouse, had dared to flourish the savage plumes of the armed "Highland host"—ignorant of all that was national, theological, or urbane—for the persecution of the pious

"hillmen" of southern Scotland; besides, the clans were fascinated by plunder, and had no particular horror of assassination. To decide how to deal with these aborigines in a grave crisis like the Revolution of 1688, we must cast aside to-day's sentimental ethics and place ourselves in the arena of the time. How were statesmen to deal with the bull that rushed from the mountains upon the civilization of Britain?

No one of the clans could well cast a stone at another. Cruelty and treachery, rapacity and rebellion, embellish the annals of them all. The struggle for the subjection and improvement of the Highlands and the Isles had been carried on for centuries, and the policy had been to dash the hostile tribes against each other, or, to use the old Scotch phrase, "set one devil to ding another." King James IV. had struck the first effective blow by breaking up the lordship of the Isles, and by crushing and forfeiting the Macdonalds—such as the sept of Glencoe—who attempted to revive it. It is unfair to single out any clan for specimens of treachery, but we may refer to one conspicuous example of that period. Maclean of Duart, after taking a leading part in the rebellion of 1513 to place young Donald of Lochalsh on the throne of the Isles, offered his service to the Government, and promised to act with double zeal in destroying "the wicked blood of the Isles; for as long as that blood reigns, the kings shall never have the Isles in peace, whenever they find an opportunity to break loose, as is evident from daily experience." A later instance of the savage treachery of a Maclean chief is found in a massacre of 1588. On the very night on which MacIain of Ardnamurchan (the head of a powerful Macdonald sept that was crushed by Argyll in 1624, took to piracy, and finally sank among the clan Ranald) was married under Maclean's own roof to that chieftain's mother, the infamous host caused a number of the MacIains to be slain; he marched at dead of night into the bridal chamber, and but for the eager entreaty of the newly married wife would have sacrificed her husband, who was then mercifully doomed by his step-son to the tortures of a dungeon.

LETTERS OF FIRE AND SWORD; PROJECTED MASSACRE BY JAMES VI.

The ordinary process of law was in most cases unavailing for the capture of criminals. The chiefs of hostile clans were accustomed to obtain "letters of fire and sword" from the Privy Council, such as the commission given to the laird of Mackintosh in 1688 against Coll of the Cows, the chief of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, one of Dundee's most vigorous supporters and among the fiercest warriors that ever trode the hills of

Scotland. The order to burn houses and corn, and to destroy man, woman, and child, was carried out with ruthless severity, and the rebel chief was driven among the mountains. Such tragedies were lamentably common.

Not till the reign of James VI. were any serious steps taken by Parliament to bring the lawless Highlands more directly under the control of the Government. Chiefs and landlords were commanded to find sureties for the peaceful behaviour of their vassals; the King, in 1596, summoned all the nobles, freeholders of a certain rental, and burgesses of the realm, under pain of death and forfeiture, to assemble with ships and arms at Dumbarton in order to proceed against the rebels of the West; all the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands were in the following year ordered to "come compear" at Edinburgh and show their title-deeds; the royal mandate charged them with frustrating His Majesty of his rents and service, with "barbarous inhumanity," which caused the fertile ground and rich fishings to be worthless, and with "neither entertaining any civil or honest society amongst themselves, neither yet admitted others . . . to traffic within their bounds with safety of their lives and goods." In 1607 the Scottish Solomon determined on a measure of the most dreadful character, and empowered Lord Huntly "*to extirpate the barbarous people of the Isles within a year.*" The moral capacity of the Gordon chief for executing this gigantic feat of extermination had been shown by his vigorous execution of former letters of fire and sword against the Mackintosh, when he threatened even the wife of the chieftain, and uttered the rudely humorous menace that he would "cut her tail above her houghs." Had not an accident befallen Huntly and destroyed the compact, the result would have far eclipsed the horrors of the Glencoe massacre. Fortunately for the memory of James, this project was superseded by the sweeping but milder Statutes of Icolmkill (1609) and other agreements, by which the northern chiefs were called upon to deliver up their strongholds and their war galleys; to submit themselves to the jurisdiction of the laws; to remedy the "ignorance and incivility" of the Highlands, all gentlemen owning sixty cattle were to send their youth to the Lowlands to learn to read, speak, and write English, as became the children of barons and gentlemen; the household of the chiefs was to be diminished, and the hosts of sorners—masterless vagabonds who lived at free quarters on the poor natives—were to be punished as thieves and oppressors; the bards were threatened with the stocks and banishment; the inhabitants were not to import for sale any wine or brandy, the inordinate love of which was one

of the main causes of their poverty and their inhuman barbarity; handfasting (marrying for a term of years) was declared illegal; none but the chiefs were to wear armour; the land was to be let to tenants at fixed rents; and the "beastly and barbarous inhumanities" were to be assuaged by a more solemn observance of the Sabbath, and by the devoted services of an increased supply of orthodox Presbyterian pastors.

TARBAT'S GOLDEN BAIT FOR SETTLING THE HIGHLANDS.

One of the charges levelled against the dethroned Stuart by the Scottish Convention, when they sent up Sir John Dalrymple and two other deputies to London with an offer of the crown to William, was that he had not taken "an effectual course to repress the depredations and robberies by the Highland clans." The astute Viscount Tarbat, who knew that the haughtiest bosom beyond the Grampians was not unimpressionable to the argument of a bribe, accepted a commission from the King, in which he was authorized, "for *encouraging* the Highlanders to return to their duty, . . . to offer such honour under that of Earl, and such sums of money not exceeding £2000 sterling, to any one chief and tribe." The Viscount, however, was personally without sufficient immediate influence, but he attempted to secure a powerful, insinuating, and unscrupulous agent in the person of the Earl of Breadalbane, one of the greatest Highland princes, whose vast estates stretched far into the wildest districts of the north, and were fringed by the glens and mountains of several of the disaffected chiefs. However broad his acres and numerous his vassals—of whom he could bring at least fifteen hundred into the field—very little gold ever found its way into the pockets of the semi-civilized prince. Tarbat shrewdly suspected that the offer of £5000 to him for the conclusion of a "cessation of arms" would be eagerly grasped at. The fair-complexioned chief was not likely to have any nice scruples on this or any other business, for with all the grave and lofty bearing of a Spanish grandee, he was "as cunning as a fox, as wise as a serpent, and as slippery as an eel," although perhaps in some of these qualities he scarcely surpassed several other Scottish peers, such as Argyll, Hamilton, and Athole. Unfortunately the "encouragement" was rejected by Campbell, greedy and cunning as he was, for at that moment Balcarres, Linlithgow, and other Jacobites were intriguing with the extreme Presbyterian party for the overthrow of the new Government; he was in the thick of the plot, and, by the advice of his Jacobite comrades, he refused, no doubt with great sorrow, the golden bait of Tarbat. The scheme, however, does not appear to have

been long lost sight of by the sinuous Breadalbane or the clever politicians who were deftly rounding off the corners of the Scottish edifice; after deliberating on the merits of other possible agents, like the Earl of Menteith, they decided on the superiority of their first love, and pocketing the previous affront, they chartered Breadalbane again, in the autumn of 1690, to bring the dangerous Highland cargo into the haven of submission.

CHRISTMAS LETTER OF A PIOUS COLONEL; CHANGE OF TONE; THE SCHEME OF EXTERMINATION.

The Fort of Inverlochy, or Fort William, lay at the base of the giant mountain of Ben Nevis, in the centre of the nest where all the Highland schemes of rebellion were hatched. Sitting there on Christmas Day in 1690, its pious and gentle governor, Colonel Hill, wrote with evident satisfaction of the brighter prospects that had begun to dawn; that the brave Lochiel and the ferocious Keppoch had submitted to "the associate gentlemen" a proposal of surrender; that some of the chieftains had exacted an oath from their people against stealing or receiving stolen goods; and that Sir Ewan had given earnest of his honesty and zeal by actually hanging a man for robbery. Sir John Dalrymple, who had just been appointed Secretary of State, and had accompanied his royal master to the seat of war on the Continent, wrote home in February 1691, in his peculiarly vigorous and terse style, his opinion that there was no chance that year of a Jacobite invasion; he hinted that the expectation of French troops by them was "a mere delusion with vain dreams," and to entertain it was to "abandon the common sentiments of mankind to make their native country a cockpit." But the fall of Mons in the early spring before the arms of the great French general, Luxemburg, regarded as a most serious disaster by King William, was quickly followed by rumours of an invasion, which spread freely through Edinburgh, and awoke in the glens of the north the old expectation of the triumphant lilies of King Louis.

Sir Thomas Livingston, commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces, the Lords of the Treasury, the pious colonel who occupied Fort William in the very hotbed of the Highland rebels, were thrown into a state of fierce excitement, growled at each other, and bandied about accusations as to the wretched condition of the army. Livingston was positive that the north would go to the dogs with such a weak and gentle governor as Hill at Inverlochy; he was eager to exonerate himself from the blame of the catastrophe that all supposed impending: it was impossible, he said, to concentrate the troops.

The Lords were without funds; they had only 1800 bolls of meal in store, and they were in urgent need of 1000 fresh firelocks, 300 brace of pistols, and 300 barrels of powder. Hill's Christmas hopes and sentiments had altogether disappeared by May-day. He breathed out threatening and slaughter. Havelock was changed to Cromwell. The gentle soldier who was proud to speak of his men as sober and God-fearing was roused to a thirst for vengeance when he saw his Highland hopefuls retreat in disgusting haste to their old path and look for aid from Irish rapparees and French troops; he had no expectation now of the surrender of the great castle of Duart on the Isle of Mull, a fortress of many tragically savage memories. Glengarry, too, had begun to fortify his house of Invergarry. The man of peace was driven to desperation. If they rose again, he wished that "all the west country and all the clans whom they have injured may be let loose upon them till they be utterly rooted out." He had abandoned his former Christian suggestion of pensioning the chiefs during good conduct for the old Scottish method of a massacre. But he scarcely meant this tall talk in earnest. The Privy Council sent him orders to "fall upon those Highlanders within his reach" who did not forthwith give up their arms and take the oath; he was also to destroy their cows, in other words, reduce the natives to a state of total destitution. This command made him somewhat nervous. He replied that with all his eagerness to press forward those methods for His Majesty's service "which wiser men than I judge convenient," he was not able to work miracles and subdue the entire Highlands with his handful of soldiers. He pointed out that the surrender of arms would prove a mockery, as in Mull and Athole, where the men had only parted with "some old rusty trash;" the men of the glens and mountains could not be expected—any more than the Basutos of our day—to surrender the sword and gun, which were their most precious heirlooms, and thus place themselves at the mercy of other savages, their hereditary foes.

Breadalbane, provided by Queen Anne with the promise of money for bribes, was busy with his strange and secret diplomacy in the early summer. Hill was recovering once more his hopeful attitude, although he had his eyes opened to the shameless treachery of the Highlander. On all sides he saw that the common people, in spite of the report that six thousand Frenchmen were coming, longed for peace; in Skye, and on the braes of Lochaber, the Macdonalds would welcome it; so would the Cameron men; Glencoe and Appin desired their vassals to take the oath from their superior, Maccallum More.

A number, too, of the chiefs and "gentlemen" were willing to submit; the pride of the separate clans was the main obstacle. The great Sir Ewan had announced that he would not stir to rise in arms, and that the gentlemen and people of his name might act at their own pleasure; as for himself, "he stood upon a point of honour with his confederates that they should not accuse him as the first to break the ice." The news was altogether too exhilarating for Hill, too good to be true. "I trust in the Lord," he said, when he heard that some of the chiefs had hastened from their homes to meet the French frigates on the coast.

CASTLE OF ACHALLADER; GLENCOE ACCUSED; BARBARITIES OF HIS SEPT; ROB ROY'S BROTHER-IN-LAW.

His ancient castle of Achallader in Glenorchy, now a heap of ruins, was the spot chosen by Breadalbane for the delicate and mysterious meetings with the rebel chiefs. The old fortalice is now in ruins. It stands amid the wild and bleak moorlands of Argyll, on the Perthshire border, at the north-east end of Loch Tolla, near the tremendous solitude of the Rannoch, and a few miles from the desolate region of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. It was not a day's walk from Ben Nevis, to the west and east of which dwelt the Camerons of Lochiel and the Keppoch Macdonalds in the Braes of Lochaber. By the wayside the tourist passing into Glencoe or across the Devil's Staircase towards Fort William sees groups of stately deer wandering through the vast preserve of Corichbad, the property of the modern Breadalbane.

On the 30th of June, 1691, the final conference was held in the ancient fortalice. The harmony of the day was not remarkable: such a gathering could at no time be so; and the two sons of old Sandy Macdonald of Glencoe heard in the "town" of Achallader that the great Perthshire chief had sought a quarrel with their father about some cows the Glencoe men were alleged to have stolen from the vassals of Breadalbane. The accusation was probably a just one. This sept of Macdonalds, living in a desolate and dreary glen, could not subsist except by "creachs," or predatory forays, on their neighbours; the naked and precipitous mountains which shot up from either side of the roaring Cona could support but a small sprinkling even of wild animals, such as red deer, hares, foxes, eagles, ptarmigan, and a chance moorcock. They had long been the thievish and ferocious allies of the broken clan of Macgregor, the most "wicked and lawless limmers" that ever robbed and murdered in the glens and valleys of stern Caledonia. A hundred years had rolled by since the Macdonalds had perpetrated a terrible outrage on Drummond of

Drummondernoch. Some of the young members of the clan, wandering from the wild and poor recesses of their own mountains, were captured by the royal foresters in the act of carrying off deer in the forest of Glenartney, and were sent home with their ears cropped. The Macdonalds vowed vengeance, slew Drummond, the chief author of the inhuman act, and having cut off his head, proceeded with confidence to the house of his married sister at Ardvoirlich (the "Darlinvaroch" of the "Legend of Montrose") on the southern shore of Loch Earn. It was with no small fear that the lady received these formidable strangers, whose visits on former occasions had been in the unwelcome trade of freebooting; but in the absence of her husband she was obliged to make some show of Highland hospitality, and placed some bread and cheese before her guests. On her leaving the room the savage ruffians brought forth her brother's bloody head, and placing it on the table, put a piece of bread and cheese in its mouth. When she returned and saw the ghastly spectacle, the poor woman rushed from the house in a state of the wildest distraction, and wandered in that harvest season over the hills and glens a wretched maniac, living on the wild berries that grew in the loneliest spots. Her disconsolate husband sought fruitlessly for her among the woods and mountains. A famished female figure was at last seen by some milkmaids lurking among the brushwood on the higher pastures of Ardvoirlich; they flew to their master with the news that they had witnessed the apparition of his lady's ghost; and the husband, who guessed the truth, succeeded in capturing her. The Macdonalds, after their barbarous procedure, carried the head to their associates at Balquhiddy; and the chief of the Clan Gregor, with the whole surname, "purposely conveyed," says the decree of fire and sword issued against the enactors and abettors of this abominable tragedy, "upon the next Sunday thereafter, at the Kirk of Buchquhiddy; where they caused the said umquhill [whilom] John's head to be presented to them, and there avowing the said murder, laid their hands upon the pow [poll], and in ethnic and barbarous manner swore to defend the authors of the said murder." A century had passed, and the Glencoe men were still the allies of the Macgregors. Sandy Macdonald, the second son of the old chieftain who wore the ferocious horn-like moustachios, was married to Sarah Macgregor, a sister of Rob Roy, and assisted his father-in-law in thievish depredations as far south as the vicinity of the banks of the Clyde.

Old Macdonald did not return to his native glen from the conference at Achallader in a contented state of mind; he talked to his sons and others of a threat of mischief which Breadalbane had uttered, and the menace of

so powerful a chief against his little sept caused him to be alarmed. He was heard to speak of there having been "blood" in former times betwixt Breadalbane's family and the clan. That was true, doubtless, but too much has been made of the statement, for the whole race of Campbell and the whole race of Donald were hereditary foes. It is true, also, that Breadalbane, although he had become an earl and, moving about among refined society, had been slightly veneered by the habits of civilized life, still clung at heart to the old crafty and revengeful Highland instincts; and while he sought to conceal the fact, he was as ready as his "ethnic" neighbours to despatch his vassals on a creagh, and take his lion's share of the plunder.

THE ARMISTICE; DALRYMPLE'S OBJECT.

The conference at Achallader on the 30th of June, 1691, closed with a "cessation of arms" for three months. Its secret articles show the audacity and obstinacy of the Highland chiefs: they are defiant even to insult. The rebels required permission to ask a warrant for their surrender from the Stuart Court at St. Germain; £12,000 "to refund them of the great expenses and losses they had sustained by the war," otherwise they could not prevent their impoverished people from committing depredations on their Lowland neighbours; the purchase by the King of the superiorities claimed over their lands in any way by landlords like Argyll and Mackintosh—the most degrading of all circumstances in the eyes of a haughty chief; and among the other strange articles, the startling condition that Breadalbane, "manager" for the Government, should give his oath and honour to bring a thousand men to the side of the chiefs if William and Mary did not accept the terms offered!

Dalrymple, the Scottish Secretary, was determined on taking advantage of the armistice. "Their doing," he said shrewdly, "after King James's allowance is worse than their obstinacy, for those who lay down their arms at his command will take them up at his warrant." A mysterious, and perhaps suspicious, game of King and Queen was carried on at this juncture. Dalrymple ordered the commander-in-chief to keep his force of ten thousand men close on the Highland border and be on the alert for further orders. The Queen instantly countermanded its progress. Stewart of Appin, young Sandy Macdonald (Rob Roy's brother-in-law), and others, violating the armistice by seizing some of the King's soldiers, were caught napping, and conveyed by sea to the Tolbooth of Glasgow: they were immediately set at liberty by the Queen's order.

Dalrymple's mind was made up as to carrying out the scheme of extermination;

not that he was inspired by the fiendish lust of blood which had animated the "Spanish bloodhounds," Alva and Vargas, in their massacres in the Netherlands where he now lived: he is not to be likened to a King Theebaw or an Ashanti despot. He had two objects in view: to create abroad the impression that all parties had accepted William as their sovereign, and for this purpose it was necessary that the Highlanders should take the oath of allegiance; to draw off certain troops from Scotland in order to assist in the Continental campaign—and for this purpose it was necessary that the more important of the Highland strongholds should be surrendered and garrisoned by loyal troops, so as to hold the rebels in awe, and that the mock submission should be made a real one, by stamping it on the treacherous memories of the aborigines by the simple method of slaughtering every clan and every man that refused to take the oath. His plan, and the plan of his coadjutors, was to obtain a *real* submission; but it was hoped, and it was believed, that some would hold out through obstinacy; these septa were to be rooted out, hunted from their holes and shot down like beasts of prey. Preparations were made, and tools secured for striking the blow at these banditti. It was as thieves, as incorrigible savages born with ineradicable instincts that hated industry

and good order, that they incurred the fierce political wrath and vengeance of Dalrymple.

THE ROYAL INDEMNITY; THE COUNCIL PUZZLED.

In the month of August the Lords of the Privy Council issued a proclamation as an effective supplement to the tardy, secret, and suspicious negotiations of Breadalbane. Its

professed object was to reduce the Highlands "from rapine and arms to virtue and industry," by the extinction of ancient feuds; it offered pardon of all robberies, treasons, rebellions, and other crimes, to such as took the oath of allegiance from sheriffs or sheriff-deputes before the first day of January, 1692. Exact lists of those who submitted were to be sent, at the highest peril to those who were responsible, to the clerks of the Council within ten days of the expiry of this time of grace; rebels who remained incorrigible were to be punished with the utmost extremity of the law. The proclamation



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

contained one clause which it is well to bear in mind in view of the horrid massacre which closed the episode: The ministers of the law were called upon "to interpret this indemnity in the most favourable and ample manner." The document was printed, and was proclaimed at every market cross in the kingdom of Scotland.

The royal letter on which this proclamation

was based seems to show that for once in Scottish history the fiat of government would be carried out, that the threat of punishment was not to be the mere empty blast of a trumpet. It was a land bill and a coercion bill in one. It proposed the purchase of the lands and superiorities of the chiefs, so that they might be immediately dependent on the Crown, and be relieved from the deep degradation of vassalage to rival chiefs; but it also commanded the Council to order the Governor of Inverlochy and other officers to be "exact and diligent in their several posts; but that *they show no more zeal against the Highlanders after their submission than they have ever done formerly when they were in open rebellion.*" The Lords were staggered by this expression; they thought it "somewhat unclear," and asked an explanation from the King as it might be misunderstood by the officers. Possibly they imagined that the document, which was drawn up and subscribed by Dalrymple, had been hurriedly superscribed by William in the fatigue of the camp. Doubtless the ambiguity was there of set purpose, for William's secretary was the master of clear and forcible expression. There is no reason to doubt that the King was completely cognisant of Dalrymple's programme: he detested the name of Scotland, and once expressed the wish that that fractious hot-bed of theology were a thousand miles away.

The Council, in obedience to the royal instructions, issued orders for the surrender of the great Highland castles. Dalrymple had pointed out the importance of garrisons in Ellandonan, Invergarry, and elsewhere; the rebellious clans would not be able to sleep in peace with these watch-towers all around as stern reminders of their submission.

Weeks passed, and the chiefs continued to higgie with Breadalbane over the amount of money each should receive from the treasury. Submission was the smallest topic in their thoughts. Glengarry was the most hot-headed opponent of a surrender; and while debating over his share in the bribe, he was busily spreading rumours through the Highlands of a fresh invasion; it was reported even that the Pope had presented an immense sum of gold to King James. The chiefs knew the character of Breadalbane; the name of Campbell was synonymous with craft and avarice, and they feared that after all they might never lay their fingers on a single penny of the royal bonus. The wily diplomatist assured his northern friends that the money was safely locked up in a box in London. He was even accused of constantly preaching to them in public and private that he was as faithful to James as any of them, that he would show his true colours in the nick of time, that his submission to the Prince of Orange was only given to save himself and

his family from ruin. Colonel Hill was quietly watching him and reporting the results to Dalrymple. Breadalbane stormed at the officer as the tool of his ruin, and the obstructor of his country's peace; and Hill replied that his "proceedings were bottomed on low condescension and mean proposals." The Council whispered dark hints of Breadalbane's treachery into His Majesty's ear; but the King remarked with his usual brevity that men who manage treaties must use fair words. Dalrymple cheered his worthy tool, and assured him that all the devices of his enemies would only strengthen his favour in the royal eyes.

"DALRYMPLE'S MAULING SCHEME."

One evening in October, Viscount Tarbat paid a visit to the Earl of Linlithgow, one of the Treasury commissioners, at his Edinburgh mansion, in deep anxiety about the news that the Macdonalds and others were not likely to come in. He was distressed about the chief of Sleat, and also about Glengarry, and letters—not the first—from Tarbat to those determined rebels, urging them to make their peace, were sent by the Earl to Breadalbane. In a few days we find the conclave—Dalrymple, Tarbat, Linlithgow, Queensberry, and others—gathered around the King and Queen in London, discussing with them the project of extermination, and taking the liveliest interest in the correspondence that was constantly arriving from Breadalbane. The chiefs continued to grumble at the unfairness of the proposed distribution of the money; and the King himself condescended to enter into the discussion of this question of minute detail. Dalrymple, although he could not bear the slightest personal grudge against any of the Highland chiefs, warmed the Highland blood of his tool, Breadalbane, into a thirst for vengeance against the "inveterate enemies" of his clan, more especially the Macdonalds. Extracts from some of these letters will exhibit the cool manner in which those statesmen contemplated and hoped for the extermination of the Highland rebels.

"Both Glengarry and Keppoch," wrote Dalrymple on the 27th of October, "are Papists, and that is the only Papist clan in the Highlands. Who knows, *but by God's providence* they are permitted to fall into this delusion, that they may only be extirpated, which will vindicate their Majesty's justice, and reduce the Highlands without further severity to the rest?" Linlithgow wrote four days later in the same lively strain about the "last standers out": "I know the King does not care that some do it, that he may make examples of them."

On the 3rd of November Dalrymple in-

formed Breadalbane that he had shown the King his letter of the 27th. "I wrote to you formerly that if the rest were willing to concur, as the crows do, to pull down Glengarry's nest this winter, so as the King be not hindered to draw four regiments from Scotland, in that case the destroying him and his clan and garrisoning his house . . . will be full as acceptable as if he had come in." In December the correspondence of Dalrymple assumed a tone of fierce eagerness. His words were sharpened into a keen edge. The pace of his passion increased like that of a stone rolling down a hillside. At the beginning of December he speaks with glee of what he terms "the winter campaign." The smell of war on the Continent had accustomed him to martial ideas. It is not one insignificant sept that is to be swept out of existence; the Camerons, Glengarry, Keppoch, all the rest of the Macdonalds, Appin, the Macleans, are to be "rooted out" before they can get help from James. "God knows whether the £12,000 sterling had been better employed to settle the Highlands or to ravage them." His pen has become restless; he writes to Breadalbane on the very next day. He is maddened that these impecunious robber-chiefs should still be higgling about a few hundred pounds. "By the next I expect to hear either these people are come to your hand, or else *your scheme for mauling them*. . . . I am not changed as to the expediency of doing things by the easiest means, and at leisure, but the madness of these people and their ingratitude to you makes me plainly see there is no reckoning on them; but *delenda est Carthago*. Yet who have accepted and do take the oaths will be safe, but deserve no kindness; and even in that case there must be hostages of their nearest relations." In all this correspondence the Glencoe men were never once mentioned; they were too insignificant: what he wished was not only a terrific example, but the seizure of some castle for a good military post. "Because I breathe nothing but destruction to Glengarry, Tarbat thinks that Keppoch will be a more proper example of severity. But he hath not a house so proper for a garrison, and he hath not been so forward to ruin himself and all the rest. But I confess both's best to be ruined." Breadalbane closed his long and arduous task in complete failure, left his native country and the refractory chiefs, and proceeded to London by invitation to enjoy the Christmas festivities of the civilized metropolis. Lochiel might also have gone, had he been so minded; a sum of £200 was offered him by the royal agent to defray the expenses of the trip.

At the same time Dalrymple—for in the capacity of Secretary of State for Scotland he was compelled to appear above board,

and accept the responsibility of the entire group of William's advisers, some of whom, indeed, had been utterly opposed to the offer of an indemnity to the Highlanders—secured fit military agents to carry out the scheme in its details. Colonel Hill was too gentle for the work of "mauling"; by his own confession he did not "like the business." But one of Hill's officers at Fort William was somehow recommended, and Dalrymple seems to have been so sure of his man, with whom he was hitherto unacquainted, that in the very first letter addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton he writes with vigorous transparency and a reckless freedom: "It may be shortly we may have use of your garrison, for the winter time is the only season in which we are sure the Highlanders cannot escape us, nor carry their wives, bairns, and cattle to the mountains. The Clan Donald is generally Popish. Since the King hath to demonstration shown his exception, I am content that clan doth except itself." It was on the 3rd of December that he used the word "mauling" in his correspondence with Breadalbane. On the same day he wrote to Hamilton: "Let me hear from you with the first, whether you think this is the proper season *to maul them in the long, cold nights*." It never occurred to the minister that the world would be shocked; and although we cannot read these words without a shudder, Sir John Dalrymple declared it would be "*popular to take severe course*" with the Macdonalds, the only Popish clan in the kingdom!

THE CHIEFS SUBMIT; MACIAN'S PRIDE AND BLUNDER.

In spite of the facts that the King's forces were on the alert in the Highland garrisons and on the confines of the Highland line, and that the chiefs must have been perfectly aware of the proposed measures of extermination,—as the letters of Tarbat, Livingston, and Dalrymple show,—the oath was not administered by any sheriff or sheriff-depute to a single Jacobite chieftain when Christmas Day had come. What of the two messengers that had been despatched to the Court of St. Germain's to consult the "tender" King James? Six months had nearly passed since the conference of Achallader, and four since the proclamation of the royal indemnity.

The exiled prince withheld his consent to the submission of the chiefs until the last moment consistent with their safety. His letter was dated from St. Germain's on the 12th of December. The deputies hastened to London in a Government vessel; the original missive was shown to the ministers of state, who retained it; one of the messengers, Menzies, was provided with a copy, and travelled post with it from London,

reaching Dunkeld from Paris in the short space of eleven days. Overcome with fatigue, the eager deputy sent on the royal message to General Buchan at Invergarry. When Menzies arrived at the Highland border, and saw the royal forces ready to march, he was in a state of deep alarm; he beseeched Buchan to send immediate expresses to all the chiefs to submit, and he requested Sir Thomas Livingston to supplicate the Council for an extension of the time of grace. The Commander of the Scottish forces laid the matter before the Council on the 5th of January. The heart of Colonel Hill was softened also, and on the 28th of December he wrote to Tarbat with a similar request.

On Christmas Day the pious Colonel received a visit at Inverlochry from the greatest of all the chiefs, Sir Ewan Cameron, who was on his way to Inverness to take the oath, after which he was going straight to London to kiss the hand of King William: so that, after all, Lochiel was "the first to break the ice" and lower the flag of Highland honour. The combination was broken like a Rupert's ball, and the other chieftains hastened like sheep in his footsteps to their respective sheriffs. The last to hold out was Alexander Macdonald, chief of the Clan Ian Abrach, which owned but the small and barren domain of Glencoe, and numbered only a hundred fighting men, but claimed the proud dignity of representing a special line of the Macdonalds.

The haughty and venerable chief gave way, like the rest of his kinsmen, and on the 31st day of December presented himself at Fort William, some fifteen miles distant from Glencoe, in order to take the oath. But the governor of that garrison was not empowered to administer it. The proper person to do so was the sheriff or sheriff-depute of Argyllshire, some eighty miles away, at Inverary. Wild torrents, terrific passes, snow-covered tracks through desolate glens and over mountains lay between the old man and his destination. The tender-hearted colonel furnished the chieftain with a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, the sheriff-depute of Argyll, recommending him to mercy. It was good, he said, to bring in a lost sheep at any time. With this kindly missive the gigantic "lost sheep" with the fierce moustachios turned his face southward, wending his wild and weary way over mountain and glen, through the tempestuous weather, not even stopping—as his son afterwards declared—when he crossed the ferry over the Leven, to visit his homestead, though it lay at only half an hour's distance. Captain Drummond detained him at Barcaldin for four-and-twenty hours. When he arrived at Inverary, three days more elapsed before Sir Colin appeared,

owing to the bad weather that in due course was sweeping over those desolate regions. At first he declined to accept the offer of allegiance from Glencoe, until the old chieftain besieged him with tears, promising at the same time to bring in all his people quickly, and have them imprisoned or sent to Flanders if they refused to take the oath and submit to King William. The sheriff-depute despatched the list of those who had taken the oath at Inverary, among them the name of Alexander Macdonald of Glencoe upon the 6th of January, to the sheriff of Argyll at Edinburgh: and he accompanied the list with Hill's missive about the lost sheep. The clerks of the Council, puzzled as to how to deal with this case of late submission, laid the matter before one of the Privy Councillors, Sir Colin Campbell of Aberuchill, a Perthshire laird and a lord of session. He spoke, or said he spoke, to several members of the Council, although he did not put the question formally before that body, as ought to have been done; and on his authority the clerks scored out the name of Macdonald of Glencoe. Meanwhile the old man had returned to his native glen. He summoned his people together, told them he had made his peace, and desired them to live as faithful subjects of King William.

PREPARATION FOR THE "ROOTING OUT."

Dalrymple did not forget the Highland thieves amid the festivities with which his countrymen welcome the new-born year. It never for a moment occurred to him that the prey he had been licking for six months would at the last moment creep out of his clutches. The news as to the submissions had not yet reached London; it was only one day after old Glencoe had sworn at Inverary to be a faithful subject to King William, when the Secretary, determined on taking time and the rebels by the forelock, wrote to Sir Thomas Livingston to have his forces ready, with grenades, shovels, and other warlike instruments for the campaign against the "barbarous people," the "deluded devils." The whole of Lochaber, the lands of Lochiel, of Keppoch, of Glengarry, of Appin, and of Glencoe, were to be "entirely destroyed." Charity would invite us to set down a portion of his ferocity to the social excitements of the season. "I assure you their [the troops'] power shall be full enough, and I hope the soldiers will not trouble the Government with prisoners. It's true it's a rigid season for the soldiers to work, but it's the only time they cannot escape you; for human constitution cannot endure to be now long out of houses." The imagination of the writer is so vivid that he forgets for the moment that he is in the south of England and not among

the deep snows and biting winds of the Scottish mountains.

Two days later he wrote to the commander, lamenting that Lochiel and others had submitted. "I am sorry," he said, "that Keppoch and McKean of Glencoe are safe." But there were still left the Macdonald of Skye, Grant of Glenmoriston, and his chief desire, Macdonald of Glengarry: and on the 11th of January, orders, superscribed and subscribed by the King, were sent to Livingston, commanding him to march the troops at Inverness and Inverlochy against the rebels who had not taken the benefit of the indemnity, "by fire and sword and all manner of hostility, to burn their houses, seize or destroy their cows or cattle, plenishing, or clothes, and to cut off the men." Several of the loyal clans had been ordered out to assist in the work of destruction, on the lines of the old Scottish policy of setting "one devil to ding another"—a sufficient guarantee that there would be little mercy. The "yeomen and commonalty" might receive quarter and indemnity for life and fortune on taking the oath and surrendering their arms, but no such grace was to be extended to chieftains, heritors, and leaders; and if their lives were spared, they were to be treated as prisoners of war. On the 16th, additional instructions, superscribed and subscribed like the former ones, were sent to Livingston and Hill. In these MacIain of Glencoe is singled out for vengeance. Glengarry was to be spared if he took the oath and surrendered his lofty, rock-perched castle by Loch Oich; other rebels were to surrender "upon mercy;" but "if McKean of Glencoe and that tribe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sept of thieves."

If we turn from these public documents to the correspondence of Dalrymple with Livingston, whom he begins to pet and cajole as "dear Sir Thomas," when pressing on him the necessity of stern measures, we shall find the instructions interlined with language of picturesque ferocity. In it we read the secret of the massacre. When he was writing to the commander on the 11th of January, Argyll, who joined in the work of blood with the spirit of his race, seems to have dropped in upon him with the welcome news that after all Glencoe had not taken the oath—"at which I rejoice; it's a great work of charity to be executed in rooting out that damnable sept, the worst in all the Highlands." In correspondence of later date with the gentle Hill and "dear Sir Thomas," who has had impressed upon him already the circumstances that the orders for destruction bore the King's own genuine signature at top and bottom, and that they gave full powers while they left the plan of execution

to Livingston's own genius, the Secretary broadly hints to him what it would *be best* to do: "By no means leave anything standing out. . . I entreat that the thieving tribe in Glencoe may be rooted out in earnest. . . To harry their cattle or burn their houses is but to render their (*sic*) desperate, lawless men to rob their neighbours; but I believe you will be satisfied it were a great advantage to the nation that thieving tribe were rooted out and cut off. It must be quietly done"—not because the affair might get wind; oh, no! but "otherwise they will make shift for both the men and their cattle." Argyll and Breadalbane were ready allies in such a pleasant game as the extermination of these irrepressible foes of the Campbells and of all industry: Argyll's detachment "lies in Keppoch Well to assist the garrison to do all on a sudden. . . . Pray, when anything concerning Glencoe is resolved, let it be secret and sudden, otherwise the men will shift you, and better not meddle with them than not to do it to purpose."

THE CAMPBELLS QUARTERED IN GLENCOE.

The Scottish officers could not fail to grasp the intention of the Government. The news of the determination to root out entirely the Macdonalds of Glencoe was received in Edinburgh with warm welcome. But they were not the only clan that was doomed, as historians persistently assert. They were, however, the worst gang of thieves left, and were therefore set down as the first article in the delicious programme. The Secretary's great object of securing Glengarry's castle, however, was first attained, and the soldiers, under Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon, moved southwards, crossed the ferry of Loch Leven, and entered the valley of Glencoe.

The appearance of Glenlyon, along with Lieutenant Lindsay, Ensign Lundy, and one hundred and twenty men of Argyll's regiment on the 1st of February, was calculated to cause alarm to the Macdonalds of Glencoe. It was an unwonted sight, and perhaps for the first time in their long history did the inhabitants look upon the army of a Scottish sovereign in their sequestered valley. The most obnoxious and the most exciting feature of the invasion was the fact that the men who ventured into the pass were not merely soldiers of King William, but, worse than that, members of the hated and hostile clan of Campbell. The mission could mean no good, it might well be thought, under the colours of Argyll; as Burton has expressed it, "The boa constrictor might as well be expected to visit the tiger's den as a minister of peace, as the Campbells to go in force into the country of the Macdonalds without bloody intentions." Still, when the eldest

son of MacIain went down to meet the invaders with a company of twenty men, saw the orders of blunt and honest Hill for quartering the soldiers,—the good-hearted governor who had written that touching letter for the “lost sheep,” and was known to be incapable of a cruel or dishonourable word or action,—and passed a pleasant greeting with the captain, whose sister was the mother of his brother Sandy’s wife, the fear was changed into a thorough Highland welcome, such as the poet Burns scarcely hoped for on his exit from this present terrene state. Yet just there lay the depth of the treachery: the friendly face of Glenlyon was the smiling mask of the assassin. Doubtless, if Dalrymple, or Tarbat, or Linlithgow, or Queensberry, could have had a glimpse into the distant Highland glen, they would have grinned and chuckled at the pleasant interview of these aboriginal savages; Argyll and Breadalbane would have gazed or shouted with the delight born of their native instincts.

The Macdonalds made merry with their strange visitors,—merrier, we might be allowed to guess, for in such circumstances as theirs the mirth was certain to be somewhat hysterical. It was no easy matter for the small clan to accommodate so many visitors under the thatched roofs of their rude huts; yet there was sufficient usquebaugh with which they might regale themselves during the long, cold winter nights, which Dalrymple, by his warm fire in London, had pictured to himself as excellent for the purpose of mauling; and there were at least one thousand five hundred cattle and thousands of goats and sheep, which pastured on the greener and more sheltered spots of the valley and the slopes. Near the mouth of the roaring Coe, where the glen has not assumed its aspect of utter wildness and nakedness, there is a little bit of pleasant woodland scenery; an avenue of old ash and plane trees leads the tourist to the ruin of Invercoe, marking, it is said, the homestead of the old chief. Further up the glen there were a few groups of huts, the nearest to the mouth of the pass being that of Inverigan, where Glenlyon had his quarters; close by was the hamlet of Auchnaion, where another party was lodged, under the command of Ensign Barber. For twelve short days and twelve long nights the time seems to have passed pleasantly enough, the captain calling at the chief’s every day for his “morning drink,”—something merrier, to use the language of an old Irish poem, than the cold ale of Fingal: the two brothers played cards of an evening by the glow of the peat fire in the quarters of Glenlyon.

There would be no dearth of weird and stirring tales. The clear stream that roared down the wild glen into Loch Leven was the

Cona of Ossian, which the old bard or bards had immortalized: he or they had described it as fed by a thousand torrents, that after a stormy night turned their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morn,—had sung of the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind, and of the high, blue, curling sides of the pass beneath which were the winds with their wings. On the evening of the 12th it was arranged that Glenlyon, Lieutenant Lindsay, and Ensign Lundy should dine on the morrow in the house of the chief. The captain, at the time he was passing the late hours with his niece’s husband over the cards and usquebaugh, had the order in his pocket for the murder of “the old fox and his sons” before daylight reached the glen on the next morning.

“His blithest notes the piper played,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.”

* * * * *
The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel.”

THE WHEELS THAT DID THE WORK; AN EARLY MORNING CALL; THE HAND OF A LOST CHILD.

It is worth while to learn how Captain Campbell came to have that infamous order in his pocket, how the energy derived from the great wheel of State had passed into those minuter wheels which were armed with the savage teeth of the assassin. On the 23rd of January, General Livingston, aware of the slowness of Colonel Hill in “the exaction of such things,” wrote to a gentleman with whom we are already familiar through the correspondence of Dalrymple, that Lieutenant Hamilton, at Inverlochry, to whom he had suggested the mauling of the Clan Donald in the long, cold nights. The commander informed the lieutenant that the Secretary of State had made special mention of the thieving nest of Glencoe in his last three letters: “So, sir, here is a fair occasion for you to show that your garrison serves some use; and being that the orders are so positive from Court to me not to spare any whatever not timely come in, as you may [see] by the orders I sent to your colonel, I desire you would begin with Glencoe, and spare nothing which belongs to him, but do not trouble the Government with prisoners.”

As we already know, a part of Argyll’s regiment was quartered in Glencoe about a week later, under the command of Glenlyon, whose superior officer, Major Robert Duncanson, had his quarters at Ballahulish, on the north side of the Leven, and almost opposite the mansion of MacIain. Living-

ston's orders to Hill might possibly have been given, and were probably given, without the knowledge that the agents of destruction were to be entrusted with the butchery while living under the hospitable roofs of their victims. The Colonel, who "liked not the business," and from whose hands the power was virtually taken by his subordinate Hamilton, gave to this officer an order dated at Fort William on the 12th of February, which ran in general terms as follows: "You are with four hundred of my regiment, and the four hundred of my Lord Argyll's regiment under the command of Major Duncanson to march straight to Glencoe, and there put in due execution the orders you have received from the commander-in-chief." Hamilton then wrote to Duncanson to have his men stationed at the posts assigned him by seven o'clock on the following morning (Saturday), and that he would himself march to his own post with the party from the garrison to join in the action. He pointed out with due emphasis the necessity of Captain Campbell securing all the avenues on the south side of the glen, which had been set apart for his special attention, so that neither "the old fox nor none of his cubs get away:" none were to be spared, as the Government did not wish to be troubled with prisoners.

The last wheel was set in motion by Duncanson. He was a sullen, brutal monster, and his orders to Campbell of Glenlyon seem to be the pantings of a short-breathed ferocity. The few lines written by this obscure Highland savage, the only evidence that such a person ever existed, are sufficient to confer upon him an immortal memory of shame. Campbell was to fall on the Macdonalds precisely at five o'clock in the morning; by that time, or shortly after, the major would be there with a stronger party: "If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on." There was the King's own special hand for cutting off the miscreants root and branch, for the good and safety of the country. He seems to fear that the heart even of a Campbell might fail him before the awful task; he remembers the tie of kindred between the captain and the chief's family. You are, he commands, to put all under seventy to the sword, taking especial care that the old fox and his sons do not escape; do it without fear or favour, else you may expect to be dealt with as a traitor to your King and country, as a man unfit to carry a commission in the King's service.

The soldiers were not made aware of the work cut out for them until the morning, when the order was given them to kill every man and woman they met, and shoot down every one they saw taking to the hills. John, the eldest son of the old chief, was alarmed during the night by the sound of soldiers'

voices outside his window, and went up to Inverigan to inquire of Glenlyon what was the meaning of the disturbance. "If ill were intended," said the treacherous Campbell, "would I not have told Sandy and my niece?"

It was close on five o'clock when Lindsay called at the chief's house with a party of soldiers; the old man rose out of bed to receive his early visitors. He did not have time to dress himself before a couple of bullets whizzed from behind his back and laid him dead in his wife's arms. It was stated on oath that the brutal soldiers stripped off the whole attire of the chief's widow and tore the rings from her fingers with their teeth. She expired on the following day. At the different centres further up the glen, where the other parties were stationed, the work of murder went on simultaneously, and with equal fiendishness. At the little village of Auchnaion the laird of Achtreachtan was sitting at his brother's fire with eight other men, when a volley of balls was poured into the group by Sergeant Barber and his comrades. Four fell down dead, and the others threw themselves on the floor. One of them was Achtreachtan's brother, whom Barber, suspecting he was not dead, took hold of and asked if he were alive. The poor Highlander asked the sergeant to grant him the favour of being shot in the open air. "I will do you that favour," said the menial officer, "for the sake of your meat which I have eaten." Taking advantage of the darkness, the powerful mountaineer dashed himself on the soldiers before they had time to take aim, and flinging his long tartan plaid in their faces, fled in a moment up the mountain with the swiftness of a deer. During this short interval the other three Macdonalds had risen from the floor and escaped by the back of the building. A child was afterwards missed from this hamlet, and nothing but its hand was ever found.

The tragedies enacted at Inverigan under the eyes of Captain Campbell were, if possible, of a more savage character than those which were witnessed at the other hamlets. The men were dragged out of bed and killed one by one; a lad of twelve was shot dead, although he ran up to Glenlyon declaring with passionate entreaty that he would go anywhere with Glenlyon, would follow him over the world, if only his life were spared; a woman and a child of the tender age of four or five were also among the victims. One old man of eighty was murdered. Inverigan himself, after having been left for dead at his own door, crept into another house. It was only to suffer a worse fate: the building was set on fire by the soldiers, and the old man perished in the flames. There was one young man of twenty whom

Glenlyon was disposed to spare, but an officer named Drummond, who arrived with additional troops about daybreak, found fault with the leniency of his comrade, and ordered him to be shot by a file of musketeers.

RESULTS OF THE MASSACRE; THE FALL OF STAIR.

Some twenty-five persons had been slaughtered. Women and children, too, it was believed had perished in the storm and deep snow on the hill sides, and became the prey of the eagles that haunted the lofty spires of Buachal Etive. The plot for the extermination of the whole clan of MacIan of Glencoe had proved a complete failure, and it served no other purpose than to brand with infamy the name of every man who had art or part in the foul thing. The two "cubs," above all, had succeeded in escaping together up the mountains on hearing the first shots fired. The severe weather had hindered the march of Hamilton, and it was within an hour of midday when he arrived with his forces upon the scene. It has been remarked with a terrible terseness that nothing was left for the lieutenant-colonel but an old man to kill and houses to burn. All the possessions of the Macdonalds of Glencoe were destroyed or carried off.

Tradition and a Jacobite pamphlet which Macaulay has used more freely than he ought perhaps to have done, assert that Glenlyon and his descendants were haunted by the spectre of MacIan and the blood of Glencoe; but the fact is that he lived long afterwards to serve his King and country in Flanders and the Highlands. Within a fortnight it was widely known and talked of in London that the Macdonalds had been murdered in bed after taking the allegiance. But Stair was not ashamed. He even pressed on Hill to continue the work of vengeance: "All I regret is that any of the sept got away; and there is necessity to prosecute them to the utmost. If they could go out of the country, I wish they were let slip."

In May the Council gave permission to the ruined Macdonalds, who had associated themselves with other "loose and broken men" for pursuing the career of freebooters, to return to their native valley under sufficient securities for good conduct; and in the summer of 1695 the Scottish Parliament, under the pressure of the bitter political opponents of Dalrymple, appointed a commission of inquiry as to the authors of the dark tragedy. Even Tarbat was frightened, and was eager for a full and formal pardon for himself, covering the whole of his career: he alleged that the high-toned morality was a mere sham, assumed for the ruin of himself

and his associates by another political clique that, to use his own words, would put a beast's skin on every one not belonging to their club and set the hounds on him. The King was exonerated by the Parliament; the Secretary was declared to have gone beyond his instructions; Livingston and Hill were acquitted of blame; all the other officers, from Hamilton downwards, ought to be prosecuted if His Majesty thought fit.

The matter ended in a mere resolution. It was attended by no disastrous consequence to any of the persons involved in the actual work of blood; and even the maligned Dalrymple, on whom his political enemies on the right and left alike aimed at casting the odium of the barbarous massacre, was acquitted by the King of having any participation whatever in the method by which the scheme of extermination was attempted to be carried out. So far his connection with the Glencoe massacre was fatal to his career as a statesman; he resigned the office of Secretary during the summer in which the Commission instituted its inquiries. Long exiled from the councils of the King and the debates of Parliament, he at last weathered the hatred and the disgrace. His sovereign, remembering the services he had bestowed upon the realm of Scotland, exalted him to the dignity of an earldom, and he died in honourable harness, while fighting with all his wisdom and eloquence for the union of the two kingdoms. As *novi homines*, he and his father were detested by the needy and less capable patricians over whose heads he floated into power, as great men always do, in the crisis of his country; and the screeching calumnies of his jealous foes have been too readily accepted as a basis for the eloquent invective of historians. It is no purpose of ours to enter into any tedious discussion as to the real authors of the massacre. We may not approve of the "legal advantage" on which Dalrymple insisted in striking a blow at the bandits of Glencoe; we confess that he was by no means scrupulous as to the possible method of extermination, and simply put his hands over his eyes while the savage clansmen took their own way of doing his work; but we beg to protest against the constant insinuation or assertion that he dictated the massacre as it actually occurred. His own letter, written in London on the 30th of January, affords incontrovertible evidence that he was utterly ignorant of the project of treacherous assassination under the mask of friendship, and that he was guilty only of advising that the work should be "quietly done," so that the extermination of the thievish clan might be complete.

M. M.



THE ATTACK ON THE BASTILLE.

THE VENGEANCE OF '89.

THE STORY OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

The Mud-Town—The Merovingian Kings—The Carolingians—The Capets—Paris under the Capets—The House of Valois—Troubles in the Jacquerie—Foundation of the Bastille—Growth of the Bastille—The Bourbon Kings—The Bastille and the Absolute Monarchy—A Poet's Indignant Denunciation—An Escape from the Bastille—The Beginning of the Revolution—"To Arms!"—"To the Bastille"—Taken—The Sequel.

THE MUD-TOWN.

I AM writing these words on the top of a lofty tower, some one hundred and seventy-five feet high. On one side, the north, I look down upon magnificent streets, the dainty colours of the ever-moving crowd set off by the foliage of

the trees, just now in their spring loveliness. In the garden beneath, mothers and nursemaids in blue garments and white caps tend little children also white-capped; and all day long—nearly all night long—the roll and roar of carriages goes on without ceasing. I turn to the other side, and there is a river

beneath me, not nearly so wide as the Thames, but spreading out opposite to where I am standing, and enclosing two islands, with more bridges than I am able to count. Beyond the river again the busy streets continue, with many a grand spire and dome rising among them. And all these things together make up the city of Paris, the most beautiful city, probably, in the world. Rome is infinitely greater in historical interest, London is vaster, Edinburgh is grander in situation, but in splendour of streets and gaiety of appearance, Paris surpasses them all.

One of these islands of which I have spoken is called "the Isle of the City." It contains the cathedral and the Palace of Justice. When Julius Cæsar came here 2000 years ago this formed the whole city, and its name then was *Lutetia Parisiorum*, "Mud-Town of the Borderers."* The "Borderers," who occupied the whole district known now as the Isle of France, were at first disposed to be more friendly towards him than their neighbours, and he showed his appreciation of this by convoking a general assembly of the Gauls in this island; but they afterwards turned against his lieutenant, Labienus, and shared the usual fate of being conquered.

When the Romans became possessed of all Gaul, Paris for a while disappears out of the history. Yet it thrived, chiefly in consequence of its river commerce. It gradually extended itself from the islands to the mainland, chiefly on the left bank of the river. The chief temple, that of Jupiter, was on the island, but a great amphitheatre rose up on the left bank, and afterwards a palace of the Emperors, who began, after a while, to make it a favourite residence.

When Christianity began to make its rapid strides towards victory over heathenism, St. Denys, or Dionysius, came to Paris with two companion preachers. He and these companions were beheaded on a hill, which was consequently called "the Martyr's Hill,"—*Mons Martyrum*. You will find the spot in the map of Paris, *Montmartre*.

It was Julian "the Apostate" who caused the first great advance of Paris to splendour. He preferred it to every city in his empire, and relics of his baths remain to this day. He died in 364, and his successor also dwelt a good deal in Lutetia, though it never became the official capital of Roman Gaul; that honour belonged sometimes to Lyons, sometimes to Treves, sometimes to Arles. It was not even the capital of a province; and this explains why its prelates never took rank as archbishops until the 17th century.

They were suffragans only of the Bishop of Sens.

Early in the 5th century lived St. Marcel, who is said to have "delivered the country from a terrible dragon," which, being interpreted, probably signifies that he was the means of destroying paganism. In his time the temple of Jupiter gave place to the first Christian cathedral in Paris. It was dedicated to St. Stephen. But the chief saint of Paris in early times was St. Geneviève, the details of whose history are given in many frescoes on the walls of the Paris churches. Suffice it to say that she spent her life in works of piety and self-denial; that when the fierce Attila came into Gaul bringing destruction and death in his train, it was her prayers, according to popular belief, which kept him out of the city; that when Clovis, King of the Franks, crossed the Rhine and conquered Gaul, and formed the new Frank monarchy, it was Saint Geneviève who persuaded the Parisians not to acknowledge him until he should embrace Christianity; that he was accordingly baptized at Rheims in 496, and entered Lutetia next year; that she died in 512, at the age of eighty-nine, and was buried beside him in the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, which had been founded by his wife Clotilde. The church was from that time known as St. Geneviève, though since it was rebuilt in the 18th century it is more commonly called the Pantheon. The National Convention inscribed on it, "To the memory of our great men;" and here were brought Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Marat, to be buried. Their remains, however, were afterwards removed; those of Marat were thrown into a sewer. The shrine of St. Geneviève is now to be seen in the neighbouring church opposite, "St. Stephen on the Hill."

THE MEROVINGIAN KINGS.

Clovis, which is the Latin form of the Teutonic Chlodwig, the same name which the French softened into Louis, was the founder of what is known as the Merovingian dynasty in France. It had been, as we know, a Roman country; then, as the Roman power declined, it fell under the Visigoths, whose chief seat of power, however, was in Spain. But the Visigoths were out of harmony with the Church,—they were Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ,—and therefore, so it is said, the clergy encouraged King Clovis to come from the Rhine country, and establish himself in Gaul. He was nothing loth, and, as we have already said, he agreed after a while to be baptized. It was done by St. Remigius, Bishop of Rheims. "Lower thy head with humility," said the eloquent bishop, "adore what thou hast burned, burn what thou hast adored."

* This is Carlyle's interpretation of *Parisii*, or *Barisii*. Numerous other interpretations, however, have been given.

From the time of Clovis, the city has come to be called *Paris*. There are many interesting relics of the Meroving kings in and about Paris, not only coins and implements of war, but deeds and charters with the kings' signatures. The student of French history will find a collection of wonderful interest in the *Archives Nationales* in the Rue Franc Bourgeois,—a collection to which we shall have to refer again. One looks there upon the very documents which passed under the hands of those Meroving kings, who rode in their bullock carts with long hair flowing; for it was law absolute as that of the Medes and Persians that no king could have a razor come upon his head; here are their deeds, grants of lands to faithful followers and to churches. In days when all else was moving and in unrest, the Church remained a permanent institution, and all men felt and recognized its power and usefulness. "The Church!" exclaims Carlyle, "what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little kirk; the dead all slumbering around it, under their white memorial stones, 'in hope of a happy resurrection.' Dull wert thou, O reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was, as it were, swallowed up in darkness), it spoke to thee things unspeakable, that went up into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a church; he stood thereby, though in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities, yet manlike towards God and man; the vague, shoreless universe had become for him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in belief; in these words well spoken, *I believe*. Well might men prize their *Credo*, and raise state-liest temples for it, and reverend hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance: it was worth living for and dying for."*

There are two monuments of Merovingian royalty in the abbey church of St. Denis,—King Dagobert and Queen Frédégonde. The greater part, however, of this race of kings were buried in the church of "St. Germanus in the Meadows." And now the city began to grow on the north side of the river as well as the south. Two monasteries, St. Martin and St. Lawrence, formed each a nucleus of population, and a hunting-lodge in the midst of a wood was called *Lupara*, from the number of wolves which infested it. This hunting-lodge was afterwards turned into a castle by King Philip Augustus; and this again was removed to make room for a

new palace by Francis I., in 1541. This has been altered and enlarged by several monarchs since; but what an effort of imagination is needed to transform the *Lupara*, or "wolf-haunt," of the 8th century into the *Lowvre* of the present day.

THE CARLOVINGIANS.

To the Merovingians succeeded the Carolingians, or, as Mr. E. A. Freeman calls them, the Karlings, the descendants of Charles Martel. The greatest monarch of this line was Charles the Great, commonly known as Charlemagne. This form of his name is unfitting for two reasons. First, he did not speak French but German; and secondly, he did not live at Paris, or in what is now called French territory. His home, and that of nearly all his race, was on the banks of the Rhine. His capital was Aix-la-Chapelle. The period of the Caroling kings, indeed, was not a prosperous one for Paris; they treated it as a simple fief, and as far as French territory was concerned, held their court at Laon. When the fierce Northmen came in the 9th century, and sailed up the Seine and the other northern rivers to plunder and too often to kill, the Karlings almost left Paris to their mercy. This was indeed the cause of their downfall in France, and of the final separation of the empire of Charles the Great into the two divisions which we know as France and Germany.

THE CAPETS.

Whilst the Carolingian kings were leaving Paris and the Seine country to its fate, a new family was coming into note destined to play a brilliant part in the history of the Frankish nation. In 885, Eudes, or Odo, Count of Paris, aided by the Bishop Gosselin, brilliantly defended the city against an attack of the Normans. They besieged it for a year in vain; then the Caroling king, Charles the Fat, came to succour the city with an army. And his succour consisted in offering the Northmen a large amount of gold to go away. Such a method of deliverance angered both his German army and his Frankish subjects. The former deposed him, the latter severed the connection with the East Franks, preferring to be ruled by their own leader. So Eudes, Duke of Paris, became King of the Franks. He transmitted this crown to his brother Robert, who was unable to hold it long; but his grandson, Hugh Capet, was more successful. He was elected king at Senlis, June 30th, 987, and solemnly crowned at Rheims, the ecclesiastical metropolis of France, on the following day. But let it be remembered that this King of the Franks by no means held undivided dominion over the whole country which we now call France, or even over the greater part of

* "French Revolution," I., 8.

it. If we take Normandy to begin with, we must remember that it was ruled by a Duke of Normandy, whose dominion, so long as he ruled justly, was as much his as that of Paris was under the personal rule of the King. If there were complaints made of his government, appeal lay to the King of the Franks. He was "overlord" of the country, and the peers who ruled the provinces were his vassals; they did homage to him on their entering upon their inheritance, but with this provision for their righteous rule, their possessions were like a freehold. There were many times when these great fief-holders were quite as powerful as he who was called king. The first Capets only held as their personal heritage the provinces of the Isle of France, Picardy, the Orleannois. The rest were fiefs which became added one by one to France, as we shall see presently.

From Hugh Capet the French crown descended directly from father to his eldest son for twelve generations, then the line was broken. King Louis X. left no son. He had a daughter; but, according to the Salic law which prevailed among the Franks, she could not succeed, so the kingdom passed to the brother of King Louis. He too died without sons, so a third brother came, Charles IV. He was the last male of the line; so the Crown went to his cousin Philip, son of Charles of Valois, who was a younger brother of King Philip IV. Hence we know the first branch as the House of Capet, the second as that of Valois. But as we see, both alike sprang from Hugh Capet.

PARIS UNDER THE CAPETS.

We have now to review the history of Paris under the Capet kings. The first four of them, Hugh, Robert, Henry I., Philip I., resided not so much at Paris as at Orleans. Louis VI. and VII. principally dwelt at Paris, but it was the next monarch, Philip Augustus, who did more for it than any of his predecessors. He it was indeed who definitely made it the capital, established the officers of government there, and built the "great tower of the Louvre," in which he deposited the State papers and treasures. He also fortified the "faubourgs" which had grown up on both sides of the river, and for the first time made them an integral part of the city. He reigned for forty-three years, during which the city grew so much that it was divided into eight "quarters" instead of four. He also paved the streets, which hitherto had been impassable in rainy weather, built great market-places and several bridges. But he further vastly increased the importance of Paris by organising and grouping together, under the title of the *University*, the lectures in literature, philosophy, and theology, which were at that time flourish-

ishing in their strength under the hands of those learned men who have given to these days the name of "Age of the Schoolmen." The University of Paris was founded in 1200, and completely organized by 1215. It was on the left bank of the river, separate from the rest of the city, and called "The *Latin Quarter*,"—a name which it retains to this day. The character which it soon acquired for learning, the facilities which it rendered to those who sought its benefits but were too poor to pay for them, gave it a renown surpassing that of any place in Europe. Thus Paris now became the political capital of France and the literary capital of Europe. To have studied at Paris was among the highest honours which a literary man could aspire to. It is remarkable that in the 13th century, which produced the noblest cathedrals, so many of the architects were from the University of Paris. The further development of the Sorbonne, named after its founder, Robert Sorbon, belongs to the reign of Louis IX., A.D. 1250.

To Philip Augustus also France owed much for uniting the monarchy. The original personal domain of Hugh Capet, as we have seen, included only the Isle of France, Picardy, and Orleannois. Normandy, formed into a state by Rollo, or Rou, whose name survives in its capital, Rouen, where his tomb is still to be seen, passed to the kings of England when a duke of Normandy became the English conqueror. Philip Augustus wrested it from King John. But by his able centralisation of the administration of justice he increased his power and influence over the other fiefs. The result of this showed itself in a very marked way under Louis IX., who established a parliament. The Provost of Paris was at the head of the municipal administration. He was a judiciary, always a royal officer. He was a distinct personage from the "Provost of the Merchants," who took charge of all which concerned commerce and provisionment. He was in reality, though not in title, the mayor of Paris. The first town-hall was on the left bank of the river, not far from St. Geneviève. Louis IX. built a grand palace on the Isle of the City. The present Palace of Justice is built on the site of it, and several portions of the original palace still exist, as the kitchens, the great guard-room, the round towers which face the street, and above all the beautiful *Sainte Chapelle*, a church of two stories, in the upper of which is an empty shrine, formerly containing the relics which he brought from the East, and which are now in *Notre Dame*. This church is one of the most lovely specimens of Gothic architecture in the world.

Of all the French kings, Louis IX. loved justice most. It was a veritable passion with him. Hallam expresses his opinion that his

is the most beautiful character in history. He would go into the Wood of Vincennes and sit under a tree, that his subjects might have free intercourse with him and tell their needs. But we must not linger on his life,—it is like going back to the Age of Gold,—but pass on.

THE HOUSE OF VALOIS.

To this House belong thirteen kings of France, beginning with Philip VI. in 1328, and ending with Henry III., assassinated in 1589. It is a period full of activity, full of tumult. Two of the kings fell into the hands of an enemy: John, at Poitiers, to Edward the Black Prince; Francis I., at Pavia, to Charles V. Twice the sceptre was on the very point of slipping from the King's hand: once into the hand of the English king, prevented by Joan of Arc; once into that of the Guises, prevented by the League. Three great foreign wars belong to this period: the first with England, begun through the unjust claims of Edward III.,* and continued through the renewal of them by Henry V., in which the kingdom was all but lost, but was recovered, as I have already said, by the Maid of Orleans; the second with Italy, a source of great evils; the third with Germany, begun under most unhappy auspices.

But further, to the epoch of the House of Valois belong also three of the four civil wars which sadden the annals of France: that of *Charles the Bad*, under John and Charles V.; that of the *Armagnacs and Burgundians*, under Charles VI.; that of the Protestants and the League, under Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. The most terrible defeats and the most glorious victories belong to this period; and as if all things concurred to make it famous, this was the age of those remarkable discoveries which were as a new revelation to man,—artillery, printing, the compass, America, the way to the Indies. And now, too, began French poetry and drama.

But what appears so strange is that not only did the misfortunes of the House of Valois not impede the progress of its power, they even contributed so much to hasten and increase it. Every reverse was followed by a solid success, and every civil trouble by an increase of the royal authority. Philip of Valois, who was utterly routed at Crécy, added Dauphiné to his possessions; and John, the conquered of Poitiers and the Black Prince's captive, added Burgundy; Charles VII., who on his accession was left

seemingly without any resource or hope, had before his death completed the conquest of the English provinces in the west.

But what concerns us most, the kings of France, who at the beginning of this dynasty had, as we have already noticed, possessed but a limited authority over a large portion of France, found themselves before its close lords of a united monarchy. The treachery and cruelty of Louis XI. cannot blind us to his great ability. He overcame the great vassals who had bidden defiance to his power, and held themselves almost as independent sovereigns; and from his time France was, both in word and fact, a monarchy. To this end the fierce civil wars begun by the dukes of Burgundy had so greatly tended.

TROUBLES; THE JACQUERIE.

When Philip of Valois ascended the throne, he found before him the task of composing a kingdom half distracted with the bad government of his predecessors. Philip IV. (the Fair) and his three sons had frightfully mismanaged the finances of the country, taxes were oppressive, and the frequent alterations in the currency brought trouble and confusion into every transaction. But this heritage of trouble was aggravated by Edward the Third's unrighteous claim, and the war that followed increased public misery, and consequently public discontent. The fatal battle of Poitiers, in 1356, by leaving King John a prisoner in the hands of the English, caused Charles the Dauphin, afterwards Charles V., to convoke at Paris the States-General, as his father had done twice before. This convocation of the nobles, clergy, and people, only resorted to on extraordinary emergencies, invariably showed itself on the side of popular rights and liberties. On the present occasion the presiding spirit was the Provost of the Merchants, Stephen Marcel, a man of political intelligence far in advance of his age, though unscrupulous. Under his guidance, aided by his friend Robert Lecoq, Bishop of Laon, the States-General in 1356 and the two following years reformed the administration, insisted on a just apportionment of the taxation, and of a controlling power to be vested in elective assemblies. This was the beginning of a constitutional government, impracticable under simple feudalism. The Dauphin promised, even put the new provisions into a sort of charter, though he found means to elude them afterwards. Marcel, foreseeing that he would attempt this, placed the burgesses of Paris under arms. At that time was living Charles the Bad, King of Navarre. He was a direct descendant of Hugh Capet, the great-grandson of Philip IV., but as it was through his mother, he was prevented from reigning by the Salic law. He deserved his unpleasant surname, for he had neither

* He claimed the French crown on the ground that his mother was the daughter of Philip IV. But even had there been no such thing as the Salic law, his claim would have been bad, because Louis X. had left a daughter who would have come before him.

faith nor morals, and passed his life in stratagems and treasons. He came to Paris now, harangued the people, and, in concert with Marcel, excited them against the Dauphin. A body of armed men invaded the Louvre and massacred the principal Counsellors of State before the Dauphin's eyes, whereupon he escaped from the capital, and retired to Compiègne, where he called together fresh representatives of the nation, who, jealous of the overpowering influence of Paris, showed themselves more favourable to Charles, while they still insisted on reform of government. Marcel, now in open revolt, dreading the return of the Dauphin, excited, or at least encouraged, the terrible insurrection called the *Jacquerie*. It was crushed; then Marcel, in despair, endeavoured to introduce the King of Navarre and the English into Paris. But this was further than the people of Paris were prepared to go; the plot was discovered, and Marcel was slain as, with the keys in his hand, he was approaching the St. Denis gate to let the King of Navarre in. The Dauphin immediately afterwards entered Paris as a conqueror.

When he became king, Charles V. profited by the severe lesson which he had received in his youth, and though he did not see fit to carry out the reforms which the excesses of Marcel had now rendered less popular, he yet used his absolute authority well and beneficently. His administration was hailed by the people as the return of the happy days of St. Louis. By the help of the illustrious Bertrand Duguesclin,—a simple Breton gentleman possessed of so few advantages that he could not even read, but bold as a lion and as honourable as bold,—he reversed the Black Prince's successes, and added the provinces north of the Loire to his own dominions.

FOUNDATION OF THE BASTILLE.

And now we come to the work of the reign of Charles V. which more especially concerns this paper. The building of the Bastille, so far from being a blot on his memory, was intended not for a prison, but to provide for the defence of Paris. It was one of several works of the same character.*

The first stone of the Bastille was laid by Hugh d'Aubriot, Mayor of Paris, April 22nd, 1370. He was a native of Dijon, who had come very poor to Paris, but had prospered there, come under the King's notice, and attracted his confidence. He built the *Pont au Change*, then called "the Great Bridge,"

provided sanitary improvements, and planned the Bastille. That is, he built two strong towers facing the Street St. Anthony, joined them with a strong wall, in the centre of which was the gate of the town. But Aubriot fell into trouble. After the death of Charles V., whether rightly or wrongly we have no means of knowing, he was accused of irreligion both in profession and practice, and was condemned to be shut up in one of the towers of his own Bastille. He was afterwards removed from thence to the Chatelet. Fresh riots presently rose, in consequence of the taxation caused by the war with England. The insurgents went about with clubs (*mail-lots*) loaded with lead, and therefore were called *Mailloins*. The name of Aubriot happening to be mentioned, was caught up with acclamation, his prison was forced, and he was carried out in triumph, elevated on men's shoulders, and even saluted as king. But he was too wise to commit himself by acceptance of this dangerous title. He withdrew privately on the first night of his liberation, made his way back to his native Dijon, and ended his days in peace at an advanced age.

GROWTH OF THE BASTILLE.

In the next reign two more towers were added opposite the first. Then came four others, with connecting walls, until the whole presented a quadrangular form, somewhat bulging out, however, on the east side, the long side of the quadrangle being in face of the Rue St. Antoine, and the entrance was in the narrow end of the quadrangle on the south, between the two towers. A broad ditch, thirty-six feet deep, was dug round the whole, lined with masonry. It was, however, dry, except when the Seine was flooded, and was used as a garden. The visitor who wished to enter the fortress passed through a gateway on the right side of the Rue St. Antoine, crossed a drawbridge, passed between walls within which were offices and sutler's shops, and so passed round to the southern side of the fortress till he stood opposite the gateway. Here, over the fosse, was another drawbridge. This being crossed, he found himself within the walls. The walls were of enormous thickness, and nearly a hundred feet in height. As we have already said, the ground-plan was quadrangular, the interior was divided into two courts, the first 102 feet long, the second 42, the width of them was 72 feet. In the first court was the great clock, the only sound, says one of the prisoners in his *Reminiscences*, that broke the stillness for many an hour together. It was a cruel idea to ornament the dial with sculptures of a man and woman chained hand and foot. The tops of the towers and of the curtain walls that joined

* The name *Bastile*, or *Bastel*, was given to any erection intended to withstand a military force. There were, therefore, many in France, but this retained the name longest.

them were flat, with a parapet wall, and on the towers were a few pieces of cannon. The rooms which were used as prisons are described by some of the prisoners as not uncomfortable as prisons go, that is, they are said to have been neither damp, nor cold, nor ill-ventilated, and the furniture was sufficient. It must, however, be said that there is discrepancy of testimony on this point. Probably treatment varied at different epochs and under different governments. The statement that on the demolition rooms for torturing prisoners were discovered is entirely a myth, neither places nor instruments of torture were found.

THE BOURBON KINGS.

The last monarchs of the House of Valois were as much under clouds as those of the preceding line. The troubles now arose out of the Reformation struggles. The last king of the Valois line, Henry III., was assassinated at St. Cloud by a fanatic monk, July 31st, 1589, and the crown then devolved on Henry, King of Navarre, whose descent was from Hugh Capet, like the rest of the kings. He was a ninth descendant of Louis IX.

The House of Bourbon produced some of the greatest kings of France, and under this dynasty were produced its most famous captains. Henry IV. was a man whose memory was always deeply cherished. Louis XIV. seemed to have arrived at the perfection of earthly greatness, yet in his reign were gathered together the elements of the terrible revolution which swept his House away. The slightest sketch of their history is all that we can offer.

Henry IV., though stained with some personal vices, was a brilliant hero, and a king who strove for the good of the nation, and governed it in the spirit of a father. Finding that the Reformed faith was at the lowest ebb in France,—for, indeed, the St. Bartholomew massacre in 1572 had almost extinguished Protestantism,—he committed the grievous error of abjuring it, though he loved it, and of declaring himself a Roman Catholic. He believed that by so doing he should best promote peace, and be enabled to secure liberty of conscience. The Edict of Nantes was the outcome of this policy, which provided for equality as to religious profession, and admission on equal terms to public employments. This was in 1599. The original document is in the *Archives Nationales*. So also is the revocation of it by Louis XIV., a deed full of evil consequences. Henry was able now to devote himself to the state of the finances, for France had approached nearly to bankruptcy; he introduced order, economy, and good government everywhere, being much assisted by his wise

minister, Sully. France had begun to recover after a long period of misery, when Henry was stabbed by an assassin in the street, May 14th, 1610, and the country was again thrown into confusion. His son, Louis XIII., was only nine years of age. He was not a great man, but he allowed a great man to govern, though he disliked him, being honestly desirous for the advancement of France. This great man was Cardinal Richelieu, and the policy with which he is most identified is his determined endeavour to humble the House of Austria. What is known as the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) was a bitter contest between Romanism and Protestantism in Germany. Richelieu took the Protestants' side in pursuance of his set policy. He died six months before the King, whose death took place on the thirty-third anniversary of his accession, May 14th, 1643.

The reign of Louis XIV., beginning in his fifth year, lasted for seventy-two years. As his father's reign was controlled by Richelieu so the early part of that of Louis XIV. was under Cardinal Mazarin. The long reign has three distinct divisions. The beginning was troubled with the miserable civil war of the Fronde. The middle was full of glory; the King was successful in war, adding largely to his territory on the last at the expense of Germany; he surrounded himself with illustrious men, and covered France with handsome buildings. The end was darkened with troubles. The victories of the Duke of Marlborough did much to crumble to pieces the power and prestige which Louis had gained by his previous successes. It was a time when absolutism carried all before it; but a heritage of evil was being stored up for those who came after.

Louis XV., great-grandson of his predecessor, was but six years old at his succession. The Regent Orleans, so long as he lived, ruled him wisely, but died in 1723. For a while Louis was greatly loved by his people; but his life became scandalously corrupt and self-indulgent, the nation was ill-governed and oppressed, the finances again became embarrassed. He died in 1774, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI., the best-intentioned of men, the most unfortunate of kings. He was not yet twenty years old; his beautiful wife, Marie Antoinette, was in her nineteenth year. She had been married before she was fifteen.

THE BASTILLE AND THE ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.

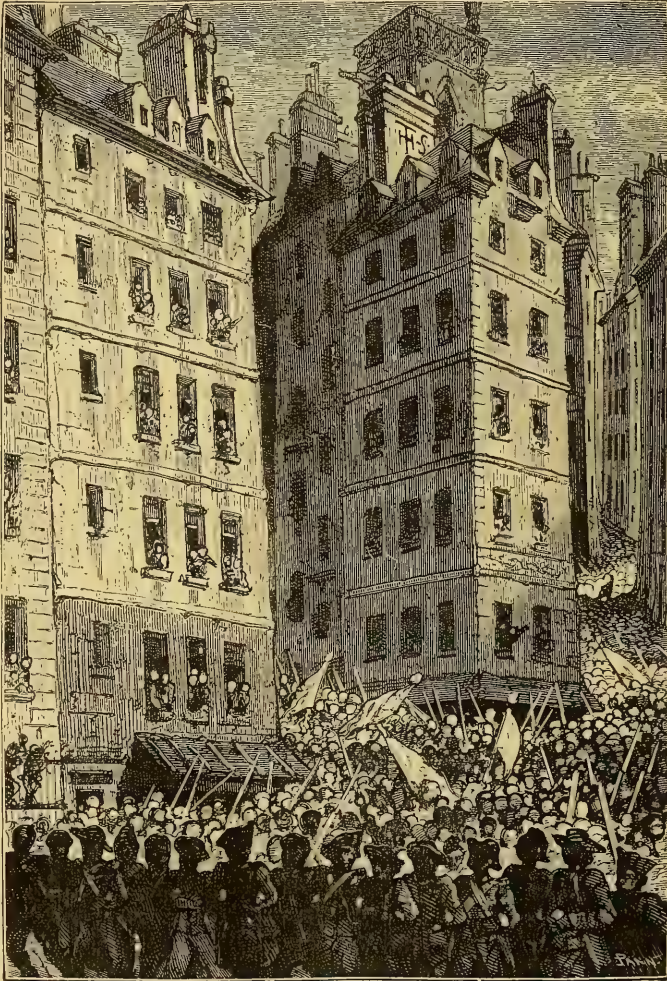
We have given the above sketch, because the attack on the Bastille, which we have to relate, was really an attack on the principles of absolutism, of which the Bastille was held to be a standing symbol. We have seen how

it was turned into a prison in its early days, though not intended for that purpose. To this purpose, however, it was now constantly put. Several victims of Louis XI. were thrown into it: the Bishop of Verdun and Duke of Alençon died there; the Count of St. Paul, and Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, were shut up until they were taken out to the Place de Grève to execution. In succeeding reigns many illustrious prisoners were shut up within the fortress; the Dauphin, who afterwards became Louis XII., and the great Condé among them. It was the cruel and crafty Louis XI. who first made it serve exclusively as a State prison.

It is not, however, until 1663 that we have any complete and regular register of the prisoners in the Bastille. Fifty-four persons were confined there that year, mostly for writing against the Government. In 1664, there were thirteen, mostly confined for Jansenism. But let us set down some of the charges from the list as it lies before us:—"For writing a work, '*Une Histoire Amoureuse*,'" "for poisoning;" "for selling poisons;" "for sacrilege;" "for pretending to foretell events;" "for having assisted persons to go clandestinely to America;"

"for intriguing with the Spanish ambassador;" "for intrigues with the Prince of Orange;" "for matters touching religion" (many); (a priest) "for marrying Protestants;" "for pretending to make love potions;" "for saying that the King (Louis XIV.) oppressed his subjects and only thought of amusing himself with his old woman

(Madame de Maintenon), that he would soon be a king of beggars, that his officers were starving, and that he had ruined the kingdom by driving away the Huguenots;" "for disrespect to King George in not mentioning him in his Almanack as King of Great Britain;" (Voltaire) "for writing against the Regent;" "for selling a print representing the roasting of a pope larded with Jesuits;" "for selling drugs, pretending they would produce the appearance of youth;" "for teaching persons to counterfeit convulsions."



TO THE BASTILLE

ing persons to counterfeit convulsions."

* He was confined here for a year, and composed most of his *Henriade* during the time. On being liberated he was presented to the Regent, who asked him if he had any request to make. "Monseigneur," was the reply, "I shall take it very kind if His Majesty will charge himself with feeding me. But I earnestly trust he will not again do so with lodging me."

These are but specimens; they indicate probably that some deserved imprisonment, and others not, which is really all that one can say from the items themselves.

The plan of imprisoning in the Bastille usually was to issue a warrant called *lettre de cachet*, i.e. sealed letter, which empowered police officers to seize a man wherever they found him, and at once carry him off to the prison.

Many who had been prisoners in the Bastille wrote their experiences of it; but the writer whose work contributed most of all to its destruction was Simon Linguet, concerning whose history a few words are needed. He was born at Rheims July 14th (the date is remarkable when connected with the event which he contributed so much to bring about that day fifty-three years), 1736. His father was a professor in a college, who was driven into exile and poverty for his Jansenist opinions. The youth, having found opportunity of studying in Paris, led a somewhat roving and unsettled life, travelling through many countries and making good use of his eyes, and finally settled down to literature as a profession. The catalogue of his works fills many pages, but the chief of them, "Political, Civil, and Literary Annals of the Eighteenth Century," formed by far the most important.

They were begun in 1777, and fill nineteen volumes, and were written from a point of view altogether hostile to the French form of government, very energetic and powerful in style, bitter, trenchant, and not unfrequently spiteful. "He burns, but he throws light," said Voltaire tersely, after reading one of his volumes. The volumes were written some in



AT THE DOOR!

England, some in Switzerland, some in Brussels. According to his own account he desired to come to Paris while the publication was going on, and wrote to the minister Vergennes, asking for a safe-conduct. The Minister promised that he should not be molested; he came, and was arrested in the street and thrown into the Bastille, Sept. 27th, 1780. There he remained until May 19th, 1782, when, having first been compelled to swear that he would "never reveal, either directly or indirectly what he had seen or what he had suffered," he was allowed to go into exile to Rethel. Thence he escaped to London, where he wrote his "Memoirs of the Bastille," declaring that he did not consider an enforced oath binding. From this time he continued to write, pamphlets and historical essays chiefly. He had, however, fallen into neglect until the break-out of the Revolution and the

destruction of the Bastille,—as we have said, in consequence to a great degree of his revelations. Then he went to France again, and betook himself to agriculture. But his sour and suspicious characteristics seemed to have grown with his years, as every page of his latter life indicates. In the Reign of Terror he was seized and guillotined, June 27th, 1794.

In these Memoirs he declares that previous inmates have given such rose-coloured descriptions of their treatment that "one would think that Tartarus after all was a sort of Champs Elysées." And he goes on to draw a terrible picture of the misery which he underwent himself,—for twelve months knowing absolutely nothing of what was going on outside, subjected to cold and privation, above all to solitude and silence, and he ends his work by a passionate appeal to Louis XVI. Recounting what that king has done to ameliorate the condition of prisoners and of the poor generally, he exclaims, "In God's name give to all Europe the spectacle of a miracle which you are able to work. Speak! At your voice the walls of this modern Jericho will be seen to crumble, a thousand times more deserving than the ancient Jericho of the lightning of heaven and the anathemas of men. The reward of this noble work will be the glory of your reign, a redoubling of the love of the people for your person and your house, the blessing of the age which is now, and of all ages to come."

AN ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

Many are the tales of misery and sometimes of romance which are connected with this gloomy prison. Out of them all we select the story of Henry Masère de la Tude. He was born in 1725, the son of a French marquis, and on arriving at manhood entered the army. It happened however to be a time of peace, he had no occupation, and in an evil hour for himself he came to Paris. In 1749, hearing on all sides the hatred with which Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of the dissolute Louis XV., was regarded, the shameful project occurred to him of gaining her favour by pretending to discover a plot against her life. The scheme was so shallow as to be at once detected, and the schemer was sent to the Bastille. He was treated kindly, however, by the lieutenant of police, M. Berryer, but after a while was transferred to the prison of Vincennes. Here he was very miserable for a while, but by wonderful assurance and coolness he managed to escape, after nine months detention.

One hardly knows whether to call his next act chivalry or folly. From his hiding-place in Paris he addressed a letter to the courtesan. "I judged," he says, "of Madame de Pompa-

dour by myself, and idly fancied I might pique her into generosity by avowing the place of my retreat, and throwing myself on her clemency for pardon of the past." But she was as revengeful as she was dissolute. He was seized, and (so he says) was promised mercy if he would explain how he contrived to escape from Vincennes. He told, and was immediately sent back to the Bastille, and no longer allowed any of the mitigations he had received before. After six months of this, half-maddened by the incarceration which was made infinitely worse by his fiery and restless temperament, he revenged himself by writing a satire on Pompadour. It was conveyed to her, and her rage was almost maniacal. She swore that nothing should ever induce her to relent towards him.

Berryer, however, who evidently felt a great interest and pity for him, allowed him to have a companion, one Alégre, who had also incurred Pompadour's wrath, though in a nobler manner, for he had written her a letter of remonstrance. To this young man La Tude imparted a scheme of escape! They would climb their chimney, descend from the top into the fosse, and climb the wall on the other side. But what a scheme! The chimney, full all the way up of bars and gratings, rose to the height of the topmost tower, whence the descent into the fosse was a sheer two hundred feet. Where was the material to be found for the rope ladder for such a descent, or for the wood for the ascent from the ditch? And how conceal their preparations, watched every hour of the day and night? No wonder that to Alégre the whole idea seemed madness.

"As for ropes," said La Tude one day when his companion had expressed his sense of the impossibility of escape, "my trunk contains a thousand feet at least. Don't you know that it is stuffed full of linen,—shirts, towels, stockings, night-caps, and I don't know what besides?" His companion was so far moved by such enthusiasm that he began actually to have hopes.

The first object was to find a hiding-place for their tools, if they could contrive to get any. La Tude knew that there must be a prisoner in the cell beneath him, though he could not hear him move. He guessed therefore that there must be some interval between the two rooms. To ascertain this he bade Alégre, whilst going to chapel, to draw out some trifle from his pocket along with his handkerchief and let it roll down the stairs. Whilst he should send the turnkey to recover it, La Tude was to take a hasty glance into the lower room. The plan succeeded; the glance was taken. La Tude saw by the height within, compared with the number of steps outside, that there must be a vacant space of some five feet. They set to work

then; sharpened the iron clamps of their table on the stones of the hearth, wrenched up a square of the tiled floor, and formed a hollow of four feet between the two stories. Here was their secret cupboard then. There they ripped up shirts, unravelling them thread by thread. Thus slowly they began their ladder. Then it cost them six months hard labour to remove the bars of the chimney. These bars were fixed in cement so hard that there was no way of softening it but by squirting water from their mouths into holes previously bored. "We never left off a single night but with bloody hands," he says. Then further, when a bar was wrenched out, it had to be replaced in its socket for the time, lest it should be detected.

For the wooden ladder they sawed the wood delivered to them for firing, which was in billets of from eighteen to twenty inches. But there were parts of this work for which a can was indispensable. They made one out of an old candlestick with the help of the steel of the tinder-box. They made a single rail, boring holes through it, into which the steps were to be mortised, each part to be tied in its place. Of course it was necessary to hide this, and therefore as fast as one part was completed, it was numbered and stowed away. They knew that they could put it all together in a night when they needed it.

So passed eighteen months; weary work enough, but sustained and cheered by inextinguishable hope. On the 28th of February, 1756, the attempt was begun. With terrible anxiety and cat-like stillness La Tude ascended the chimney with such labour that both arms and legs ran down with blood. As soon as he reached the top he let down a ball of twine, to which Alégre tied the portmanteau containing their effects, and it was drawn up, Alégre following it. They stood at length on the top of the tower; so far, so good. Then the rope was tied securely to a cannon, and La Tude began his perilous descent, swaying and fluttering in the air at every movement that he made, and knowing that there was but this thin rope between him and death. He descended in safety, then held the rope steady for his companion. Another danger passed!

Crossing the ditch in the fosse they suddenly heard the sentry pass. Nothing was possible but to hold their heads under water until he was gone by. The pavement outside was swarming with sentries. There was no possibility of evading these; nothing remained but to dig through the wall between the two fosses. It took them nine hours, standing in water above their waists. And this on a winter's night! At length it was done. As the clock struck five they were in the Street St. Atoine, and both alike knelt down in the street and thanked God.

He reached Amsterdam, was there recognized, and, to the disgrace of the Dutch government, was handed over to Pompadour's insatiable vengeance, and once more lodged in his gloomy prison. His enemy died, and after thirty-five years' confinement he regained his freedom. His words of conclusion are most touching from their very simplicity. "We arrived at home. I saw a neat though plain apartment, where everything told that I had been long expected. I looked round on all with the interest, almost with the curiosity of childhood; the most trifling object gave me enjoyment: all was food for happiness. I was restored to free intercourse with my fellow-creatures."

He was present at the capture of the Bastille, and saw on that eventful day the implements of his wonderful escape, which had been preserved as curiosities in the fortress. He lived on till 1804.

A POET'S INDIGNANT DENUNCIATION.

The effect of the work of Linguet was almost as powerful for the ultimate destruction of the Bastille as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was for the abolition of slavery. Cowper had evidently read it when he wrote these lines,—

"Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
* * * * *

There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen,
* * * * *

Here dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured, though unaccused, condemned untried
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
Here, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all its pleasant boughs are lone
To count the hour-bell and expect no change,
And ever as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect that though a joyless note
To him whose movements all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music,—that it summons some
To theatre or jocund feast or ball;
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight.
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard shifting and without her tools—
To read engraven on the moulden walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own;
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend;
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Then downward and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum exactly found

In all directions, he begins again:
Oh comfortless existence ! hemmed around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean God,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy."

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

We have now to trace out, as succinctly as we can, the causes which brought on the tremendous revolution, the effects of which remain to this day,—a revolution, indeed, which affected the political condition of every country in Europe, and of which almost the first result in France was the destruction of the Bastille.

The causes may be classed under three heads :—

1. The circumstances of the monarchy.
2. The ideas which had taken possession of the popular mind.
3. The character of the monarch.

We have already seen how France had emerged out of barbarism and become the most polished nation in the world, and the oldest monarchy in Europe. The monarch was held to be subject to law, as Bossuet declared when preaching before Louis XIV. The nobility was a hereditary class devoted to the service of the State. The clergy had become rich through the bequests of the pious, and its ranks were open to all classes. The commons, or "Third Estate," who made up the body of the nation, comprised burghesses, artizans, peasants. Many of them had become proprietors, and were very jealous of their privileges, electing their municipal officers, and controlling the affairs of their parishes.

In all this there were the elements of government altogether admirable, but abuses had come in which needed reform. Thus the clergy, though in theory equal, had come to be divided into classes,—members of the nobility and men born of the commonalty, and the rich prizes of the Church too much fell to the former. The nobility were many of them given to dwelling in Paris, instead of on their estates, leading a frivolous life instead of fulfilling the theory of the constitution, that they should be as fathers of their neighbours.

Much indeed which is brought against the "old regime" is merely imaginary. Thus men talk of *serfage*, whereas it had ceased ever since the 12th century. The right of primogeniture was a custom confined to the

nobility ; it was abolished at the Revolution, not for love of natural right, but as a politic measure. There are stories about the peasantry having to pass the night in beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from croaking and disturbing the landlord's sleep. It is a fiction out of some romance depicting a wretched hypochondriac, like Fairlie in the "Woman in White." The more any reader chooses to examine into the facts of society in France before the Revolution, the more he will be convinced that there was need for reform, and that there was also every reason to deprecate the destruction of a system of which the fundamental principles were sound,—principles which had through the progress of centuries combined to place France among the first of the nations.

For administrative purposes France was divided into thirty-eight *Provinces*, some administered by officers of state in the name of the central power, others governed by local parliaments of the three Estates freely elected in the Province. The former of these two classes had been greatly injured by the selfishness of the stewards, who had sought to extend their own authority at the expense of the local liberties. This led to serious mischiefs.

But—and here we touch the real causes of the evil days which came—the 18th century was an epoch of moral evil. The nobility who, as we have said, had done much to forfeit their legitimate influence by living away from their country seats, had become libertine and free-thinking. The infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had been received with the welcome accorded by men whose careless living incited them to hope that a godless creed was true ; the clergy had gone with the multitude into a life of careless ease and sloth ; legions of pamphlets embodying the ideas of the infidel encyclopædists familiarized the people with the idea that all that was old was false, and ready to be swept away. The character and work of Christ, the Sacraments and the Scriptures, were treated as if they were on the same footing with the myths and corruptions of the Middle Ages.

The catastrophe which ended the reign of Louis XVI. almost blinds us to the first fifteen years of his reign. They formed an epoch of great national prosperity ; agriculture had been blessed with ten uninterrupted years of good harvests, industry had been developed, and commerce was extending itself abroad. Military glory, too, had not been wanting, though for this the King had no taste. It must be confessed that the war which the French people undertook against England in this reign was an unrighteous war, and brought a heavy penalty. When the American colonies revolted from England, the French nation took part with them, partly out of spite and a desire of revenge for past

wounds, partly with the belief that *prestige* might be won by taking part with the winning side. But its effect was disastrous to the monarchy, both because the expense embarrassed the national finances, and also because the French soldiery returned home enamoured of the spirit of democracy and kindled with enthusiasm for successful rebellion.

Thus the finances fell into confusion ; and this was aggravated by the incapacity of several ministers, chiefly Calonne, a showy, reckless man, who dazzled everybody's eyes with his dexterity, but who went on the system of ruinous loans ; "trying to put fire out by throwing oil upon it," says Carlyle. The King was economical in disposition, and took pleasure in personal sacrifices and reforms in his household. Not only he, but the wisest and truest men in France, believed that after the reforms which seemed feasible,—the readjustment of taxation, the abolition of certain privileges, and a better discipline among the clergy,—a happy time would be seen, and the nation would continue in the traditions of nobleness which it could boast of for ages past. The summons of the States-General, therefore, filled all hearts with hope. Few were able to see that the new system of things would be not one of *principles*, but of *ideas*. And these ideas would have met with the usual fate of unpractical dreams but for the character of the King.

Louis XVI., king at the age of twenty, was a prince of irreproachable morals, with a deep sense of duty, loving peace and always anxious for the good of his people, well instructed, economical and yet generous, and of a good-heartedness which too often became weakness. So distrustful of himself was he as to shrink from his own good resolutions. Unprincipled men, bent on forcing on an upset of government, took advantage of his fatal weakness, and so he whom they nicknamed "Tyrant" lacked courage to be king. Long before the troubles began he had shown all the world this infirmity of purpose, starting one project after another only to abandon and reverse them. And by such a course he encouraged his enemies and shocked his friends until, when his monarchy at length had fallen, he was sent a prisoner to the Temple. Then his nobler character exhibited itself. He set himself steadfastly to face the dread realities of the future and to die as became a Christian.

His wife, Marie Antoinette of Austria, had a firmer character, which excited enmity against her at Court. She had made no secret of her disgust at the *roués* and courtisans of the Court of Louis XV., and they hated her with a hatred that pursued her to death. Her mother, Maria Theresa, had held firmly the power which was hers by

birth, and asserted her sovereignty at home. Marie Antoinette perhaps believed it her duty to follow her example, forgetting that in France she was a foreigner, from the very nature of the case regarded by suspicious eyes as not loving the honour of France. This hapless woman, destined to drink to the very dregs the cup of bitterness and agony, to pass from the condition of the most flattered of queens to the most wretched of wives and mothers, was far from being the strong woman which she has sometimes been represented. She was truly believed to have great influence with the King ; but she knew how to win by her grace and loveliness. Beautiful, flattered queen of eighteen, loving amusement and hating formality, endowed with a sensitive and tender spirit, she sought outlets of affection, and suffered herself to be too readily betrayed into confidences which compromised her, and were turned against her. Devoted to her friends, she let no obstacle stand in the way of serving them, and knew not the dangers which lie at the door of royalty, worse than any others because they are the most exclusive. Counselling by unwise friends, who understood neither men nor the course of events, she gave herself up, when the Revolution began, to regrets for the overthrow of her husband's power, and for the loss of the friends who were now removed from her. Like her husband, she became the prey of cruel uncertainties, but they took a different line from his. For whereas he could not make up his mind whether he ought to be a constitutional king or not, she *did* know that she did not wish him to be. She hesitated as to the means to be used, but never as to her intentions : she had no system of action arranged, and was only firm in her repugnances and dislikes. She could not tolerate those nobles who embraced the popular side, and therefore, in her eyes, had destroyed their caste. This explains much of her action in sometimes throwing herself during the Revolution on the side of violent leaders rather than making terms with moderate men. At the last moment she refused an offer which might have saved her, of a hiding-place at Rouen, because it was made by a noble who had joined the Commons against the Court. Her personal character stands unassailable, though the freedom and vivacity natural at her age exposed her to shameful calumnies ; the cruel slanderers who called her husband tyrant called her harlot.

Of the sixty-two Ministers two require special mention, Turgot and Necker. The former was a clever financier who had diminished the National Debt by 112,000,000 fr. (£4,480,000). Necker had created provincial assemblies for the redistribution of taxes.

Both unhappily craved after popularity; they enfeebled the royal authority, and disturbed men's spirits. "A king less good, ministers more efficient, and there would have been no revolution," said the celebrated Mayor of Paris, Bailly.

The Court was greatly divided: the King's eldest brother, the Count of Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), was somewhat in favour of the new ideas; the younger, Count of Artois (Charles X.), was opposed to them. The Duke of Orleans, a cousin of the King, three or four times removed, for he was descended from a brother of Louis XIV., made himself a patron of the most advanced revolutionists. He hated the Queen for despising his evil life.

The financial embarrassments of the country still increasing in spite of the reforms of Turgot and Necker, and all endeavours to redistribute taxation by other means having failed, the King was persuaded into convoking the States-General, after an interval of one hundred and seventy-five years. On previous occasions it had been the custom for each order, Nobility, Clergy, Third Estate, to send three hundred members each. This custom was now departed from, and the Third Estate was called upon to send up six hundred representatives,—a number, therefore, equal to both the others together. This was not done without angry protests against such an innovation. But another question had been mooted, Were they all to meet in one room or in separate rooms; to vote *par tête* or *par ordre*, as the phrase was? The question was shelved for a while; "it would be time to settle that when they met." This proved a fatal omission.

As the day drew on, all license was allowed to the Press. Writers were even invited to throw any light on the subject by free discussion. At the same time were opened the first *Clubs*, an English importation, destined to play a fatal part in the Revolution. In the last three months of 1788, two thousand five hundred pamphlets were issued. The most celebrated was that of the Abbé Sieyès, "What is the Third Estate?—Everything. What has it been hitherto?—Nothing. What does it wish to be?—Something."

The day of opening arrived at length. The visitor to Versailles who arrives from Paris by the "Left Branch" railway will alight near the Church of St. Louis. This was the first rendezvous on the morning of May 4th, 1789. They walked thence in procession along what is now the Rue Satory, across the Place d'Armes to the Church of Notre Dame, where there was high mass, and the Bishop of Orleans preached a sermon. It is said that whenever he mentioned the word "liberty" the members cheered loudly. Readers of Carlyle's History will not forget

his marvellous description of that great scene, destined to change the whole history of Europe. He imagines himself looking out of an upper window upon the procession as it goes by, noticing "that large ugly man with thick matted black locks," Mirabeau; that insignificant looking man with sea-green complexion and spectacles on, tossing his nose in the air, "Robespierre, a poor lawyer of Arras;" "an ugly, muddy-faced, dirty horseleech, not a member but a spectator, sprawling up ungainly to look over the people's heads," Marat.

Everything seemed to go wrong from the first. The King was cheered as he passed along in the procession; the Queen was received with disdainful silence, if not with muttered words of hatred towards "the Austrianess." And she showed by her sad, proud looks how deeply she felt it, and how she struggled to return contempt for contempt. After the service at Notre Dame the first meeting was held in the Salle de Menus-Plaisirs in the Palace of Versailles, the King making a loving and wise speech.

But immediately afterwards the great struggle began. The nobility and many of the clergy were bent on the meeting in separate chambers. The Third Estate was equally determined the other way. After an interval of passive resistance on both sides, the Third Estate suddenly declared themselves the *National Assembly*; and in a tennis-court hard by, they met on the 20th of June, under the presidency of Mayor Bailly, and took a solemn oath that they would never separate till they had made a new constitution for France. I have just returned from the room as I write. On the spot where Bailly stood is an empty pedestal. It is about to receive a statue of him. An inscription on the wall has the words of the oath. This is the famous *Tennis-Court Oath*. The original document is in the *Archives Nationales*, with all the signatures. Robespierre's struck me as the prettiest and gentlest hand there.

The King and his friends struggled for a short time to resist the carrying out of this oath, but in vain. When he showed himself inclined to yield, his ministers told him it would be fatal to the monarchy, and exhorted him to use force to compel them to constitutional obedience. He refused. He "would have no fighting." It was his misfortune always to fight, and to refrain, at the wrong times. He sent his orders to the nobles to join the National Assembly. One noble broke his sword over his knee: "Since the King does not wish to be a king, he needs no sword to defend him," he said.

This was the first move towards revolution.

TO ARMS!

Meanwhile the excitement in Paris was in-

tense. Multitudes crowded the streets day by day to hear what was passing at Versailles, and to read the placards which succeeded one another without ceasing on the walls. But on the 12th of July a climax was reached in consequence of its becoming known, first that an army of forty thousand men were being concentrated in Paris under Marshal Broglie, and secondly that Necker, the Prime Minister, who was believed to be on the side of reform, had been dismissed by the King and ordered to leave France. His busts were bought from the shops, enveloped in crape, and carried in procession through the streets. The Palais-Royal, the residence of the King's bitter enemy, the Duke of Orleans, was at this time the rendezvous of agitators and political disputants. On the evening of Sunday, July 12th, while an excited crowd was gathered in the gardens, a young man named Camille Desmoulins, afterwards to become one of the leaders of the Revolution, suddenly sprang upon a table, his hair flying in the wind, and cried: "My friends, our lives are not safe, they are sending armies to murder us, if we do not defend ourselves. To arms!" The cry was taken up in wild excitement, and the night that followed was such as Paris had never known before. The multitudes rushed to the Hotel de Ville demanding arms, and a charge made upon them by a German regiment, under the Prince of Lambesc, inflamed their indignation into madness. An assembly was established at the Hotel de Ville to direct the movements of the insurgents; a "National Guard" was enrolled. Camille, in calling them to arms, plucked a bunch of leaves from a tree which he bade them wear as a cockade; whereupon there was such a rush for leaves that whole trees were stripped bare. But in a few hours there was an outcry that green was the colour of the Count of Artois, the King's unpopular brother; whereupon it was agreed to take the old Paris colours of red and blue, and to base these on a ground of constitutional white. This was the famous *tricolor*, which remains the republican badge to this day. All Monday men were hard at work hammering pikes, and women making tricolor cockades; all shops, except food and wine shops, were close shut, while the tocsin rang out fiercely from all steeples, and everywhere the cry went forth for fire-arms. Three hundred and sixty firelocks, the equipment of the city watch, were found in the Town Hall. In the King's repository, called *Garde Meuble*, two silver-mounted cannon were found, a present to Louis XIV. from the King of Siam; they were dragged out and trailed through the streets. Flesselles, Provost of the Merchants, was called upon to give up what arms he had, and promised to send for some from Charleville, but declared

he had none by him. His promise was not kept, but instead he was detected in the act of sending away five thousand pounds of gunpowder in a Seine boat. On the morning of the 14th a body of the new guard, acting on information which they had received, hastened to the Hotel of the Invalides and seized thirty thousand muskets and twenty pieces of cannon.

TO THE BASTILLE!

The seizure of the firearms had been made early. At 11 o'clock the cry arose, "To the Bastille!"

The Bastille was execrated. The sombre prison, it was true, had never shown itself an enemy of the Parisian populace. It was mostly a prison for great persons. But in its frowning blackness it was taken as a symbol of the overshadowing absolutism of monarchs which was now held to be the one thing deserving hate. The Faubourg St. Antoine had "Bastille" both on the brain and the heart; from its towers the cannon might be turned upon every street in that quarter. Its strategic power was great, but its moral influence appeared now infinitely greater. It was the concretion of the royal prerogative, and so long as it stood there it seemed, in the fierce eyes of the revolutionists, to declare that prerogative enormous, massive, unshaken, founded on a rock. To destroy another monument would be nothing, to destroy this would be like crushing absolute power in France.

The first drawbridge presented no difficulty. A few determined men at once rushed to the chains and broke them. The crowd burst into the outer court, men, women, and children, the latter busy picking up bullets. De Launay had some "ammunition," eighteen cannons apparently good for nothing, a dozen old muskets, and for men, thirty-two Swiss and eighty-two invalids. The governor, however, endeavoured to treat with the insurgents: "What do you want?" "We want to come in." "Get an order from the Town Hall," said he. During the parley, some of the besiegers rushed at the second drawbridge, and were received with a discharge from one of the old cannons, the only one fired during the day. This terrified them, and they fell back and occupied themselves with burning the buildings around. A girl, who was seized in the belief that she was De Launay's daughter, was on the point of being burnt alive, but was rescued by an heroic soldier who rushed upon her and conveyed her to a place of safety.

TAKEN.

It was nearly mid-day when the attack began; at three in the afternoon no progress had been made. But the arrival of three

hundred Gardes Française with some cannons gave fresh hopes. But these hopes, too, were somewhat dashed when it was found that the bullets fired went over the fortress and hit people on the other side. One piece burst under their bad management of it.

De Launay, it is said, had received this letter from Flesselles, "Hold out while I amuse the Parisians with cockades." But the fierce clamour all around him, the apparent hopelessness of succour, the failure of the little ammunition that he had had, caused him to despair. He resolved to blow up the fortress. An invalid struck from his hand the torch with which he was approaching the powder magazine. A white handkerchief was waved through a window; then a letter was passed through: an adventurous besieger walked across a plank and received it. It said, "We have twenty thousand pounds of powder; we will blow up the fortress and the whole quarter if you do not accept our capitulation." "Lower your drawbridge and you shall have no hurt," was the answer. It was lowered. The crowd rushed in and filled the courts. The Bastille was taken. Those who promised safety to the garrison had no power to give it, even if they had the will.

THE SEQUEL.

The newly-appointed committee were sitting at the Hotel de Ville at half-past five that afternoon, in a state of the utmost anxiety, when a new and prolonged murmur was heard swelling out into a roar. An excited multitude rushed in with shouts of victory,—"The Bastille is taken!" Two ghastly objects they bore with them,—the head of De Launay and a severed hand. The bodies to which they belonged were hanging in the Place de Grève. The hand was that of the invalid Béquart who had saved thousands of lives by preventing De Launay from blowing up the fortress. Then the savage crowd turned upon Provost Flesselles. "You have deceived us," they shouted. He attempted to defend himself, but turned pale with terror as he watched their blood-thirsty countenances, and at length exclaimed, "Since I am suspected I will withdraw." "No, no, you must come to the Palais Royal to be tried." He thereupon went down to accompany them. The crowd closed upon him; but on the Quai Pelletier an unknown hand laid him low with a bullet.

And what of Louis XVI.? He seems not to have comprehended at all the gravity of the circumstances which surrounded him. His journal is preserved in the *Archives Nationales*. We will give a few extracts from it without comment :—

"1789.—July 1st, Wednesday. Nothing. Deputation of the States.

"July 2nd, Thursday. Rode on horseback to the Maine Gate to hunt deer at Port Royal. Took one.

"July 3rd, Friday. Nothing.

"July 4th, Saturday. Hunt roebuck at Butard. Took one and shot twenty-nine head.

"July 5th, Sunday. Vespers and Benediction.

"July 6th, Monday. Nothing.

"July 7th, Tuesday. Hunt at Port Royal. Took two.

"July 8th, Wednesday. Nothing.

"July 9th, Thursday. Nothing. Deputation of States.

"July 10th, Friday. Nothing. Answer to deputation of States.

"July 11th, Saturday. Departure of M. Necker.

"July 12th, Sunday. Vespers and Benediction. Departure of MM. de Montmorin, Saint-Priest, and Luzerne.

"July 13th, Monday. Nothing.

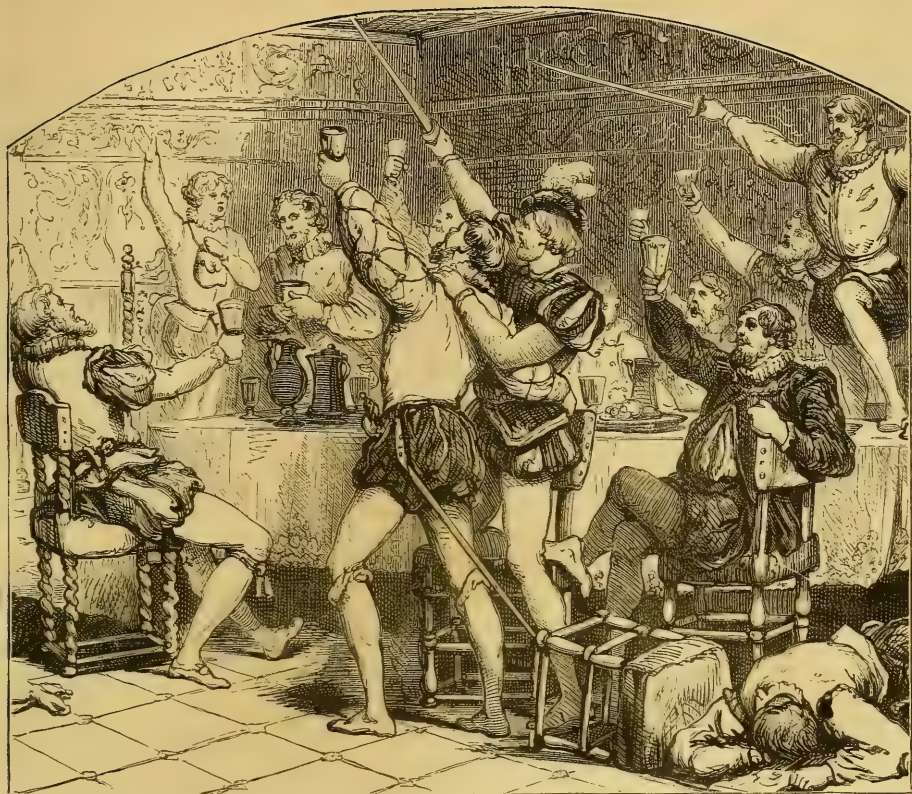
"July 14th, Tuesday. Nothing."

He had written this last entry, when late at night he was aroused from his bed by the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, who came to announce to him that the Bastille had fallen. "Why, this is a revolt," said the poor man. "Sire," was the answer, "it is a revolution."

How he took counsel with his queen and his brother which came to nought; how he hesitated and doubted whether to employ force, and resolved to go to Paris and declare himself satisfied, and then in terror planned to regain his independence of action—all this belongs to another chapter of history. It only remains to add that seven prisoners only were found in the fortress. One was a lunatic, who was transferred to the asylum at Charenton; four were notorious forgers; the other was a young man of good family who had been shut up at the request of his father for dissipated life.

For two years the great fortress was left dismantled, then by an order of the Assembly it was destroyed. In secret places manuscripts were brought to light, bitterly lamenting the helpless position of the writers, one of them furnishing some details, to which Dickens added many imaginary ones in his well-known narrative of Alexander Manette, in his "Tale of Two Cities." The materials were in great part used to build the Carrousel Bridge. A model of the fortress, as it was, made from one of the stones, is at the entrance of the *Archives Nationales*. There is a similar one in the museum at Amiens, and another in the museum of the *Porte de Hal* at Brussels.

W. B.



INAUGURATION OF THE LEAGUE OF THE GUEUX.

"LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS!"

THE STORY OF THE REVOLT OF THE NETHERLANDS.

"Heaven is above all, yet. There sits a Judge
Whom no king can corrupt!"—SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

A Great Inheritance and an Unworthy Heir—Charles V., his Work and his Abdication—The Great Inheritance of Philip II. —Power and Importance of Spain in the 16th Century—The Netherlands, and how Charles and Philip ruled There—The Harshness of Charles V. in the Netherlands tempered by Policy—The Great Cities—Ghent and its Power—"Roland" the Bell of Ghent—Character of Philip II.—His System of Rule by Terror and Coercion—The Inquisition; Its Establishment in Spain, and Development under Philip II.—William of Orange Nassau, the Liberator of his Country—Lamorel, Count Egmont—Margaret of Parma, the Regent of Flanders—Cardinal Granvella and his Influence—How William of Orange incurred the Hatred of Philip II.—Discontent in the Netherlands—The Compromise and Its Object—How the Great Petition was presented to Margaret of Parma—"Long Live the Beggars! Vivents les Gueux!"—The Protestant Preachers and the Image Breakers—King Philip and his Councillors —Alva—The Storm bursts forth at Last.

A GREAT INHERITANCE AND AN UNWORTHY HEIR.

IN the history of the world there occur moments in which the destiny of kingdoms and principalities seems to waver in the balance—moments fraught with tremendous issues for the weal or woe of

millions of people, and with the fate of generations yet unborn—in which are to be decided the great and momentous questions of liberty or slavery, happiness or misery, strife or peace, with the blessings of religious freedom or the horrors of fanatical persecution. Such a moment occurred in the year 1555,

and again in the following year. For it was at the first of these epochs that the splendid inheritance of the Netherlands, Spain, and Naples, and of the New World was surrendered by the Emperor Charles V. to his son Philip; while at the second the government of the Austrian States, with the management of the affairs of Germany, was transferred by the same potentate to his brother Ferdinand. Never were two men of more entirely different character invested with immense authority; and never in the world's history was it shown how greatly the disposition and the actions of a ruler may influence the destiny of nations. With the rule of Ferdinand, who was raised at the same time to the dignity of Emperor of Germany, a dignity he managed to make hereditary in the Austrian House, began an era of splendid prosperity and development for Germany. From the accession of the gloomy tyrant and fanatic Philip II. dates the ruin and desolation of the Spanish monarchy; and it was in his reign, moreover, that the spectacle was exhibited of a nation fighting desperately and with ultimate success for its religious and civil liberties, against such tremendous odds that no issue seemed possible but utter and inevitable defeat. It is with the events that led to this struggle, second to none in history in the exciting features of the contest and in the mighty interests involved, that we have now to do.

CHARLES V.; HIS WORK AND HIS ABDICATION.

The moralist who in search of a proof that "the glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things," could find no more telling illustration than that furnished in the career of the Emperor Charles V. That monarch had succeeded to an inheritance more vast than mortal men had possessed since the corpse of Charlemagne had been laid to rest in the great church of Aachen more than eight centuries before. Spain and Austria and the Netherlands, the golden Americas and the Indies, acknowledged his sway. During more than five-and-thirty years he toiled with patient energy to achieve a great purpose, unity of belief and uniformity of practice in the Western Church; only to acknowledge at last that the spirit of the time was too strong for him; and that he had failed in his long battle to maintain mediæval tyranny over the human intellect. The Reformation was too strong for him; and in granting the religious Peace of Augsburg, at the Diet of the Empire, on the 26th of September, 1555, he acknowledged himself beaten. The great contest of his life had brought him only defeat. No wonder, therefore, that his spirit sank under the bitter feeling of satiety, and he felt that he had

been "walking in a vain shadow," and disquieting himself only to find failure and disappointment. "Nine expeditions into Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, four to France, ten to the Netherlands, two to England, as many to Africa, and eleven voyages by sea," were among the labours of his life enumerated by the Emperor, as—prematurely decrepid and white-haired, for he was only fifty-five years of age—leaning on his crutch, with feeble and indistinct utterance, he gave the reasons that induced him to abdicate his throne and to invest with his dignities his well-beloved son Philip, there present, whose vigorous youth would be able far better than his own enfeebled age to support the burden of royalty. For himself, inasmuch as his broken health no longer permitted him to work for the good of his subjects, it was his intention to devote what remained of his life in this world to meditation and prayer and to pious preparation for the next.

It was a touching scene; nor were there wanting any elements of earthly grandeur to give it impressiveness and solemnity. For in that great hall at Brussels were assembled the knights of the great order of the Golden Fleece, the great Counsellors of the Empire, the representatives of the various provinces, and many men whose names had already been or were destined to be written in ineffaceable characters on the annals of their country and their time. There was Philip, the inheritor of the magnificent empire, thus put into possession in his predecessor's lifetime—small of stature, icy and proud in demeanour, hardly melted by the sight of the feeble, tearful old man whom the possession of half the world had failed to render happy; there was the young Prince William of Orange, handsome and of lofty height, upon whose shoulder the venerable Emperor leaned with familiar affection; there was Duke Alva, his stern, cruel features impassable and scornful as ever; there were Counts Egmont and Horn, great Flemish nobles, wealthy, popular, and potent for good or evil; there was Queen Mary of Hungary, come to lay down a regency of a quarter of a century in the Netherlands at the feet of the fortunate heir. The assembly was worthy of the great occasion, with "princes to behold the swelling scene." Never since Diocletian withdrew from the cares and turmoil of the Roman imperialism, and choosing the better part laid down that "glistening grief," the sovereign rule of Rome, had such an empire been voluntarily laid down by the possessor. "Other princes consider themselves happy" said the feeble Emperor, "in endowing their children with the crown that death demands them to resign. I wish to enjoy this pleasure for myself; I wish to see you live and rule. Few will fol-

low my example; few have preceded me in it; but my deed will be praiseworthy, if your future life warrants my confidence. If you never depart from the wisdom you have hitherto displayed; if you remain firm and unchangeable in the purity of the faith, which is the firmest pillar of your throne."

And then the Emperor laid his hand in blessing on the head of him to whose hands such tremendous power and such mighty interests were entrusted, and the pageant was at an end for that time. A few days later Philip, in the presence of an equally splendid and august assembly, took the oath, by which he pledged himself to maintain the liberties, rights, and immunities of the various classes of his subjects in the Low Countries, and to practise towards them that which it behoves a good and just lord and prince to do. How he kept that oath, history has abundantly set forth.

THE INHERITANCE OF PHILIP II.; POWER OF SPAIN.

It was noticed that the form in which the oath was set up was far more stringent than that exacted from Charles V., and from his predecessors in the suzerainty of Flanders, the Dukes of Burgundy. In this stringency has been found an evidence of the suspicion which was even then entertained of the disposition of Philip, and of his tendency towards tyrannical rule. Such suspicions, if they existed, were abundantly verified by the subsequent conduct of the ruler. Philip was a gloomy tyrant, whose religion was bigotry and superstition, and who turned all the powers of a mind versed in all the subtleties of statecraft towards the task of stifling every spark of civil and religious liberty throughout his wide dominions. Rather to descend from his throne than to rule over those whom he designated as heretics; to fight religious inquiry with the hangman's cord, the faggot, and the stake; to see in every expression of free opinion and every tendency towards independent action a dangerous treason that must be put down by condign punishment,—such were the principles from which, during his long and bitter reign, he never deviated; and thus it was that from his time may be dated that decline of Spain, almost unexampled in its rapidity and completeness in the history of nations, which converted the mighty country that had been the terror of Europe in the sixteenth century into the carcase round which the eagles were gathered together at the end of the seventeenth.

In extent, revenue, and power, the vast empire to which Philip was made ruler was undoubtedly the chief and foremost of its time. His father had indeed thought fit to dis sever the German dominions from the vast

inheritance, and to leave them to his brother Ferdinand, painfully conscious by his own experience that Spanish and German nationalities could no more unite than fire and water; but at one time during the period of his greatest power, Philip's empire included, in Europe, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the two Sicilies; while in the gorgeous East rich settlements on the coasts of India, the Spice Islands and the Philippines, owned his sway and poured wealth into his coffers; and Mexico and Peru, with the rich islands of the Caribbean Sea, increased his revenues, until they are calculated to have reached nearly ten times the revenue of England under Elizabeth. Moreover, he held for a time the dominion at once of the land and of the sea, and in that particular it has been rightly said that his power was greater than that of Napoleon. Lord Macaulay aptly quotes the words of the wise Burleigh, spoken concerning Philip to the English Parliament: "The King of Spain, since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies; so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great . . . he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight." And this was spoken some years after the great disaster of Philip's reign, the overthrow of "that great fleet invincible," which bore in vain the richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain, against the indomitable sea-dogs of England. And yet, when this man died, Spain's power was gone; and the disease of bad government and despotic cruelty was eating into her vitals.

THE NETHERLANDS, AND HOW CHARLES V. AND PHILIP II. RULED THERE.

At the present day it is difficult to realise in the quiet, sedate Belgian towns, such as Ghent and Bruges and Louvain, and even in iron-working Liège itself, the idea that some centuries ago these were among the very wealthiest and most stirring communities in Europe; pre-eminent alike in the extent and importance of their commerce, the variety and ingenuity of their manifold industries, and the constitutional advantages enjoyed by their citizens. It is natural that regions deriving their prosperity and position from trade should incline towards free institutions. When Napoleon sneered at the English as "*une nation boutiquière*," a nation of shopkeepers, the sarcasm was directed quite as much against the common-sense of a community that refused to acknowledge the advantages of a military dictatorship, and insisted on managing its own affairs,

as against the commercial spirit he affected to despise. Where a great field is open to private enterprise, the citizen, the merchant, and manufacturer naturally acquire political power; and thus it was that Flanders was almost republican in system and in sentiment during an age of feudal tyranny. "Already in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries," says a writer, "Friesland was a republic except in name; Holland, Brabant, Flanders, had acquired a large share of self-government." When the provinces were obliged to acknowledge a general master in the person of the Duke of Burgundy, and Duke Philip the Good founded the order of the Golden Fleece, at that time the proudest in Europe, he found everywhere a constitution in full working order, and citizens ready to defend their free institutions to the last extremity; and none of the Dukes of Burgundy, not even the splenetic and furious Charles the Bold himself, attempted the task of overthrowing the freedom of the provinces, or interfering with their laws.

The great wealth of the Netherlands also, that provided the princes of the Burgundian House with the chief part of their magnificent revenues, formed a reason for respecting their institutions which did not exist in the case of such poor communities as, for instance, Switzerland; to offend a nation who could put armies in the field for them, and furnish them with the means of keeping up splendid courts, was manifestly opposed to the first principles of policy. Accordingly the Netherlands continued to increase in wealth, con-

sequence, and in a spirit of independence that amounted at times even to turbulence, until through the marriage of Mary of Burgundy, the daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, with the Archduke Maximilian of Austria (afterwards the Emperor Maximilian I.), they came under a new dominion, and in due course passed under the sway of Charles, First of Spain and Fifth of Germany, the grandson of Maximilian and Mary, and of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile.

Here was a complete change of the political situation. Charles was not, like the Burgundian dukes, dependent upon Flanders for his revenues; he could bring a foreign force into the country, in case of necessity, to put down discontent and enforce despotic enactments. He would combat Flanders with Spain. No wonder, therefore, that the Netherlands looked with extreme distrust and jealousy upon the foreign power to which they had become subject, and were more than ever tenacious of their liberties; or that Charles should endeavour to make his power felt by curtailing those liberties



WILLIAM THE SILENT.

in various particulars. The antagonism of race had also a powerful influence in preventing a good understanding between Spain and the Netherlands. Grotius remarks on the impossibility of the unnatural union of two such opposite nations turning out well. The Netherlands could live on an admirable footing with the nations around them, who were of kindred race with themselves and had advanced to greatness by the same roads. But Spaniards and Netherlands

were in most things entirely different. The martial ardour and warlike proclivities of the Spaniards had been kept alive by campaigns in Italy and in Africa. Considerations of profit and home prosperity had inclined the Netherlander to peace, while he was exceedingly tenacious in defending what he had gained. The Spaniards are portrayed by Grotius as an exceedingly laborious people, dauntless in danger, keen alike in the pursuit of wealth and of fame, proud to a degree that inspired them with a contempt for foreigners, piously inclined, and mindful of benefits received; but on the other hand, revengeful, and so devoid of self-restraint in the hour of victory, as to lose all considerations of conscience and honour in dealing with the vanquished. All this is opposite to the character of the Netherlander, who is cunning but not vindictive, and who, stationed in the midst between France and Germany, exhibits, in a mitigated degree, the weaknesses and strength of both. Respect towards their rulers is a sentiment they have in common; with this difference that the Netherlander places the laws above the king. It was a difficult task for the ruler of these two nations, so different from each other, to so divide his care and his favours between them, that a preference shown towards the Castilians should not offend the Netherlanders, while the equality granted to the latter should not outrage Castilian pride.

THE HARSHNESS OF CHARLES V. IN THE NETHERLANDS TEMPERED BY POLICY.

Under the rule of Charles V., the Netherlands soon found that from being a nation they had become a province, and were looked upon by their ruler as a means of carrying out his ambitious views, and a storehouse of men and arms, to be used in his warlike expeditions, and in enterprises that frequently brought loss rather than profit to the inhabitants of the Low Countries. The nobles and citizens stood aghast at the innovations made by the Emperor, and at his haughty way of disregarding their privileges and immunities. Thus the Tribunal at Mechlin, formerly an independent court, was subordinated to a royal council established by Charles at Brussels,—a council which was a mere mouth-piece of the monarch's will. Spaniards were introduced into every department of State business, and invested with the most important offices. Contributions were demanded to defray the expenses of the ruler's foreign wars, and in many cases the States were obliged to put on an appearance of voluntary acquiescence to escape the coercion that would have followed a refusal. Worse than all, as inflicting a deeper wound upon the national pride of the Netherlands, foreign troops were quartered in the Flemish towns,

and soldiers were recruited from among them for foreign wars.

"And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote,
And again the loud alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat,
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
I am Roland, I am Roland, there is victory in the land."

For the great and populous city of Ghent, whose walls measured nine miles in circuit, and whose complement of fighting men old Froissart already estimated at eighty thousand,—Ghent, that has been rightly described as "rather a commonwealth than a city," in an evil hour rose up in insurrection against the powerful Emperor. The great bell "Roland," the palladium and emblem of the city's liberties, called the burghers to arms; and Charles at once repaired with an army to Ghent, and inflicted such a chastisement on the rebels as struck terror through the whole of the Netherlands. A tremendous confiscation, in which even the bell Roland was included, taught the citizens that the day of their freedom was past; and that, though the Emperor might at times graciously please to wear the velvet glove, the iron hand was ever present. A hundred and thirty persons implicated in the rising had to beg their lives, and express their deepest contrition for their misdeeds, in the shirt of penitence, with halters round their necks. Nineteen of the ringleaders were beheaded; and Charles only granted pardon to the city on the intervention of the Queen Regent, who begged him of his imperial clemency to show favour to the city that had witnessed his birth.

But, though sufficiently inclined to tyrannise over the Netherlands, Charles was a politic, if not a just, ruler. He understood that in commerce lay the true strength of his kingdom, and that for commercial supremacy a certain amount at least of municipal freedom is indispensable. Accordingly it was not his design entirely to humiliate the Netherlands, and to deprive that valuable part of his dominions of all political significance. Moreover there was much in the moral character of the Netherlanders, with their bluff, hearty manners, their magnificent banquets,—for he was a gluttonous man, even to the days of his monastic retirement at St. Yuste,—and in their outspoken pride of wealth and trade, that attracted him, and proved a welcome relief from the sedate gravity of the Spaniards. His frequent visits to the Low Countries, and the favour he extended to some of their chief men, attest this. Moreover he understood and spoke their language, and was fond of holding long conversations with them, in which he could

infuse a certain grace and condescension; and familiar intercourse with monarchs often goes far towards pacifying rebellious minds. Thus he retained a certain personal popularity in spite of the weight with which his exactions, his agents, and his recruiting continually burdened the land.

CHARACTER OF PHILIP II.

In appearance and manners Philip was very different from his father. He was a Spaniard of the coldest and gravest type, impassive and ceremonious in manner, unsympathetic, untouched by the joys and sorrows of men, whom he was accustomed to regard as tools wherewith to work out his schemes. He spoke only Spanish, would have none but Spaniards about his person. A pupil of the monks, he was perfect in the art of concealing the workings of his mind under an appearance of stony indifference. It is told that when his father summoned him from Spain to Brussels in his youth, to show him to the nation whom he was one day to rule, neither the shouts of the populace nor the gorgeous magnificence of his reception could bring a smile to the youth's gloomy face; and that the first impression he made upon the Flemings was the conviction that they would find in him a tyrant whose schemes it would behove them to thwart by every means in their power.

The seventeen provinces that made up Philip's possessions in the Netherlands were in the most flourishing condition when they came into his hands. Prosperity and plenty were everywhere apparent; the numerous great and important towns had never been so wealthy. "No people on earth," says Schiller, in his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands," "could have been more easily ruled by a sensible prince, and none could have been found more difficult to rule by a juggler or a tyrant." If Philip could have made up his mind to allow even a qualified freedom to his Flemish subjects, he might have gained the good-will of the nobles, whose pride was flattered at the idea of serving a mighty prince, and whose influence would have gone far to reconcile the country in general to his rule; but it was the peculiarity of his character that nothing would satisfy him short of the slavish submission of the serf or the unquestioning obedience of the Jesuit to his superior. Terror was the means by which he chose to rule; and his mind, busy and indefatigable in the working out of details, had neither the elevation nor the breadth to work out a statesmanlike scheme of rule, or to read the signs of the times.

THE INQUISITION; ITS DEVELOPMENT UNDER PHILIP.

Among the difficulties experienced by

Charles V. in the government of the Netherlands, and, indeed, of his vast dominions generally, one of the chief arose out of that greatest of the movements in his century, the Reformation. Charles from the first took up a position of uncompromising antagonism against the Reformation; for not without reason he saw an analogy between an aspiration for religious and a striving for political liberty; and looked upon Protestantism as certain to interfere with his scheme of universal government. Accordingly he stood up with all his strength against Luther and the other reformers, and against the princes who, like Frederick of Saxony, adopted the new doctrines. His opposition had at least as much a political as a religious character; and indeed the extravagances of the fanatical leaders, the Bockholts and the Münzers, the atrocities of the Anabaptists at Munster, and the crimes of the revolted peasants, who tried to affiliate their rising to the cause of the Reformation, might well warrant distrust and suspicion in the brain of a cautious and jealous ruler like Charles.

In the Low Countries, too, the Reformed doctrines had established themselves with astonishing rapidity among a quick-witted and argumentative people, accustomed to freedom of speech, and eager to discuss a question that affected them so nearly. So much alarmed had Charles been by the movement, that he introduced, to combat it, the most terrible weapon ever employed by a government,—a weapon doubly dreaded from the secrecy with which its deadly wounds were inflicted,—the Spanish Inquisition.

Under every form the Inquisition has been a foul blot on the civilisation of Europe, and a reproach to every Christian government that could establish, and every Christian community that could endure it; but in Spain it has always been invested with a darker horror of wickedness. The Spanish Inquisition introduced by Ferdinand of Aragon, with Torquemada for its high priest, far surpassed in its fiendish cruelty, in the ingenuity and duration of the tortures inflicted on its victims, and the utter abnegation of humanity in its every proceeding, that older institution of the "Holy Office," of which it was the logical sequel and outcome. The object of the Inquisition in Spain was in the first instance to root out the remains of the Mahometan religion, which had become part and parcel of the life of those Moorish inhabitants of southern Spain, whose country had been conquered by the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, and many of whom sought by a nominal conversion to Christianity to escape the hard fate of exile, while in secret they remained attached to the faith of their forefathers, and practised its rites. After-

wards, under the auspices of the monks, the system was elaborated with a completeness of fiendish cruelty hardly credible. No rank

placed by reason, justice, or humanity on their proceedings. Not a single one among those forms of ordinary judicial proceeding



AN AUTO-DA-FÉ; THE CONDEMNED PRISONERS LED TO EXECUTION.

was exempt from the overwhelming power of the familiars of the holy office; no place was safe from their intrusion; no check was

upheld by the general consent of humanity in the interest of accused persons was allowed to come between the prisoner and

the Inquisition. Once entangled in the meshes of its horrible net, escape was impossible. The unhappy prisoner was first kept for forty-eight hours in a solitary dungeon, without food. Then he was brought before the tribunal; but a definite charge was seldom made against him. He was told to remember in what way he had offended, and was exhorted to accuse himself, and made to believe that in free confession lay the only means for pardon and reconciliation with the Church. No limit was placed on the amount or the frequency of the torture employed to extort admissions; whatever was extorted from bodily anguish was used for procuring condemnation; and denial was looked upon as evidence of hardened contumacy, in itself a sufficient warrant for condemnation. The *Auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, as the public ceremonial at the execution of a number of condemned prisoners of the Inquisition was called, was invested with all the pomp and circumstance of a public holiday. The victims condemned to die were clad in long yellow gabardines, on which figures of imps and demons were painted in black; on their heads they wore conical mitres or hats similarly decorated. Those who confessed and abjured their heresy were strangled before the flames consumed their bodies; those who persisted were burnt alive. Any look of pity or manifestation of sympathy for a heretic was sufficient to bring a man under suspicion; and to fall under suspicion was enough to consign any one to a dungeon. Even kings and queens, the virtuous Isabella of Castille herself not excepted, were present. At these executions the Grand Inquisitor sat on a higher chair than that occupied by the monarch himself, who on these occasions, with bared head, acknowledged the supremacy of the Church; and the solemnity of the occasion was considered as enhanced where a large number of victims were delivered over at one and the same time to the secular arm. For the Church, too merciful herself to inflict punishment of death on the victim, gave him up to the executioner, with recommendation that he should be dealt with tenderly, and without effusion of blood.

The Inquisition had been partially introduced into the Netherlands by Charles V. in 1522; but it was more open in its action, more like a regular court, and was not presided over by Dominicans—nor did it act in secret. It was reserved for Philip to establish an atrocious tribunal, in the Spanish form, in the fair country of the Flemings; and this would in itself be a sufficient reason for the revolt which convulsed the land some years later.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE, EGMONT, MARGARET OF PARMA, AND CARDINAL GRANVELLA.

That the establishment of such a horrible tribunal as the Inquisition should be the occasion of widespread anger and disaffection can be well imagined; and to this other grievances were added. The quartering of Spanish troops in the Netherlands, introduced by Charles V., had often been energetically protested against. During the wars of the German Emperor there seemed some necessity for the burden; now, however, in time of peace, "these troops were looked upon as the terrible preparations for oppression, and as the instruments of a hated hierarchy." There was a general and clamorous demand for their departure. Philip, without exactly refusing the request, contrived to keep them in the country; and, at length, when the Estates protested more energetically than before against the retention of these troops, as seeming to imply that they, the inhabitants, were not competent to defend their own country for the King, Philip angrily exclaimed that he was a foreigner, and asked whether he ought not on that account to be expected to quit Flanders without delay? And with these words he descended from his throne, and quitted the council-hall in high displeasure.

The various subjects of annoyance which the imperious King continually found in the independent spirit of the Netherlands made him anxious to quit a country so uncongenial to his temperament, and where he was so often reminded of a public spirit he was determined to crush. But it was necessary to appoint a regent for the Netherlands, an office second to none in importance during the absence of the monarch. It had been provisionally administered by Duke Philibert of Savoy; but as the recently concluded peace of Chateau Cambresis had restored that prince to his dominions, the duty of appointing a successor urgently presented itself.

Of those who were entitled to aspire to this high office, the first in rank and in merit was William, Prince of Orange Nassau. This remarkable man, who afterwards earned the proud title of *pater patriæ*, belonged to one of the most illustrious of the German houses, and one that in the 13th century had given a ruler to the Empire in the person of Adolphus of Nassau, who met his death in the battle of Gölheim, in 1298, fighting valiantly against Albert of Austria, the son of Rodolph of Hapsburg. He was brought up at the Court of Charles V., with whom he was an especial favourite, and who, it is told, permitted him alone to be present when the Emperor gave audience to foreign ambassadors; which is taken as a proof that already at that time he had earned by his discretion

the honourable title of "the Silent," by which he was afterwards distinguished. His father, the Count of Nassau, was a Lutheran. The Emperor, nevertheless, caused the young prince to be brought up in the Catholic religion, which, in later years, William exchanged for the Calvinistic form of Protestantism. When Charles abdicated his throne, William was three-and-twenty years old. The Emperor had twice distinguished him by proofs of his especial regard—once, when he gave him the honourable office of carrying the Imperial crown to Charles's brother and successor, Ferdinand; and again, when he bestowed on the Prince of Orange the command of the Imperial troops in Flanders on the retirement of Philibert of Savoy. He was enormously wealthy, and exercised a great and noble hospitality.

The second, who had a right by his position and services to aspire to the great office of Regent of the Netherlands, was Lamoral, Count of Egmont and Prince of Gavre. He was a descendant of the Counts of Gueldres, and, like William of Orange, had been distinguished by the favour of Charles V., who made him a knight of the great Order of the Golden Fleece. The two victories at Gravelines and St. Quentin had gained him an almost exaggerated fame, and made him enormously popular among his countrymen. He was looked upon as the man who had, by his courage and conduct, procured for them the blessings of peace. The Netherlands were proud of him, as the greatest of their countrymen. The Count himself, a man of kindly feelings, and with his heart expanded by the sunshine of prosperity, increased the favourable impression among his countrymen by the engaging freedom of his manners and address, and by the genial pleasure he evidently took in the expressions of good-will with which he was greeted whenever he appeared in public. While the acute intellect of the Prince of Orange looked "quite through the deeds of men," and could estimate actions and motives at their true value, the sunny optimism of Egmont refused to believe in the existence of duplicity and cunning, which were entirely foreign to his own nature; and thus not unfrequently was led into error by the kindness of his disposition.

The claims of the two great nobles to the regency were equally balanced, and Philip passed both of them by. He distrusted and detested the Prince of Orange, and was conscious that he himself was thoroughly understood by that astute prince, and, consequently, he would not advance the Prince of Orange. Egmont, on the other hand, was far too popular with his own countrymen to render him a fit servant of Philip as ruler of the Netherlands; while his descent from the Counts of Gueldres seemed to point him out

as the natural leader of the Flemings, if it should at any time occur to them to stand up for their independence against the son of the man who had introduced the Inquisition among them and had taxed them illegally; and an appearance of impartiality was given by the fact that the King passed over them both, as if he did not wish to favour one of these distinguished men at the expense of the other. The truth was, their popularity was an invincible obstacle with each of them.

The person whom the King chose as regent, to the exclusion alike of Orange and Egmont, was a relative of his own, the Duchess Margaret of Parma. Margaret was an illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Charles V., who gave her a royal education, and already in her fourth year caused her to be betrothed to a Duke of Ferrara. This engagement was afterwards cancelled, and after the return of the Emperor from Africa, Margaret was married to Alexander of Medicis, whom she lost a year later; and again Margaret's hand was given away by her Imperial father, this time to Alexander Farnese, who received as the dowry of his wife the duchies of Parma and Piacenza. Margaret was a woman of masculine appearance and manners. She spoke and moved like a man, and was a great huntress, like her ancestress, Mary of Burgundy. Her masculine appearance was increased by the moustachio that adorned her upper lip. In religion she was a bigoted Romanist.

HOW WILLIAM OF ORANGE INCURRED THE HATRED OF PHILIP II.

It is supposed that Philip considered the innovations he purposed introducing in Flanders would be more easily accepted at the hands of a woman, and that this had determined his choice. He veiled his hatred against the nobles, and especially against the Prince of Orange and Egmont, by the bestowal of important offices upon them, and by offering to each in turn the command of the Spanish troops who were to be left in the provinces. At a solemn assembly of the nobles and estates of the realm at Brussels, he recommended to the loyal consideration of his loving subjects the sister whom he left with them as regent, recapitulated the benefits he claimed to have conferred upon the State, promised to send his son Carlos if he himself should be unable to return, and took leave of the country he was never to behold again. On one occasion only his anger and spite against the Prince of Orange burst forth through the artificial veil of dissimulation. When he was about to embark at Flushing, the Prince of Orange was present, with many other nobles, to bid him farewell. The King took William bitterly to task for the discontents that had been manifested in the pro-

vinces. The Prince respectfully replied that nothing had been done except by the authority of the Estates. "No, no!" exclaimed Philip, his anger for once blazing out, as he seized the Prince's wrist and shook it violently; "not the Estates, but you—you—you!" In astonishment at this outbreak, the Prince turned away, and wished the King a pleasant voyage, without accompanying him on board his ship.

A deep-seated distrust of all men was a part of the system of Philip II.; but if there was one man whom he looked upon with something like confidence it was Antony Perant, Bishop of Arras, afterwards Archbishop of Mechlin and Metropolitan of the Netherlands, better known and universally hated in Flanders under the name of Cardinal Granvella. He was a man of remarkable talents and deep and wide erudition, indefatigable in the discharge of State business, carrying out the smallest details with laborious conscientiousness. He thoroughly understood his master, and would frequently put into definite shape a thought but half formed in the sluggish mind of Philip, to whom he would transfer the credit of the invention, illustrating the old proverb, "The page slew the boar, the king took the gloire." He really led Philip, in the only way in which that gloomy and superstitious tyrant could be led, by concealing his power and affecting to depreciate his own skill. Philip had especially recommended Granvella to his sister the Regent, impressing on Margaret that she should make use of the advice and experience of this astute and reliable counsellor on all occasions of difficulty.

DISCONTENT IN THE NETHERLANDS; THE COMPROMISE AND ITS OBJECT.

The projects of the King at Madrid were soon apparent in the actions of his minister. During the years that immediately followed Philip's departure from the Netherlands, the chief efforts of the Regent, seconded, or rather divided, by Granvella, tended to the setting up of an episcopal tyranny in the provinces, and to the carrying out of the edicts against the heretics with increased severity by the agency of the Inquisition. Gradually a clamour of discontent and opposition arose, which swelled into an universal roar of execration against Granvella, who, as primate in Flanders, actively carried out the new system, which redounded greatly to his profit; for among the new bishoprics that were created, six, namely, Antwerp, Bois-le-duc, Ghent, Bruges, Ypern, and Ruremonde, were immediately subordinate to the archbishopric of Mechlin. In the State Council the voice of Granvella prevailed against the opinion of all the rest; and even the Regent herself had to defer to his opinion. Worse than all was

the fact that these new bishoprics were associated with the spreading and strengthening of the Inquisition; for to each of them two inquisitors were attached, while the Cardinal had the title of Grand Inquisitor. Granvella himself at last recognized his position as untenable in the face of the urgent petitions addressed to Philip for his removal; and at length, after he had earnestly himself solicited his recall, and the three great nobles, William of Orange, Stadtholder of Holland, Lamoral, Count Egmont, Stadtholder of Flanders, and the wealthy and influential Count Horn, refused to appear at the council-board, Philip reluctantly called away his subservient agent, and Granvella quitted the Netherlands, leaving behind him the curses of millions, and the reputation of a persecutor and a traitor to the country. Even the Duchess Margaret disliked him intensely, and felt a relief at his departure.

But "the evil that men do lives after them." Granvella was gone from Flanders, but his system remained; and the King was determined at all cost to establish religious uniformity in the Netherlands. On his return to Spain from the Netherlands he had bound himself by an oath to extirpate heresy throughout his dominions: the dungeon, the rack, and the faggot had been unsparingly employed in carrying fulfilment of this oath; and Philip would hear of no mitigation of the penalties against religious offenders. Egmont, as a man whose loyalty and patriotism were alike well known, was deputed, in 1565, to lay the state of affairs before the King; but he could get no satisfaction at Madrid, the King dismissing him with that famous declaration, that rather than rule over heretics he would not rule at all. He would rather lose every foot of his territories, and die a thousand deaths, than sanction the slightest change in matters of religion.

Such an answer could not fail to inflame popular feeling, and create disgust and anger among the higher classes. The Prince of Orange showed his sense of Philip's conduct and of the cruelties and injustice practised upon the people by abjuring the Roman Catholic faith, in which he had been brought up, for that of his ancestors. The nobles for the most part belonged to the old religion; but they were as antagonistic to the Inquisition as the Protestants themselves, seeing in it the future ruin and desolation of their country. Accordingly some four hundred of them came together and signed a document called the Compromise, wherein they pledged themselves to stand by one another in resistance against the Inquisition, and religious persecution generally. This step, in which tyranny saw nothing less than a conspiracy to subvert all authority, they followed up by a petition for the abolition of the laws against



PROCESSION OF NOBLES TO MARGARET OF PARMA.

heretics, and the suspension of the prosecutions undertaken by the Inquisition.

On the 4th of April, 1566, the members of the league who had signed the Compromise met in the Kinlemburg House, the palace of Count Egmont; and here Brederode, one of

their chiefs, obtained from them a second oath, that they would stand by one another, if necessary, with arms in their hands. At the same time their zeal and indignation were inflamed by the exhibition of a letter from Spain, which set forth "how" a certain Pro-

testant, whom they all knew and respected, had been burnt alive there by a slow fire. It was determined to present the petition to the Regent Margaret next day.

HOW THE GREAT PETITION WAS PRESENTED TO MARGARET OF PARMA.

On the morrow, accordingly, the 5th of April, a company of nearly four hundred men, among them many nobles and persons of high position, and with the Count of Nassau and Brederode at their head, marched in procession, four and four, through the streets of Brussels to the palace, while all the city looked on in breathless expectation. The Regent Margaret, not a little disturbed to find so many of the foremost men in the country among the throng of petitioners, received them surrounded by her counsellors, and by the Knights of the Golden Fleece. Brederode addressed her in the most respectful terms, assuring her that the petition, of whose importance the numerous assembly was a sufficient guarantee, contained nothing that was incompatible with the good of the country or the dignity of the King. The chief object of the petition was to beg that a competent person might be despatched to Madrid to entreat the monarch to rescind the objectionable edicts, and stop the progress of the Inquisition; for their continuance could not fail to produce the worst consequences to the Netherlands. Margaret gave them hopes that the prayer of their petition would be granted, and promised to give them their answer on the morrow.

The next day, accordingly, they came in yet stronger numbers to receive the reply, which was to the effect that though the granting of their petition went beyond the powers with which the Regent was entrusted, one of the nobles should be despatched to Spain to lay their case before the King, backed with all the influence of the Regent; and that meanwhile directions should be issued to the inquisitors to fulfil their office in as moderate a manner as possible; while, on her part, she expected that the League would show a similar moderation, and undertake nothing against the dignity or authority of the monarch. This was quite as much as the petitioners expected to achieve for the time, and accordingly they withdrew not ill-pleased.

"LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS! VIVENT LES GUEUX!"

It happened that Brederode that night entertained at a banquet the majority of those who had taken part in the procession. The events of the day were talked over, and the courage of the guests, who were present to the number of some three hundred, rose as

the wine mounted to their brains. Then it happened how one of the guests told how he had noticed that Margaret of Parma had changed colour when the petition was presented, whereupon one of the Council, Count Barlaimont, had said to her she was not to be frightened at a lot of beggars (*gueux*). The designation had a certain grim humour in it; for, as Schiller says, "in truth the majority of them had been reduced by bad economy in a manner that only two well justified the word." The idea of adopting the epithet as a name for the League at once struck a number of the company, and there arose a shout of "Long live the Beggars!" which was repeated again and again, amid a tumult of applause. What had been first started as a jest was adopted in earnest. Brederode presently appeared with a wallet, such as the mendicant friars and pilgrims were accustomed to wear. With this strange insignia suspended round his neck, he drank to the company, having exchanged "his figured goblet for a dish of wood," thanking them for joining the union, and vowing that he was ready to risk his life and everything that he had for each one among them. The cup was then passed to each one in turn, and each man took the same oath as he drained it. Wallets were then passed round, and the guests hung them up behind their chairs, as distinguishing marks of the fraternity of the Beggars.

The shouting and tumult of these proceedings had attracted the attention of William of Orange and of the Counts Egmont and Horn, who happened to be passing the door, and wondered what made Brederode's guests so noisy. They stepped into the house, and were received with acclamations; and the host would take no denial but they must stay and take a glass with their friends. This they did amid the frantic applause of the guests, who looked upon the proceeding as a formal joining of the League by these three illustrious visitors. "We only drank a single small glass," said Egmont afterwards in his defence, when arraigned for high treason, "and they shouted 'Long live the King, and long live the Beggars!'" I heard the expression for the first time, and certainly it displeased me; but the times were so evil, that one had to take part in many things against one's inclination, and I thought I was doing a harmless thing." And now the festivity grew fast and furious; the spirits of the company were raised to the highest point of triumphant joviality in the pleasure of gaining three such recruits to their cause; they drank and shouted with redoubled vigour, and many were intoxicated, not entirely by joy, on the occasion. Never was a national league of vital importance more whimsically inaugurated.

HOW THE GREAT CONSPIRACY WENT ON.

The zeal of the newly-established league did not evaporate with the fumes of the festive wine. What had been resolved upon in the joyous tumult of a banquet was deliberately carried out when reflection came. The members of the new fraternity chose a dress, of an ashen grey colour, such as was worn by mendicant friars and penitents, and in this garb they clothed their servants and families; and whenever the grey gowns appeared in the streets of Brussels, some wearers, moreover, displaying in their hats or at their girdles wooden cups, dishes, and similar insignia of the beggar's trade, the fraternity increased in numbers and importance. Then it was that a medal was adopted, a gold or silver coin, displaying on one side the effigy of Philip II., with the legend, "Faithful to the King," and on the other a pair of folded hands supporting a wallet, with the words, "To the beggar's staff." In time, the name "Gueux" was adopted by all who, in the Netherlands, separated themselves from the Papacy, and ultimately took up arms against the King.

After a closing interview with Margaret of Parma, in which the Regent exhorted the chiefs of the confederation to behave peaceably and moderately, and above all to abstain from all innovation, and from increasing the numbers of their union, until the King's answer should arrive from Madrid, Brederode, Kuilemborg, and Bergen, the three chiefs, quitted Brussels at the head of a cavalcade of more than five hundred horsemen. But they had no intention of limiting their activity; on the contrary, they wished to extend the confederation of the Gueux as widely as possible. Brederode proceeded to Antwerp, where he appeared at the window of a tavern with a brimming wine-glass in his hand, and told the expectant crowd that he had come, with peril of his life and property, to relieve them from the burden of the Inquisition. Meanwhile Margaret of Parma, with the help of her councillors, drew up a document which halted half-way between the demands of the malcontents and the edicts of the King, and which was known by the name of the Moderation. To this document she cleverly obtained the consent of the various towns and districts separately, thus giving them no opportunity for common discussion or remonstrance. But there was reason to believe that the nation would not be content with this "Moderation," even if it were confirmed by the King; for the document had been drawn up without consultation with the Estates; and this had been made a great point. It was also decided, against the advice of the Prince of Orange, to keep the document secret until the King's sanction had been

obtained. The document itself was of a most unsatisfactory nature, for it did not include the abolition of a single important grievance, and at a later period was nick-named by the angry people the "Murderation."

William, Prince of Orange, and the Counts Egmont and Horn had hitherto maintained a position midway between the malcontents and the party of the government. They now determined to withdraw from public affairs altogether, having no hope that a favourable answer would be received from Madrid, and conscious that their counsels were systematically opposed and overruled. Margaret of Parma protested vehemently against this proceeding, representing to the Prince of Orange especially that as the heads of the conspiracy of the Gueux, Prince Louis of Nassau and Brederode, were respectively his brother and his friend, if William suddenly forsook the councils of his king, it would be universally held that he favoured the conspirators. For a time the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont were persuaded by the Regent to remain; but Horn retired to one of his estates, declaring he would serve emperors and kings no more.

The party of the Gueux, meanwhile, increased rapidly in numbers and importance. In the provinces they were looked upon as the friends and supporters of the popular cause, and in various towns merchants and citizens of note openly declared themselves of their party, and wore their insignia. All who were discontented, all who conceived themselves injured by the tyranny and injustice of the government, all who looked to see the existing state of things overthrown, gathered round them. "To be pointed out as a valuable recruit to the confederacy," says Schiller, "flattered the vain man; the opportunity of mingling unobserved and unpunished in the great crowd, lured the coward." And now there came flocking into the Netherlands a crowd of German Protestants and French Huguenots, bent on proselytizing, for which they saw a favourable opportunity. Calvinists, Lutherans, and Anabaptists vied with each other in the endeavour to win souls; the three sects having little in common except a bitter and inextinguishable hatred against the Roman Church and the Inquisition, and against the Spanish Government as its tool. Expecting that the "Moderation" would be accepted at Madrid, the Regent had given directions to the magistrates of various districts that the Inquisition should proceed with caution and moderation. This recommendation had been understood in so wide a sense that for a time the operations of that tribunal were almost suspended. Emboldened by this, the Protestants, who until then had been fain to meet for worship by night and in secret places, came together

openly in crowds to listen to the fiery exhortations of favourite preachers; and a magistrate who rashly endeavoured to arrest one of these preachers who was addressing an open-air meeting of some thousands, was so furiously attacked by the populace with sticks and stones that he barely escaped with his life. Hermann Stricker, a quondam monk who had escaped from his convent, and Peter Dathan, a monk who had abjured his belief, were the most popular and influential among the preachers; and Ambrosius Ville, a French Calvinist, excited the Protestants of Tournay.

The boldness of the preachers and of the audiences increased with the sympathy they found. Besides Tournay, Valenciennes, and Antwerp distinguished themselves by the audacity with which they defied the laws against heresy. They soon got so far as to establish camps by making an enclosure of carts and waggons, within which their services were held, guarded by armed men; and in many cases these meetings were defaced by the wildest extravagance. The Romish Church and its ceremonies, the doctrine of purgatory and the various dogmas were turned into ridicule, and made the subjects of coarse wit and buffoonery, the hearers expressing their approval by clapping of hands, as at a dramatic show. The wonted impunity increased the boldness of the sectaries; and after a short time they actually made a practice of conveying their preachers home in triumph, with a mounted escort, in open and contemptuous defiance of the law.

THE STORM BURSTS FORTH AT LAST.

The confederacy of the Gueux was meanwhile becoming stronger and stronger. The lower class of people became more and more turbulent, and in Antwerp the disturbance reached such a pitch that some of the great merchants meditated quitting the town altogether, fearful of being plundered by the unruly mob. Urgent messages were sent to Margaret of Parma, begging her by her personal presence to restore order in the distracted city, or at least to send the Prince of Orange, the only man of sufficient weight to control the jarring factions. Though it went against her inclination to entrust Antwerp to William, the Regent felt bound to comply with the latter of these requests, and the Prince was welcomed in Antwerp with the utmost enthusiasm. The whole city seemed to have turned out to meet him. Again the cry, "Long live the Gueux!" was raised with joyful shouts in honour of the Prince. "Look at him," cried others, "he it is who brings us liberty." "He is everything to us!" cried others; and thus, amid a jubilant clamour of young and old, the Prince rode into the city, grave and

anxious, and with words of warning on his lips to the excited populace, whom he adjured to be careful what they did lest they should one day repent it. Brederode meanwhile had taken advantage of the Regent's request that he would aid her in maintaining peace to issue a general summons of the whole league of the Gueux, in the town of St. Truyea, whither Brederode and Ludwig of Nassau had betaken themselves, at the head of two thousand men, with the intention of obtaining new concessions from Margaret, who negotiated with them through the Prince of Orange and Count Egmont, and who bitterly complained of this display of force as unnecessary, and calculated to produce disturbances. The Gueux, on the other hand, defended the step they had taken by declaring that while they thanked the Regent for all she had done for them, they feared her commands for moderation were but ill carried out, so long as they saw their fellow-countrymen dragged to prison and to death on account of their religion. They declared themselves loyal to the King; but at the same time they let it be plainly seen that they intended to stand together for their own defence, and were as inimical as ever to the Inquisition.

Meanwhile, in Spain, the envoys who had been sent to procure the consent of the King and Government to the Moderation, were able to effect nothing. The Council summoned to deliberate on the matter, among whom was the Duke of Alva, the most suspicious and unscrupulous of bigots, could see nothing in the demands of the Gueux but an organized attempt to create a rebellion, and a determination to overthrow all authority, and to obtain what they declared the King could not grant,—complete freedom of religious belief. The advice of the Council to the King was that His Majesty should refuse to grant the Moderation in the form demanded, but should grant some smaller concessions, while a partial amnesty might be given for past offences; and, on the other hand, all public preaching, all confederations, meetings, leagues, should be forbidden under the heaviest penalties; and that meanwhile the Regent should avail herself of the garrisons in the different towns, and, if necessary, raise fresh troops to combat any attempt at insubordination. The advice of the Council was taken. Philip made some trifling and valueless concessions that he might at any time revoke, but certainly promised some modification in the action of the Inquisition. The boon, such as it was, came too late, for the question had now assumed a new aspect.

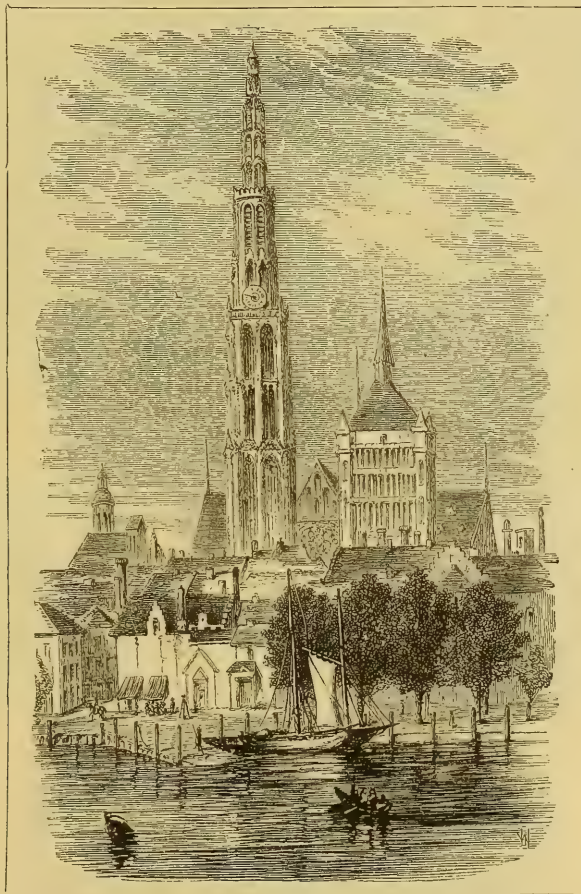
KING PHILIP AND HIS COUNCILLORS;
ALVA.

The storm of popular fury that had been

long gathering had at length burst violently forth in various towns in the Netherlands. The anger of the populace showed itself first in expressions of contempt directed against the monks and their teachings, and against the worship of images and of sacred symbols, from the host downwards. Suddenly in all Flanders and Brabant, in all the chief cities such as Brussels, Antwerp, Ypern, etc., the rage of the people vented itself upon images,

escape; in many places the roads were strewn with the fragments of broken sculpture and of objects used in the church services. Nor did the convents escape uninjured; and various valuable libraries also became the prey of the fanatic mobs, and were committed to the flames.

Margaret of Parma found herself compelled, in the extremity to which her authority was brought by these disturbances, to



ANTWERP.

church ornaments, and consecrated vessels and implements. Crowds of people belonging to the lowest classes ranged through the towns, breaking in pieces and destroying furniture, decorations, and pictures and images. It was on the 14th of August, 1566, that this carnival of sacrilege began; and within three days more than four hundred churches and chapels had been plundered and desecrated. Even the crucifixes and images of saints by the wayside did not

negotiate with the league of the Gueux; and again the Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn were chosen to act between the contracting parties. The Regent pledged her word that no member of the League should be in any way called to account for the petition presented to the King, in return for this promise of indemnity, which was formally signed and sealed by Margaret, the League promised to give every assistance towards putting down the sacrilegious icono-

clasts and restoring tranquillity throughout the provinces. Margaret felt deeply humiliated at being thus obliged to treat with men whom she looked upon as the opponents and enemies of the King's authority; and in her letters to Philip excused herself by declaring that she had been little better than a prisoner in the capital where she nominally ruled. She was especially bitter against William of Orange, and her complaints were not likely to be passed unheeded by the vindictive tyrant to whom they were addressed. For the time, however, the danger was successfully encountered. The Prince of Orange did good service in putting down the riotous and sacrilegious despoilers of the churches. Some of the ringleaders were hanged, and various punishments inflicted on others, produced a salutary feeling of terror, and put an end to the work of plunder and destruction. Margaret of Parma, too, showed considerable skill and policy in mingling severity towards the most ruthless offenders with conciliation and compromise where these means could answer her purpose. Troops were obtained; and with forces hastily raised the rebellious town of Valenciennes, and somewhat later Antwerp itself, was reduced to obedience, and it seemed as if peace and tranquillity would succeed to the troubles that had so long

shaken the Netherlands. All depended on the course that should be decided on in Madrid.

In the Spanish capital, grave deliberations had been held on the state of things in the Netherlands. In the royal council, several were for a policy of strict justice, and for the removal of grievances, for this would deprive those who persisted in their opposition of all claim to support and sympathy. But the opposing faction, headed by the Duke of Alva, declared that the King would be showing culpable weakness by such a course; that it behoved him first to vindicate his authority, by the unsparing punishment of all who had opposed him, and that afterwards there would be time enough to think of the redress of grievances. This advice was too congenial to the despotic temper of Philip to be rejected; and in an evil hour for himself the King despatched Alva to enforce obedience with fire and sword; and the splendid and wealthy provinces, with their turbulent but warm-hearted and affectionate inhabitants, were at length goaded by the insolence of tyranny and oppression into desperate revolt.

The events of that revolt, its vicissitudes and ultimate success, must be told separately.

H. W. D.



GHEENT.



THE CONSPIRATORS AT WORK.

GUY FAWKES:

THE STORY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

"Remember, remember, the Fifth of November,
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot."

A Scene in the Tower—Guy Fawkes—His Examination and Hearing—The King's Questions—English Catholics—Origin of the Plot—The Family of Fawkes—Meeting in St. Clement's Danes—Vinegar House—The Mine—The Conspirators—Frank Tresham—The Warning—Check by the King—Checkmate—The Springing of the Mine—Arrest of Guy Fawkes—Run to Earth—The Executions—Search for the Priests—End of the Jesuits—Garner's last Efforts—Conclusion.

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.



T noon, upon a certain early day in November 1605, the inhabitants of the city of London were surprised to see some of the highest nobility of the land hurrying with anxious mien to the

Tower. But their visit was not unexpected by the Lieutenant of that frowning pile. Sir William Waad was awaiting them; he met them as they arrived, and these great personages passed through to his house directly across the Green. They met in a small

apartment, now covered with inscriptions and "plated" with records,—The Powder Plot Room!

This room is a small one, and the window looks upon the Thames. The apartment is constructed curiously upon the wall; and around it are (or were) certain inscriptions in Latin—one a prayer for "James the Great, King of Great Britain, his Queen and children, and for their protection." Other records are inscribed upon the wall, for this little chamber is the Powder Plot Room, and the great men have hurried from Whitehall to the Tower to examine a prisoner captured in Parliament Place upon the previous evening.

The prisoner was Guido Fawkes, his interrogators the Secretary of State, the Lord High Admiral, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Lord Privy Seal,—offices holden by men whose names carried with them all the weight of the English nation, viz., Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Charles Blount, Earl of Devon, and Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton. These noblemen had been instructed to question the man, who had given his name as John Johnson, and his master's as Thomas Percy, but whose identity had been discovered from a letter found upon the prisoner, written by Anne Vaux, of Harrowden, daughter of Lord Vaux, and whilom of White Webbs, in Enfield Chase, where English Jesuits and English ladies lived under assumed names, and in questionable relationship.

Sir William Waad was despatched to bring in the prisoner; and in a few moments he entered the room and confronted his accusers boldly,—as boldly as he had joked the night before when caught all grimy and black from coal and dust in Parliament Place. This was the man whose name has been handed down to execration by generations as Guy Fawkes. It is with this man and his associates, his aiders and abettors, that we have now to do.

GUY FAWKES EXAMINED.

The prisoner entered calmly, and seemed not alarmed nor dismayed at the reception he had met with, or the fate that impended. He waited boldly and defiantly before the Commissioners. He had played for life or death, and lost the stakes. He was an upright, well-bearing soldier, bronzed and sandy of hue, with grey hair; his appearance—notwithstanding the circumstances in which he was placed—being that of a man of no low lineage. Even Cecil testified to his bearing. "He is no more dismayed," said he, "than if he were taken for a poor robbery upon the highway.

The King had set down certain questions,

and given certain instructions concerning the examination of the prisoner. "The gentler tortures are to be first used unto him," writes the King, "*et sic per gradus ad ima tendatur*, and so God speed you in your good work." The good work was not long in beginning, and a number of questions were put to Fawkes. The King's examination was as follows, as written by James himself:—

"(1) Quhat he is, for I can neuer yett heare of any man that knowis him?

"(2) Quhaire he uas borne?

"(3) Quhat uaire his parents' names?

"(4) Quhat aage he is of?

"(5) Quhaire he hath liued?

"(6) How he hath liued, and by quhat trade of lyfe?

"(7) How he ressaued those woundes in his breste?

"(8) If he was euer in seruice with any other before Percie, and quhat they uaire, and hou long?

"(9) Hou came he in Percie's seruice, by quhat meanes, and at quhat tyme?

"(10) Quhat tyme was this house hyred by his maister?

"(11) And hou soone aftir the possessing of it did he begin his deuillishe preparations?

"(12) Quhen and quhaire lernid he to speake frenshe?

"(13) Quhat gentlewoman's lettir it uas that uas found upon him?

"(14) And quairfore doth she giue him an other name in it than he giues to himself?

"(15) If he was euer a Papiste, and if so quho brocht him up in it?"

Then follows a long list of other questions which the King wished to have put to Guy Fawkes.

The prisoner answered them all in the way that suited him best. A great many of his answers were untrue, and others only partially true. Some few were answered truly. But the Commission and the King were not satisfied; and Sir Edward Coke came down, and soon put Fawkes out of countenance. The rack was hinted at, and then Fawkes, though steadily refusing to bear witness against his accomplices, told the truth concerning himself. He confessed his birth, parentage, and occupation, of which more hereafter.

When he was told that his friends had escaped, and that the very fact of their attempted flight condemned them, Fawkes said it would be superfluous for him to declare them. But next day we find Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, writing to Lord Salisbury as follows:—

"This morning, when Johnson was ready

(who hath taken such rest this night as a man void of all trouble of mind), I repaired unto him, and told him if he held his resolution of mind to be so silent, he must think that the resolution in the State was as constant to proceed with him with that severity which was meet in a case of that consequence; and for my own part I promised that I would never give him over until I had gotten the inward secrets of his thoughts, and all his complices, and therefore I wished him to prepare himself. He confessed he had made both a solemn vow and oath, and received the Sacrament on it, not to disclose it, nor to discover any of his friends. He knew not what torture might do, but otherwise he was resolved to keep his vow."

It was evident from this letter* that Sir William Waad was under the impression that Fawkes would betray all he knew; but next morning the prisoner was as stubborn as ever, and would say nothing. There are sensational and romantic accounts of the tortures to which Fawkes was afterwards subjected; but though it is probable he was racked to make him divulge the names of his accomplices, we do not find any authority for the statement that he was hung up by his thumb, put upon the "hot-stone," or imprisoned for a night in the horrible pit, the dungeon amongst the rats, which may or may not have been a form of torture applied to refractory prisoners. He probably made acquaintance with the "Scavenger's Daughter" and the "Little Ease," if the rack failed to extract his information.

However, the torture succeeded, and Guido Fawkes made full confession; but he stipulated that it must not be in writing. "From the Tower of London, the 9th of November, 1605," Sir William Waad wrote to the Earl of Salisbury, signifying that the prisoner ("my prisoner" the Lieutenant calls him) had "faithfully promised me by narration to discover to your Lordship only all the secrets of his heart, but not to be set down in writing." So the Earl came quickly to the Tower, and in the little "Powder Plot" chamber he obtained a full and complete history of the Gunpowder Treason from the lips of one of the chief conspirators.

The words were copied, and subsequently offered to Fawkes to sign. We have now the proof that the man had been tortured. He made an attempt to sign his name; but ere he could complete the signature the pen fell from his nerveless hand, having traced only the Christian name, GUIDO.

His first narrative, dated the 8th of November, was added to; and when his accomplices were arrested, the whole tale of the memorable Gunpowder Plot was written.

There is one narrative in the *Harleian Miscellany*, dated 1678, to which we are indebted for some of the circumstances herein set forth. This, with other papers, have been consulted, and now we will piece together the various histories of the Treason.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

The Gunpowder Treason has been ascribed to the Roman Catholics as a body, but that statement is not wholly true. No doubt the idea of the plot was first communicated to Catesby by a pupil of Owen the Jesuit, named Morgan, but the conspirators were originally of the Protestant faith. If we examine the records we shall find they were perverts or converts to the Romish Church, and receiving little or no support from the Pope or the high Catholic authorities or from the secular priests. The Jesuits were scarcely in favour of it; but there can, on the other hand, be no doubt that the English Catholic families had been treated with great severity by Elizabeth. Their houses were searched, and many indignities were put upon them and their families. The Jesuits were driven from house to house, and concealed in secret passages and behind the open chimneys, and these proceedings enraged them.

The Jesuits had been banished by Elizabeth; and the penalty for entering England was death; and it was also proclaimed that all persons harbouring priests were guilty of a "capital felony." So all the English Catholics were more or less affected; and it appears that the families and houses or the conspirators of the "Popish Plot" had all suffered directly or indirectly from the strict Acts of Elizabeth's reign. Even those who had entertained her right royally were not exempted, and some families were ruined by the payment of fines.

But the priests were actually driven about in real terror of their lives. The many narratives and romances of the period do not exaggerate the shifts and disguises to which the Jesuits had recourse to avoid discovery and death. There are some old mansions now extant, and there were many more then, which were full of hiding-places; and when the hunted ecclesiastics were warned from one by the faithful spy, they hurried to another, like rabbits from hole to hole before the dogs. At Enfield, at Henley, at Erith, near Woolwich, were houses which sheltered these priests; and "White Webbs," in Enfield Chase, is a celebrated instance.

James being of Romish descent, the English Catholics entertained great hopes that he would favour them on his accession; but he disappointed them, although after his proclamation he had made some advances towards conciliating them, and removed their "recusancy" fines, and made some

* MSS. British Museum.

high and lucrative appointments from their body.

But scarcely had he ascended the throne than James changed his opinions, and the Catholics who had been led to expect toleration were hardened into treason by the enactments and the increased severity of the penal laws directed against them. Any promises that James had made were now thrown to the winds, and the English Catholics reopened negotiations with the court of Spain for placing a Catholic sovereign upon the English throne, and for the embarkation of a Spanish army for the purpose. But the idea fell through, and the discontented and harassed Catholics had to strike out in other directions.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLOT.

At the close of the year 1601, Thomas Winter, a younger brother of Robert Winter, of Huddington, in Worcestershire, was sent over into Spain by the Jesuits Garnet and Tesmond to treat with the King respecting the levy of an army to espouse the Catholic cause in England. Thomas Winter was a pretty shrewd fellow; he had already seen considerable service, and was afterwards employed by Lord Monteagle as secretary, or in some such capacity. He was a Roman Catholic at that time, and related to Catesby and Tresham. He had been variously employed in intrigues, and delighted in them.

Such a mission was very acceptable, and the promise of an army was given. But the death of Elizabeth in 1603 put a stop to the negotiation. Wright was at once despatched to Spain, and on his way Christopher met Guy Fawkes, who had been sent by Father Owen from Brussels on the same errand. Fawkes was no stranger to Wright, and when these worthies had been rebuffed by the Spanish monarch, who was treating with the King of England, they returned together.

But while Fawkes and Christopher Wright were travelling and plotting abroad, a much more serious project had been set on foot at home. Catesby, a man of very considerable position and influence, was the son of Sir William Catesby, a convert of the Romish Church, and a man possessed of large estates in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. To Robert Catesby, his son, the idea of gunpowder seems first to have occurred as an useful agent in destroying the obnoxious James. By gunpowder they could at one fell stroke demolish James and his associates. Gunpowder had killed Darnley his father; was it not quite in the fitness of things that powder should destroy the son as easily? The precedent was a good one from the conspirators' point of view.

With soldiers such as they were, to men

so well accustomed to the use of powder, and mining, entrenching tools and subterranean engineering, the most powerful and secret agent was gunpowder. They were familiar with it, and trusted to its qualities as a sure and swift destroyer which would "leave not a wrack behind." Whether Catesby was the actual originator of the idea is not material. He communicated it to Winter, and boldly stated his intention to blow up Parliament with gunpowder, for "in that place" (Parliament) "they have done us all the mischief."

The man named by Catesby as the person best calculated to assist them in their design was Guy Fawkes; and Winter crossed to the Netherlands and brought him back to England "as a fit and resolute man for the execution of the enterprise." As we shall have to mention Guido or Guy Fawkes very often, we must give some particulars concerning him: for these we are mainly indebted to a small volume entitled, "The Fawkes of York."

THE FAMILY OF FAWKES.

When interrogated after his apprehension, Guy Fawkes said he had been born in York. He was the son of Edward Fawkes, a notary of York, and the second of four children. He was born on 16th April, 1570. His father died when the children were still young, but "Guye" was educated at York school, which was under Church patronage, and we might conclude that the parents were of the Protestant faith, even if existing evidence did not prove such to be the case.

Somehow the young Guye displeased his wealthy uncle; and when he died he left little to his nephew; "my golde ring, and my bedde, and one payre of shetes," seem to be all that Thomas Fawkes bequeathed to the lad, though his sisters were well provided for. Mrs. Fawkes had married a second time, and Guye was living with his stepfather at Scotton, where he no doubt became acquainted with Percy and the Wrights his relatives.

These young men were all very religious; and they being rigid Catholics it is no wonder that Fawkes went over to their faith. Greenway the Jesuit describes Fawkes as a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of a mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for religious observances. Such a character is not at all what we are accustomed to attribute to Guy or Guye Fawkes.

The future conspirator and would-be regicide had a little property left him by his father; but he seems to have left England in 1593, after disposing of his land. He enlisted as a soldier of fortune (*i.e.* without it) in the Low Countries, and soon obtained a command. As already stated, he accompanied

Winter to Madrid in 1601; and in 1603 he went with Wright to Philip of Spain. In April 1604, he was serving with the Archduke's army in the Netherlands, and was brought to England by Thomas Winter, according to Robert Catesby's desire.

At this time Fawkes was "about forty-six years of age, though from the whiteness of his head he appeared to be older; his figure was tall and handsome, his eyes large and lively, and the expression of his countenance pleasing though grave; and, notwithstanding the boldness of his character, his manners were gentle and quiet."*

Such was the man who stands forward

talking and doing nothing?" he had said. But Catesby assured him that this time at any rate something was to be attempted, and something done ere long, enough even to satisfy his homicidal tendencies. However, before he entered into particulars, he desired those present to take an oath not to divulge the secret. This oath was administered by Gerard, a Jesuit, and was as follows:—

"You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament which you now purpose to receive, never to disclose directly nor indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter which shall be proposed to you to be kept secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave."



CONSPIRATORS' HOUSE AT LAMBETH.

most prominently from his fellow-conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot.

THE MEETING AT ST. CLEMENT'S.

Percy had volunteered to assassinate the King, but Catesby was too wary to accept this too zealous assistance. "That would be too dear a purchase when his own life would be hazarded in it." So a meeting was arranged in a small house in Butcher's Row, St. Clement's Danes, between Catesby, Percy, Kit Wright, Thomas Winter, and Guy Fawkes, in May 1604.

Thomas Percy appears to have been impatient for action. "Are we always to be

This oath was taken, and the Sacrament was then administered to those present; but it does not appear that the secret of the plot was ever imparted to Gerard the Jesuit.

Catesby then made a clean breast of the project, and explained that when Parliament next assembled they would all have their revenge. He explained his design to strike one fatal blow at the Parliament, and destroy the King and his family; "for so long as there were these branches of the Royal Family remaining, to what purpose would it be to make away [with] the King?" The others all concurred; the blow was to be struck at the Houses of Parliament; and the means being already decided on, the way alone remained to be considered.

* *Greenway MSS.*

The conspirators then left the house, which had been taken by Catesby for a Mr. "Johnson." This Johnson was none other than Guy Fawkes, who had assumed that name when he quitted the Netherlands. He gave out that he was Percy's servant. The upper chamber was the one in which the Sacrament was administered before an extemporized altar. The room underneath was the one in which the actual disclosure of the secret was made.

All was now ready. But how should they proceed? How could they drive a mine? They must get possession of some tenement close by. Catesby had a house in Lambeth, nearly opposite the Parliament House. If they could only get possession of some place to which they could at once convey the powder, and where they could work unperceived, they felt assured of success. Such a tenement they found in Vinegar House.

"VINEGAR HOUSE."

This "small stone tenement" was situated in Parliament Place, and was a portion of the House of Lords. Underneath Catesby had found there were vaults in which the powder could be stored. But how was the house to be obtained? Percy undertook to get it; and this is the way he proceeded to carry out his part.

The house was held by a person named Ferris or Ferress, who had been living in Warwickshire, and as a neighbour of Catesby was known to Bates, his serving-man. This Ferris was under-tenant to Whinnard, or Whinyard, the keeper of the wardrobe, at whose disposal the house was during the intervals between the prorogation and assembling of Parliament. There was some difficulty attending the possession. The tenant was out of town, and Mrs. Whinyard did not like to proceed in the matter without her husband's consent. But Percy having been formerly about the Court, and not being suspected, managed by promises and money to overcome the dame's scruples. She gave up the keys. The house was taken in Percy's name, and Fawkes, as his servant, by the name of Johnson, was to remain in possession. Ferris secured twenty pounds for his under-lease, and a certain payment every quarter was agreed upon.

Thus the first step was successful, and as in other and less treasonable matters, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" Vinegar House was occupied, and a small place next door, inhabited by "Gibbins, the porter," was to be at Percy's disposal. No suspicion was aroused as Percy, being connected with the Earl of Northumberland, was enabled to declare his comings and goings were all on his business, and were known and approved by him.

So far so good, and all promised well. But there was one great difficulty, How were they to convey the powder into the vaults? A great quantity had been stored at Catesby's house in Lambeth, on the opposite side of the river, and that was in the care of a house-keeper. She must be got rid of. Accordingly a creature named Kay or Keyes was chosen to look after the magazine. Here a number of planks and combustibles were concealed, and subsequently transported across the river in the night. No one took any particular notice of the conspirators, and the operations were concluded in safety.

A very small space separated them from the vaults under the Houses of Parliament, and preparations were made to begin the mine. But many weeks had elapsed, and sometimes the rumour that the house was required for the Crown threw the conspirators in confusion and alarm. During the intervals the fell purpose of the band was whetted by the treatment experienced in the provinces by the priests and Jesuits, who were condemned and executed, and Mr. Pound, who ventured to address a protest to the Crown on the subject, was put in the pillory and nearly deprived of his ears. Priest-hunting became quite a pastime, a kind of sport where the game was human, and this recreation was greatly enjoyed by certain officials.

In the midst of the conspirators' preparations news came that this government house was required for the purposes of a Committee. There was no time to remove the powder and faggots, the only thing was to leave them covered up and trust that the committee would not think of descending into the cellar. So there day after day the Commission assembled until their labours were finished, the members little dreaming that they were sitting daily over a mine which might at any moment have blown them into eternity.

THE MINE.

As soon as the Commissioners had finished their sittings, the real excavation commenced. Armed and fully equipped, the workers crossed stealthily to the house in Parliament Place one dark December night, and the remaining arms and implements were conveyed to their destination. As soon as they arrived, Garnet knelt down and offered prayer for the success of the undertaking. When this "pious" duty had been performed, the party descended to the cellar and there placed the barrels of powder in as dry a corner as they could find. They were then covered over with wood and coals so that in the event of any sudden investigation the barrels might remain undiscovered.

All day the windows were kept closed, and no one went out. The conspirators had provided themselves with hard-boiled eggs, dried

meats, and "baked pies," so that there was no necessity for them to leave the house to procure food. They were at one time alarmed by an intrusive lad who came over the wall, and this incident, absurd and trivial as it was, greatly terrified them. At night the rest of the working party arrived, and then the mine was commenced in earnest, Christopher Wright being admitted to the confederacy. There were seven employed in the digging and mining; Fawkes stood sentinel generally, and they all worked with determination until Christmas Eve, discussing their plans when they rested from their labours at intervals.

This mining was no child's play. Fawkes and Keyes both threw all their strength into the task but made little impression upon the scarce yielding stones and mortar. With immense labour one stone was loosened, and then another. The rubbish when removed was buried in the garden at the dead of night; but the necessary secrecy, and the fear of being heard at work, caused them much annoyance and greatly impeded their progress. Notwithstanding that the proceedings had been opened with prayer and the wall sprinkled with holy water, the obdurate stone, as hard as many a human heart, did not yield to the prayers and solicitations of the Church, as represented by Garnet.

For three days and nights the men laboured to make the excavation, and at the expiration of that time they had dug out a hole sufficient to admit one of their number. They worked in relays, Fawkes keeping watch when his turn for rest came, and by these means some progress was made. The gravel was buried as soon as excavated.

One night when they were working as usual, a most mysterious sound was heard. Fawkes is said to have been working at the time; and when it became evident that the sound was not an echo, he leaped from the hole, and throwing down the pick, declared he could do no more. At the same time he held up his hand for silence.

Nobody spoke, all listened intently. Suddenly the tone of a bell, clear and solemn, was heard proceeding apparently from within the wall. Its weird tones struck the conspirators with a superstitious awe. They looked at each other—they were all speechless for a moment.

"Try holy water," said Catesby to Garnet; "if they be evil spirits that will quell them."

The holy water was brought, and the wall and flooring of the vault were sprinkled. The sound ceased, but was again heard. A subsequent and copious application of holy water, however, quite quenched it. At any rate it was not heard again for some time.

But more serious difficulties awaited them. Though they could not entirely silence the

bell they worked continually nearer and nearer to the river. At length the water percolated the soil, and masses fell in, followed by the water. When they were all considering what this portended, a loud rushing noise was heard, and even as they listened, the roaring and falling as of stones forced itself upon their ears. Garnet implored the protection of the saints, and a general feeling of dismay and a conviction of failure came upon the party. Heaven evidently disapproved of their enterprise, and even while they were conversing the terrible roaring came again.

They were all greatly alarmed at the continued noise, and looked upon it as a device of the Evil One. But Fawkes, who went out to reconnoitre, made inquiry, and observed that the alarm had proceeded from the vaults overhead (immediately underneath the House of Parliament and the throne), where a sale of coals was proceeding. Here was indeed an opportunity not to be neglected. What was the use of their driving a shaft three yards long through a wall and floor to find only a vault which could be had for purchase?

Great joy was manifested at the turn things were taking. Parliament had been prorogued from the 7th of February, when it had been appointed to assemble, until the 3rd of October; and the conspirators had therefore ample time to mature their plans, and when they had gotten possession of the vaults now vacated, they had only to wait events.

But how was the vault to be obtained? By universal consent the arrangement was left to Percy. Bright, the late occupier, had disposed of his lease to a person named Skinner, and with this worthy, or rather with Mrs. Whinyard, Percy had to make his bargain. In these transactions on behalf of his companions and himself, Percy appears to have appealed to the ladies, and as he bore the character of a gallant in former days, probably he understood the fair sex better than the rest.

So this scion of the House of Northumberland and a pensioner of the King went to Mistress Whinyard, and induced her by liberal offers of money to influence Mrs. Skinner of King Street to part with the lease. She persuaded her husband to do as Mrs. Whinyard requested, and so the vaults were leased for one year to Percy. This accomplished, the conspirators believed themselves specially favoured by Heaven.

While things were thus being got into train, several discussions had taken place respecting their respective friends in the Houses of Parliament. Was it right that acquaintances should be destroyed with the strangers and the hated King? There were many in the House of Lords who were staunch Catholics, and to blow them up

would be inconvenient if not wrong. But no decision was arrived at on this point, and the question remained in abeyance in consequence of the difference of opinion that existed.

The fate of the Royal Family was then discussed. There was no doubt concerning the fate of the King and Prince Henry, who would be in the House, but Charles they thought would be absent, "for he was but four years old." Percy undertook to take charge of the royal child, and agreed to wait at the chamber door until the blow had fallen, and then convey him away. The Lady Elizabeth, who was with Lord and Lady Harrington in Warwickshire, was to be seized by the adherents of the conspirators, who were to organize an ostensible "hunting match" for that purpose.

Thus all being prepared,—the powder and faggots and wood having been carried into the vaults underneath the House, which were low and spacious,—the conspirators departed on their several ways to avoid suspicion. The combustibles were covered with coal and stones, and then the cellars were locked up, and the plotters left London till the assembling of Parliament should again summon them to town.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

We have already given some particulars concerning Catesby, Fawkes, and Winter. We may supplement our brief account of them with a few remarks concerning the other chief plotters, as we trace their movements until they again returned to Parliament Place.

The conspirators had all got themselves out of the way as quickly as possible. Fawkes went abroad to Sir William Stanley and Hugh Owen, carrying with him letters from Garnet to Baldwin the Jesuit in Flanders. Sir William Stanley was not then in the Low Countries, he had gone to Spain; but when Fawkes communicated his news to Father Owen that dignitary was greatly pleased, and offered to make things smooth with the Pope.

Catesby rode home with John Wright. The latter was of Yorkshire family, but lived in Lincolnshire at that time. He, Winter, and Catesby had been friends for many years, and he was also related by marriage to Thomas Percy, for Wright's sister had married that reckless rake. So well and intimately was he known by Catesby that he was persuaded to leave his own residence and take the old manor-house at Lapworth, in Warwickshire, and thither he, with Winter and Catesby, rode when they left London as aforesaid. The two latter proceeded on to Oxford.

At Oxford they enlisted Winter's brother Robert, and one John Grant, whom they

had appointed to meet them there. Grant was a Worcestershire squire, and had a nice place at Norbrook; he assented to the plot, and was sworn in; But Robert Winter objected and declined. He was at length persuaded, however, and Bates, Catesby's body-servant, was also included. They were now nine in all: Catesby, Percy, two Winters, John and Christopher Wright (both ruined men), Kay, Bates, and Guido Fawkes. But these were not sufficient, neither were the means at their disposal enough to carry them through, and raise adherents. To effect their object they proposed to communicate the plot to anyone likely to join in it, if the disclosure were made in the presence of one already in the secret. Catesby made provision of horses and arms and ammunition, and when he found money getting low he made an appointment to meet Percy at Bath, where the latter was undergoing a course of the waters. These worthies talked over their plans respecting the disposal of the royal children; and it was also decided that certain Catholic gentlemen should be invited to join the plot. These were Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham, a relative of Catesby, and brother-in-law of Lord Montague, who had married Tresham's sister.

Sir Everard Digby was a very wealthy man, possessed of large estates. He was very enthusiastic, and a great friend of Robert Catesby. Ambrose Rookwood, of Coldham Hall, in Suffolk, was the head of a very ancient family. One great advantage he possessed in the eyes of the conspirators, he had a magnificent stud of horses, which would be very useful to them as mounts for their men, or as relays if pursuit were made. Rookwood required some persuasion to unite with the fanatics, but he yielded to Catesby's arguments and powers of guidance. He accordingly removed his family to Clapton, near Stratford, in order that he might be near his leading spirit. Notwithstanding that he, like many others, had suffered fines and persecutions, he had ample means.

Francis Tresham was the third addition to the party. His father, Sir Thomas Tresham, had been severely punished under the penal laws of Elizabeth, and the Star Chamber had held him in its grip. He said he had undergone twenty years of restless adversity and deep disgrace only for testimony of his conscience. Francis Tresham had been mixed up with the revolt of the Earl of Essex, and narrowly escaped with his head. A heavy bribe to, and all the influence that could be brought to bear upon, a "very great lady," were the means whereby Sir Thomas released his son.

Tresham's personal character is not a high one. He engaged in many plots, but never



THE ARREST OF GUY FAWKES.

commanded or enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-conspirators. In the case under consideration Catesby repented of his confidence with Tresham very quickly, and became a prey to alarm and misgiving in consequence.

But about this time the intelligence that Parliament had been again prorogued gave rise to some anxiety in their minds. So anxious were they, that Winter, who was one of the household of Lord Monteagle, made an endeavour to ascertain whether any suspicion existed in the minds of the Lords commissioned to prorogue Parliament. But no anxiety was evident; all was reported well.

Money was promised by Tresham; but when Catesby studied him more closely he repented that he had ever entrusted the secret to such a vacillating character. Sir Everard Digby advanced fifteen hundred and Tresham contributed two thousand pounds.

The conspirators agreed to assemble in London at the end of October, and when a rumour arose that Prince Henry would very likely be absent from the ceremony, a plan was devised to carry him off. The old difficulty again also arose about the destruction of the Catholic Lords, and Catesby appears to have had some scruples on the subject which he communicated to Garnet, but the Jesuit over-ruled the plotter's objections.

Still others were anxious. Tresham wanted to save Lords Monteagle and Stourton, his brothers-in-law; Kay objected to blowing up Lord Mordaunt; and Fawkes had friends in the House. Percy, too, advanced his claim; but Catesby, now reassured, sneered at these suggestions and combated his friends warmly; he declared he had himself already endeavoured to dissuade some, and did not think others named would attend at all at the opening of Parliament. But it was resolved that indirectly their relations should be dissuaded, in general terms if practicable.

This arrangement did not suit Tresham at all. He determined to warn Lord Monteagle, and the manner in which he set about it will now be related.

THE WARNING.

As October drew towards its close some of the conspirators met and had frequent consultations at White Webbs. The final arrangements for the firing of the mine were made. Guy Fawkes undertook to do this with a slow match, and a boat had been hired to lie in wait close by to carry him to a ship which Tresham's money had procured. It was here that Tresham appeared and demanded security for his relative Lord Monteagle.

Catesby hesitated; and Tresham said that they had better defer the execution of their design till Parliament had ended their labours. He declared he could not furnish

the money required, and thought the interval should be passed in Flanders. But the seniors would not alter one iota in their plans. Fawkes and Catesby had made all the arrangements, and were not men to swerve from their determination.

There can be little doubt that many people were warned of the impending blow to be struck at the Parliament, though in such a way that no real clue was obtained by them. But the Government, or rather Cecil, was perfectly well aware of all the circumstances, and we may conclude that Tresham was also cognisant of the knowledge possessed by the Secretary of State.

Tuesday, November the 5th, was the day upon which Parliament had been summoned to meet, and all the conspirators—except Percy, who was in the country; and Catesby, who remained at White Webbs—were in London. Fawkes was at Butcher's Row, biding his time with grim determination. The others were in lodgings in various parts—at Lambeth, at Clerkenwell, or in St. Giles' Fields, waiting for the signal.

Lord Monteagle was at Southwark, but upon the afternoon of Saturday, October the 26th, he, without apparent reason, suddenly determined to ride up to Hoxton, where he had a residence as well as his house in Montague Close, where Winter was also domesticated. He did not often go out to Hoxton, but that evening he took with him an attendant named Ward, a friend of Winter, who was cognisant of the plot. With him Lord Monteagle sat down to supper, and nothing worthy of comment occurred until the meal was nearly over.

As Monteagle was finishing his supper, a page arrived and desired to see his lordship immediately. He was admitted, and handed his master a note which he declared had been given to him in a most mysterious manner.

"As I was coming by the lane just now," he said, "a man muffled in a cloak came suddenly forth, and demanding if I were one of your lordship's servants, handed me this letter, enjoining me as I valued my existence to deliver it to your lordship without delay."

Lord Monteagle took little notice of the epistle. His assumed indifference might have imposed upon his servants, but he was evidently conscious of the contents. Tossing the note to Ward, he desired him to read it aloud. The letter had neither date nor signature, and was written in a feigned hand, as follows :—

"My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends I have a care for your preservation, therefore I would advise you—as you

* A fac-simile of the letter is now before the writer.

tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift from your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. Think not slightly of this advice, but retire into the country, where you may expect the event in safety; for though there be no appearance of any stir, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not know who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned. It may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter. God, I hope, will give you grace to make good use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

"A singular letter!" exclaimed Montague, when he had heard it. He then pretended to take counsel from his attendants, most of whom had heard it read. The mystery that surrounded the affair was not lessened when Montague called for his horse and rode into London, going direct to Whitehall with the mysterious document in his pocket.

It is a disputed point as to who wrote the letter, and the authorship of this celebrated epistle has been attributed to many men—even to women; but all probability points to Tresham himself as the dictator, if not the actual penman, of the warning note. But at any rate Montague, who was on good terms with all the Court, proceeded immediately to the Secretary of State.

CHECK.

It was past two o'clock at night when the apparently alarmed and anxious peer dismounted at Whitehall Yard and desired to see Cecil in his private chamber, if the Secretary of State had not retired to rest. Salisbury was not retired; quite the contrary, he had a small reception in his apartments. By the most curious coincidence in the world, several noble and Catholic lords had been supping with Cecil, and they had not yet left him. This was extremely fortunate; and as the attendants were not aware that the whole thing had been planned and rehearsed beforehand, they looked upon it with awe and fearful apprehension.

The Earl of Salisbury pretended to be greatly alarmed at the intelligence which was communicated to the guests, such men as Suffolk, Northampton, and Worcester, who were discreet members of the Council, and could be trusted to keep the secret of the affair which had been cleverly brought about by Salisbury. The King was at Royston, "hunting the fearful hare," and under these circumstances the Friends in Council determined to remain silent until their sovereign's return. On Sunday morning the man who

had read the letter at Lord Montague's house went and warned Thomas Winter that the note had been put in the possession of the Secretary of State. But the conspirators were not alarmed. The Government were proceeding with extreme caution, and working up for a dramatic finish to the farce of the Gunpowder Plot. Salisbury could at any moment have put his hand upon the men, but he preferred to make a sensation, and so he bided his time.

Ward, Montague's attendant, probably urged by his master, went to Winter early upon Sunday and begged him to warn Catesby and fly the country. Winter, be it remembered, was at Montague Close, which was Montague's residence in Southwark, and he left it to see Wright and Oldcorne, and tell them the news. They all hurried down to Enfield Chase, and found Catesby at White Webbs. He was almost upset by the intelligence, but endeavoured to put a bold face upon the circumstances, though full of the most intense anxiety.

The advice so honestly sent by Montague was not acted upon. Catesby professed to, if he did not, believe in the success of his schemes. He could scarcely constrain himself to realize the fact that his pet project, the great design which had been so carefully kept, could have been betrayed, much less discovered by such a man as Robert Cecil, for whose abilities the chief conspirator professed a supreme contempt. But Cecil was an adversary not to be despised. He was only playing with Catesby and his confederates as a cat plays with a mouse. He could at any moment dart at them, seize them, destroy them.

However, Catesby determined to proceed, and Guy Fawkes was equally firm in his resolve to fire the mine. No stir was apparent, though instructions for the search of the vaults were being issued to Cecil's most trusty creatures. Fawkes went up to Westminster to make an examination of the fastenings and marks. He carried out this dangerous duty on the Wednesday, and found all secure; and upon that day, the 30th of October, a meeting was held at White Webbs, where Fawkes attended to report that all was quiet at Parliament Place, and no signs of any disturbance could be perceived. At this meeting Catesby and Winter boldly charged Tresham with perfidy, and declared he had betrayed them all to Montague.

Tresham swore the accusation was baseless. "It is false," he cried; "I have only just been made acquainted with the facts, and have come hither to warn you."

"Why did you leave us in that secret manner?" demanded Catesby, pointedly.

But Tresham was furnished with answers

and excuses of so very plausible a nature, and displayed such apparent frankness, the excess of which was in itself suspicious, that the fears of his comrades were allayed, though they distrusted him. He was so bold and apparently fearless that he—though narrowly—escaped death at Fawkes' hands. After a consultation, pending the result of which Tresham must have suffered exquisite mental torture, the plotters suffered him to depart, he declaring that the enterprise had failed.

On the next day, Thursday, 31st of October, James arrived in London from Royston, and the mysterious letter was laid before him and the Privy Council by Salisbury, who called his attention to the words "a terrible blow," which the astute statesman emphasized so as to give the King the idea of gunpowder without exactly telling him the nature of the plot.

James rose to the bait like any jack; he seized the line, and at once took the idea. "I should not wonder if these mischievous Papists mean to blow us all up with gunpowder," said the sagacious monarch.

At this remark Salisbury declared that "His Majesty must have received an inspiration from heaven." Such an idea had never occurred to him (Salisbury); and the wily minister flattered the monarch to the top of his bent. Although all the circumstances had been well known to the Council for days, the noblemen united in praising the wisdom of the King, and the sharpness of the royal nose which could scent powder in Parliament Place.

"Where does Your Majesty think gunpowder may be hidden?" asked the Secretary deferentially, as one who addresses a superior intellect.

"Are there any vaults beneath the House? Gude guide us!" ejaculated James, "we have walked over the mine!"

This important clue having been given to the men who had given His penetrative Majesty the original idea, the delight of the Council at the King's sagacity was almost unbounded. James rose in importance, and acquiesced in Salisbury's suggestions (which he was about to make himself!) that the *dénouement* should be postponed till the eve of the meeting of Parliament.

The discovery was entirely attributed to the King, and Coke, at the trial of the conspirators, held up His Majesty as an example, and a medium of divine illumination. So James was regarded as the special mouth-piece of an offended Deity who inspired him to the discovery.

CHECKMATE.

November came, and nothing had occurred to alarm the conspirators afresh. Tresham

had promised a sum of two hundred pounds to Catesby to purchase arms, and paid half of it to Winter on the Friday; but when the remainder was demanded, the vacillating conspirator agreed to pay, in the hope that Catesby would meanwhile escape with the money already received.

Tresham and Winter met next night in Lincoln's Inn Walk, and then the former disclosed many things indirectly. He declared they were all well known, and that the plot was an utter failure. It were better that the conspirators should fly and take their chances abroad. There was a boat in the river, let them take his vessel so that they only saved themselves!

This importunity did not escape the penetrating Catesby. He was now assured that Tresham was in communication with the Secretary of State, and knew what steps were to be taken, and yet he determined to remain and see what the next day would bring forth. Fawkes, with the stern determination of his character, made up his mind to remain in Parliament Place, and if need be, to die at his voluntarily assumed post of danger.

On Sunday morning, November 3rd, Ward, Lord Montague's attendant, again called upon Winter, and gave him very serious intelligence: the King had seen the mysterious letter, and had penetrated its meaning apparently, but the result of his cogitations had only been communicated to the Privy Council. The man also added that search was to be made beneath the vaults of the Houses of Parliament, particularly in the cellar underneath the throne, and if anything were there hidden it would be surely discovered!

This was plain enough, and one would have thought that the conspirators would have profited by the intelligence and the hints thus vouchsafed to them. But nothing appeared to move Catesby. Incapable of fear, he either scorned the danger or did not credit its existence. Although Winter hurried away to White Webbs with the news, Catesby would not stir. Let them search! They would find nothing if only Guy Fawkes were there to put them off the scent. Unfortunately for himself Catesby did not understand that the net had been woven around him by a hand more cunning than his own, and that the meshes could be drawn at any moment.

Percy, too, who came up, was in favour of waiting one day more, the last day of doubt and bitterness, to lead up to so many more of danger and distress. Fawkes was still at Vinegar House; nothing could have happened. No search had been made by the Court, and the "I told you so" feeling was uppermost in the mind of Catesby. In thirty hours all

would be over—the King dead and the conspirators triumphant. And Fawkes, too, resolute as ever, kept watch and ward in the vault, provided with a time-piece, which, set truly, would tell him when to fire the mine. The Wrights and Catesby rode away to join Sir Everard Digby at Dunchurch; Winter remained with Monteagle; Percy dined at Sion House with his august relative; Rookwood had his relays ready—five horses saddled, and equal to any emergency. And so on that Monday afternoon the conspirators separated, to await the springing of the mine on the morrow, in doubt and in fear.

THE MINE IS SPRUNG.

And the mine was ready; not only the gunpowder and the faggots in the vaults, but the mine prepared by Salisbury, and towards which he had been leading the blinded conspirators. His time had come!

Monday afternoon, November 4th, 1605, saw the conspirators dispersed to wait the fatal 5th; and in the course of the day, while it was yet light, Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it was to see all the arrangements for the meeting of Parliament properly carried out, came, accompanied by Lord Monteagle, to the House. They examined and inspected the chamber, and thence they proceeded, "as a matter of form" no doubt, to see that all was right underneath the Parliament House.

The two noblemen came with a light excuse, quite unattended, laughing and talking as they proceeded from cellar to vault, and to inner vaults, till they reached the part immediately beneath the throne. Fawkes was present, and the Chamberlain carelessly inquired who he was, and his business.

"I am Mr. Percy's servant," replied Fawkes, "and am looking after my master's coals;" when Suffolk caused a smile by a remark concerning Christmas fires and timely preparation. Nothing could be pleasanter; there was no suspicion; the merry gentlemen saw nothing, suspected nothing, brought no guard to effect an arrest, and all was well. Fawkes was a judge of faces, and watched his visitors narrowly, but no trace of fear, no shade of suspicion crossed their features. The time was almost come. The dreaded search had been made and was over. All was well!

Fawkes could not restrain his impatience, and in his satisfaction at the result he at once rode to Isleworth to tell Percy what had occurred, and how well their plans had succeeded. This so affected Percy that he came away from Sion House with Fawkes, and accompanied him to London. Fawkes bade him farewell in Westminster, and

descended to the vault. Percy rode to St. Giles' Fields and told Rookwood and Kay that all was well, and the deed would be done upon the morrow.

The hours passed—ten o'clock struck. Surely there would be something stirring at Westminster if there were any suspicion. So excited and restless were the men that they left their hiding-place in the darkness of the night and hurried down to Westminster to see what was going on. Nothing! All was quiet and still as the grave in which they hoped the King would, in a few hours, be lying. Not a sound of preparation broke the stillness. The royal residence was slumbering; all lights were extinguished; no sign of alarm or suspected danger. The three conspirators breathed more freely, though with quivering lips; and as quietly as they had paced the deserted roads, they returned again to their lodgings to sleep, and then to listen for the terrible explosion which they hoped, yet feared, would come next day.

While they were sleeping, tossing restlessly from side to side with muttered thoughts of the expected tragedy escaping in their dreams, Guy Fawkes was acting and wide awake. He had made all his sinister preparations—the watch was wound up, the lantern lighted, the train laid. Fully aware of the desperate nature of the attempt, Fawkes, booted and spurred, was ready for flight by land or by water if the boat were at the stairs.

The vault was close and warm even that wintry morning, and about two o'clock Fawkes left the inner chamber and came into the further room. He ascended the stairs to pass into Vinegar House, where were the porter and Robartes the priest. He came slowly forth; all was quiet. He advanced more cautiously, and reached the court, when he was suddenly seized and bound.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Sir Thomas Knyvett, a magistrate of Westminster.

"Had you but taken me inside," was the bold reply, "I would have blown you all up with the house and myself."

Sir Thomas directed the prisoner to be searched at once, and found tinder, slow match, and some "touch"-wood on his person; the lantern was lighted in the vault, and the top of a barrel of powder was stove in; the train was ready,—but Salisbury had sprung his mine first. The prisoner was taken, and then carried to the King at Whitehall, to be interrogated by His Majesty in Council.

Thus while Catesby and his friends were quietly riding to Ashby, their luckless accomplice was cursing his fate on his straw pallet in the Tower.

RUN TO EARTH.

Fawkes declined to reveal anything more than what concerned himself. In reply to the King, he confessed his object and the means he had taken to attain it. When asked how he had the heart to destroy the Sovereign and his children, the bold man replied that "Dangerous diseases required desperate remedies," and told the Scottish courtiers he wanted to have "blown them all back to Scotland!" Such hardihood appeared incredible to the King, and Fawkes was quickly removed to the Tower.

Early in the morning of the 5th of November, a report ran like wildfire through the city that a man had been arrested in the vault beneath the Parliament House, with a dark lantern. The gunpowder which had been discovered put aside all doubt as to his object, and public indignation was aroused with public curiosity. The rumour reached St. Giles's Fields and its occupants, who were greatly stirred, and the three conspirators hurried away to find that all was known, and that flight was only possible.

Percy and Wright immediately fled; the former, who had made his arrangements, now found the benefit of his foresight, and they journeyed to Fenny Stratford unharmed, while Cecil's messengers were seeking them in other roads. Here they met the others, who were also flying for their lives; Catesby and John Wright having only heard the news from Rookwood, who had come fast with his relays. The friends then proceeded through Dunstable, and thence to Towcester, and to Ashby St. Leger, where Lady Catesby resided.

It was six o'clock in the evening when the dusty and travel-stained troop entered the house where many members of the great "hunting party" which had been convened had already assembled at supper. The newcomers did not take long to acquaint them of the failure of the enterprise, which their condition and presence so fully endorsed. "To horse!" was still the cry, and accompanied by many members of the party, the fugitives rode to Dunchurch to Sir Everard Digby.

But cool air and cooler reflection rapidly thinned the ranks of the adherents. All was lost; there was no hope for those who resisted; and in the darkness many a horseman drew rein and turned aside for home to wait events. Kay had long ago quitted his friends and made for his home, where he was afterwards captured.

Arrived at Dunchurch, the dread news was received in silence, and a deep gloom fell upon those assembled there. The result was that many fell away notwithstanding the determination of Catesby; and on the morrow

a small but desperate band continued their headlong flight to Leamington Priors, where they rested and attempted to recruit their band, but without success. Men looked upon them with suspicion, and resented the manner in which they sought to appropriate arms and steeds. Thus they raised up opposition instead of making friends.

They proceeded across Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and made for the residence of Stephen Littleton at Holbeach, after enlisting a few adherents at Norbrook where Grant resided. As they proceeded they called upon the country people to take up arms and join them, but not one man did so. Whatever idea the people had respecting a change of ruler, the condition of the conspirators was not one to inspire much confidence in any one just then.

Sir Richard Walsh was by this time upon their track; and without attempting further flight the conspirators and their adherents awaited the arrival of the troops at Holbeach, determined to defend it. But Littleton left his house, and during the night many servants stole away also. On the morrow, after much consultation, Sir Everard Digby quitted his friends to procure assistance, and Catesby made preparations for defence.

They had been harassed across the Stour by the royalist troopers, and the arms and ammunition had got wetted. The powder was most valuable to them, and Catesby proceeded to dry it by the fire, in the hall, on a platter. A large bag of gunpowder was also left, at a safe distance as was conjectured, while Catesby pursued his dangerous task.

Percy watched this proceeding, and expressed a wish respecting its effects—that the powder would prove more destructive than the quantity stored beneath the Parliament House, and Catesby joked grimly upon the subject as he continued his work. The others had scarcely quitted the hall when a tremendous explosion occurred. A coal had shot from the fire, and the powder had exploded, though the large bag had been blown bodily through the roof uninjured. Four of the men, Catesby, Rookwood, Percy, and Grant, were hideously wounded and burnt, but staunch to the last.

The attack began in the forenoon, and proceeded with spirit. Robert Winter and Bates escaped early in the morning. Tom Winter was quickly disabled by the assailants. The sheriff directed some of his men to fire the house, and the rest to attack on the opposite side; and thus the fight proceeded.

"Stand by me, Tom," cried Catesby, "and we'll die together." As they were standing back to back they were shot through, and fell side by side. Catesby crawled into the vestibule and expired, embracing an image of the Virgin. The Wrights were also shot

dead; Rookwood and Percy were severely wounded. Digby was afterwards captured near Dudley, and the others were betrayed in their hiding-places. The wounded in the house died miserably; and within a week all the plotters, except the priests, were dead or in the Tower of London, where Guy Fawkes had already confessed his crime.

TORTURE AND CONFESSION.

The Government made every effort to get at the truth by question, rack, and pressure; but although much was said, there was a great difficulty in sifting the chaff from the grain. What was said one day was contradicted or explained away the next, and every one concerned in the plot seemed quite oblivious or incapable of speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The determination of the Secretary of State had almost given way under the repeated disappointments, but through Tresham a clue was at length obtained to the priestly adherents of the plot.

Tresham, though he was implicated by the tardy confession of Guy Fawkes, was not arrested for some days after the public announcement of the discovery of the plot. But at length Master Frank, a past master in the art of duplicity and Jesuitical cunning, was committed to the Tower, and told all he thought it worth while to tell. Monteagle's name was frequently mentioned, but it was not the intention of the Secretary of State to impeach his colleague.

From Tresham and Winter information was received concerning Garnet, Gerard, and Oldcorne, and more definite action was taken when the servant Bates had been persuaded, with more or less force, to reveal all he knew. His information was very useful, and the priests Garnet and Oldcorne, who were at Hendlip, were sought for. Meantime Tresham was suddenly taken ill after his confession. Romancers tell us that Monteagle visited the unhappy man in the Tower, and with the connivance of the gaoler, poison was administered to "Cousin Frank," who died from the slow effects. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that after his committal and confession he was taken ill and died in the Tower in great agony. Finding the hand of death press closely upon him, his wife and confidential servant were sought and permitted to visit him. In their presence he made and signed a statement contradicting all he had said about the Jesuit priests. Tresham signed this document, and had it attested by Vavasour, his servant. Frank died that same night, leaving the document, which was entirely untrue, and which had been written by the servant, to the care of his wife for the information of the Council.

THE EXECUTIONS; SEARCH FOR THE JESUITS.

On the 15th of January, 1606, a proclamation was issued against the English Jesuits, and pending their arrest the trial of the surviving lay members of the Gunpowder Plot had been postponed. But on the 27th of January, the Spaniards having declined to deliver up those Jesuits in their dominions who had been implicated, the conspirators were arraigned. Their trial did not last long, nor was any mercy shown them. On the 30th of January, Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Thomas Bates, were hanged at Paul's Cross. Guy Fawkes, Kay, Rookwood, and Thomas Winter were hanged, drawn, and quartered in Palace Yard, Westminster. But for the presence of a strong armed force the conspirators would have been dragged from the ignominious hurdles and torn to pieces by the crowd.

Digby was the first to suffer, and kneeling down he desired the prayers of all good Catholics. "Then none will pray for you," remarked an individual in the crowd as the young man was launched into eternity. Robert Winter came next, and he ascended the blood-stained scaffold. The executioner's assistants had already dismembered his late associate, but Winter remained firm and died defiantly. Grant and Bates were soon despatched; but the crowning tragedy was enacted in Old Palace Yard on the 31st of January.

Every available position which commanded a view of the scaffold was occupied. The Abbey roof was crowded with spectators, the pinnacles and buttresses black with clinging figures. Thomas Winter was the first to ascend the scaffold and die firmly. Rookwood and Kay came next. The latter threw himself off with such violence that the rope broke, and he was despatched like a dog. Guy Fawkes, the stern soldier, was the last of all.

As this brave but misguided man ascended the steps of the scaffold his firm foot slipped upon the bloody surface, and had he not been supported he must have fallen. He ascended deliberately and then turning to the multitude, said: "I ask forgiveness of the King and the State for my criminal intention, and trust that my death will wash out my offence." He then ascended the drop, and ere his heart had ceased to beat, his quivering frame was cut down and hacked to pieces by the savage knives of the executioners.

While the conspirators were being led to execution, the search for Garnet and Oldcorne had been busy and unrelenting. The other Jesuits had escaped, and the pair might easily have got away in safety. But they

preferred to play the old game of hide-and-seek, and at Hendlip Hall they found an asylum. Like many other old mansions, Mr. Abingdon's house was a perfect "rabbit warren" of passages and hiding-places. Secret stairs and panels, holes and corners, abounded. Wide chimneys with duplicate flues, and cunning recesses for priest or plotter were in many rooms, while hollow walls and fissured wainscots were general. To such a house the Jesuits were glad to retreat and hide.

But Sir Henry Bromley had orders to track them out, and to Hendlip came he in due course and suddenly, to search the house. He surrounded it closely and then proceeded to examine the interior. From room to room he sounded the walls, and discovered many a secret passage and hidden panel. Measurements were made inside and out; and so suddenly had Bromley come upon the Hall that no provisions had been stored in the recesses for the priests. But no success at first attended the Knight's efforts. Day after day passed and no real discovery was made, though all evidence tended to confirm suspicion that the men were there.

At last one night, towards the witching hour, two ghostly figures appeared to the guard in the hall of the mansion. These were the priests' servants, Owen and Chambers, who had had no food for two or three days. Gaunt, grimy, and hollow-eyed, they tottered along, and surrendered themselves to Bromley's men, but would confess nothing—not whence they came nor who they were.

Mr. Abingdon and his wife were at once put under arrest by Sir Henry Bromley, and every exertion was made to ascertain the hiding-place of the priests, for no doubt existed in Bromley's mind now. They were sought for, but unsuccessfully, and at last even Sir Henry lost patience and issued orders for retiring.

But soon afterwards, acting on information of a condemned prisoner, Garnet and Oldcorne were found in the recess of a chimney, cramped and starving. They were carefully tended—as fowls are fed for killing—and brought to London and the Tower.

THE JESUITS' END.

On the 13th of February the Jesuit priests were confronted by the Council at Whitehall, and Garnet was received with all the "treacherous courtesy" he had already enjoyed as he was being conducted to London. A good impression was left upon the priest's mind, though he was closely questioned. His cell at the Tower was changed for a better, and, as he subsequently said in a letter to Ann Vaux, whose reputation he had so seriously compromised, "I am allowed every meal a

good draught of excellent claret wine, and I am liberal with myself and neighbours for good respects, to allow also out of my own purse some sack, and this is the greatest charge I shall be at."

But before long this interesting correspondence came to an end. Cecil questioned and received many damaging answers from the Jesuit leader, and before very long Mistress Vaux was herself committed to the Tower as a participator in the Gunpowder Treason.

By this time nearly all the English Jesuits had been arrested and put in the Tower; and the kind Lieutenant was so obliging as to put Garnet and Oldcorne into adjacent rooms, and caused a communication to be shown to them by means of which they could quietly converse when the warders were out of the way.

This was an opportunity not to be neglected. The Jesuits held many interesting conversations through the panel, curiously oblivious of the danger they incurred. The craft of Cecil does not appear to have been suspected by either, but spies were so placed that the dialogue was heard and transmitted to the Secretary of State. These conversations tended to clear up much that had been before obscure. Ann Vaux was closely questioned, but nothing against the Jesuits could be obtained from her. The queer, if not unusual, relationships lately existent at White Webbs, and the meetings of the plotters there, were disclosed by the dame; and then Cecil sent for the priests, and told them he was well aware of their conversation through the panels.

This was too much for Oldcorne; he confessed his share in the dialogue, and added various other words which proved very injurious to him and his associates. Garnet, on the contrary, firmly denied the facts until threatened with torture, when he confessed, and was ordered for trial in March 1606.

When Garnet had confessed it was of no use to keep Oldcorne any longer in prison. He was therefore sent to Worcester with Mr. Abingdon of Hendlip to be tried before a special Commissioner. Mr. Abingdon was pardoned, and yet Lord Montague, with the priest Oldcorne and others, were executed. Gerard had escaped.

A volume might be written concerning Garnet's latter days, his correspondence with Ann Vaux, whose character he defended at the last, and his interviews with Cecil. By degrees, as we have seen, enough was found to criminate him, and by means of spies and such devices, proof was adduced against all the priests. Henry Garnet was then condemned and executed. So the active principle of the terrible plot died out, and there remain but a reproach and a by-word and a doggerel rhyme, to bring prominently before us the great "Gunpowder Treason, which should never be forgot."

H. F.



THE SPANISH ARMADA ATTACKED BY THE ENGLISH FLEET.

(From the Ancient Tapestry in the House of Lords, destroyed in the Fire at the Houses of Parliament in 1834.)

HAND IN HAND FOR ENGLAND, THE STORY OF THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

A Night of Suspense—England's Hour of Trial—The Growth of the Bitter Feelings between England and Spain—The Policy of the Vatican—"Singeing the King of Spain's Beard"—Drake's Expeditions at Cadiz and Corunna—Playing at Peace-making—Hand in Hand for England—The Spanish Scheme—The First Day's Fighting—The Fight off Portland: Plucking the Feathers of the Spaniards one by one—Correspondence between Medina Sidonia and Parma—The Fire-Ships—The Action off Gravelines—The Flight through the Straits—Home round the Orkneys!—The Western Storms—The Return to Spain.

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE.

THE long, hot summer day was drawing to a close, and the level beams of the setting sun were lighting up with resplendent beauty the dancing waters of Plymouth Sound, when suddenly a small armed vessel, with all sails set, ran smartly in from the Channel, before the wind. A few minutes more, and down rattled her canvas, the anchor was thrown out, and the vessel's head swung round. Another minute passed and her captain sprang ashore, and quickly made his way to the bowling-green on the Hoe, where a group of officers and sea-captains were engaged in the old English game of bowls.

Seeking out one of the officers who from his appearance seemed to be a person of some distinction, and who, in fact, was none other than Lord Howard of Effingham, High Admiral of England, the new-comer exclaimed

excitedly,—“My Lord, the Spaniards are upon us! I saw the Armada this morning off the Cornish coast, and I have cracked on all sail to let your Lordship know in time.”

Instantly there arose shouts for the ships' boats, and some of the captains hurried away to the water; signs of excitement and haste began to manifest themselves on every side; but there was one there, holding a large ball in his hand, who coolly checked the excitement of his colleagues, and insisted that the match should be played out. “There is time to beat both you and the Spaniards too,” he said. A hearty laugh was the response, and then Drake (for the last speaker was that famous captain) and his friends played out their game as coolly as though the invading Spanish ships were thousands of miles away.

But while they were concluding their game, the news of the Spaniards' arrival had spread far and wide. Fire-signals, ready to burst

forth into lurid flame, had been prepared on every eminence, and one by one the hill tops blazed forth into beacons of warning, symbolical, indeed, of the sturdy English spirit which leapt forth to meet the invader. In every southern seaport, ships and boats were on the watch, and in every shire and city, horses and men were waiting ready to fight for hearth and home.

A great camp had been formed at Tilbury to guard London, and from every side troops were pouring in to swell the numbers already gathered there. Thus, when the warning light shone out, it found England well prepared.

Meantime Drake and his companions on the *Hoe* finished their game and went on board their vessels. The wind was dead against them, therefore they were obliged to warp the ships laboriously out of harbour; they stood westward under easy sail, waiting for the Spaniards to appear. But though the wind was in the Spaniards' favour, the vessels of the Armada were so huge and unwieldy that they made but little progress, and it was not until the night of suspense had passed, and the July sunlight of the next morning glinted on the glad waters of the Channel, that the huge fleet hove in sight. It appeared like a crescent seven miles wide, and the vast vessels seemed more like floating castles than ships of war. First of all, two white wings were visible, clearly defined against the western sky; then by degrees, as the day wore on, others loomed above the line of the sea, until the broad crescent was complete; and as the high hulls appeared, the keen-eyed watchers could count at least one hundred and fifty invading vessels. On they swept, those magnificent ships, slowly and proudly, and perchance they did not see those few light vessels, closely hugging the shore, which were lying in wait for them, and ready to pounce upon them at the first opportunity, even as the lithe-limbed tiger springs upon his prey. So passed Saturday the 20th of July, 1588, and another night drew on.

ENGLAND'S HOUR OF TRIAL.

The news of the presence of the Spanish ships in the English Channel was now known over the greater part of the island. The blaze of many beacons and the tidings taken by mounted messengers had told most Englishmen that their country's hour of trial had come. We can well imagine the feelings of many a family, at that time hidden in the depths of the country. They had seen the warning fires flash along the lonely hills for many a mile, and mayhap the father, husband, or son had gone days before to join the masses of troops then being marshalled throughout the land. But the summer sun would rise and set many times before

these poor people would know more of the stirring events then happening round their coasts. Through the long, hot days they would sit and think of those who were gone, and wonder what had befallen them; whether the Spaniards were victorious, and "Good Queen Bess" was to yield her power to the hated Philip, and they themselves were to bow their necks to the conqueror's yoke and suffer all the horrors of a vanquished people; whether these fields, which now waved white with harvest, were to feed the haughty Spaniards; and their lands, which now smiled with the rich beauty of summer, were to be stained with bloodshed and burning;—all these things doubtless passed through the minds of those who, silent and inactive, had to pass those sunlit summer days in the agonies of suspense, not knowing from hour to hour what might, or had already happened for their country's weal or woe.

It was the crucial moment of a long period of suspense. For eighteen months it had been known that Philip of Spain was preparing an immense army and fleet to invade England, and for some years the bitter feelings between the two countries had been increasing until at last they had broken forth into open war.

It is not difficult to account for these bitter feelings. Ever since the day when Queen Mary had caused absolute panic in the country by reason of her marriage to Philip of Spain, and he with her had endeavoured to re-establish the Pope's supremacy in England and to consolidate his own hold on the island, a hatred against Spain as the chief aggressive power in the world, and the principal persecutor of Protestants, had been steadily growing. Englishmen of all parties were agreed that no foreign despot, whether he were Pope or prince, should tax or toll in their dominions, and in the Spanish marriage and the Spanish policy Englishmen saw not only the overthrow of the Protestant religion and the opening up of fearful persecution (fears which had been only too surely realized), but also the loss of their lands and possessions. That England should become a mere appanage or province of Spain was not to be thought of; and though at the death of Mary Tudor this disaster had not happened, and so far Philip's plans had not been accomplished, yet the fear that he was bent upon this scheme naturally excited the feelings of Englishmen against him. Moreover, the calamitous French war, into which Philip had forced England for his own benefit, did not tend to soothe the hatred; for it had greatly reduced the resources of the country. But up to the present time the Spanish king had been able to accomplish a part of his designs. He had kept England and France at enmity with each other. France was his

great rival on the Continent, and most of all he feared that France and England should become united against him, and his way to his dominion in the Netherlands be thus barred.

When, therefore, at the death of Mary, he lost the crown of England, sheer necessity of keeping intact his vast possessions led to his wish to still keep England under his thumb. He therefore proposed himself to Elizabeth as her husband, but the young Queen—resolved on no account to repeat her half-sister's mistakes—courteously refused his offer. But still the politic Philip resolved to keep England to his side, and to reduce her to his will by seeming kindness; and the apparent alliance between the two countries might have continued, and the final collision averted, but for the interference of the Pope. When he heard that Elizabeth had succeeded to the throne of England, his rage knew no bounds, for between the Queen and the Vatican lay the fatal dispute of her own illegitimacy. That she, whom the solemn judgment of the Holy See had asserted to have no legal claim, should succeed to the throne of England without consulting the Pope's views on the subject was not to be borne, and he summoned her instantly to submit her claims to his jurisdiction. But if Elizabeth had been prepared to submit to so arrogant a proposal, which she certainly was not, she well knew the English people would never yield to it; and from the moment of receiving that message the hope of the English Romanists that Elizabeth would prove herself a true daughter of the Romish Church was irretrievably lost. She decidedly and definitely refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. And from that hour he and his successors were her dire enemies; especially so after it was known that she had given her subjects a measure of religious toleration, and had revived the Reformed Prayer Book. Therefore he never ceased to urge upon Philip the necessity of purging England of her heresy with the sword.

Philip, however, waited the course of events, and endeavoured to mitigate the wrath of Rome, although he was in truth much vexed at the course events were taking in England. He might well be vexed, for these events threatened the entire subversion of his most cherished schemes, although at that time we can hardly imagine that he foresaw all the mighty consequences that would spring therefrom. But this was one of the most critical periods of the history of Europe. Everywhere the new religion was struggling against the might and bigotry of the old; and at this most critical period England ranged herself in the Protestant ranks. In a few years Elizabeth became the most powerful Protestant sovereign in Europe, and the aid she and her subjects gave to the

Netherlands enabled them eventually to throw off the galling yoke of Philip and establish their civil and religious freedom. The English Queen's support of the Huguenots enabled Henri IV. to save French Protestantism by the Edict of Nantes, and it gave free play to that sturdy English spirit which was to break the power of Spain and establish Britain as Mistress of the Sea.

THE INCREASE OF BITTER FEELINGS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

As England and England's Queen became more decidedly Protestant, and Philip saw the realization of his schemes recede farther and farther from his view, his anger greatly increased. In fact, when he heard of Elizabeth's support of the Huguenots, he flew into a violent passion, for he feared, and not without reason, that it would give an impulse to "heresy" in his dominions in the Netherlands. These were among his richest possessions, and the fabrics of Flanders at that day were justly esteemed throughout Europe. But the Flemings and Dutch already resented his rule, and claimed to worship God in their own way, nor could their Protestantism be purged out with fire and sword. And when at last it came to open war between them and their Spanish tyrants, Elizabeth sent over the Earl of Leicester and a body of troops to assist them in their efforts to establish a Protestant republic. This was a well weighed political scheme, and executed simply to keep "war out of our own gate;" for while engaged in suppressing the "heresy" and revolts in Flanders, it was thought the Pope and Philip, having enough to do in Europe, would be prevented from the invasion of England.

The great policy which ran through all the tortuous acts and diplomacies of the early part of Elizabeth's reign was to keep England from war and out of foreign complication. To keep England out of Philip's schemes, and yet to prevent an open war with him, to prevent the Pope from having authority in her realm,—these were Elizabeth's plans, and steadily and unfalteringly she pursued them. For Elizabeth loved England, and her whole heart and mind were bent on developing the resources of the country and fostering the national spirit. "Nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, are so dear to me as the love and goodwill of my subjects." These were the words she spoke to her first parliament, and she certainly had the love and goodwill of her people. She laughed to scorn the Bulls of Deposition which the Pope launched at her devoted head, and secure in the affections of her people she could view without alarm the turmoils and strife around her.

The policy of the Vatican remained unchanged. Pope succeeded Pope, but there

was still the same fiery zeal to reduce the whole world to own their sway. They were determined to depose Elizabeth, and re-establish their supremacy in England; and it was money of the Pope's treasury that finally helped to furnish Philip's great Armada. It seemed as if nothing would reduce this little stubborn western island. Jesuit priests had been sent over in great numbers to stir up Romanist revolts and to indoctrinate the people in the teachings of the Vatican, and conspiracies were formed to place the Romanist Mary Stuart on the throne. Bulls of Deposition were issued, but all to no purpose.

By means of the Test Act the popish propagandists were debarred from taking any office; and an Act was passed whereby they were commanded to leave the realm within forty days on pain of being treated as traitors. Had it not been that the Pope so much insisted on Elizabeth's deposition by reason of the illegality of her mother's marriage, it may have been that the Queen at this time would not have been so determined to thwart the Papacy. But to acknowledge this was of course just the one thing that Elizabeth would not do, and her subjects supported her loyally and chivalrously, until at last it became clear to the Pope that only by force of arms could he regain his power over his lost domain; and the greatest pressure was now put upon Philip to bring back the heretics with fire and sword into the fold of the true Church.

And now Philip himself began to show signs of yielding to the Holy See, for he began to fear the growing power of England, and longed to crush her spirit of naval daring. He regarded the whole of the newly discovered Western World as his property, and he resented the incursions thither by Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and other English rovers. He would not allow them even to trade with those rich shores, and laid an embargo on English vessels and property throughout the extent of his wide dominions. In reply to this decree Elizabeth gave her sailors permission to make war on Spanish ships and seize their merchandize; and she and her subjects treated with undisguised contempt the Papal decree which gave the New World absolutely to Spain.

The daring English adventurers of those days were quite as willing to trade as to fight, and the blind bigotry of Philip which refused to allow any heretic to traffic on his domains, and determined him to keep the whole of the wealth of Peru and Mexico for himself, only stirred their religious and patriotic zeal to a still higher pitch. The consequence was that English ships encountered Spanish galleons long before the Armada sailed up the English Channel. The Puritanism of the sea-rovers was added to their hatred of Spain. They

thought they did God service in slaughtering the Spaniards who burned Protestants and tortured them in the vile Inquisition; and it was religious fanaticism, as well as national pride and naval daring, which urged on Drake to those deeds of daring which made his name the terror of the Spanish main.

But his successes stirred Philip's anger to the utmost, and at last the Spanish king resolved to conquer the obstinate island for the Vatican, and at the same time crush out all opposition to his selfish schemes in the East and West Indies. His recent conquest of Portugal had completely changed his position and strengthened his power, for not only the kingdom itself, but all her recently acquired colonies in the East and Western World now acknowledged his sway. The magnificent victory, also, which his fleet had gained at Lepanto over the Turks had greatly exalted the repute of his arms, and at this period there seemed to be only one nation who dared to defy his mandates and resist his authority. This was that turbulent England, which had helped, and still continued to help, his revolted subjects in Flanders; which sent ships to his farthest dominions and maintained their right to trade and conquer as well as he; and which, more than all, insulted him personally by ridiculing him (as the hated husband of their former queen) in their stage plays and masquerades. If the growing power of England were destroyed, the Dutch must submit; France would be unable to oppose him, and universal dominion appeared to be the natural consequence of a subjugation of this obstinate island.

Further, the execution of Mary Stuart roused the papal passion to its fiercest fury, and also gave some pretence to Philip's claims, inasmuch as she bequeathed to him, as being the nearest heir by blood of the Romish faith, her rights to the English crown, which the Pope had always supported, and which were by no means inconsiderable according to the then received opinions. Philip therefore counted upon the support of the English Romanists who had hitherto maintained the pretensions of Mary Stuart; and he was assured by the Jesuit emissaries already in the island that three-fourths of the English nation were Romanists, and at the command of the Pope they would surely rise against their heretic Queen.

But in this view, as the event proved, they were utterly mistaken; and it was a Romanist, Lord Howard of Effingham, who was appointed High Admiral of the fleet. They did not know the temper of the English people any more than they knew the strength and sternness of the power that was rising in the foggy little northern island.

These, then, were the causes which led to Philip's invasion of England and the pre-

paration of the celebrated Armada. By crushing England Philip could alone crush the revolt in the Netherlands, for she had supported the insurrection both with money and men; he was determined to maintain his supremacy of the seas, which England alone seriously threatened; he wished to bring back again the heretical island into the fold of the Church by force of arms, while last but not least he desired to enforce what he called his personal right to the throne and the rights bequeathed by Mary Stuart. Pope Sixtus V. renewed the Bull of Deposition, and denounced Elizabeth as a murderous heretic whose destruction was the bounden duty of all true sons of the Church. He also bound himself to contribute a million of scudi to the expenses of the war. The army of the Armada was thus a great triumph of Jesuit intrigue.

"SINGEING THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD."

As early as the year 1584 the first vessels of the great Armada—a Spanish word signifying a fleet of armed ships—began to gather in the Tagus. Philip knew he had engaged in a task of no ordinary magnitude, and he was resolved to be fully prepared. For a long time his preparations were secret, but Drake and his companions were everywhere, and news of it eventually leaked out.

Furnished by the Queen with six ships of war, and assisted by twenty-six privateers supplied by the merchants of London, the dauntless adventurer left Plymouth Sound in April 1587, and sailed straight for Cadiz, bent on destroying as many as possible of the ships which had so long and so laboriously been prepared by the King of Spain.

He found the mouth of Cadiz harbour to be narrow, and heavy batteries flanked it on both sides. To run into it seemed like putting one's head into a lion's mouth; but although Admiral Burroughs refused to allow the ship over which he had control to join in so hazardous an undertaking, Drake determined to make the daring attempt.

On the morning of the 19th of April, therefore, the wind being fair and the tide at the flood, Drake gave the word, and into the harbour flew his twenty-nine ships as fast as sails and tide could carry them. The batteries opened a feeble fire, but only one shot took effect, and on dashed the ships. They fell first on a large galleon, and concentrating their fire upon her, riddled her with shot so completely that she speedily sank. Then on to the others,—large store-ships most of them, containing food and stores for the Armada,—burning and destroying everything they could touch. The crews fled in dismay or made but a feeble resistance, and in one day all the harbourful of preparations of many months were destroyed or captured.

Riding out to sea next day with the tide, Drake shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, plundering and burning all the Spanish store-ships and galleons he could find. All these vessels were loaded with arms and provisions for the Armada, and Drake destroyed them without mercy. United to his patriotism, which caused him to carry the war into the enemy's country and, if possible, prevent the Armada from ever sailing at all towards England, was his opinion that he was doing God's service; thus we find him writing, "When men thoroughly believed that what they were doing was in defence of their religion and country, a merciful God for Christ's sake would give victory, nor would Satan and his ministers prevail against them."

Arrived off Cape St. Vincent, Drake dropped anchor, there to await the coming of some Spanish ships of war from the Mediterranean, which he had heard were on their way to join the Armada. While waiting, Drake sent his boats ashore, stormed the forts of Faro, and thus had a safe anchorage and also access (for a time) to the mainland for fresh water and provisions. But whether, thus early, the Spaniards were so afraid of Drake that the ships would not venture near him if they could help it, certain it is the contingent for which he waited came not, and Drake was reluctantly compelled to leave the forts he had so valiantly taken and move again to the north. For he had set his heart upon accomplishing the most daring deed of all; he had determined to venture into the Tagus itself, where the Armada was lying at anchor, and destroy it in its very home. This would be to strike at the very heart of Philip's enterprise, and prevent for some time, if not entirely, the despatch of an Armada. Hitherto what he had done had been (to use his own expressive phrase) but "*singeing the King of Spain's beard*," and he wished to strike at his heart, and kill his enterprise once for all.

Time being precious, therefore—for he knew that to be successful his action must be swift and sudden—he set sail from Faro for the Lisbon estuary. He did not under-rate the magnitude of the danger, for he knew that in the Tagus the Spaniards were in overwhelming force, but the mouth of the river was wide, and he well knew that his lightly-built frigates could easily outsail and fly round the ponderous war-castles of the Spaniards. His design, therefore, was to repeat the tactics which had been so successful at Cadiz,—to sail in suddenly on a flood tide, take the Spaniards entirely by surprise, riddle the closely-packed, unprepared, and half-manned ships with bullets or set them on fire, when, being thick together, he could leave the flames to do their destruc-

tive work while he retreated triumphantly on the ebb-tide.

These were his plans, and there seems little doubt but that if he could have had his way he would have so effectually disposed of the Armada that the Spanish expedition would never have sailed; but as he was nearing the Tagus he was overtaken by orders from Elizabeth forbidding him to do anything of the kind, and, in fact, that although he might watch the preparations, he must moderate his efforts against the King of Spain, for there was every prospect of a peace being patched up.

That negotiations for peace were going on was certain, but it was such a peace that Elizabeth could not accept without national dishonour.

The bold captain, therefore, was obliged to forego his most cherished design; but he hung about the Spanish shores, steadily destroying everything he could lay his hands upon. He made a descent on the harbour of Corunna, and repeated here the successful raid of Cadiz. In fact, in about two months' time he had destroyed about half the Armada and a great quantity of the stores accumulated for the equipment of the ships.

This splendid service accomplished, he set sail for the Azores in the hope of finding some treasure-ships returning from the Indies with which to pay his men; for the supplies from home were so scanty that the wages and most of the rations of his sailors had to be provided out of what they could get. Drake was again successful in his quest, for he had not set sail many days from the shores of Spain when he fell in with a richly freighted carrack, which so satisfied his sailors that they counted their services well paid; thus having done all they could for that time they returned home, feeling well assured that no Armada could set sail from Spain that summer.

PLAYING AT PEACEMAKING.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of her ministers, Elizabeth was still bent on making peace, although it was clear to all that Philip was simply endeavouring to gain time. The Prince of Parma, the most able commander of that day, and captain-general of the Spanish forces, had gathered in the Netherlands about fifty thousand of the finest troops Europe could furnish,—not only from Spain herself, but from the countries and provinces which owed Philip allegiance or were his allies. Thus, four thousand men were drafted from Philip's kingdom of Naples and Sicily, three thousand from Germany and Austria, and four thousand from northern and central Italy, besides the flower of the splendid troops from Arragon and Castille. Immense flat-bottomed boats had been made and were

floating off the coast of Holland to convey this superb army, with all its gun-carriages and siege-machines, over the narrow seas to the eastern coast of Kent; but Parma, like a wise general, would not trust his heavily laden transports to the tender mercies of Drake and his colleagues unless the Armada was there to protect them. But for the time being the Armada could not sail, so the Prince of Parma was obliged to wait; and thus the winter of 1587 closed in, the provinces of Spain resounding with preparations for the crusade against the "obstinate" little island, notwithstanding that negotiations for peace were still going forward.

Into the details of these negotiations we need not enter, nor into the vexed question of what may have been the Queen's motive. Probably in her secret heart she may have feared the issue, and thought that peace at any price might be better than the loss of her crown, and that England, whose welfare she was passionately determined to promote, should pass under the heel of the conqueror. One object of those negotiations seems to have been to obtain the aid of France, both sides manœuvring to obtain this aid. In the end Philip gained the assistance of Guise, if assistance it might be called, or what was as much to his purpose, he prevented the King from assisting Elizabeth, for the fanatical Romanists of Paris raised barricades in the streets, vanquished the royal troops, and the King, Henry of Navarre,—who was well affected towards the Protestants,—found himself a prisoner in the hands of their leader, the Duke of Guise.

England, therefore, now stood alone; she was face-to-face with her foe. At last all Elizabeth's diplomacy was pushed aside, and Philip, who had so long waited for a favourable, opportunity, found the moment for which he had manœuvred.

It seemed incredible that this little island could successfully defy the mightiest power in the world—for such Spain was at that time. Since the days of the Cæsars, no such mighty power had existed, and backed as she was by the Pope and the fanaticism of the Romanists, she was regarded as invincible. All Europe looked on with excited interest, for it was felt that a crisis in the world's history had come. And even so it was, for, humanly speaking, had Spain been successful, Europe might have been crushed for another century under a grinding tyranny, and the Reformation, with all the freedom and progress and enlightenment it was bringing in its train, might have been swept away.

HAND IN HAND FOR ENGLAND.

There was one ally, however, which failed Philip. He had been led to believe by his

emissaries that his invasion would be supplemented by a rising of the Romanists in England itself, who would hasten to his standard at the first note of war. But such was not the case. At this great crisis, patriotism was stronger than priestism, and all sects forgot their differences and quickly rallied round their Queen. Puritan and Episcopalian, Protestant and Romanist, all joined as it were *HAND IN HAND FOR ENGLAND*; and if Parma should ever get so far as to land on the Kentish coast he would find a hundred thousand well-trained and stubborn Englishmen ready to dispute every inch of ground. There may have been a few traitors in the country, but they were harmless amid the universal enthusiasm.

Letters from the sovereign were sent to the lords-lieutenant of the various counties, commanding them to urge upon the gentlemen under them to provide and call together as many footmen and horsemen as possible, fully furnished for war; similar letters were also sent to the great towns and to each of the nobility. The result of these efforts was that the whole country soon rang with the din of arms. Everywhere bands of soldiers were being trained and exercised. At the great camp at Tilbury, the Queen rode through the ranks, encouraging the levies by her spirited words.

It has been often said that Elizabeth showed her greatest wisdom in knowing how to summon the best men to her councils, and never perhaps did this fact reveal itself more fully than in the government she now convoked to her aid,—the best and wisest men in the realm,—among whom were Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Walter Knolles, and others well trained in war. Some were for concentrating their whole energies upon an army that should oppose the landing of the enemy; others, among whom was Sir Walter Raleigh, were for putting out a fleet, and encountering the Spaniards in the Channel, to prevent them from landing at all; and happily these wiser counsels prevailed. In his "*Historie of the World*," he makes this notable remark which, doubtless, embodies the advice he gave to Elizabeth's council: "Surely I hold that the best way is to keep our enemies from treading on our ground, wherein if we fail, then must we seek to make them wish they had stayed at their own home. . . . But . . . as to whether England *without the help of her fleet* be able to debar an enemy from landing, I hold that it is unable to do so, and therefore, I think it most dangerous to make the adventure."

Raleigh got his way, and England determined to fight her foe first at sea and, if possible, debar him from landing, by means of her fleet. At that time the ships of Her Majesty's navy numbered only 29 or 30 vessels; but the citizens of London, Bristol,

Plymouth, Southampton, and other great ports exhibited as great zeal in furnishing ships as the gentry of the midland counties displayed in mustering soldiers, so that in a short time the number was raised to 80. The number of sailors to man these vessels (including volunteers) was about 9,000; but England's national treasury was at that time so poor, or, as some writers assert, the Queen was so parsimonious, that the armament was but very badly provisioned, while of gunpowder and shot the store was still more limited. Lord Howard of Effingham was appointed High Admiral, and the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake was the second in command. All the old "sea-dogs," Hawkins, Frobisher, and others, whose names were the terror of Spanish treasure-ships, were there also, and invincible as the Armada was held to be, and splendidly equipped as the immense fleet certainly was, there were those on board who knew that a hard fight was before them to reduce these English rovers of the sea.

THE ARMADA SETS SAIL.

While Philip had been playing at peace he had been steadily adding ship to ship and regiment to regiment. The ravages committed by Drake had been speedily repaired, for the fanatical enthusiasm of the people was enormous. The "holy war" against England was preached from a thousand pulpits, and Spaniards came forth in thousands to strike a blow for the Holy Catholic Church. Their enterprise was blessed by the Pope, and undertaken to execute his wishes. Elizabeth of England was a wicked woman, an usurping heretic, who flouted the decrees of the Vicar of Christ, kept their King from his own, and aided his rebellious subjects. She had turned England into a hot-bed of heretics, and had persecuted their co-religionists; it was the bounden duty therefore of every Romanist to aid in expelling her from her throne.

The "crusaders" were embarked in 149 or 150 vast vessels, 65 of which were immense galleons, built very high of well-seasoned wood. The timbers were four or five feet thick to resist the shot, and well-pitched cables were wound round the masts to strengthen them likewise against the fire of their enemies. Next to these came 8 large galleys, or galleasses, bristling with cannon, loaded with soldiers, and each rowed by the sinewy arms of 300 slaves who had been dragged by the all-conquering Spaniard from the sunny shores of Algiers and the Bosphorus. These vessels were held to be very dangerous, as they were supposed to be superior to all chances of wind and tide, and could be rowed anywhere at any moment. Fifty-six well-armed merchant vessels and 20 caravels or pinnaces propelled with oars and attached to the larger vessels com-

pleted the armament. The number of sailors to man this large fleet was computed to be eight thousand, the soldiers twenty thousand, and the slaves two thousand. There were nearly three thousand pieces of cannon, the greater number of which were able to discharge much heavier shot than those on board the English vessels. It had been intended that the expedition should be commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who was undoubtedly the ablest sailor that Philip had. But he died suddenly in January, and Philip then gave the chief command to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a court favourite, who knew but little of the sea. He was supported, however, by all the ablest captains in Spain.

The instructions given to this fleet were that the ships were to sail for England direct, gain command of the Channel, and assist and cover the crossing of Parma's immense army from the Netherlands. On the 20th of May, 1588, the magnificent armament, designated by the Spaniards the "Invincible Armada," and believed by nearly the whole of Europe to be so, set sail from the Tagus. But the hills of Spain had not faded from the sailors' sight before a heavy storm struck the ponderous high-built vessels and damaged many of them so severely that the whole expedition had to return to the nearest ports to refit. Orders had been given, that if scattered the ships were to collect in the Bay of Ferrol. In the course of some days this was done, but it was the 12th of July before the Armada was again completely ready for sea. On the morning of that day, with the brilliant sun shining on their red-crossed sails and flaunting flags, the great ships slowly stood out for the northern seas,—the largest, most magnificent, and heavily-armed fleet that the world then had ever seen.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE ENGLISH.

The English ships had not been idle while the Armada had been refitting. The Queen, anxious to save money, hearing that the Spaniards had put into port, sent orders to disband some part of the English fleet; but Lord Howard, judging that the danger had not yet passed, dared to disobey his royal mistress, and sailed off towards Spain, hoping to discover the real design of the enemy, and, if possible, attack him on his own shores. We may well be sure Drake seconded his chief in this bold policy, and accordingly, early in June, Howard sailed towards Corunna, but when near this port the north wind changed, and, fearing lest the Spaniards should pass him unobserved and enter the Channel, which was now unguarded, Lord Howard put back and cruised some time at the entrance. The Armada still failing to appear and rations running short,—

indeed they appear to have been short all the time,—Howard returned to Plymouth, to await further news.

Fishing boats, privateers, and other vessels were cruising about on the look-out for the Armada, and on the morning of the 20th, eight days after leaving Ferrol Bay, a small privateer was observed by the Spaniards hanging about quite close to them and coolly counting their numbers. Chase was given, but Captain Fleming,—for such was the name of the captain of the little vessel,—having seen enough for his purpose, shook out all his sails, and scudding swiftly before the wind soon left his ponderous pursuers far behind. Not long afterwards he landed at Plymouth, as we have seen, and gave the important news to the English Admiral and his captains.

After warping out his vessels, Lord Howard slowly cruised about outside Plymouth Sound waiting for the Spaniards to appear. He had not even the whole of his scanty fleet with him, for part of it, under Lord Henry Seymour, was employed, with a few Dutch vessels, in blockading the ports of Flanders, and preventing the Prince of Parma from endeavouring to cross.

The Spanish scheme was to avoid an action in the Channel, and steering straight for Calais roads, scatter the ships waiting there, and join the Prince of Parma's army, which, under cover of the Armada, was to land at once at Margate. Such was their scheme; but they had reckoned without their host. If, contrary to Philip's orders, they had attempted to take the English fleet by surprise or land on the Devonshire shore, they speedily found they could not have done so, at least without opposition; for when they arrived off the Devonshire coast, they saw by the pale light of the summer moon, much to their astonishment, that the English fleet was cruising about outside the Sound quite on the alert and prepared to oppose them.

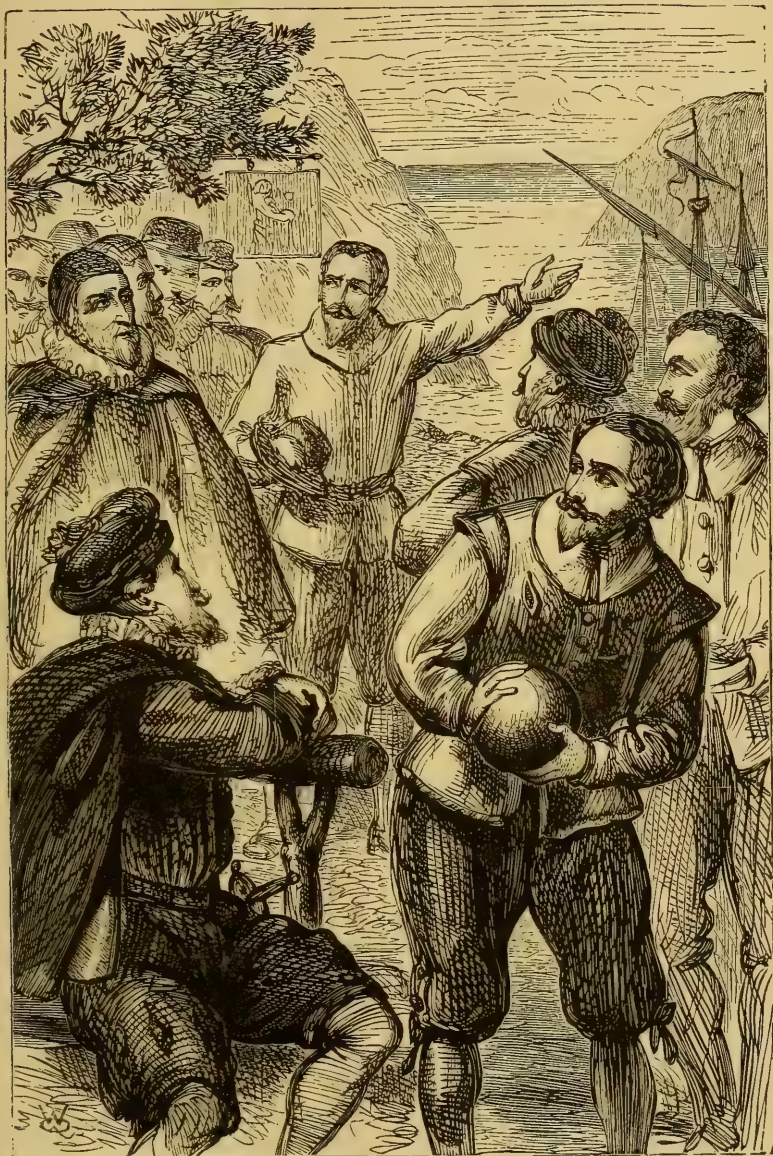
Another surprise was waiting for the Spaniards, when in the dawn of the next morning they saw that the English ships had skilfully slipped to windward of them, and were so well handled and so well-built that they could sail at least two feet for their one, and could glide round them so quickly and easily that by the time their guns were pointed, behold! the vessel aimed at had shot away out of reach. The huge, high-built galleons, upon which the Spaniards prided themselves so much, were unmanageable as huge punts piled with hay, while the well-built English frigates were like the modern steam-launches, or high-mettled, well-managed horses when compared to them.

The preparation of the Queen's ships had been entrusted by her to Sir John Hawkins, and he had certainly sent them to sea in a

splendid manner, notwithstanding her parsimony. Her wisdom in the appointment of Hawkins for this duty was another instance of her choosing the right man for the right post, and notwithstanding the storms which

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

When Medina Sidonia saw the English fleet near him he attempted to close with them and crush them at once by sheer force of superior



"THE SPANIARDS ARE UPON US!" (see page 529.)

the ships encountered on their voyage to Corunna, they were in a perfect state on their return. It was not so with the Spaniards, for after leaving Ferrol Bay the storms they had met with had wrecked four of their number.

numbers; but the English squadron sailed so quickly that the Duke found it impossible to come up to them. The English ships seemed able to fight or not fight as they chose.

The battle began by a bold little pin-nace named *The Disdain*, commanded by

Jonas Bradbury, sailing quickly up to one of the lagging Spanish galleons, and pouring a scathing broadside into her at close quarters. Then four of the English ships sailed behind the entire rear line of the Spaniards, pouring full broadsides into each galleon as they passed, then bearing round and returning and repeating the same operation.

The Spaniards were considerably surprised at this course of action. These smart English ships could sail, manœuvre, and fire their cannon much faster than they could, and each English ship seemed to discharge four broadsides to the Spaniards' one. Moreover, as the Armada had allowed the English to slip behind them, Lord Howard had the wind in his favour, while the heavy and ponderous galleons lay almost like huge logs on the water. All the English ships were now engaged, sailing quickly by the big ships, and pouring in a broadside as they passed; and by the time the Spaniards were ready for them they were off to another vessel. When the Armada did fire, the shot frequently went hissing *over* the English vessels, and splashing into the sea beyond, wrought no damage. But the English broadsides crashed into the huge galleons near the water-line, ripping through the thick timbers and scattering death and destruction in the crowded lower decks; for many wounds were inflicted by the splintered wood. The rigging also was much damaged, and in some of the largest ships spars were carried away, and the masts were seriously weakened by being shot through.

As the evening drew on, the wind and sea rose high, clouds rolled up from the south-west and west, and all things promised what sailors call a dirty night. Medina Sidonia, finding he could do these sharp-sailing English but little hurt as the weather then was, gave orders for the Armada to sail on towards Calais. The English followed, and took every opportunity of harassing their large and unwieldy enemy. The tactics of the Spaniards rendered this task comparatively easy, for they sailed close together in one large mass, which seriously impeded their movements. As dusk drew on, a large galleon, bearing the flag of Don Pedro de Valdez, one of the ablest officers in the fleet, collided with another galleon, and sustained severe injury. The bowsprit broke, and also the foremast, which had probably been much weakened by the English shot, and both hung at the vessel's side, a mass of wreckage which seriously delayed the vessel's progress. Two galleys were sent to take her in tow, and row her along, but the sea ran so high that the ropes parted, and she became an easy conquest, for the Spaniards, terrified at the name of Drake, yielded at once when the English commander boarded her. She proved to be a rich prize, containing many casks of

gold pieces and some tons of gunpowder, which were speedily transferred to the English ships to be used against the Spaniards next day.

But the misfortunes to the Armada on the first day of fighting had not ended with the wreck of Don Pedro's vessel. An explosion, either accidental or caused wilfully by one of the men who had been quarrelling, blew up the deck of one of the largest and strongest vessels, which bore the flag of Oquendo, a daring and able officer. The ship was so strongly built that she still floated, but many of the men were killed, while the others were taken off into the nearest Spanish vessels. This wreck also afforded a rich prize next day to the enterprising English, who found much money and also some unexploded barrels of powder in the hold. Thus, tossed by the tempest and battered by the enemy's bullets, ended the first day's "triumph" of the Invincible Armada!

THE FIGHT OFF PORTLAND; PLUCKING THE FEATHERS OF THE SPANIARDS ONE BY ONE.

The next day, July 22nd, dawned calm and still. As the rosy light stole over the still heaving waters the two fleets were discovered lying off Portland, about four miles apart. The wind was so gentle and so much in favour of the Armada that the English could do little or nothing, and Medina Sidonia determined to rest his crews after the turmoil of yesterday. But next day the wind had increased still in the Spaniards' favour, and they therefore bore down on the English, who flew off to sea. Medina Sidonia, thinking they were afraid of him, pursued them as fast as the wind and the sinewy arms of his slaves could force his ponderous vessels through the water. But the English were not afraid. Their plan was to draw off the galleys and galleons one by one and encounter them, if possible, singly, or only two or three at a time. To use their own phrase, they determined to "pluck the feathers of the Spaniard one by one." This had been the explanation of their conduct hitherto, and was the policy they determined to still pursue. It proved to be successful to-day also. Some of the galleons outsailed the others, and when the wind changed, as it frequently does in the Channel in the afternoon, Lord Howard turned and attacked the one nearest him. She defended herself with great bravery, but the English sailed so quickly that the Spaniards could not close with them. At last, when the English powder and shot failed, Lord Howard was obliged to sheer off for more, and the main body of the Armada thought he had been worsted in the fight.

The next day was calm, and through the

shimmering summer haze the Needles stood out calm and still in distant view. Fight as the English would, the Armada was slowly sailing up Channel. The galleys now endeavoured to row close to the English ships, but they do not seem to have accomplished their purpose or to have done much damage. Lord Howard was waiting for supplies, and this day, the 24th of the month, was mostly a day of rest.

But that night a breeze sprang up, and sloops bearing ammunition came to the English ships, as also did a great number of small private vessels, owned and chartered by the gentlemen of the southern counties, and all anxious to share the danger and glory of defending their coasts. Sir Walter Raleigh, too, had joined Howard and Drake. "And now," says the old historian Stow, "the English navy being well increased, gave charge and chase upon the enemy, squadron after squadron seconding each other like swift horsemen that could nimbly come and go and fetch the wind with most advantage." Another contemporary writer, Sir Henry Wotton, says that the battle off Portland was like "a morrice-dance upon the waters," so light and quick were the movements of the English ships compared to the slow and unwieldy motions of the Spanish galleons.

This was the day when Medina Sidonia was destined to learn that the English were by no means afraid of him, and that the failure of their powder and shot had been their principal reason for sheering off before. The battle this day seems to have been opened by Hawkins placing men in boats to row his ship—the *Victory*—alongside a large galleon which had been so disabled in the fight of the 23rd that it was unmanageable. Medina Sidonia seeing this, sent three galleys, rowed against the wind by slaves, to rescue her. But Hawkins had taken possession of the galleon, and four English ships—the *Lion*, the *Elizabeth Jonas*, the *Bear*, and the *Triumph*—quickly beat up to the rescue, and gave the galleys broadside after broadside with such rapidity that it was not long before the blood of the Spaniards flowed out of the scupper-holes like water. The round shot crashed through the much-vaunted thick sides of their ships, and the splintered wood flying like new missiles among the crowds of slaves and soldiers did fearful damage. The rescuing galleys had quite enough to do to defend themselves, and seem to have given no more thought to rescuing the galleon.

But the fight had now become general, and the close order of the Armada having become broken, Lord Howard, in the *Ark Raleigh*, supported by his best ships, went straight to the centre of the Spanish squadron, where was Medina Sidonia himself, in the huge sea-castle, *San Martin*. In every case

the tactics of the English were the same. They would sail close in under the great galleons and pour in broadside after broadside with terrible effect into their high-built sides, and then while the slow vessels were veering round to attack, or the Spaniards were endeavouring to grapple, they would dart away and fire another broadside into another vessel. Like will-o'-the-wisps the English ships darted hither and thither spouting fire and flame, death and destruction, wherever they went. Yet by no manner of means could the Spaniards put their hands on them. When the Spaniards fired, the shot, for the most part being delivered from such high decks, and by reason of the bad aim, flew wide and wild over the English ships or through the rigging, and splashed harmlessly into the sea beyond. Once, when the bold Spanish commander, Oquendo, ran right across the bows of the *Ark Raleigh* and damaged her somewhat severely by the collision so that her rudder was lost, and for the time being she became unmanageable, a number of galleons, wishing to make sure of this their one poor chance of success, endeavoured to close round her at once like wasps on a ripe plum, but quick, almost as lightning, Howard had out his boats, took his ship in tow, and pulled her head round; the wind swelled her sails, and she slipped out of the hands of the Spaniards as easily and gracefully as a bird!

Such smartness and energy as the English everywhere displayed dismayed the Spaniards almost as much as the terrible torrents of shot which so frequently crashed through their ships' sides and smashed them to splinters. 'Tween decks, on many of these tall sea-castles, the carnage was something fearful. Thousands of soldiers were congregated here, together with many slaves. They had thought that four feet of timber would be ample security; but the English round shot went ripping through the oaken planks, and the splinters flying in all directions proved almost as destructive among the crowded ranks as the shell fire of modern days.

As the sun passed the zenith, and the long, hot summer afternoon wore on, the English ammunition gave out once more, the ships sheered off one by one, and the battle gradually died away. But the havoc among the Spaniards had been enormous. Rigging and masts, boats and bulwarks, sides and steering gear, had all suffered, and the placid surface of the summer sea was strewn with splintered fragments for many a mile. Even the Admiral's ship, the *San Martin*, had had its main mast shot away, and the weak and inexperienced commander, Medina Sidonia, was only kept from striking his flag by the fiery ardour of Oquendo and the bravery of Recalde. Had the English been well supplied with ammu-

nition there seems but little doubt but they would have continued their tactics until they had smashed the whole of the "Invincible" Armada to splinters, or forced the ships one by one to strike their flags. But the Queen's poverty or parsimony was such that they were continually running short of all supplies. Even when a prize was taken, the conquerors were obliged to carefully register all the powder and provisions obtained before they could use them. Thus the next day, instead of completing the rout, Lord Howard was obliged to hasten to Dover for fresh supplies.

On the following day, Saturday, 27th July, the opportunity was gone, for the week of light wind and sunshine came to an end, and the rough seas of the Channel prevented any concerted attack. Medina Sidonia, bent on carrying out his instructions and effecting a junction with the Prince of Parma, beat further up Channel, but at length was obliged to anchor in Calais Roads for fear of running on the Goodwins or some of the innumerable shoals of the narrow seas. All Saturday night and Sunday he lay there, sending off messenger after messenger to Parma praying him to send him some light vessels in which to attack the English, and also some skilful pilots to steer him through the straits.

But these were just the two things Parma could not do. He did not or he could not at first even reply, so closely was he blockaded by Lord Seymour; so here was the splendid spectacle for all Europe to witness, of two great armies having boasted loudly and long of their determination to beard the English lion in his den, and having got near enough to do so, yet both afraid to take the final step and meet him face-to-face and touch his teeth. Truly the Spanish commander seemed to fear the narrow seas, with that terrible English fleet behind, as if they were indeed as dangerous as the mouth of a raging lion.

He wrote again and again to Parma, asking for ship-loads of powder and shot, and also for gun-boats, which could move quickly and keep the terrible English at bay.

Parma's answer, when it did come, was that he could not and should not stir until the Armada had cleared the Channel and dispersed the English fleet. To embark his immense army in transports unprotected by big ships would be certain destruction. The magnificent Armada was sent to help and protect Parma, and Parma could not protect it. Once set on English shores then he would know what to do, and would strike quickly and well, but he could do nothing until then. This seems to have been the substance of Parma's answer put into the plain English of to-day, and without doubt he was right to a great extent. His was an army for fighting on land, and he had no armed boats to pro-

tect the numerous transports for conveying that army. The English fleet could almost blow them out of the water without coming to close quarters. Philip had anticipated that without doubt the Armada could dispose of the English fleet in one decisive sea-fight, and that Parma should cross under the protection of the Armada. But there was the despised English fleet watching the Armada just out of cannon shot and only waiting opportunity to destroy it piecemeal.

THE FIRE-SHIPS.

This waiting, however, did not suit the English at all. Their supplies were still very short, and some of the ships appear to have had—even with the supplies from Dover—only sufficient for one day's fighting and one day's food. At that time they did not know Medina Sidonia's fears, nor the extent of damage they had done him. They only knew he was in communication with Parma, and that he had anchored close on shoal water near the French coast, where they could not attack with any chance of success.

As the Sunday afternoon wore away, Medina Sidonia seems to have sent another message to Parma, saying that he must cross at once, and that he would endeavour to keep the English engaged. To this Parma replied that he would be ready during the week, and that his army should embark on the Friday following. But he again insisted on the fact that the Armada must do all the sea fighting, and must protect his troops while crossing.

But while these messages were passing, while the sun of the Sabbath afternoon sank to a stormy sunset, and all England was praying in her churches with greater fervour than ever before, "Save us and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies," the English captains had held a hurried and anxious consultation in the cabin of the *Ark Raleigh*, Lord Howard's flag-ship. The fate of England seemed almost settled. Although they had done their utmost the immense numbers of the Spaniards had enabled them to hold out, and they were anchored in communication with Parma, and that prince, if energetic, could land some, if not all, his troops. What was to be done?

Presently the captains left their Admiral's cabin with brighter faces. A bold step had been decided on,—a step which, according to Camden, was commanded by Elizabeth herself; but remembering how she loved flattery, we may perhaps be pardoned for inclining to the belief that the design really originated with the daring Drake than with her, although contemporaries wishing to gain her favour might give her the credit of it.

In the fancied temporary security of that evening the Spaniards went to sleep. No English could surely attack them that night.

But while most of them were in their first slumber, and the watch on deck had been almost lulled to unconscious repose by the wash of the waves against their ships' sides, suddenly in the darkness of the cloudy night bright flashes of light shot upward from some small ships that had crept unseen into their midst, and before any one could tell what was the matter, the Armada was lit up by the burning blaze of several fire-ships, and dense volumes of suffocating smoke rolled around.

The tireless English had taken eight of the most worthless of their attendant vessels, and smearing the rigging and decks plentifully with pitch, and putting aboard sulphur and

fleet to follow him. When he reached the clear water of the Channel, and in the dimness and dusk saw the huge forms of his galleons looming around him, he congratulated himself on having skilfully checked the evil design of the enemy—when, in fact, he had done just exactly what they wanted him to do. At daybreak he discovered that many of his ships had drifted off towards Flanders, that the largest of the galleys was aground on Calais bar, and that others were collecting off Gravelines.

The energetic English commander sent off boat-loads of sailors at the earliest dawn to attack the stranded galley, and ere long, the



THE FIRE-SHIPS SENT AMONG THE SPANISH VESSELS.

small quantities of gunpowder, had towed them under cover of the night near to the Armada, and then setting fire to them with slow matches, had set them drifting with the tide right into the centre of the Spanish ships.

The result was successful even beyond the hopes of the English. The Spaniards were thrown into a fearful panic, and fearing that floating mines were upon them, they cut their cables and put out to sea. If the Spanish commander had been equal to his post he might perhaps have quelled the panic by getting out boats quickly, rowing to the fire-ships, and tugging them clear; but anxious to prevent disaster he hastened out to sea and ordered his

English were swarming over her bulwarks. It was a fierce fight, for the Spaniards defended themselves with the bravery of despair; but the victory was with the English, although they lost many men. The Spaniards lost four hundred men.

THE ACTION OFF GRAVELINES.

During this time Medina Sidonia, with the ships which had remained near him, endeavoured to take up his position again in Calais harbour; he also signalled for his other vessels to follow his example. But Drake had made up his mind that the Spaniards should never drop anchor again

in their former place of security, and, moreover, he was determined that they should be driven through the straits into the wild North Sea. Drake and Fenner therefore commenced the fight in the early morning by sailing close in to the galleons, and between them and the French shore; while Hawkins, Frobisher, Howard, and others soon came up; and following the tactics which had answered so well on the preceding days, the English ships coming to windward of the Spaniards, sailed smartly in under the high-decked galleons and pouring in a continuous torrent of shot, swiftly passed away out of danger as necessity arose.

The "Invincible" Armada, huddled close together, sailed slowly up Channel to the fatal straits, smartly followed by the English, who, reserving their fire till they could get quite near, sent crashing broadsides one after the other into the unwieldy castles, which, hemmed in on every side, and unable to grapple with their swiftly darting enemy, were forced slowly but surely to the surf-beaten shoals of the Flemish coast. All through that long summer day, from the time when the early morning dawn glinted on the Channel waves, to the evening hour when long lines of red light from the sinking sun streaked the wreck-laden sea—all day long did the rain of round shot continue, until every charge of powder was gone, every ball sent on its deadly errand, and every seaman weary with the hard and incessant toil. The carnage among the Spaniards had been fearful. Riddled with shot, masts in splinters, sails in rags, and guns dismounted, half the seamen killed, and drifting on an unknown and inhospitable shore, the Armada was indeed in a pitiable plight. It is computed by the Spaniards themselves that they lost not less than four thousand men that day, besides the number of wounded. The crowded galleons became slaughter-houses, and blood poured out from many a scupper-hole like bilge-water. In many cases the vessels were only kept afloat by plates of iron nailed over the shot holes, and the principal occupation of many a man that day was thus to stop the leaks of his ship.

As it was, three of the huge galleons went down before the day was done, and three others, totally unmanageable, drifted helplessly on Ostend, where two fell afterwards into English hands, and the men of the other finally were able to join Parma. But as the sun finally sank, and the grey twilight crept over the water, another terrible misfortune befell: the *Santa Maria*, one of the largest galleons left afloat, went down with all hands.

During the evening and night of this terrible day—the 29th—Medina Sidonia collected his ships, and crowding on all the sail

their shattered masts could carry, stood out for the Northern Sea. The English, not knowing how severely their enemies were injured, and thinking that, as Howard said, "they were still wonderful great and strong," resolved still to give chase and do what more damage they could.

But the Spaniards thought no more of fighting. Their proud spirit was completely broken, and they only thought of saving themselves. A few officers were still unsubdued, but the men were completely panic-stricken.

"What *are* we to do, Señor Oquendo? we are lost—utterly lost!" exclaimed Sidonia in despair to his bravest officer.

"Lost!" exclaimed Oquendo in scornful anger. "Not so, your Excellency? order up fresh gunpowder."

But at the council of war held in Sidonia's cabin it was resolved to retreat to Spain by the one unopposed course,—up the North Sea, round the Orkneys, and home by way of the west of Ireland. And although the wind swung round to the east, and consequently in their favour for taking up again their safe and sure anchorage in Calais harbour, yet the timorous counsels prevailed, and the "Invincible" Armada set sail for the circuitous retreat. As the Spaniards slowly beat northwards, they refitted their vessels as best they might, and all the men were put on short rations of water, so that the casks might last out until they saw again the blue hills and fair shores of Spain.

But it was few of them that ever saw their native land again. A fierce south-west wind blew up, and the sea was soon in a raging fury. The sailors had hard work to keep their shaken and shattered ships afloat in such a tempestuous sea; and when the straining seams of one poor wounded vessel after another gave way, and she became water-logged and dropped behind, the others, still in woeful fear of the terrible English fleet, pressed on and left the laggards to sink.

The English ships still continued to follow the fleeing Armada, although they were but poorly supplied with provisions. They pursued the Spaniards as far as Dunbar, and then finding that the enemy passed by the Firth of Forth, and that there seemed to be no chance whatever of their putting into any Scotch port, Lord Howard was reluctantly compelled to return for more supplies.

It was a bitter, bitter disappointment to see the Armada once again elude his grasp. Once more, and for the third and last time, the Armada escaped, simply because the English ships were so ill supplied. At the time of returning they had but three days' rations on board. Howard beat back to the Thames, the vessels so admirably fitted out

and equipped by Sir John Hawkins standing the strain splendidly.

THE FLYING ARMADA.

But it was far otherwise with the miserable Armada. Out of the hundred and fifty proud vessels which had sailed so majestically out of Ferrol Bay in the glad sunlight of the summer morning, thirty already were gone (some accounts state forty), and of the one hundred and twenty remaining, many were so shattered that it seemed hardly possible for them to weather another gale. So many men were wounded that each ship seemed like a hospital, and every day the sad ceremony took place of sinking the dead in the shotted hammock shroud.

As they passed round the coast of Cromarty and came to the north of Scotland, a great storm burst upon them, and the huge galleons rolled so much in the wild sea that no boat could be lowered. Sail after sail was split to tatters by the furious wind; masts weakened by the shot fell with a crash, and hanging overboard cumbered the vessels and made them still more unmanageable. The ships became scattered; next morning they had lost sight of each other. This was on the 20th of August, and it was three days before they became in some measure reunited.

Their position was indeed miserable; in a wild and unknown sea, their vessels battered by shot and tossed by the fierce wind, anchors lost, hulls riddled with holes, masts and rigging gone, and crews decimated by war and sickness, their misery was extreme.

They now made for the coasts of Connaught and Kerry, hoping to find some kind friends among the Romanists of the west of Ireland. But wild western storms came on again, and they were exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic. For a dozen days they were driven about hither and thither, able only to communicate by signals, and each one sailing by itself. Deluged with rain and battered by the tremendous billows and fierce winds, one after the other gave up, and, with rudder torn away, either sunk in the raging sea or drifted to the rock-bound shore where the surf ceaselessly breaks on a wild beach; and those of the men who escaped the perils of shipwreck were massacred by the wild Irish peasantry for the sake of plunder, or executed by order of the English governors of Limerick and Tralee, who feared a Spanish-Irish rising in the west, and but imperfectly knew of the defeat of the Armada in the Channel.

Ship after ship touched at several Irish ports and seaside villages begging for water. Pipes of wine, rich silver plate, casks of golden doubloons were offered for a little water, but everywhere refused. The fear of the English prevailed, and no Irish mayor or sheriff dared to run the risk of the gallows.

Of the scores of Spaniards that were flung ashore when the ships were wrecked, all were murdered or died in prison except one, a nobleman, whose friends were expected to pay a rich ransom for him.

The rocks of the Orkney Isles, of the Faroes, of Arran, of Mull, of the whole of that terrible shore which breaks the fury of the Atlantic on the west of Ireland, and of the dreaded Blaskets were strewn that stormy autumn with a rich sea-wrack which the savage wreckers of those wild days seldom found: chests of Spanish doubloons, the gold and silver plate of haughty Dons, casks of wine, heavy cannon, and timber enough to build a respectable fleet,—all were cast here ashore. And more dismal wreckage besides, for on the shore near Sligo more than eleven hundred corpses were counted in one day as the dead cast up by the sea; while between Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets over eight thousand are computed to have perished; about eleven hundred were officially executed as the Queen's enemies, while over three thousand fell before the swords of the Irish wreckers.

THE RETURN HOME.

Early in October, fifty-three shattered ships, with ragged sails, torn rigging, and leaking sides, half-manned by a few toil-worn, diseased, exhausted seamen, crawled one by one into Santander, Corunna, and other Spanish ports, the miserable remnant of that splendid fleet which a few months before had set forth so proudly from the Tagus. Ninety-eight large vessels had perished, either by the shot of the enemy or the fury of the waves, while upwards of fourteen thousand men had fallen in action with the English fleet or had died from sickness or from shipwreck.

The defeat was a terrible blow to Spain. It was a national disaster; nearly every family was in mourning, and the signs of personal sorrow appeared on every face. An universal cry of bitter grief went up from the land. The Duke of Medina Sidonia immediately on his landing retired to his house in the depths of the country, and refused to see any one; his heart was sick with the humiliation of defeat and dishonour.

And the sorrow was the greater inasmuch as it was reaction from the joy felt at the first news of triumphant victory. For in those July days it was industriously spread abroad that the dreaded Drake had been beaten, that he was a prisoner, that the English ships had been all destroyed, that the Armada was in Portsmouth and Parma in London. All kinds of reports filled the air, but everybody agreed that the turbulent English, the "hens of heretics" were beaten at last. But a few more days and the notes of joy and triumph were turned to weeping

and wailing. The news came (of course exaggerated) of the action off Portland, of the midnight affair with the fire-ships, of the disaster at Gravelines, and of the flight through the Straits.

Then came days and weeks of prolonged uncertainty, filled with the agony of suspense; then came home the shattered remnant with the sick seamen, of whom many died after landing; and then the mourning for those who never would return. The priests and strong supporters of the Pope explained the wrath of heaven by saying that the earthly designs of Philip to annex England to his crown had spoiled the spirituality of the enterprise; and that if he had been content to win the heretic island for the Pope alone, without doubt he would have succeeded. Others maintained that Drake and Howard and Frobisher were devils incarnate, and that mortal man could not stand against them; while there were those again who blamed Medina Sidonia and Parma. "Who could stand against such storms?" said Philip when he received the news. "I sent my ships against men, not against the wild seas." All kinds of mendacious stories were circulated throughout Europe to cover the Spaniards' defeat; and concerning these Strype tells us that Sir Francis Drake wrote,— "They were not ashamed to publish in sundry languages in print great victories in words which they pretended to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere; when, shortly afterwards, it was happily manifested in every deed to all nations, how their navy, which they termed invincible, . . . were by thirty of Her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, High Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdez with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, when they lost Hugh de Moncado, with the galley of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchor, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where, for the sympathy of their religion, hoping to find succour and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those others that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken. . . . With all their great and terrible ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so

much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or even so much as burn one sheep-cote on this land."

Like the Spanish soldiers who returned home to die, many of the brave English seamen also died of disease and semi-starvation when the excitement of the defence was over. Hundreds of poor fellows were taken ashore and died in the streets of Margate and other places on the coast. Drake and Howard and other officers opened their purses freely to supply their needs, for not medicine, good food, or wages would Elizabeth supply.

Only about fifty Englishmen were killed in action with the Spaniards, but they died by hundreds a few days after on the shores of the island they had so bravely saved.

It is sad to read these details, and learn that the lustre of the great victory was thus marred by the needless death of the brave men who won it. But the work accomplished by those half-starved and ragged seamen lived after them. Their victory was one of the most momentous the world has ever seen. It broke the power of the Romanist despotism over Europe, and gave free play to the progressive intelligence of Protestantism. Spain, which for so long a time had held the greater part of Europe in her bigoted and blighting clutch, received a blow from which she never afterwards really rallied. Philip's next attempt in Ireland failed miserably, and Parma was obliged to retire discomfited from the Netherlands. English ships chased galleon after galleon from the ocean, and slowly the great empire broke in pieces. And while the naval supremacy of Spain declined, that of England increased; she became at once one of the powers of the world.

The statesmen of Europe saw that henceforth the "heretic island" would have to be reckoned with. There was no longer a fear of her becoming a mere appanage of Spain or France. She who had beaten the Armada could no longer be lightly considered. Moreover, her trade penetrated everywhere, her colonies were planted on every soil, and her flag became supreme on every sea. Thus to the wise ministers of Elizabeth, to Francis Drake and his brave colleagues, and to those ragged, half-starved seamen who beat the Spaniards and then lay down to die, we owe it in some measure that our beloved land rose to the proud position of a Great Power of the world, the Mother of Free Nations, and the Sovereign of the Seas.

F. M. H.



SIGNING THE COVENANT.

BIBLE AND SWORD:

THE STORY OF CLAVERHOUSE AND THE COVENANTERS

The Mad, Roaring Time—A happy Martyr—Nicodemus—The Cabbage-woman's Stool—The Covenants of 1638 and 1643—Prince Charles swallows them—Character of Archbishop Sharp—The Drunken Act—Sandy Peden's Farewell—Tricks on the new Curates—The greatest Drunkard of his Age—Lauderdale's shock Head—The Scots Mile Act—A Martial Student of Quevedo—Spotting the Absentees—Four "Honest Men"—Turner in his Nightgown—Turning a Turner—The Fight at Rullion Green—The Torture of the Boots—Ephraim Macbriar at the Scaffold—The "Honest" Hangman of Irvine—The Forty Dumb Dogs—Cruelties of Dalziel—Act against Conventicles—The Highland Savages brought down—Appearance of "Bloody Clavers"—Magus Moor—Defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog—His Horse pitchforked—Bothwell Bridge—A dreadful Shipwreck—The Cameronians—Given over to Satan—The Killing Time—Execution of Women—The Wigtown Female Martyrs—The True Story of John Brown—Graham's own Confession.

THE COMING OF THE MERRY MONARCH; EXECUTION OF JAMES GUTHRIE.

STIFF-NECKED Scotland—persisting, as Carlyle has expressed it, in her own most hide-bound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart—was thrown

into a state of delirious joy by the news of the arrival of the Merry Monarch in England on the 29th of May, 1660. The roar of cannon and the blaze of tar barrels echoed and gleamed over the country; everywhere there was loud and demonstrative rejoicing; ladies

and gentlemen even indulged in the dance in the exuberance of triumph; and one young lord, touched with the fervour of a spinning dervish or marabout, was only held back by strong arms from tossing his rings, chains, jewels, and all that was precious about him into the fire.

But there were some who were still stiff-necked enough to dote upon the Covenants in that mad, roaring time—so-called Remonstrants or Protesters, extreme Presbyterians, who saw nothing worth living for but to stamp their “pure and spotless” church polity over the whole land—who had a fervid way of moving heaven and earth to that end in prayers, sermons, petitions, and pamphlets. Patrick Gillespie, who held the pen to the royal scapegrace in 1650, and Samuel Rutherford, who had a passion for the tropes and figures of the Song of Solomon, and wrote a book against tyrants, entitled “*Lex Rex*,” were the burning and shining lights of this small but loud party. In August a dozen of them were seized in Edinburgh, while concocting some wholesome advice for the benefit of the royal rake about the ceremonies of his chapel, and an honest but imprudent reminder of his former solemn approval of the Covenants. They were shut up in the castle; they were threatened with a process of treason; they remained as inflexible as adamant on the point that they had a right to petition.

One of them, the Reverend James Guthrie, was specially detested by General Middleton, the King's chief Scottish adviser, a fierce military upstart who had followed war as his trade since boyhood. The untamable tongue of the minister of Stirling might do a deal of mischief yet, if it were allowed to wag, for he was little more than forty years of age. Banishment was the severest penalty hitherto imposed on preachers for their opinions. But this man had been the author of papers full of “damnable and execrable” slanders against the Royal Martyr and other crowned heads, and had “let fly at the King” in his sermons ten years before. In February he was indicted for treason, fought his own battle, and was condemned to death. He received the sentence with a light heart. It had long been the wish of his life to die a martyr. In the streets of Edinburgh he had once had a vision of this blessed consummation. On the 1st of June, 1661, in the same week that saw Argyll's head fall, he suffered martyrdom. He discoursed from the ladder for an hour with as much composure as if he were only delivering one of his usual sermons. “I take God to record upon my soul I would not exchange this scaffold,” he cried, “with the palace or mitre of the greatest prelate in Britain.” When the napkin was laid upon his face, he lifted it and shouted, “The Covenants, the Covenants, shall yet be Scotland's

rejoicing!” With the words of the aged Simeon on his lips he was executed. His “dying testimony” was preserved as sweet and precious. When his head was cut off to be spiked on one of the city gates, the body was tenderly dressed in church by a number of ladies, who dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood and carried them away as precious memorials to be held up to heaven in their invocations. There was another remarkable incident at this strange scene. “There came in a pleasant young gentleman, and poured out a bottle of rich ointment on the body, which filled the whole church with a noble perfume.” Weeks after, it was said, drops of blood fell from the withered head on the cover of Middleton's coach, and no art of man could wipe them out.

This infamous execution failed to raise in Scotland anything like universal indignation; partly because the Presbyterian camp had long been divided into two parties that were ready to fly at each other's throat, and partly because there had arisen a new generation which rebelled against the social tight-lacing of the Commonwealth. But it sounded the keynote of the policy of the Stuarts; and we shall see how, step by step, the faithful adherents of the Covenants were “cabined, cribbed, confined,” until at last they rose in arms, were butchered and banished, gave the Stuarts over to Satan, and were shot down remorselessly by the dragoons of Claverhouse in the wilds of Ayr and Galloway.

JENNY GEDDES; THE COVENANTS.

Blunder after blunder had been committed by the Scottish Solomon and the “Royal Martyr” in their attempts at the personal government of democratic Scotland. King James, once seated on the English throne, sought to thrust prelacy upon his native country, although he had at one time assured the Presbyterians of Scotland that they possessed the purest Church on earth. When some distasteful doctrines were about to be ratified in the Black Parliament of 1621, and the King's commissioner rose to touch the Act with the tip of the sceptre, a vivid flash of lightning, then a second and a third, gleamed through the window, amid loud claps of thunder; a storm of hail and rain swept across the northern metropolis, and the streets ran like rivers. Many declared that the wrath of heaven had descended on a deed so impious; other readers of God's judgments likened the omen to the majestic sanctions of Sinai.

In the time of the first Charles, an old woman in Edinburgh, named Jenny Geddes, rose up in church one summer day, and hurled her stool at a surpliced dean who was about to read Laud's liturgy, shouting out the immortal words, “Villain, dost thou say the

mass at my lug?" This was not, as Charles fondly thought, but the idle and foolish word of a scolding virago: the whizz of that cabbage-woman's chair across the Kirk of St. Giles was a symbol and prelude of the wrath of Scotland which drove the tyrant from his throne. Nobles, gentlemen, ministers, and the people erected tables in an Edinburgh churchyard (1638), and there, and all over the excited country, signed, sometimes with their own blood, a document known as the National Covenant, abjuring prelacy and binding its subscribers to stand up for their own religion and Presbyterian government. The foolish King marched with an English (to them a foreign) army against the covenanters, the historic name of those who maintained that the sovereign had no right to dictate to assemblies on religious matters; but "old crooked" Leslie waited for him at Duns Law with the blue banner; and in the next year the blue-bonneted "Jockies" sent his riff-raff redcoats flying in a panic at Newburn.

The Solemn League and Covenant (1643) was another memorable document. In this the parliaments of England and Scotland joined hands for the mutual defence of the true religion, and for the extirpation of popery and prelacy in England, Scotland, and Ireland. King Charles would not accept it after his surrender to the Scottish forces in 1646. He was accordingly given over to the tender mercies of the English Parliament, and, as all the world knows, the "royal martyr," denounced by his foes as "tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy," was beheaded on the 30th day of January, 1649.

THE FARCE THAT CLOSED WITH A TRAGEDY; PRINCE CHARLES ACCEPTS THE COVENANTS.

The merry monarch, who "never said a foolish thing nor ever did a wise one," acted in 1650 one of the most selfish farces on record. It is ludicrous if we contrast the secret grimaces of the young scapegrace with the grim countenances and credulous loyalty of the Scotsmen who gazed on him, but tragic when we view it in the fierce light of the coming years and see the faithless debauchee—a secret papist—thrust episcopacy into the pulpits of Scotland, and in clearest breach of his vow to the patriots who fought and bled for him against Cromwell, suffer and prescribe them to be eaten out of house and home, fined, plundered, imprisoned, sent into slavery, hunted to their holes and shot down as vermin. On the 16th day of August the clever prince, then twenty years of age, was in the tiny city of Dunfermline, the ancient residence of many of his predecessors. Before him was spread out a "most remarkable" document, containing

things that were "doubtless of hard digestion." The lad expresses deep contrition before God for his father's opposition to the cause of the Scottish Church and for the idolatry of his esteemed mother; declares that he had sworn to the Covenants, not "upon any sinister and crooked design, for attaining his own ends, but so far as human weakness will permit, in the truth and sincerity of his heart;" and promises to extirpate popery, prelacy, and all schisms from every part of his dominions. The Rev. Patrick Gillespie held out the pen, appealing to him not to sign the paper, no not for three kingdoms, if he could not do so with his soul and conscience. But Charles "could swallow anything," as occasion demanded. "Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Gillespie, I am satisfied, I am satisfied," he exclaimed, and signed the indigestible document. We do not wonder that Charles in later days often spoke with bitter jest of his unfortunate Scottish trip, and maintained that Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman.

THE PRIMATE SHARP; THE DRUNKEN ACT; "AULD SANDY'S" FAREWELL.

Scotland, Guthrie's execution showed, was not to have the theocracy, the New Jerusalem, of the Protesters. But still most of the ministers were not attached to this party; they were "sober" Presbyterians; and Charles assured them in 1660 that the Scottish Church would remain as it had been settled by law. He kept his word, but in a strange way. The "terrible parliament" of 1661 acted as if its members had just risen from a drunken bout: the Covenants were condemned as illegal; all Acts since 1633 were swept away; the royal supremacy in Church and State was declared; the settlement of the Church's government was pronounced an inherent right of the Crown. The Scottish courtiers hastened to the scramble in London. In the teeth of the covenanting Lauderdale and others, Charles declared for prelacy: publicly he branded the Presbyterian Church as violent and hostile to the royal prerogative, out of harmony with the Churches of England and Ireland; privately he said it was no religion for a gentleman. James Sharp, the man whom the Scottish ministers had trusted as their own souls to manage their affairs at Court, was offered the honour of primate, and dishonourably accepted it. Scotland was rolled back to where she stood in 1637.

"Take it, and the curse of God with it," the gentle Robert Douglas is reported to have said as he clapped Sharp's shoulder and shut the door. And the curse did come. He shared with Middleton, Lauderdale, Mackenzie, Dalziel, Lagg, and Clavers, the fierce obloquy of the covenanters. He was called a monster of hypocrisy, perjury, and villainess. He was the murderer of his own child of

shame, and had buried the innocent babe under the hearthstone. He was a sorcerer; an old woman saw him closeted with the Prince of Darkness after midnight. Such was the mud thrown at him. Yet James Sharp had his small virtues. His friend Cromwell had called him "Sharp of that ilk." We have admired his beautiful penmanship. His early letters, too, have the flavour of a graceful piety. The perfume quickly evaporated under the sunshine of royal smiles. He was a despot's tool, and, like the proverbial beggar, rode at full gallop. Nature had destined him for an attorney's clerk; and in a few years some wild Scotsmen stabbed him horribly on Magus Moor, after they had prayed long and often and had heard the voice of God.

The covenants were burned and caricatured. Patronage, which had been abolished in 1649, was restored. Ministers who had been installed since that date by popular election were to be presented by the patrons and collated by the bishops; they were to observe the 29th of May as the royal anniversary; they and all persons in public trust were to sign a declaration against the covenants. It was thought that this last would finish the career of Lauderdale; Stair boggled at it, but the earl laughed, and declared that he would sign a careful of such oaths before he would lose his place. Some ministers, like Donald Cargill and John Livingstone, who preached with Pentecostal fervour and success, would not celebrate the anniversary because they disliked all holy days, and would not take the oath of allegiance as it was expressed; they were summoned before the Council and banished beyond the Tay or into foreign lands. The Council—the Star Chamber of Scotland—went into the west, and learned that the bishops were mere ciphers. The "Drunken Act" of Glasgow banished all ministers from their houses, parishes, and presbyteries who did not receive collation by a certain day.

Three hundred and fifty ministers refused to yield to the mandate of the "Drunken Council." The peasants of the west and south, clad in black and white plaids and scarlet mantles, or in suits of hoddie grey, flocked in thousands to listen to the farewell sermons of their devoted pastors. Perhaps the strangest of all these partings was that of "Old Sandy" Peden, of Glenluce, the Thomas the Rhymer of the Scottish covenanters. He is described as of diminutive stature, but with an athletic frame and elastic step; long dishevelled hair floated on his shoulders from beneath his blue bonnet; he had a sallow complexion and dark, penetrating eyes. His voice was shrill, but he was endowed with a fervid, ready, and homely eloquence peculiarly fitted to rivet the attention and stir the feelings of

the Scottish peasant. At his farewell to his flock in Galloway, the vast multitude burst forth into sobs and tears. When the long service was closed with the benediction, the venerable seer descended from the tent with the Bible in his hands, while the slow music of a psalm rose to heaven in the twilight from thousands of lips. The hymn of praise ended in a deep silence, amid which the solemn multitude beheld their pastor lock the door of the church, and then knock thrice upon it with the back of the pulpit Bible, uttering the words, which were deemed prophetic: "I arrest thee, in my Master's name, that never any enter thee but such as come in at the door as I did!"

THE RISE OF LAUDERDALE.

The Scottish dilution of episcopacy must not be imagined as having any doctrinal or ceremonial likeness to that of England. There was no surplice, no altar, no liturgy, no kneeling at communion, no signing with the cross in baptism; the Confession of Faith was that of the first reformers; there were kirk sessions, presbyteries, and synods. But the spirit of the evil thing was in it. There were lay patrons instead of the divine call of the people; King Charles had taken the supremacy that belonged to King Jesus; hierarchy was hierarchy, and led back the suspicious Presbyterian eye to the mediæval iniquities of Rome.

The recruits who were thrust into the churches of the ejected were far from being able to fill the shoes of their predecessors. Bishop Burnet declared they were the worst preachers he ever heard. They were the scum of the north,—ignorant, mean, violent; some of them were addicted to swearing, drunkenness, and other vices. The people treated them with contempt: they received them with tears and begged them to be gone; they reasoned and argued with them; they stole the clapper of the church bell; they barricaded the doors against them; they poured ants into their boots on the way to the pulpit. A ridiculous tumult at Irongray, near Dumfries, where John Welsh, the sturdy great-grandson of Knox had ministered, threw the Court into such alarm that it was rumoured that a huge and wild army would soon cross the Border, although the simple fact was that a number of base women had assembled in the kirk-yard and driven off the curate and a band of armed soldiers with no other weapons than the stones of the highway. The Earl of Linlithgow was sent down with three hundred soldiers to quarter in the parish, and the poor inhabitants had to pay for their whistle to the tune of half-a-crown a day for each horse-man, and a shilling for each foot-soldier. But it was impossible to gain respect for the curates. Boys would pelt them in the pulpit

with rotten sticks and accompany them home with cheers, while men plundered their houses by night. On one occasion three men in female disguise entered a minister's dwelling, dragged him out of bed, and robbed his trunks.

Middleton was soon hurled down from the giddy height where he had spread out his gay plumes, and was succeeded as King's Commissioner by the young and witty Earl

Although he had the saintly Baxter for a chaplain, and was deeply read in theology, he remained a profligate. He scarcely looked a courtier; he was a huge, uncouth man, with a bloated face and wildly flowing red hair. He spluttered and slobbered people with whom he talked, and was subject to insane fits of temper. But he had a coarse and ready wit, and could fiddle before Saul; he once danced in a petticoat before the melan-



JENNY GEDDES HURLS THE STOOL AT THE HEAD OF THE SURPLICED DEAN.

of Rothies, the most consummate drunkard in that age of hard drinking. He had the reputation of being able to drink two or three relays of his friends dead drunk, and after a few hours' sleep wake up as fresh as a daisy. But the man who stepped into Middleton's place in the Merry Monarch's counsels was the notorious John, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Lauderdale. In the words of Hudibras,—

"He had cunning to unravel
The very mysteries of the devil."

choly Charles. For years and years the poor covenanters had faith in this Machiavelli, even while he ruled them with a rod of iron. But Scotland was capable of breeding worse men than him. After him came the deluge of blood under Perth and Queensberry.

ORIGIN OF THE REBELLION.

Many of the ejected ministers continued to preach and administer the sacraments in private houses or in the fields, and the people

flocked out of their own parishes, sometimes to a great distance, to attend the ministrations of the old pastors whom the Acts had not expelled. Stricter measures were therefore put in force by the Parliament and Council in 1663. It was declared seditious for nonconformist ministers to exercise their calling; they were ordered to remove with their families to a distance of at least twenty miles from their former parishes, and were forbidden to reside within three miles of any royal burgh; and finally the people were commanded, under the penalty of seditious, not to extend charity to any of these ejected ministers. Those who dared to regularly disobey these persecuting orders by absenting themselves from the parish church were fined in a fourth of their revenue or possessions. Chiefly at the instigation of Sharp, the Court of High Commission was established, composed of nine prelates and twenty-five nobles; it had the power of inflicting any punishment short of death, and officers of the army and militia were empowered to apprehend delinquents and bring them before this odious tribunal.

Had measures such as these, not only inconsistent with the simplest principles of liberty but proceeding from an upstart party which had prostituted itself to the will of a "divine right" despot in the face of the history of the Scottish nation, been simply *bruta fulmina*, they might have been passed by without notice; but far from being a mere dead letter, they were brought down upon the shoulders of the people with brutal force. Gentlemen of high position were suddenly apprehended without any specific charge and detained in prison for years; lairds and ministers were burdened with fines,—sometimes as high as £500 sterling,—thrown into wretched dungeons, and banished into remote towns, or even to the Shetland Isles; the miserable gaols were crowded with prisoners, some of whom petitioned to be shipped off to the Barbadoes; a woman was whipped through the public streets; men were banished to Virginia. The Commission even condescended to scourge some naughty boys, and after branding them in the face with a hot iron, sent them off to the slavery of the Indies. Masters were declared responsible for their servants and landlords for their tenants.

A small military force was dispersed over the southern districts, under the direction of Sir James Turner, a man who had served since boyhood on the battle-field, and was "naturally fierce, but quite a madman when drunk, and that was very often;" although we learn from his Memoirs that he was also a student of Tasso and Quevedo, and wrote extensively on military and other subjects. The curate in many of the parishes

was accustomed, like a pedagogue, to call out the names of his parishioners on Sunday after sermon, and hand over the list of absentees to the soldiers. In the families where they quartered, the graceless soldiers ridiculed that private worship of the household which has been so nobly pictured in the *Cottar's Saturday Night*; they beat and dragged unwilling folks to church and prison; they resorted to the neighbourhood of the churches of the old ministers, and when they heard the music of the last psalm, stalked from their cups to the doors of the sacred buildings, and "spotting" those who were not residents of the parish, fined them off-hand, or seized what money they had, carrying off Bibles, coats, and plaids from the poor men and women who had no money to pay the fine of 20*d.* sterling. When neither the widow nor the orphan was spared, when starving children saw their bread tossed to the dogs, when furniture was sold or burned, when the poor were compelled to beg in order to pay these exactions, and when at last the army was increased to three thousand men and placed under the command of the fierce soldier Dalziel of Binns, who was believed to have acquired in Muscovy the habit of roasting captives, no other course was left open for the desperate objects of this abominable and petty persecution but—rebellion.

ROUT OF COVENANTERS AT RULLION GREEN.

One November morning in 1666, as the story goes, four "honest men," who had been driven from their homes to wander among the morasses and mountains, were sitting in a village alehouse in one of the southern counties, when they heard that Turner's soldiers were stripping a poor old man preparatory to roasting him on a red-hot grid-iron. Their blood was stirred, and hastening to the scene, they disarmed the ruffians. Although this was but a simple and sudden blow in defence of an outraged man, they surmised, and perhaps justly, that their life was now imperilled; and thus the second and bolder step was taken of assembling a few neighbours, and surprising a dozen other soldiers quartered in the district, one of whom was unfortunately slain. That story may perhaps be true, but it is very doubtful. Turner himself, who already had an inkling of a widespread insurrection, was alarmed by the appearance at the garrison in Dumfries Castle of a corporal who had been shot in the abdomen because he would not take the Covenant, and immediately despatched orders to gather in the soldiers who were scattered in small parties over the country. But the order was too late; the Covenanters, aroused by the oppression of soldiery, had gathered within two days into a company of one hundred and fifty

horse and foot. Armed with muskets, pistols, swords, pikes, scythes, pitch-forks, and stout cudgels, they marched towards Dumfries,—some twenty miles distant from the village alehouse,—and about nine o'clock in the morning of the 15th of November, surrounded the house where Turner lay with only a dozen men. He appeared at the window in his night-gown, and was ordered downstairs if he had any respect for his life. In this condition he was led out into the street, with swords and pistols ominously presented to his breast, but was afterwards taken back to dress himself in more becoming raiment. With rueful face he saw his linen, clothes, papers, arms, and horses carried off, and, worst of all, the great bags of money which he had been at the pains of gathering from the stiff-necked "fanatics." The rebels proceeded to the cross, and with ironical loyalty pledged the health of King Charles and prosperity to his government.

Picking up recruits, horses, and arms by the way, the rebels marched north-west into Ayrshire, through the wild moorland district that was in a few years to be strewn with the corpses of the Cameronians. They carried Turner and his little drummer with them; they subjected the martial student of Quevedo to the grim joke of being lectured for a whole night on the ghastly topic of death; several divines tried to convert him, but he declared it would be a hard task to "turn a Turner." Striking eastward, they arrived at Lanark on the Sabbath evening; and there on the next day the whole army held up their hands towards heaven, vowing to stand up for the Covenants. The army—which numbered at least eleven hundred men, although writers on the covenanting side have placed it at three thousand—was no weak and disorderly rabble, but a host of stalwart men, mostly trained to martial exercise, and with splendid staying power for marching. They were the pick of Scotland, as the Highland Jacobites learned at the Revolution, and the like of them may be seen at this day in Ayr and Galloway,—a big-boned, sincere, thoughtful, stubborn set, of which Thomas Carlyle of Ecclefechan is the nineteenth-century representative. Even Turner's hostile eye could not help admiring them. Knowing that the royal troops under the Muscovite roaster were at their heels, those sturdy covenanters marched from Lanark in the mire and snow all through a stormy night, passed Edinburgh just out of the range of the Castle guns, and halted at Colinton, on the heights two miles above the city. They were deeply disappointed. The fertile plains of the Lothians did not smile upon their cause; the gates of the metropolis were closed against them.

On the morning of the 28th November

they turned their faces sadly, determinedly, southwards, along the base of the Pentland Hills. Their leader, Colonel Wallace, halted at a spot known as Rullion Green, to meet the forces of Dalziel, which had marched through a pass of the Pentlands, and now appeared on the heights above him. The day had been bright and sunny, and twilight was approaching. Wallace had only a remnant of nine hundred men, badly rationed and jaded with long marches, some of them armed only with pitchforks and cudgels. His hope lay in the descent of night. Two charges were made upon his troops by a part of the royal forces, and were repulsed; the sun had fallen when Dalziel himself advanced with his foot, flanked by the cavalry. This time the right wing of the rebel host was broken, a flank charge was made upon the main body, and the peasants were completely routed. In vain they had fought a desperate struggle, in vain were the shouts of the ministers, "The God of Jacob, the God of Jacob!" More than fifty were slaughtered, and as many taken prisoners. Many were murdered by the country-people after their escape from the battle-field.

THE MARTYRDOM OF HUGH MACKAIL; AN "HONEST" HANGMAN.

Not content with hanging numbers in Edinburgh, and before their own doors in the far-off districts,—on the scarecrow principle,—sticking their heads on the gates of different towns, and their hands on those of Lanark, Sharp and his coadjutors on the Council singled out two of the conspirators for torture by the "boots," a cylindrical instrument between which and the leg wedges were driven until the marrow started from the bone. This terrible course was not resorted to from sheer cruelty; there was a very strong suspicion that these paltry rebels had great friends behind them. Tyrants are ever trembling. It was believed that those covenanting ministers and peasants were in league with Holland for the overthrow of Charles.

The death of the young minister Mackail—he was only twenty-six—has always remained one of the most prominent and affecting incidents of the covenanting period. He was the prototype of Scott's "Ephraim Macbriar." Torture and confinement had thrown him into a fever, so that he was unable to stand when the day of trial came. About a week later he was brought up, found guilty by the jury of treasonable rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged in four days at the cross of Edinburgh. His petition for a reprieve, on the ground that he had deserted the rebels "with the first conveniency," was rejected by the Privy Council. At two o'clock on the 22nd of December, he and five others were carried to the scaffold. At the

foot of the ladder, with a calm and pleasant countenance, he harangued the people against "that abominable plant prelacy, the bane of the throne and of the country." Many wept while he sang and prayed. On the top of the ladder he sat down, and declared his belief that the blood of the victims lay at the door of the prelates rather than of the nobles and rulers. He embraced the fatal noose as the hangman placed it round his neck. He read aloud the glowing picture of heaven in the last chapter of the Bible, and spoke of the welcome that awaited him among the hosts of the New Jerusalem. Even when the napkin was put over his face, with a theatrical self-consciousness that makes one shudder even now, he raised it and expressed the hope that the bystanders had seen no alteration in his face or manner.

"Farewell father and mother," he cried, "friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights! farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon, and stars! welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome Blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation; welcome glory; welcome eternal life; welcome death!"

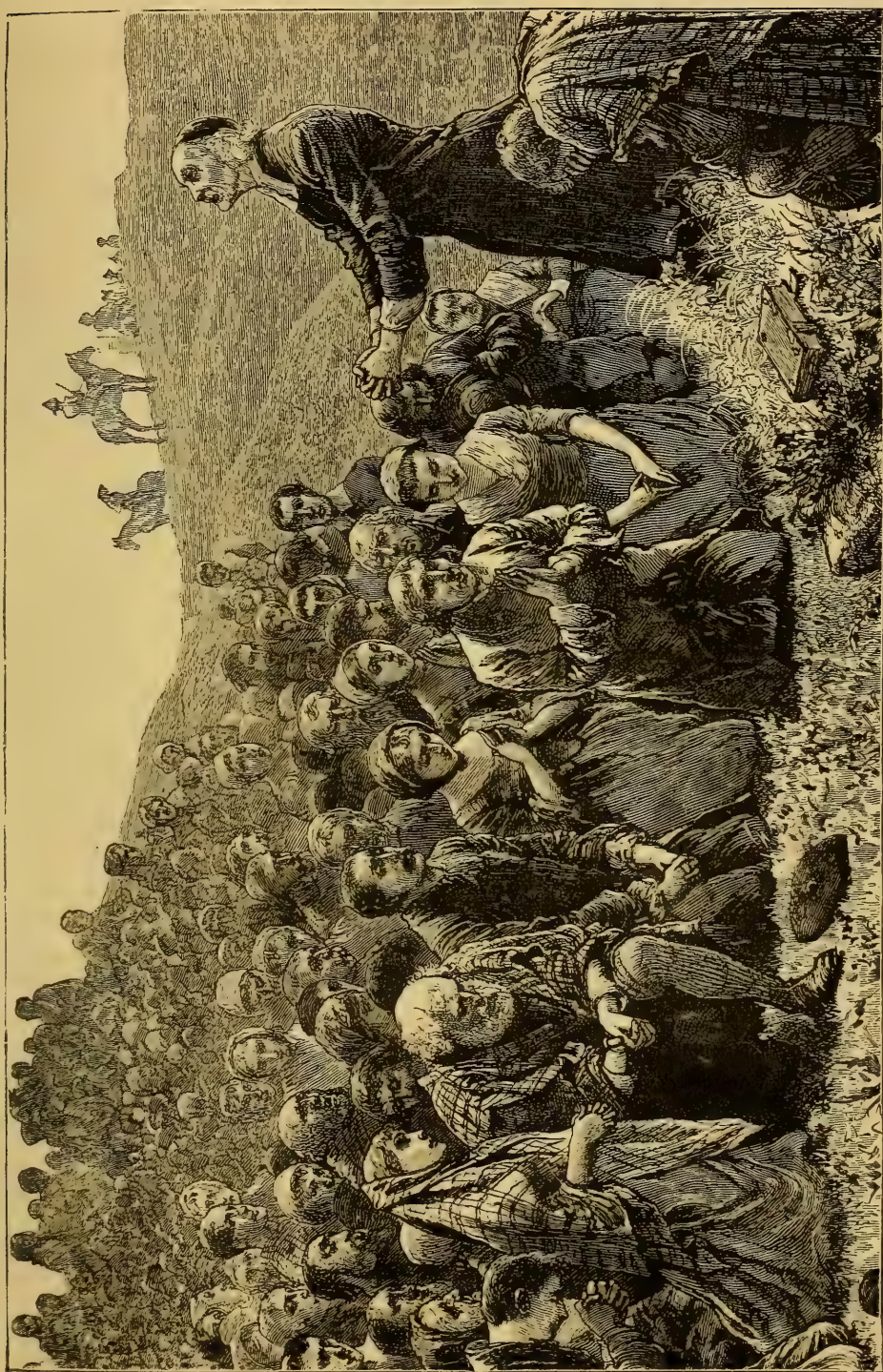
The charm of bravery like that of the young Roscius of the Covenant spread far and wide over the land. Stories of the time—possibly exaggerated—prove that the very lowest strata of society were moved as they could have been in no other country than Scotland, where the passion for religious metaphysics and Bible knowledge had become an inherited and ineradicable instinct. When Charles returned to England, every Scottish parish had a minister, every village a school, and every family a Bible. It would appear that in those days even the men whose business it was to perform the duty of Ketch, wielded logic-choppers on the knotty questions of theology. The hangman of Ayr refused to imbrue his hands in the blood of eight men who were condemned for "treason." The poor ignorant Highlander from the distant wilds of Strathnaver, who acted as hangman in the neighbouring town of Irvine, also declined the work, was sent to prison, was compelled to go to Ayr under a military escort, was reasoned with from Scripture by a curate whom he looked on as the devil's advocate, was threatened with the "boots,"—he told them to bring the spurs too,—was ready to hold out his hands for the contents of a cruse of melting lead, stood the wheedling of Lord Kelly, was offered fifty dollars and liberty to retire to the Highlands, was clapped in the stocks, opened his breast to receive the contents of four muskets, was threatened with being rolled up and down in a barrel filled with iron spikes; but all failed, and the obdurate hangman was finally ex-

empted from the task of "taking good men's lives." The sentence of the commissioners had to be carried out. It was accomplished by offering his life to one of the condemned men, and keeping him drunk until the deed was done.

PERSECUTION AFTER PENTLAND; THE FORTY DUMB DOGS; TERRIBLE ACT AGAINST FIELD-PREACHING.

Ample vengeance was taken on scores of those who had joined in the Pentland rising; twenty or thirty landed proprietors and ministers, who fled abroad or wandered through the country as pariahs, were condemned in their absence to forfeiture of life and fortune; the country curates in the infected districts—if we might so term them—of the south and west were goaded on by Sharp to spy upon their flocks; and the flocks in return looked on their pastors not as shepherds but as wolves. Even the most eager advocates in modern times of the policy of Sharp, assuming the actual existence of a conspiracy in concert with the Dutch government, and pointing to the bad example of persecution set by the covenanters in previous years, admit that the severities which followed Rullion Green did "little honour either to the clemency or the wisdom of His Majesty's Government." All the instances of horrid cruelty set forth by partisans may not be true, and indeed are not; still, making full discount, we cannot hesitate in charging the Scottish Council with the most heinous and reckless prostitution of justice, in sending down such military monsters as Dalziel and Sir William Bannatyne to act as agents in the repression or spiteful punishment of an insurrectionary spirit, which as yet had uttered not one word of treason against Charles, at least had not been proved to have done so, but merely declared against the method of his administration. On the principle that there is no smoke where there is not fire, we must take for granted that beneath the terrible traditions that have descended to us there are terrible facts. Had there been, as there is now, a free parliament through which the nation could speak with one certain and collected voice, those broad-shouldered and conscientious men of the south and west of Scotland would not have dreamed of marching with their pitch-forks and cudgels towards Edinburgh; but the spirit of toleration was as yet only in its birth-throes, and neither party—despot king nor despot democrats—stood on the platform of social equity.

Dalziel took up his head-quarters at Kilmarnock after the victory of Pentland; and another officer of equally savage instincts was sent to Galloway with a considerable party of soldiers. The former is said to have



COVENANTERS WORSHIPPING IN THE OPEN AIR.

extorted 50,000 merks from the district of his ravages, to have kept suspected persons standing continually on their feet, night and day, in the "thieves' hole;" to have shot down a man who refused to inform whom he saw at Lanark; and one of his subordinates is accused of having seized two men who had given a night's shelter to some of the Pentland rebels, and hanging them by the thumbs on a tree. The conduct of Bannatyne and his soldiers was marked by equal if not greater licentiousness, rapine, and barbarity; they are accused of holding lighted matches for hours between the fingers of a woman who had assisted her husband to escape in female attire, and of practising the savage joke of roasting prisoners in front of huge bonfires. What amount of truth there is in these horrid tales it may be impossible now to discover; but certain it is that the system of extortion and confiscation carried on under the orders of government drove many into hiding in dens and caves, deserted coal-pits, and holes in the earth, while others fled abroad; and Turner and Bannatyne had to be dismissed from their posts for the oppressive use of the power that had been placed in their hands. After the treaty of Breda, which concluded a peace between the Dutch and British, the army was disbanded in Scotland, only two troops of horse and a company of foot being retained; an indemnity was granted to most of the Pentland rebels, on condition that they accepted the "bond of peace." Scores refused, and were shipped off to Virginia when caught; but when the excitement produced by the attempt of a lunatic upon the life of Sharp had blown over, Lauderdale (the "L" of that famous "cabal" which went in for toleration of dissent in England) issued an Indulgence under the royal hand in the summer of 1669, permitting the ousted pastors to return to their churches and parishes, under certain restrictions. Some of the episcopal clergy presented an address against this assertion of the royal supremacy, and the Archbishop of Glasgow was deposed; while, on the other hand, only some forty and odd Presbyterians were captured by the bait. They were contemptuously called the King's curates, and dumb dogs that could not bark. Let us observe that from this time, when Sharp had fallen into disgrace for lying, and the helm was completely in the hands of Lauderdale, the question of *episcopacy* was sunk into a secondary place, and the sole and single aim of the furious statesman was to establish the *royal supremacy* over the Church irrespective of any particular form of Church government.

With this fact before us, we can readily understand how in the month of August 1670, the famous or infamous Act against con-

venticles was passed, prohibiting on pain of death all assembling in the fields for religious purposes. His Majesty, "considering that these meetings are the *rendezvous of rebellion*, . . . doth therefore statute . . . that whosoever, without license or authority, shall preach . . . or pray at any of these meetings in the field, or in any house where there be more persons than the house contains, so as some of them be without doors, or who shall convocate any number of people to these meetings, shall be punished with death and confiscation of goods." Heavy penalties were inflicted on those who attended these irregular meetings in house or field. Ministers were sent to "chant Babel's captive song" in the strong dungeons of the Bass Rock, husbands were fined for their wives' misdoings, lesser men were forced as recruits into military service, garrisons were stationed in the mansions of gentlemen in several counties; but still conventicles increased and multiplied. In the three years over which the Act extended, the fines of eleven persons in a single county for such "atrocious crimes" as absence from church, attending conventicles, and disorderly baptisms, amounted to more than £30,000 sterling. A second and wider Indulgence was granted in 1672, and was accepted by nearly all the ministers—Welsh, Blackadder, and Cargill being the chief exceptions. Under such threats as those of death, imprisonment, and exile, conventicles were by no means suppressed, even with the aid of garrisons and spies. Men now appeared in arms to defend themselves against attack from the soldiers and militia. When the male portion of the covenanting people did not dare to be present, their wives flocked in multitudes; and when, at last, "letters of intercommunion" were issued against a large number of ministers, gentlemen, and ladies, by which all who harboured or conversed with conventiclers, or furnished them with meat, drink, or clothing, were declared guilty of the same crime, then, to use the words of Bishop Burnet, whose words are scarcely those of a friend to the outcasts, "many, apprehending a severe persecution, left their houses, and went about like a sort of banditti, and fell under a fierce and savage temper." Even ladies of rank were hunted from their homes, and were compelled to wander in the wilds.

THE HIGHLAND HOST BROUGHT DOWN TO SCOURGE THE COVENANTERS.

Clearly there could be no terms made between the despotism of Charles and Lauderdale and the many armed bands of irreconcilables that wandered over Fife and over the south and west of Scotland, and had now dared to erect their own preaching

houses. Thus it came that on the 24th day of January, 1678, a host of warriors had assembled in the town of Stirling, under orders to march into the districts infected with rebellion, with liberty to kill, wound, seize, and imprison all who offered resistance. It was a combination of the most striking nature, fit to awaken tremor even in a large and well-trained host of soldiers, not to speak of small scattered groups of peaceful peasants. Scotland had not witnessed such a sight as this since the time when the great Montrose raised the royal standard against the blue banner of the Covenant; for here once again the ignorant and ferocious inhabitants of the glens and mountains were called away from their black cattle and their "creaghs" and their own mutual massacres to do military service in the Lowlands for a despot Stuart. There were also a couple of thousand of the militia, with several troops of horse, and a thousand regulars; but the main body and the main menace lay in those six thousand bare-legged and stalwart caterans, who were trained to and dependent on plunder, treachery, and blood. There was also a multitude of stragglers, who were tempted to follow the invading host by the vision of rich spoil in the towns, villages, and mansions of the fertile and industrious Lowlands. The hearts of the poor savages must have been exalted with hopes of boundless wealth in the great *melee* that was to take place beyond the Clyde, for there was all the aspect of a glorious campaign: there were field-pieces, an immense quantity of spades, shovels, and mattocks—evidently intended for the siege of fortresses glutted with wealth; and there were iron fetters and thumb-locks, doubtless to secure the captives and carry them off into slavery. If anything that could attach these rude barbarians to the Crown and mould them into faithful supporters of the doomed despotism of the Stuarts, it was to bring them down once in a while from the heath-clad hills to fight and feast in the valleys of the Sassenach.

Of course there was required a show of law before the savages were sent in to enjoy the banquet. The mouths of the holes, were in the first instance stopped. Noblemen, and landlords were forbidden to leave the kingdom without permission of the Council; an English force was brought to the border, and Irish savages—possibly kinsmen of those who in Montrose's time stole the church Bibles and the communion cloths—were collected at Belfast. All the landlords in the south and west, where the covenanting whigs flourished, were called upon within a short space of time to sign a bond, under heavy penalties, that neither they, nor their wives, bairns, tenants, cottars, tenants' wives, tenants' bairns, etc., etc., would in future

attend conventicles, or harbour vagrant preachers; they were also to surrender their arms. Still more severe was the demand that landlords and masters should not receive a tenant or servant who could not produce a certificate of having taken the bond of allegiance. The gentlemen everywhere refused to yield to so outrageous an order. Lauderdale, sitting at the council board, burst into one of his mad fits, bared his arms above the elbow, and "swore by Jehovah he would make them enter into those bonds."

Little did the Highlanders reckon about such mysterious trifles, and entering Ayrshire in the first week in February, they began to rob and ravage with the most complete indifference as to bonds, covenants, and creeds. Their one guiding principle was to make hay while the sun was shining. An audaciously eccentric writer declares that they exhibited "in a wonderful degree the more humane characteristics of these simple mountaineers." We shall pass by the story of disgusting crimes, for those old covenanters had a very shocking habit of casting dirt: but what of the £134,000 of damage suffered in Ayrshire alone during the one single month that elapsed before the "simple mountaineers" were ordered off from very shame by the government? Did they not loot the town of Kilmarnock, and repay the hospitality of a merchant on whom some of them were quartered by breaking his ribs, plundering his house gear, carrying off the money carefully hoarded up in old stockings, and frightening his delicate wife clean out of this wicked world? Did not one of them strike a minister a fatal blow with the butt-end of a musket because the good man reprimanded them? Is it not the case that far from finding any employment for shovels and claymores, they only discovered a people too dumbfounded to make any resistance? And when the gallant defenders of the supremacy of King Charles over the Scottish Church turned their back on the Land of Burns, did not they carry off horses, a vast quantity of silver plate, whole webs of linen and woollen cloth, pots, pans, gridirons, and bed-clothes? On their departure a force of five thousand regular troops was sent to crush the "fanatics"; and in this capacity we meet the name of Graham of Claverhouse.

THE VOICE OF GOD; ASSASSINATION OF SHARP.

In the beginning of 1678 a sensation of horror passed over Scotland, because Archbishop Sharp had insisted on the trial and death of the lunatic who had fired a pistol at him ten years before, and who, in 1674, had confessed to the attempt on assurance of being given his life. There was a mysterious

feeling abroad—one of those deep and sullen wishes which men hide away in the corner of their heart, and which excited minds at last utter as a prophecy—that the “bloody and deceitful man” would perish in some sudden and awful manner. “He’ll get a sudden and sharp off-going, and ye will be the first,” said a dying minister at the beginning of April 1679 to a young gentleman, “that will take the good news of his death to heaven.”

At the close of March some women on the way to a field-meeting near Lanark had been robbed of their plaids and Bibles by a party of soldiers, and some men had been taken prisoners. A party of armed covenanters left the meeting in order to release their comrades, and, as was common enough in the fierce days of the persecution, a serious scuffle ensued, in which the military party was severely handled. The Council was prompted to a fresh and vigorous spurt of oppression; and among its other applications it inflicted a person named William Carmichael on the little “kingdom” of Fife, one of the chief hot-beds of the “fanatics,” in order to hunt the dissenters and intercommuned to the earth. He was a monster of whom the world would indeed be well rid if the stories of his iniquities might be trusted. He beat children so as to make them inform against their parents, and for the same purpose placed lighted matches between the fingers of servants. Among his other disgraceful customs was that of citing people on baseless charges, knowing that their conscience would not permit them to appear at such tribunals, and then stripping them of their goods because they did not present themselves in answer to his summons. A number of peasants within his jurisdiction had for weeks been accustomed to meet together, pray, and take counsel on the subject of his enormities. At last God’s spirit urged them to go forward. Saturday, the 3rd of May, was fixed for dealing with Carmichael, and a messenger was despatched to secure a preacher for the conventicle they resolved to hold on the following day in celebration of the deed. Carmichael, however, was forewarned of some premeditated danger, and the twelve men who were told off to strike the blow at the miscreant, having made a long and eager search, at last came to the pious decision that God had remarkably kept him out of their hands.

But there was one man in that little group, the fierce Balfour of Burleigh, who was unable to believe that their counsels would come to nought. Two years before this time the minions of the spy Carstairs had fired into his house at Kinloch, while he and a little company of friends were at dinner, and they had beaten off their stealthy foes. He had been denounced as a rebel, and had

lived in exile; but on one occasion, when he rose from prayer, the voice of heaven had called him back to Fife. He now assured his comrades that there was work for them to do.

While thus they communed, a boy announced to them that the archbishop’s coach was coming. And there, on Magus Moor, before his daughter’s eyes, the arch-enemy of the Covenant was shot and stabbed—horribly, too; it took three-quarters of an hour to do the deed. The covenanters did not lament over his assassination; they remembered the exploits of Jael, who hammered a nail into the temple of the sleeping Sisera, and of Ehud, whose dagger was struck into the bowels of the oppressor of Israel, Eglon, King of Moab. It has often been noted as remarkable that, in spite of the most rigorous search, none of the actual participants in the work of blood were ever touched by the hand of justice.

SHARP’S LEGACY; THE CAREER OF CLAUVERHOUSE; HIS DEFEAT AT DRUMCLOG.

There can be no question that the primate who had now fallen in broad daylight on the open highway on Magus Moor, near St. Andrew’s, was mainly responsible, so far as the higher clergy were concerned, for the small-minded and malicious cruelty of those years of persecution. Just two days before his death he had crowned his fifteen years of service as the lickspittle of a soulless despotism by draughting a fresh measure, empowering not only judges but officers to treat all as traitors who appeared at field-meetings. He was succeeded in the royal councils by a distinguished lawyer and essayist, Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, the lord-advocate, who has been compared to the English butcher Jeffreys, but most unjustly so, although he held very decided opinions against the covenanters, and was in the habit of insulting men and women who appeared for trial with the Bible in their hand. The proclamation was issued ten days after Sharp’s assassination. On the 29th of May, when the quiet little burgh of Rutherglen, now a thriving suburb of the city of Glasgow, was celebrating the restoration of King Charles, a band of eighty armed men, under Robert Hamilton, a young gentleman of high social connection, appeared upon the festive streets, extinguished the bonfires as signs of tyranny, affixed on the market cross an unsigned “Testimony” against all the “sinful and unlawful Acts emitted and executed, published and prosecuted against our covenanted reformation,” and burned all the Acts specified in the body of the document.

On Saturday night a body of troops marched out from Glasgow to inquire the names of

the men who had thus openly defied the Government. Their commander was John Graham, of Claverhouse in Fife, whose deeds have given him a higher niche in the hatred of the Scottish peasants than even Sharp, Lauderdale, Perth, Lagg, Dalziel, or the "bloody Mackenzie," and who is to this day remembered and spoken of with horror as the "bloody Clavers." His skill and bravery were worthy of a better cause than that for which he fought and died. Lowland tradition

least the possessor of a soft and handsome face, a true, thoroughbred young cavalier of thirty-four, with grace and charm to carry off the heart and hand of the daughter of a stern covenanting earl, much against the wishes of the young lady's pious parent. Through the influence of his relative, the Marquis of Montrose, he was appointed, soon after his return to his native country, to the command of one of three independent troops of horse that had just been raised to crush the "fanatics ;"



THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP.

forgets the brilliant soldier who fell victorious at Killiecrankie, and remembers only the blood he shed, the good men he and his dragoons shot down upon the moors like partridges in the weary, lurid, and stormy sunset of the Stuart dynasty. In 1677 he had returned from Holland, after serving with some distinction under the Prince of Orange, "every inch a scholar and a gentleman,"—according to the peculiar judgment or sentiment of Sir Walter Scott,—and at

and in the month of December 1678, he started for Dumfries on his first campaign, in order to act as a mild substitute for the atrocious "trewsmen" of the Highland host. He brought to the execution of his orders the courage, the keen glance, and the organizing power which gain for an officer the deep attachment and confidence of his own soldiers, and at the same time the dread and the hatred of his foes. Hardly had he entered on his duties when he discovered a

building that was constructed like a byre, and passed by that name among the peasants, but was really a "meeting-house," numbers of which doubtless existed all over the south country with like furtive appellations. In March 1679 the energetic officer obtained the power of the mace as well as of the sword, with judicial sway over conventicles throughout the counties of Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries. His troops were detested, watched, and attacked by the "fanatics" whenever a fair chance offered itself; for instance, a band of his soldiers were surprised in a barn at Newmilns, in Ayrshire, at two o'clock on an April Sunday morning, two of them being slain; and quite recently, on the 29th of May, the anniversary of His Sacred Majesty, a couple of bullets found their way from a shoemaker's window to the feet of three of his dragoons who were sitting at breakfast in the house of a Falkirk bailie.

On the following Saturday night, he marched to Rutherglen, and sent out parties to secure those "rebels" whose names he had discovered. At a very early hour in the morning he was mounted, and with 180 men he made a circuit towards the Ayrshire border, in the hope of breaking up a great conventicle that was to be held that day on Loudon Hill, about twelve miles distant from Glasgow. The preacher had opened the service when the approach of the dragoons was intimated. The women and children were immediately dismissed from the scene of danger; the armed men, said to have numbered three times more than those of Claverhouse, moved two miles to the east, to the farm of Drumclog, and drew up in line of battle. When Graham came within sight of his foes, he saw that they held an advantageous position, with moss and pool in front; and he could make out that their four battalions of foot, armed with fusils and pitchforks, and their three squadrons of horse, far outnumbered his own force. Had he known that in the host in front of him there were men whose hands had been imbrued in the blood of the primate, or who, at least, looked upon the assassination,—the cool and resolute Hackston of Rathillet, and the fierce, fanatical Balfour,—his martial ardour would have glowed with a double fire. He was now about to try the mettle of his dragoons for the first time in conflict with a strong body of the rebels, and he had long before determined that his men should fight at any odds. After an idle skirmish of two small parties, Hamilton decided on a general engagement. The foot, under Hackston and William Cleland (then only eighteen years of age, and still known in Scottish annals and literature as a poet and as the leader of the Cameronians who retrieved the disaster of Killie-

crankie by a complete victory over the red-shanks at Dunkeld in 1689); and the horse, under Balfour of Burleigh, advanced steadily in the face of the foe. A volley from the whole body of the dragoons met them when they were only ten paces distant, but they halted not, and with one rush they broke up the royal troop and sent it flying in an instant from the field, defeated, thoroughly defeated. "Besides that," wrote Clavers in his despatch, when overcome with fatigue and sleepiness he reached Glasgow, "with a pitchfork they made such an opening in my horse's belly that his guts hung out half an ell, and yet he carried me off half a mile, which so discouraged our men that they sustained not the shock but fell into disorder. Their horse took the occasion of this, and pursued us so hotly that we got no time to rally. I saved the standard, but lost on the place about eight or ten men, besides wounded." There is one circumstance which stains this victory. Robert Hamilton, who was a bloody fanatic and at heart a coward, finding fault with his men for giving any quarter, slew one of the "Babel's brats" on the spot with his own hand.

BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE; SHIPWRECK OF TWO HUNDRED COVENANTERS.

When the news of this victory was spread over the country, the scattered bands flocked in multitudes around the triumphant nucleus, and in a few days formed an army, ranging from five to ten thousand men. Clavers declared that Drumclog was the beginning of a rebellion; the old Muscovite Dalziel growled at his subordinate for risking a conflict at such odds, as he might have known that "the ruffle of an inconsiderable party of the King's troops" would raise a formidable insurrection; the Council was in a panic, and the King trembled. It was decided that a disinterested person should be placed in the command of the royal army, and so the fierce laird of Binns was superseded for the time by the Duke of Monmouth, who had assumed the name of Scott on his marriage to the young Scotch heiress of Buccleuch. He was despatched to the north with a small body of cavalry, and on the 22nd of June, 1679, this company, with the troops of Clavers and others, altogether amounting to ten thousand men, was face to face at Bothwell Bridge with the five thousand covenanters under the nominal command of Hamilton. It was most unfortunate for the rebels that they should have had such a leader. He was a fierce and truculent fanatic, who styled himself "poor, contemned, and every way persecuted, unworthy, unworthy Robin Hamilton," and his piety seems not a little to have resembled

that of St. Dominic, as the great inquisitor has been recently depicted by the pen of Victor Hugo. A bitter and violent wrangle had been carried on between the extreme and moderate parties of the army, the former represented by Donald Cargill, the other by John Welsh, on the question whether the Indulgence should be denounced in their declarations. Two deputies had been sent by the latter to the camp of Monmouth, which now lay on the other side of the bridge, asking for the free exercise of religion, a free parliament, and a free general assembly; but although anxious for peace, the Duke could offer no terms but an absolute capitulation. While still engaged in squabbling, the two divisions of the rebel force, which seems to have formed no plan of conflict, were summoned to the sense of a common danger by the news that the great army of Monmouth was close at hand. Hackston, a converted rake and the ablest soldier of the Covenant, marched with three hundred men to defend the gate in the centre of the bridge, under which the deep current of the river Clyde swept along rapidly between steep banks. There he kept his ground, driving back column after column of the royal troops, until his small supply of ammunition failed, and he was compelled to retire from the post he had held with the valour of a true hero, and would have held, perhaps, had Hamilton paid a little more attention to him, and less to the erection of a huge gibbet, around which cartloads of rope were piled to celebrate the pæan of victory. When Hackston, after an hour's determined resistance, was forced to retire from the bridge, he flew from rank to rank of the wretchedly confused mass, threatening them, pleading with them to stand their ground. Monmouth crossed the bridge. There, before him, was the hopeless, helpless mass that might have caught him as he moved over from the other bank if the covenanters had not been fighting between themselves, like furious dogs, over the "bone of contention." The first discharge of his cannon swept into the broken lines of the disorderly rabble, which had "neither the grace to submit, the courage to fight, nor the sense to run away." Monmouth had issued merciful orders at the commencement of the battle; but the dragoons of Claverhouse, smarting under the swift and sharp defeat they had suffered at Drumclog upon the 1st of June, gave hot chase to the panic-stricken fugitives. At least four hundred fell in the brief contest and the pursuit; but the worst incident of the tragedy lay, not on the battle-field, but in the wretched fate of many of the twelve hundred prisoners. "There cannot be any just account given of the number of the slain, because they were murdered up and down

the fields, as the soldiers met them. . . . Twelve hundred surrendered prisoners on the Muir, who were not only disarmed, but stripped almost naked, and made to lie down flat on the ground, and not suffered to change that posture. And when one of them but raised himself a little, he was shot dead."

Two ministers, one of whom underwent torture, were executed; five others of the Bothwell prisoners were hung in chains on Magus Moor, as a peace-offering to the pale ghost of the murdered primate, and buried in a corn-field hard by. But it must not be overlooked that these persons, who by no means appear to have been ringleaders, refused the bond which offered liberty to all who promised not to take up arms against the throne. The twelve hundred captives, tied two and two together, were driven from the battle-field to Edinburgh, and huddled up in that same churchyard where the Covenant was first subscribed, with wild fervour, in 1638. There they remained for months, strictly guarded by soldiers, under the open and often inclement sky of the north by day and night. Some few escaped; some were carried off by death; most of them were finally set free. About the middle of November, two hundred and fifty-seven of the prisoners, many in a wretched state of health, were crammed into a ship at Leith, where they had scarcely room to turn themselves. They were destined for the plantations; but on the 10th of December, during a stormy night, when they were fastened down under the hatches, the vessel struck upon a rock on the Orkney coast, more than two hundred of those brave Scottish covenanters—the most honest and sincere stuff in all this human world—finding an end to their theological and other troubles beneath the wild waves of the North Atlantic.

THE CAMERONIANS; THE DECLARATIONS.

After the battle of Bothwell the extreme party of the covenanters, under the ministers Cargill and Cameron, separated from the rest of the Presbyterians. They issued a series of "testimonies," beginning with the Sanquhar Declaration in June 1680, in which they utterly renounced allegiance to Charles and his brother: the most famous and singular being the Apogetic Declaration, issued by James Renwick, their last pastor and last martyr, in October 1684, and set up on a number of church doors and market crosses throughout the country. In this remarkable document war was declared against the government, its militia, soldiers, spies, and other persecuting agents. But perhaps the most interesting of all the solemn acts of this new government—for such it claimed to be—was that which was carried out at Tor-

wood, in Stirlingshire, in 1680, when old Cargill then the only minister that ventured to preach in the fields, did "excommunicate, cast out of the true Church, and deliver up to Satan," Charles II., James, Duke of York, James, Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Rothes, Sir George Mackenzie, Dalziel, and John, Duke of Lauderdale, the last of these undergoing this sentence "for his dreadful blasphemy, especially that word to the prelate of St. Andrews, 'Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool;' his atheistical drolling on the Scriptures of God . . . for his gaming on the Lord's Day, and for his usual and ordinary cursing."

The story of the persecution from the day that Cameron fell at Airdsmoss, in Ayrshire, in July 1680, and Hackston was taken prisoner, to be led to Edinburgh in ignominy and have his hands chopped off by the hangman, tortures which he suffered quite unconcernedly, until the soft-voiced Renwick died upon the scaffold in 1688, is one of sad and dreary martyrdom—men and women even throwing away their lives without the least reluctance; for after the Apologetic Declaration was issued, common soldiers were empowered to kill all persons in the fields, who, in the presence of two witnesses, refused to take an oath against it.

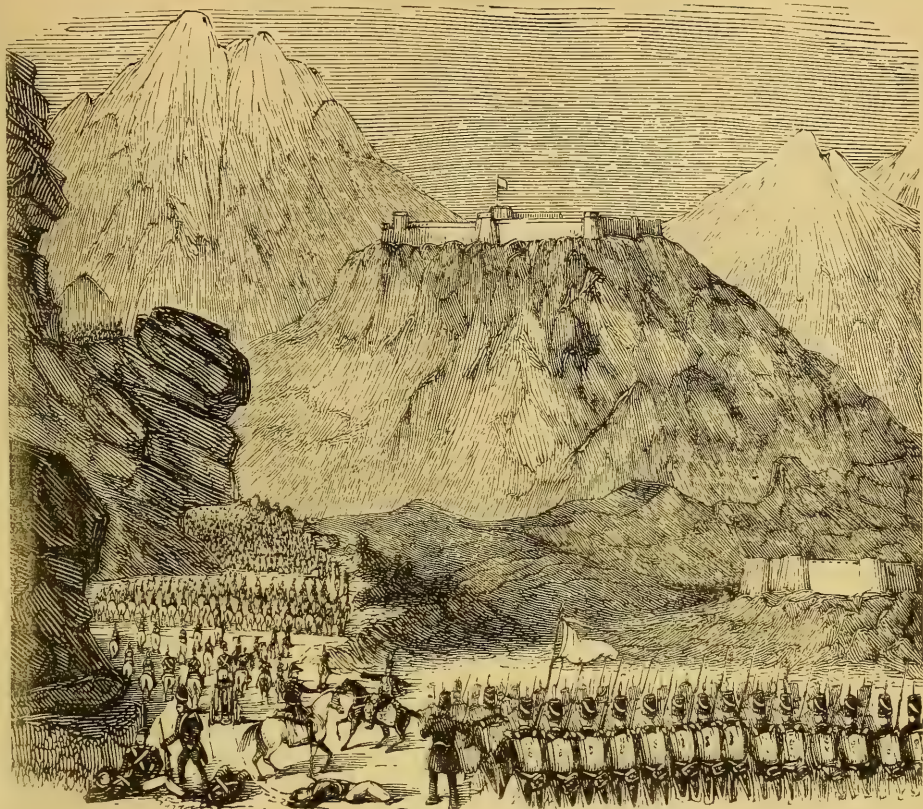
THE KILLING TIME; THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS; THE TRUE STORY OF JOHN BROWN.

Our limits prevent us from going into details of the "killing time" in 1684 and 1685, when the furnace was heated seven times hotter, when the demons who scoured the country reckoned every one a fanatic, an assassin, and a rebel whom they discovered perusing a Bible, running from them, or hesitating in answering their questions. Writers on the covenanting side assert that eighty persons were shot down in cold blood during those two years. "Farewell," cried one of two poor, humble women who were bullied and condemned by the Council, as she stood upon the scaffold in Edinburgh Grassmarket, in 1681,—"farewell sweet Bible, in which I delighted most, and which has been sweet to me since I came to prison." But worse than this infamous Act—worse than all the branding on the cheek, cropping of the ears, squeezing with the boots and thumbkins, was the drowning of an old woman and a young girl on the shore of the Solway Firth, on the 11th of May, 1685, even after a respite had been asked for and granted by the Council.

It must be noted most distinctly that the popular writers on the Covenant have accepted stories and traditions which are based

on facts, but so exaggerated and decorated as to represent Clavers and others engaged in executing the orders of the Privy Council, *alias* Star Chamber of Scotland, as the greatest fiends that ever dwelt in human flesh. There is one story, always quoted as the great proof of Graham's inhumanity, to which we must refer in closing—that of John Brown, the "Christian Carrier" of Muirkirk. This "pious, solid Christian" rose early on the 1st of May, 1685, and after family worship went out to work. He was surrounded by Clavers and his horsemen, and led back to his own house. He "distinctly" answered some questions that were put. "Go to your prayers," said Clavers, "for you shall immediately die;" and interrupted him while he was so engaged. Brown kissed and blessed his wife and children. Clavers ordered six of his men to shoot. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" She replied, "I ever thought much good of him, and as much now as ever." "It were justice," he answered, "to lay thee beside him." When Graham had departed, she set the child on the ground, gathered up the scattered brains of her husband, tied up his head, covered his body with her plaid, sat down and wept over him. It so happens that a trustworthy narrative by Graham himself—in fact the military despatch—still exists. From that it appears that far from Brown being a man of peace, and ready to give "distinct" answers, he declared most emphatically that he had no king, had bullets in his house, had been engaged in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and owned an underground house in a hill—which contained swords and pistols, and was able to hold a dozen men—where he had lurked ever since the engagement just referred to. He "suffered very unconcernedly."

Still we have evidence from Clavers's own declaration that fearful hardships were inflicted by him in the "killing time." His plan was to establish magazines of corn and straw everywhere, so that he could spring in a moment with his whole party upon the intended victims, to quarter on the rebels and eat them up, then to search for them and "play them hotly with parties;" "so that," he says, "there were several taken, many fled the country, and all were dung [knocked] from their haunts." Then, he continues, he rifled their houses, ruined their goods, and imprisoned their servants; so that "*their wives and children were brought to starving, which made them glad to renounce their principles.*" It is difficult to say one word, except in bitter condemnation, of the man who wrote those words; and it would be hard indeed to say of him what Sir Walter Scott has written, that he was "a scholar and a gentleman." M. M.



BRITISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH TO CABUL.

DOST MAHOMED AND AKBAR KHAN:

THE STORY OF THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR.

An Impressive Warning—Cabul and its Rulers—Russian Influence in Persia—General Apprehensions—Dost Mahomed, Khan of Cabul—Various Opinions concerning him—Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India; His Policy—The Meeting with Shah Soojah—Rungeet Singh, the Ally of the English—The Army of the Indus—Shah Soojah restored to his Throne—The Entry into Candahar—Mistaken Notions of Shah Soojah's Popularity—The Advance to Ghuznee—Its Fall—Flight of Dost Mahomed—The Great Dourannee Order distributed at Cabul—Gallant Struggles of Dost Mahomed—Battle of Purwan Durrah—Cabul in Insurrection—Dost Mahomed in India—Assassination of Sir Alexander Burnes and his Brother—From Bad to Worse—The English Army beleaguered at Cabul—Consequences of the Insurrection—Akbar Khan and his Doings—Murder of Sir W. Macnaghten—Pitiable State of the Army—The Retreat from Cabul—The Khyber Pass—Lord Auckland and Lord Ellenborough—Revenge—The Advance into A'ghanistan—Conclusion.

AN IMPRESSIVE WARNING.

“**B**EFORE the British army crossed the Indus, the English name was honoured in Afghanistan. Some dim traditions of the splendour of Mr. Elphinstone's mission were all that the Afghans associated with their thoughts of

the English nation; and now, in their place, are galling memories of the progress of a desolating army. The Afghans are an unforgiving race. . . . There is scarcely a family in the country which has not the blood of kindred to revenge upon the accursed Feringhees. The door of reconcilia-

tion is closed against us ; and if the hostility of the Afghans be an element of weakness, it is certain that we have contrived to secure it."

These memorable and prophetic words are to be found at the conclusion of Sir John Kaye's admirable history of the first war waged by the British in Afghanistan. They were written more than thirty years ago ; and subsequent events have fully vindicated the writer's sagacity. No page of the history of England in the present century—not even the great Indian Mutiny of 1857 itself—is more fraught with solemn warning than the story of the operations, diplomatic and warlike, of the British in Afghanistan in the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. The surrender of Cabul, the utter destruction of a British army in the retreat through the terrible Khyber Pass, and the miserable failure of the operations that were expected to lead to increased power and prosperity, form an epoch in our Eastern history which, for many reasons, it may not be unprofitable to recall.

CABUL AND ITS RULERS.

The Kingdom of Cabul, in the wild and mountainous realm known as Afghanistan, is the most important of the divisions of that country. It is bounded on the north by the Hindoo Koosh range, in some parts rising to an altitude of 20,000 feet ; on the east by the deserts of the Paropamisian chain ; on the south by the Afghan kingdom of Candahar ; and on the west by the province of Peshawur, taken by the Afghans from the Sikhs. In ancient times the geographer Ptolemy mentioned the city of Cabul under the name Kubara. Among the four principal places of the country (the other three being Ghuznee, Candahar, and Herat) it is the most important. Afghanistan possesses great importance from being the high-road from Persia to India. When, in 1747, Nadir Shah was murdered, disturbances broke out in the country, and Ahmed Shah took advantage of the confusion to detach Afghanistan from the dominion of Persia, and founded the Douranee dynasty. After a warlike reign, which extended to the year 1773, he was succeeded by his weak and indolent son Timour Shah, under whom the seat of government was transferred from Candahar to Cabul. In 1793 Timour died ; and his death was the signal for the commencement of a struggle between his sons ; the second of whom, Zemaun, succeeded in establishing himself on the throne, after driving his elder brother from Candahar, and causing that wretched prince to be blinded. His brother Mahmoud, too, who resided at Herat, was vanquished by Zemaun, and compelled to take refuge in Persian territory, where he

entered into a compact with Tutteh Khan, the head of the powerful Barukzyes, the two chiefs swearing on the Koran an oath of enmity against Zemaun. They took possession of Candahar ; Shah Zemaun, defeated in his turn, was blinded and kept for a time in captivity. He ultimately found protection with the East India Company, on whose bounty he lived as a pensioner at Loodianah.

Mahmoud was not allowed long to enjoy his conquered territory in peace. The year 1801 brought into the field a new claimant for sovereignty in the person of a man destined to attain a mournful celebrity in the history of Afghanistan. This was a still younger son of Timour, Shah Soojah, then about twenty years of age. He took advantage of the unpopularity of Mahmoud to attack him, and, though at first repulsed by Tutteh Khan, succeeded, in 1803, in depriving Mahmoud of his throne, during the absence of the brave chief of the Barukzyes. For six years he contrived to maintain a doubtful and precarious authority ; but in 1810 was driven from his kingdom by Tutteh Khan, and in his turn became a pensioner of the East India Company, while Mahmoud once more resumed the sovereignty ; though the boundaries of his dominions were considerably narrowed by the victories of Runjeet Singh, who, after taking Attock and Mooltan, conquered Cashmere in the year 1819. Though Tutteh Khan had placed Shah Mahmoud on the throne, he was treated with great ingratitude, being even deprived of sight by a son of Mahmoud at Candahar, in revenge for contemptuous words spoken of the ruler of Cabul. The three brothers of Tutteh Khan were stirred up to vengeance by this act, and drove Mahmoud away again. He ultimately died, in 1829, a fugitive with his son Kamran at Herat.

With him fell the Douranee empire in Afghanistan. The Barukzyes became rulers of the whole country, with the exception of Herat. Dost Mahomed, the eldest of the three brothers, ruled in Cabul. In 1833, Shah Soojah made a final attempt to regain his throne ; but after obtaining some advantages, he was completely defeated near Candahar by Dost Mahomed ; and now, at sixty years of age, became permanently a pensioner of the East India Company, and, apparently, desired no better fate than to end his days in peace and affluence, away from the ambition and the cares of state.

THE RUSSIAN SCARE ; "BOKARA" BURNES AND HIS MISSION.

At that time there existed in England a profound distrust of Russia, and a very exaggerated notion of the might of that colossus of the north to injure British interests in the East. The great storm of

1830 that swept away the restored throne of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France, and dissolved the forced and unnatural union of Belgium and Holland, had failed to shake the throne of Russia; and that power was generally supposed to be intriguing to supplant Great Britain in the East, and to shake the foundations of her Indian Empire. Dost Mahomed Shah and his brothers had risen to power on the ruin of a great family, of which one representative still remained enthroned as the Prince of Herat. Between the Prince of Herat and the Shah of Persia there had long been ill feeling, and it would appear that the Persian ruler had real and genuine cause of quarrel. But in England it was thought that Russia was behind the scenes, and was the wire-puller in this affair. Thus, in 1835, Lord Palmerston, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, wrote to Mr. Ellice, the English ambassador at Teheran, directing him to warn the Persian Government against aggressive warfare. Mr. Ellice himself appears to have been persuaded of the sinister designs of Russia, and that Persia was merely a puppet in her hands. In January 1836, he wrote a letter announcing that the Shah had determined to attack Herat; and that his success was anxiously looked for by Russia, "whose minister did not fail to press its execution." Mr. Ellice added that the motive for this could not be mistaken, for that Herat, once annexed to Persia, might become, according to the commercial treaty, the residence of a consular agent, who might from thence push his researches and communications, avowed and secret, throughout Afghanistan. He further declared that Russian influence would be brought to the very threshold of India if the Persian monarchy were extended in the direction of Hindostan; and that Persia, unwilling or unable cordially to ally herself with Great Britain, must be considered, not as the bulwark of India, but "as the first parallel from which the attack could be commenced or threatened." Thus the Russian scare began.

Rightly or wrongly, it took full possession of the official mind that regulated British statesmanship in India. The establishment of a Russian commercial agent on the frontiers of Persia, certainly not an unusual proceeding considering the extensive trade between Russia and Persia, appeared to the Foreign Office as the darkest of intrigues. "The shake of Lord Burleigh's head," says Dr. Buist of the *Bombay Times*, in writing some years after of these events, "conveyed not half so many meanings, when nodded most strongly, according to the directions of Mr. Puff, as did the most meaningless civil speech of the Russian ambassador, inter-

preted by the lights of Mr. Ellice and Mr. McNeil." The Russian Government, it must be observed, disavowed any but strictly commercial intentions in this communication with Persia, and Count Nesselrode assured Lord Palmerston that the best efforts were being made for the re-establishment of pacific relations between Persia and Herat.

One of the most promising English officers in India in those days was Captain, afterwards Sir Alexander, Burnes. He had been the leader of an exploring expedition to Bokara some years previously, and had published the result of his travels in a once popular book, and had acquired the honourable soubriquet of "Bokara Burnes."

Sir Alexander Burnes was now despatched on a mission to Cabul; and his personal observations quickly convinced him that Dost Mahomed Khan, a wary, astute, and valorous ruler, valued the friendship of the English far above that of the Russians, and might be looked upon as a steady, trustworthy, and valuable ally. On the morning of the 19th December, 1837, Sir Alexander writes to the Government of India: "The Ameer came over from the Bala Hissar (the citadel of Cabul) with a letter from his son, the Governor of Ghuznee, reporting that a Russian agent had arrived at that city on his way to Cabul. Dost Mahomed Khan said that he had come for my counsel on the occasion; that he wished to have nothing to do with any other power than the British; that he did not wish to receive any agent from any other power whatever, so long as he had a hope of sympathy from us; and that he would order the Russian agent to be turned out, detained on the road, or act in any other way that I desired him." Though sufficiently ready to be alarmed by the Russian scare, Burnes persevered in regarding Dost Mahomed as sincere in his professions of loyalty and attachment to England.

But both in Downing Street and at Simla the opinion was very different. It was taken for granted that Dost Mahomed must be a traitor, and Burnes was expressly and repeatedly admonished to regard him in that light, and to place no reliance on his promises. Burnes protested strongly against this view, urging that though Dost Mahomed had received tempting offers from Russia, from Bokhara, and from Persia, all bidding for his alliance, he had disregarded every overture, and continued steady in his determination to be loyal to the English. "In all that has passed, or is daily transpiring," writes Sir Alexander, "the chief of Cabul declares that he prefers the sympathy and friendly offices of the British to all these offers, however alluring they may be, from Persia or from the Emperor; which places his good sense in a light more than promi-

ment, and, in my humble judgment, proves that by an earlier attention to these countries we might have escaped the whole of these intrigues, and held long since a stable influence in Cabul." Still the authorities refused to believe; and, incredible as the fact may seem, in their anxiety to impress their opinion upon parliament and the country, the despatches relating to these affairs were disgracefully garbled, only such portions of them being made public as tended to support the view of the Government; and when afterwards Lord Palmerston was called to account for this, he actually defended the practice; declaring that as the Government had determined not to adopt the policy recommended by Burnes, there was no obligation to publish the arguments of that unfortunate officer in their entirety. The grave complaint the country had afterwards to make regarding these affairs was, that by the unscrupulous manipulation of his despatches, the publication of detached sentences, and the withholding of the context, Burnes was made to appear as condemning a policy which he warmly advocated. That policy was, close alliance with the ruler of Cabul for counteracting adverse influences in Afghanistan. In writing to Mr., afterwards Sir William, Macnaghten, in 1838, he says: "It remains to be considered why we cannot act with Dost Mahomed. He is a man of undoubted ability, and has a high opinion of the British nation; and if half you must do for others were done for him, and offers made which he could see conduced to his interests, he would abandon Russia and Persia tomorrow. . . . Government have admitted that he had at best a choice of difficulties; and it should not be forgotten that we promised nothing, and Persia and Russia held out a good deal." His opinion was that by strengthening Dost Mahomed's hands the interests of England in India would be best served.

LORD AUCKLAND'S POLICY; THE MEETING WITH SHAH SOOJAH.

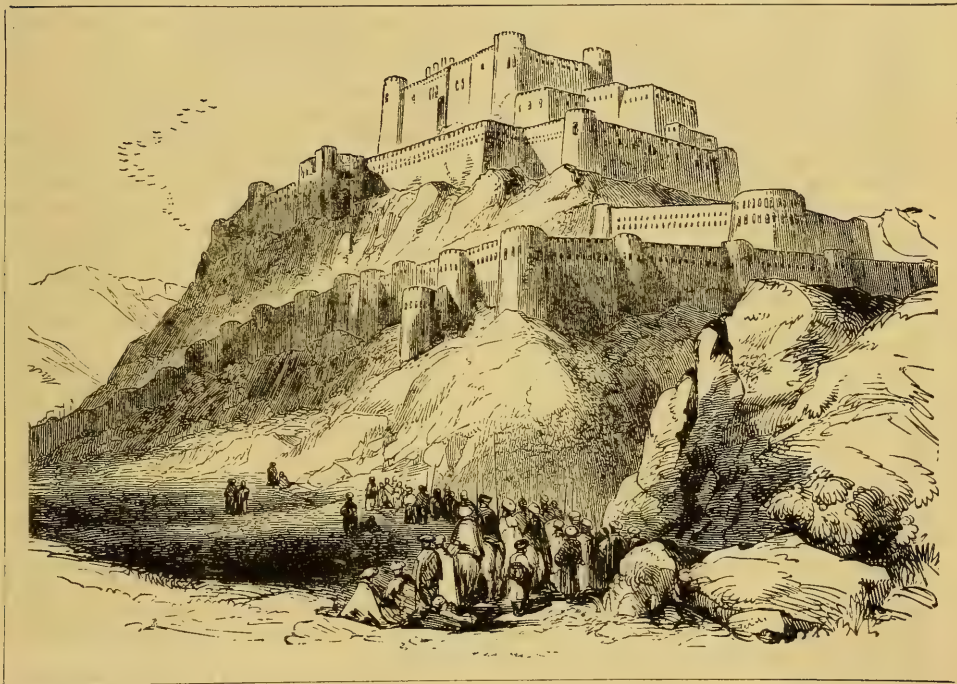
The Governor-General of India at that time was Lord Auckland; an amiable and well-meaning official, but vacillating and unsteady, and altogether lacking the comprehensiveness of mind which would have enabled a Clive or a Warren Hastings to take in the situation at a glance. He resolved to drive Dost Mahomed, whom it was convenient to regard as an usurper, from the throne of Cabul, and to set up in his stead the *roi fainéant* Shah Soojah, for whose return the Afghans were represented as pining, though he had long been forgotten, and even during his short tenure of power long before had never been able to establish a real influence over his turbulent subjects.

It was announced to Shah Soojah, accordingly, that he was to be restored to his throne; and Runjeet Singh, the ruler of the Punjab, with whom Dost Mahomed was at war, was drawn into the enterprise. Sir William Macnaghten conducted this part of the negotiation. In a manifesto issued at Simlah on the 1st of October, 1838, the Governor-General declared that the troops of Dost Mahomed had made an unprovoked attack upon those of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the faithful ally of the British; that intrigues were actively prosecuted throughout Afghanistan for the purpose of extending Persian authority to the Indus and beyond it; that the British missions had been insulted; that Dost Mahomed entertained ambitious schemes incompatible with the well-being of the English in India; that the Barukzye chiefs, from their disunion and unpopularity, were ill fitted to be useful allies to the British Government; that it was necessary the English should have upon the western frontier an ally interested in resisting aggression and establishing tranquillity; that accordingly pressing necessity, policy, and justice warranted the English in espousing the cause of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, "whose popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to his Lordship by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities;" that the position of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, and his undeviating friendship towards the British had entitled him to be associated in the enterprise, and that accordingly a triplicate treaty had been made between Soojah-ool-Moolk, the Maharajah, and the British Government, to co-operate in the restoration of Soojah-ool-Moolk. The Secretary to the Government, Sir W. Macnaghten, was to reside at Shah Soojah's court, with Sir Alexander Burnes to act under him.

At the end of November 1838, Runjeet Singh, once known as the Lion of the Punjab, the conqueror of a great kingdom, but now a decrepid, half imbecile little old man, met Lord Auckland in solemn durbar at Ferozepore. The scene was one of barbaric splendour; and some costly presents flattered the vanity of the old conqueror. The balance of splendour was, however, considered to be on the side of the followers of Runjeet Singh. Mr. Stoqueler, in his "Memorials of Afghanistan," has recorded that the Sikhs "shone down the English." "The camp of the Maharajah was on the other side of the river," says Sir John Kaye in his "History of the Afghan War," "and there, amidst a scene of Oriental splendour, difficult to describe or imagine, the great Sikh chieftain received the representative of the British nation. The splendid costumes of the Sikh sirdars, the gorgeous trappings of their horses, the glittering steel casques

and corslets of chain armour, the scarlet and yellow dresses, the tents of crimson and gold, made up a show of Eastern magnificence equally grand and picturesque. As the Maharajah saluted the Governor-General, the familiar notes of the National Anthem arose from the instruments of a Sikh band, and the guns of the Kalsa roared forth their expected welcome." It was quite in character with Oriental usage that even on such a solemn occasion as this the old Maharajah should cause to be exhibited, in the durbar tent itself, "an unseemly display of dancing girls and the antics of some male buffoons." Old Runjeet Singh's was

heard. It was considered as a misfortune, however, that Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, declined to command the expedition, and resigned his trust into the hands of Sir John Keane, who had been in command of the Bombay army, and in whom the Bengal force had nothing like the confidence they felt in the tried capacity and soldierly qualities of Sir Henry Fane. The route to be followed by the force was to the south-west, towards the Indus, which was to be crossed at Bukkur. Afterwards, turning to the north-west, the army was to make for the Bolan Pass, through which the road lay to Guettah,



GHUZNEE.

a strangely mixed character, compounded of some great and heroic qualities, in which he could compare even with his predecessor in another part of India, Hyder Ali, the "Tiger of Mysore," intermingled with a strong leaven of sensuality and low vice.

THE ARMY OF THE INDUS ; SHAH SOOJAH RESTORED TO HIS THRONE.

The expeditionary force started upon the campaign in the highest spirits, and with every prospect of success. Indeed, no very great resistance was expected, and the old expression of "a military promenade to the capital," so often put forward, and so often miserably falsified by events, was here also

and so through the Kojuck to Candahar,—a strangely devious route, as the historian of the war justly observes, from Ferozepore to Candahar; like taking the two sides of a triangle instead of the base. It was on this occasion that the Ameers of Sindh were converted into bitter enemies by the peremptory demand made upon them to supply the English army with provisions as it passed, without demanding their permission, through their territories. They were told that "the Sindhian who hoped to stop the approach of the British army might as well seek to dam up the Indus at Bukkur." If the object of British statesmanship in India at that time had been to arouse hatred and

a desire for revenge, the measures taken could not have been more eminently calculated to accomplish that end. Those who knew the character of the Ameers of Sindh considered that the British authorities were sowing those "dragons' teeth" from which, at some future time, an evil harvest would spring up.

The army of the Indus marched curiously encumbered with *impedimenta* in the shape of a very long train of baggage. A force of 9,500 men marched accompanied by 38,000 camp-followers and 30,000 camels. This was before the days when sturdy Sir Charles Napier uttered his trenchant and sarcastic protests against the comforts to which the British officer of that day thought himself entitled in moving through an enemy's country. It is curious to imagine what such a commander as Frederick the Great, with his Spartan ideas of simplicity and self-denial on a march, would have thought of such a procession. But at the outset the weather was bright, the roads were good; there was no prospect of any great difficulty or privation to be endured before they met the enemy, whom they were anxious, as a British army always is, to encounter; and officers and men were in the highest spirits.

But soon the hostile feelings of the Ameers began to be practically felt in the exceeding difficulty of obtaining provisions; and when Sir John Keane, who had come by sea with the Bombay contingent, arrived to take the command, he had practical proofs of the inimical attitude of the native chiefs. Macnaghten, the envoy, found the position embarrassing, and vehemently urged the necessity of pushing forward without a moment's loss of time. "We should not, I think," he wrote to the Governor-General, "on any account lose the season for advancing upon Candahar. With one European regiment, some more artillery, a couple of native regiments, and a small battering train, we might not only occupy Candahar but relieve Herat; and by money, if we have no available troops, make Cabul too hot for Dost Mahomed." In another letter he urged that delay would altogether imperil the success of the enterprise. But the military and political authorities were already at variance, and almost in a state of antagonism, with divided counsels.

The march also became more difficult day by day, and as the country became more arid and inhospitable, the camels began to drop dead by scores, and then by hundreds. It was a foretaste of what was to happen; and it was clear that every impediment was being thrown in the way of our troops in collecting supplies. But the column pushed on, sorely harassed by the Beloochee freebooters, who hovered in plundering and murdering bands

on the flanks, carrying off cattle and putting stragglers to death. And thus, amid a thousand difficulties, the Bolan Pass was traversed; and on the 26th of March, Guettah was reached, though by this time disease and privation (for the troops were now almost upon famine allowance) had worked sad havoc in their ranks. Sir John Keane, on the 6th of April, assumed the personal command of the army, and soon after the army marched through the Kojuck Pass; and Macnaghten, persuaded "that Afghan cupidity could not be proof against British gold," began the disastrous policy of buying up the allegiance of the chiefs; a policy to which many subsequent calamities have been ascribed.

Shah Soojah's triumphal entry into Candahar, when that city was at last reached, proved a failure. At first curiosity and the natural desire of men to see a pageant brought together a large crowd; and it is reported that the people shouted, "Welcome to the son of Timour Shah!" "We look to you for protection!" "Candahar is rescued from the Barukzies!" "May your enemies be destroyed!" and thus the signs of apparent popular enthusiasm were not wanting; and Macnaghten, with his sanguine temperament, took these shouts as really meaning something appreciable, and wrote a glowing report of success to the Government. Still he seems to have had his eyes partly opened as to the Afghan nature during the long and toilsome march. "Of one thing I am certain," he says in the same letter, "that we must be prepared to look upon Afghanistan for some years as an outwork, yielding nothing, but requiring much expenditure to keep it in repair." On the other hand he says: "Dost Mahomed will, I doubt not, take himself off like his brothers, though not, perhaps, in quite so great a hurry, when the intelligence reaches him of the manner in which Shah Soojah has been received at Candahar."

Dost Mahomed was a thoroughly sagacious man, and no doubt appreciated the value of the shouts raised by the many-headed multitude. Had he been a reader of European literature, he might have remembered the bitter words Scott put in the mouth of the Scottish king in *The Lady of the Lake*, when the shouts for Douglas fell on his ear, and he reflected how—

"The selfsame crowd, with loud acclaims,
Strained for its morning note King James;
The like applause would Douglas greet
If he could hurl me from my seat."

The truth was, that the people felt not the slightest affection or loyalty for Shah Soojah. On the 8th of May, all the troops having now arrived, there was to be a grand ceremonial and review on the plains outside Candahar,

a kind of public fête of the restoration. All things were duly prepared, and when the time came there lacked nothing but the guests. The officers and the soldiers were there, and the high officials, native and British, but the expected crowd of delighted and enthusiastic spectators was conspicuous by its absence. A place had been set apart in the day's proceedings for "the populace restrained by the Shah's troops," and this part of the programme, as Captain Havelock justly remarked, became rather a bitter satire—there was nobody for the Shah's troops to restrain. "The people of Candahar are said to have viewed the whole thing with the most mortifying indifference," wrote the captain; "few of them quitted the city to be present in the plains." The "adoration" bestowed upon Shah Soojah by his subjects was about on a par with the feeling experienced by the French in 1814 for Louis XVIII., brought back by foreign bayonets to the throne from which his brother had been driven twenty-two years before. Barely a hundred Afghans, it is said, were present as spectators.

THE ADVANCE TO GHUZNEE; ITS FALL; FLIGHT OF DOST MAHOMED.

It became abundantly clear, even to that proverbial blindness which consists in unwillingness to recognize distasteful truths, that as the British power had seated Soojah Dowlah on the throne of Candahar, the British power alone could keep him there. The Sirdars of Candahar had submitted to the British armed force, and had been bribed by British gold; had they loyally supported Dost Mahomed it might have been fatal for our army, struggling famine-stricken through the Bolan and Kojuck Passes. But Dost Mahomed had his sons, Akbar Khan, Hyder Khan, and Afzul Khan, in whom he trusted to stop, or at any rate to retard, the advance of his enemies, while he collected his strength as best he might.

After a couple of months spent at Candahar, the bulk of the British force advanced upon Ghuznee, about 230 miles on the road to Cabul. Here Afzul Khan was in command. The siege train had not yet come up. It was determined to take the city by blowing up one of the entrances, the Cabul gate, with gunpowder, which was successfully accomplished, and the British were quickly masters of Ghuznee. On this occasion, the fanatics called Ghazees, who fight devoting themselves to death to attain the joys of Paradise, distinguished themselves by fierce resistance; and a party of fifty of them, taken prisoners and brought into the presence of Shah Soojah, so enraged the old king by their hardihood and reproaches that he caused them all to be instantly massacred with circum-

stances of great cruelty. This made him more unpopular than ever, and roused the religious fanaticism of the country against him, and, as appeared in the sequel, with fatal effect. Here Hyder Khan fell as a prisoner into the hands of the English. The loss of the Afghans at Ghuznee is estimated at about 1000 slain. The casualties on the English side amounted altogether to 191, the number of those actually slain being only 17. It was remarked that the wounded men recovered with most uncommon and gratifying celerity. This was attributed to the fact that the supply of intoxicating liquors having been exhausted some time before, the force commanded by Sir John Keane was a "temperance" army. Afzul Khan, the "fighting" son of Dost Mahomed, fled to Cabul, eighty miles distant, with his force of 5,000 cavalry, when he saw the British flag waving on the battlements of Ghuznee.

From Ghuznee the troops proceeded to Cabul, from which city Dost Mahomed fled at the approach of the victors. The old Shah Soojah was installed in the capital, as he had been at Candahar, and under very similar circumstances. The King entered the city with great pomp, escorted by English hussars and dragoons, and accompanied by Sir Alexander Burnes and a number of English officers. But the most favourable account of his reception describes it ominously as "respectful but cold." The more outspoken narratives talk of utter indifference, and a feeling very like contempt. The chiefs did not appear. "There was no enthusiasm," says Dr. Buist, the editor of the *Bombay Times*; "and not even that clamorous exultation which a crowded populace commonly display on the first fall of one who has kept them in order, or in the manifestation of any important change in the order of things." A great durbar was held, at which the badges of the Dourannee order were conferred on some officers of the army. The whole affair appears to have been ludicrous in its failure as a spectacle,—the old King seated in a camp-chair, in a ruinous and neglected garden, with two old fat eunuchs behind him, each holding a dish in his hand, and the English officers marching gravely up to "this extraordinary dumb show."

Dr. Kennedy relates how "Sir John Keane stepped before the said camp-chair with the King in it, and gravely dropped on his knees before the Dourannee Emperor, whereupon Shah Soojah, with great difficulty, stuck the decoration of the Dourannee order on the Commander-in-Chief's coat; and then," says the narrator, "Sir John, standing before the Emperor, delivered himself of a speech, in which there was a great deal about 'hurling a usurper from the throne,' at which my

cousin Toby might, perhaps, have whistled his 'lillibullero.'

Soon afterwards the Bombay and the Bengal armies separated, and returned to India through the tremendous passes which were soon to have a sinister fame by the disasters they were destined to witness. The usual "general order" was issued, thanking the troops for their gallantry and endurance during the Afghan campaign. Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, was advanced a step in the peerage; Macnaghten, who really seems to have believed that the Dourannee kingdom was firmly established, received a baronetage, and other rewards were distributed.

Even men who knew the East well, and had experience of the Indian and Afghan character, were unaccountably deceived in their estimate of the situation, and of the completeness of the work that had been achieved. Lord Macaulay, in his masterly essay on Malcolm's "Life of Clive," published just at that time, speaks of the storming of Ghuznee as the closing act of a series of triumphs of which the defence of Arcot by the undaunted young captain, almost a century before, had been the first; and speaks in terms of exultation of the prowess and brilliant success of the conquering nation who had seated their vassal on the throne of Candahar. There was no misgiving as to the stability of that throne—no apprehension of the tremendous reverses that were soon to follow.

GALLANT STRUGGLES OF DOST MAHOMED; PURWAN DURRAH; CABUL IN INSURRECTION.

Dost Mahomed did not tamely submit to the transfer of his dominions to an enemy. He made a good fight for his throne, even after Shah Soojah had been established at Cabul, and won the respect and admiration of his enemies by his gallantry and skill. After a time he proceeded to Bokhara, where the King, who had promised him assistance, treacherously took him prisoner, with several of his sons. In August 1840, he escaped, and was soon at the head of a formidable force. On the 2nd of November, 1840, was fought the battle of Purwan Durrah. Here Dost Mahomed gained a victory; and the British officers found to their mortification that, either from cowardice or disaffection, the native troops, commencing with the 2nd Bengal Light Cavalry, refused to advance against the enemy. When Captains Fraser and Ponsonby ordered them to draw and charge, they first hesitated, then wavered, and ultimately turned and fled before a body of Afghans not superior to themselves in number. The officers were left to face the enemy alone; some being cut down, and

others, among whom was Captain Fraser, contriving to escape, desperately wounded, to the British lines. Dost Mahomed himself led on his men, crying aloud: "In the name of God and the Prophet, fight and drive the Feringhee Caffirs from the land, or I am gone!" The successful charge made by the Afghans gave them the right to claim the victory. The battle had been most mortifying to the English, from the bad behaviour of the Sepoy soldiers, now manifested for the first time in the war. The regiment whose ill conduct had been most glaring was degraded and disbanded. On the other hand, the gallant manner in which Fraser, Ponsonby, and other officers, though desperately wounded, had fought their way through the enemy, excited the highest admiration. During the night the enemy retreated from the field.

But the wily old ruler saw that, in spite of a temporary success, he would not be able to maintain himself against the hostility of the British, more especially as the Sikhs had consented to open their country for the march of large reinforcements of troops from India into Afghanistan. He seems to have resolved to trust to time and the dislike of the Afghans to Shah Soojah, and meanwhile to put himself into the hands of the British, from whom he anticipated honourable treatment,—a hope in which he was not disappointed. On the evening of the battle he quitted the field on horseback, and rode off direct for Cabul, where he arrived on the following evening, having performed a journey of sixty miles in less than twenty-four hours. Sir W. Macnaghten was returning from his customary ride in the outskirts of Cabul, on the evening of the 3rd of November, when, to his great surprise, a horseman rode up to him and informed him that Dost Mahomed had arrived, and begged his protection. The ex-Shah thereupon appeared, alighted from his horse, and presented his sword, which was immediately returned to him. He was treated with every respect, and at once wrote to his sons, informing them of the step he had taken, and requesting them to join him, which they all did with the exception of Akbar Khan. Being joined by his whole family, he was sent to India; and being permitted to visit Calcutta, was received with distinction by Lord Auckland the Governor-General. A pension of £30,000 a year was assigned to him, and till the end of 1842 he continued to reside in India, watching the course of events, but loyally maintaining a position of friendship to the nation whose pensioner he had become.

Indeed, we are told by Dr. Atkinson that in December 1840, while on his way to India, Dost Mahomed strongly warned his captors of the difficulties they would encounter from



THE BATTLE OF PURWAN DURRAH.

the Suddozyes, who had never been accustomed to obey, and declared that the English would find the courtiers about Shah Soojah, who had for years been fattening on their bounty, the readiest to plot and intrigue against them. He declared that they would do far better to take the government of the kingdom entirely into their own hands, than to stand in the anomalous position of protectors to Shah Soojah—held responsible for and reaping unpopularity by all the bad measures, the extortions and mistakes of that weak and incapable ruler.

On the 3rd of November, the anniversary of the disastrous battle of Purwan Durrah, a formidable insurrection broke out in Cabul. A report had spread among various of the chiefs that they were to be taken prisoners or put to death; and they determined to forestall what they believed to be a conspiracy against their lives and liberties. At first the commotion in the city was comparatively slight; and Sir W. Macnaghten, who was about to quit Cabul and return to Bombay, leaving Sir Alexander Burnes as his successor at the Shah's court, quite failed to appreciate the real gravity of affairs. Against Burnes the Afghans were especially bitter, for they believed that, after professing friendship for Dost Mahomed, he had been guilty of treachery in abandoning the cause of that ruler to support Shah Soojah. The accusation was groundless, but seemed to be based on reasonable deductions from appearances. They could not know how entirely against the advice and opinion of Burnes had been the policy adopted by the British Government.

Sir Alexander Burnes dwelt in the city; and in his house on that morning were his brother, Lieutenant Charles Burnes, and his military secretary, Lieutenant Broadfoot, a brother of a gallant officer who had fallen a year before at Purwan Durrah. Early in the morning, Sir Alexander received warning through a friendly native that there was a plot for a rising in the city, and for his assassination; and he was earnestly recommended to quit his house and proceed to the cantonments outside the city, where the troops were quartered. He refused to believe the report, confident in the friendly feeling of the Afghans towards him, as he had ever been their friend, and had always endeavoured to advance their interests. But presently a raging mob assembled round his house, some thirsting for blood, and others for plunder. He then sent two messengers to the cantonments to demand a force for his protection. Only one of these messengers returned, covered with wounds; the other was murdered by the mob.

From a gallery or balcony of his house, Burnes harangued the raging assailants,

reminding them that he was their old friend, and promising that, if they would disperse quietly, the grievances of the chiefs and people should be rigidly inquired into. It was utterly in vain; Lieutenant Broadfoot was laid low by a shot from the crowd, who now yelled for the lives of the British officers. Lieutenant Burnes and a party of chuprassies now fired upon the mob; but this, instead of intimidating the assailants, only roused them to wilder fury. In his extremity the unfortunate resident made an appeal to the avarice of his assailants, promising them large sums if they would spare his life and his brother's. The reply was a repeated summons that they should come down to the garden. A Mussulman solemnly pledged himself to convey Burnes and his brother safely to one of the forts, and Sir Alexander, partly disguised in some articles of native attire hastily assumed, descended to the garden. Whereupon his treacherous conductor immediately cried out: "This is Secan der Burnes!" Whereupon the savage assailants fell upon him, and killed him with many wounds; Lieutenant Burnes was despatched at the same time.

FROM BAD TO WORSE; THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE INSURRECTION.

It is the opinion of the survivors of that lamentable day that a vigorous demonstration of the six thousand troops encamped within a couple of miles of the city would have strangled the outbreak in its birth; and, indeed, at the outset it was a mere rising of the mob, the discontented chiefs holding aloof out of fear of the large force so near them, whom they expected promptly to avenge the murder of the English officers. The savage crowd, having tasted blood, proceeded to fresh outrages. The treasury of Captain Johnson, the paymaster, was attacked and plundered of £17,000; all the property of that officer was carried off or destroyed, and his servants were massacred, and also the guard who kept watch over the plundered treasury, and stuck to their duty with rare fidelity until overpowered and slain. The mob then rushed through the city, plundering shops and attacking the houses of British officers, where they slew women and children, and the whole town was a scene of murder and rapine. Meanwhile the wretched old king, the "beloved of the people," sat trembling in the Balla Hissar, the citadel of Cabul. He indeed made one effort by sending out some Hindustani troops into the streets to quell the tumult; but they did little, and soon retired discomfited; and after losing, it is said, two hundred of their men, were obliged to fall back in confusion through the narrow streets upon the Balla Hissar; the arrival of a body of infantry and artillery from the British cantonments, under

Brigadier Shelton, the second in command, first enabling them to save their field-pieces from capture.

General Elphinstone, the chief in command, on that day, of the force surrounding Cabul, was in many respects a good and tried officer, but now enfeebled by age and by utterly broken health, and oppressed by indecision, he allowed the time when a few hundred men could have easily suppressed the revolt to go by; the fatal inactivity being increased by the disunion which unhappily existed between himself and Brigadier Shelton, the second in command. Nothing more was done. "General Elphinstone," says Sir John Kaye, in narrating these events, "had been talking about to-morrow when he should have been acting to-day;" and he tells us how the insurgents were strengthened by the indecision of the authorities, and by the inactivity of the army that should have put them down. The unhappy want of co-operation between the first and second in command, Elphinstone and Shelton, continued with ruinous effects. In their respective handwriting we have the complaints of Elphinstone of contumaciousness and insubordination on the part of Shelton, who on his side bitterly complains that the carping spirit of his chief thwarted every disposition he made for the general good. While acknowledging that both were brave men, and in spite of the drawbacks of physical infirmity and dogmatical perverseness respectively, might in any other situation have done efficient service, Sir John emphatically declares these two commanders to have been "miserably out of place in the cantonments of Cabul." Sir William Macnaghten, too, though a conscientious, and in many respects an able, official, lacked the firmness required by the crisis; and so in those days of danger and humiliation things went from bad to worse.

As for Shah Soojah, that unhappy ruler remained shut up, virtually a prisoner, in the Balla Hissar, in a miserable state of terror and dejection. He was never again to have even the semblance of authority, but was destined during the short remainder of his existence to remain, what indeed he had always been, a mere puppet king.

The Afghans quickly marked the irresolution and the divided counsels of those against whom they had risen in rebellion, and became proportionately bold. They attacked the British cantonments, and gained such successes that our army, cut off from the forts where the provisions were stored, were menaced with the horrors of famine. In an action on the Beh-meim hills, on the 13th of November, Brigadier Shelton gained a last fleeting success. Lieutenant Eyre, whose chronicle of the events that followed has been acknowledged as thoroughly accurate

and faithful, says, after recording the doubtful triumph: "Henceforward it becomes my weary task to relate a catalogue of errors, disasters, and difficulties, which, following close upon each other, disgusted our officers, disheartened our soldiers, and finally sunk us all into irretrievable ruin, as though heaven itself, by a combination of evil circumstances, for its own inscrutable purposes, had planned our downfall."

The great hope of the army was in the expected arrival of the brigade of Sir Robert Sale, a gallant and experienced officer, whose name has become famous no less by his own achievements than by the devotion and heroism of the high-souled lady, his wife, whose "Journal" furnishes a spirited and authentic account of some of the darkest passages of those troublous days. But the expected succour did not come, and Macnaghten, in an urgent letter, written only two days after the Beh-meim action, describes the position of the army as very grave, and urges the immediate despatch of help as necessary to avert complete destruction.

AKBAR KHAN AND HIS DOINGS; FATE OF SIR WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN.

More and more critical did the condition of the beleaguered British force become in the weary weeks that closed the year 1841. The Afghans attacked again and again, and with undoubted success, and after a time the humiliating fact became only too apparent that our soldiers had become demoralised, and would no longer look the enemy in the face. Negotiations of a description very alien from the English character were entered into at this time. Among the unholy policy denounced by Sir John Kaye there is no doubt that there was included a scheme for the assassination of some of the insurgent chiefs, and that the proposals, though unknown to Sir William Macnaghten, were made in his name. Such proceedings could not fail to embitter the feeling of hatred in the country against the English.

There were three courses from which the hard-pressed army, whose position in cantonments was rapidly becoming untenable, might choose. The first, which was strongly recommended by brave Eldred Pottinger, who had already distinguished himself by the defence of Herat, was to advance boldly, and occupy the Balla Hissar at all hazards; but this course was vigorously opposed by Brigadier Shelton, who did not consider the advantage to be gained equivalent to the risk. The second was to abandon the baggage and all useless encumbrances, and force a passage towards the frontier, in spite of all resistance; but this was also overruled. The third course, the one least likely to recommend itself to British soldiers and

statesmen, was the one finally adopted ; it was to negotiate with the enemy for a safe retreat.

By this time Akbar Khan, the fiercest, the most ambitious, and certainly the ablest of the sons of Dost Mahomed, had appeared before Cabul. Already there had been negotiations for peace between the Afghans and the English ; but the Afghan ambassadors had insolently demanded nothing less than unconditional submission from the British ; that they should surrender at discretion, giving themselves up, with all their arms, ammunition, and treasure, as prisoners of war. These terms had been at once rejected by Macnaghten.

But when Akbar Khan arrived, and was received with noisy demonstrations of delight by the Afghans, negotiations were resumed ; and a treaty was drafted, of which the chief stipulations were, that the British should evacuate Afghanistan, to which country Dost Mahomed Khan and his family were to be sent back ; that Shah Soojah should quit Cabul and be allowed to go to India or elsewhere at his pleasure ; and as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty certain British officers should remain at Cabul.

This was a very different treaty from those a British envoy had been accustomed to sign, and it is not to be wondered at that Sir William Macnaghten, sorely harassed with doubts and misgivings, sought to delay its fulfilment, in the faint hope that something might occur to procure for him more favourable conditions. And while the conclusion of matters was thus delayed, Akbar Khan suddenly proposed an accommodation on an entirely new basis. His proposal, which was indeed in the nature of a conspiracy, involved nothing less than the "throwing over" of the chiefs with whom he professed to act, or rather, he proposed that he and his followers should unite with the British against those chiefs, to maintain Shah Soojah on the throne, Akbar Khan himself governing as Wuzeer. The English would thus be relieved from the humiliation of being compelled to leave the country ; for they might remain till the spring, and their nominee would still continue on the throne of Cabul. He further stipulated for a large sum of money for himself in recompense for the service he was doing to the British. Poor Sir William, sorely harassed and half heart-broken at the idea of a compulsory and shameful retreat, was tempted by the insidious offer, and eagerly clutched at the prospect of escape from humiliation. He closed with the proposal at once, and desired the reluctant General Elphinstone, who was startled at the ominous word "plot," and asked how the chiefs were to be disposed of, to be prepared to support him with

troops. Macaulay, in speaking of Clive, says how that gifted but unscrupulous man was accustomed to look upon Indian politics as a game at which nothing was unfair ; how directly he was matched against an Indian intriguer, he became himself an Indian intriguer, and descended without shame "to falsehood, to hypocritical caresses, to the substitution of documents, and to the counterfeiting of hands." Something of this reckless spirit seems to have come upon Macnaghten on this occasion. Under ordinary circumstances, and with his faculties unclouded by overwhelming misfortune, he would certainly not have listened to such a proposal as that of Akbar Khan.

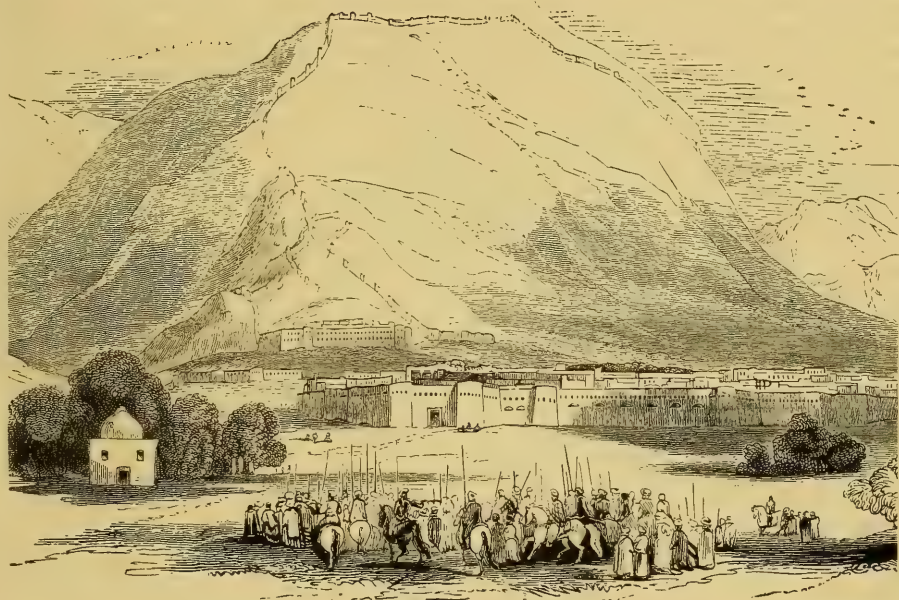
But he was falling into a trap, set and baited for him by Akbar. It was that treacherous chief's intention to get the person of the British envoy into his power. Accordingly a conference was arranged, to which Macnaghten came, accompanied by three British officers. Akbar Khan arrived, surrounded by a great retinue of followers and friends ; and the Afghans, many of them fanatic Ghazees, came pressing round in a hostile and ominous manner. The proceedings had hardly begun, when suddenly the arms of each of the Englishmen were seized from behind, and they were made prisoners. Akbar Khan himself endeavoured to secure the envoy, who struggled violently, with surprise and horror in his countenance. It appears that the chiefs were suspicious of Akbar Khan, and apprehensive that he would make a bargain for himself by sacrificing their interests, and that Akbar wished to dispel their suspicion and prove his sincerity to them by handing over to them the person of the English envoy. When the envoy was being seized by Akbar he struggled violently. That fierce chief, who was subject to ungovernable fits of passion, lost all control over himself, in the fear of losing his prisoner, and in a sudden impulse of rage, fired a pistol, which was one of a pair presented to him by Macnaghten a few days before. Thereupon the fanatic Ghazees cut the body to fragments. Thus perished one of the kindest and most loyal-hearted of men, betrayed by momentary weakness into a position unworthy of his high character, and treacherously betrayed by the man he had trusted. Two of the three officers who accompanied him were carried away as prisoners ; the third was slain.

Akbar Khan always put forth the above explanation of his conduct, asserting that the capture of the envoy was absolutely necessary for the re-establishment of his own credit with the suspicious chiefs. It is but a lame defence ; at best it only substitutes treachery for premeditated murder, and reduces the slaying of Macnaghten to manslaughter.

THE RETREAT FROM CABUL ; MASSACRE AND RUIN.

In the cantonments there was consternation and dismay at the terrible news that Macnaghten had been massacred and his companions taken prisoners, and that the mangled body of the envoy had been publicly paraded through the streets of Cabul, and the lifeless head stuck up to public view. What should the army do? To hold the position seemed impossible; to break through the investing hordes of Afghans and secure a retreat appeared equally so. Major Eldred Pottinger,

Hissar, and holding out to the last, but had been overruled by Shelton, poor General Elphinstone being too ill and depressed to give a decided opinion either way. He was overruled; and by means of the captured officers, whose lives had been saved at considerable difficulty and risk by Akbar Khan from the enraged fanatics, a negotiation was opened for the evacuation of Afghanistan by the British force. It was agreed that, with the exception of six field-pieces, all the British guns were to be given up, with all the treasure and property in the hands of the English; that a large sum should be paid to the Afghan chiefs for the safe-conduct of the English on



CABUL.

whose heroic conduct at Herat entitled his opinion to every consideration, was for attempting the latter course, beating off the enemy as long as possible, and dying sword in hand, if better might not be. But less heroic counsels prevailed, and it was resolved to treat with the triumphant Afghans, and with their chief who had imbrued his hands in the blood of a British envoy. Seldom has a British force been exposed to such humiliation as in this unhappy negotiation with Akbar Khan.

It was at a council held on Christmas Day in the cantonments that Pottinger had proposed his scheme of occupying the Bala

their march; that the departure of the English should take place at once; and that in addition to Lieutenants Airey and Conolly, who were already in the hands of the Afghans, four other officers should be placed in the hands of Akbar Khan as a guarantee that the articles would be duly carried out. "There is nothing more painful in all this painful history," says Sir John Kaye, "than the progress of the negotiations which resulted in the accomplishment of this treaty. . . . It is so rare a thing for Englishmen to throw themselves upon the clemency and forbearance of an insolent foe, that when we see our officers imploring the Afghan chiefs 'not to overpower

the weak with suffering,' we contemplate the sad picture of our humiliation with as much astonishment and shame." Indeed, the Ghazees were enjoying the very intoxication of triumph; and in those dark days that preceded the evacuation of the cantonments, they used to hover round the English lines, insulting the officers and soldiers, who, burning to chastise them, were not allowed to fire a shot, and plundering and carrying off the stores of corn and the cattle that had been purchased with much trouble and expense by the commissariat for provisioning the army on its retreat.

It was at the beginning of January 1842 that the fatal retreat from Cabul began. The army numbered about four thousand fighting men, and these were encumbered, unfortunately, with twelve thousand camp followers, and with women and children, including the widow of the murdered Sir William Macnaghten, some officers' wives with their children, and the heroic Lady Sale, whose husband, General Sir Robert Sale, was holding the fortress of Jellalabad, upon which the retreating army was marching. In the wretched arrangement with Akbar Khan, it had been stipulated that the British garrison should leave Jellalabad, and proceed towards India before the arrival of the force from Cabul; but General Sale and Captain Macgregor the political agent, having good information that the Afghans intended to massacre his force on their retreat, with admirable judgment refused to move from the strong position he felt himself capable of defending; and when Abdool Ghuffoor Khan, a chief who had been appointed governor of Jellalabad, presented a letter from General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger, requesting that the fort should be evacuated, Macgregor and Sale declined to move until they should receive security for their safe march to Peshawur. They took the course Elphinstone and Shelton should have taken at the beginning.

It was in the depth of the bitter Afghan winter, and the route of the army lay through the tremendous pass of Khoord Cabul. The cold was intense, and the snow lay deep on the ground, when on the 6th of January the troops moved out of their cantonments. Newab Zemaun Khan, the Abdiel of the Afghan chiefs, "among the faithless faithful only found," had warned Pottinger that it would be highly dangerous for the British force to march without the strong escort that had been promised, and that was necessary to defend the retreating troops from the fanaticism of the Ghazees and the rapacity of plundering Afghan bandits. But it was too late to remonstrate on the absence of the escort. The one thing to be done was to get away as fast as possible, and to endeavour to preserve something like order.

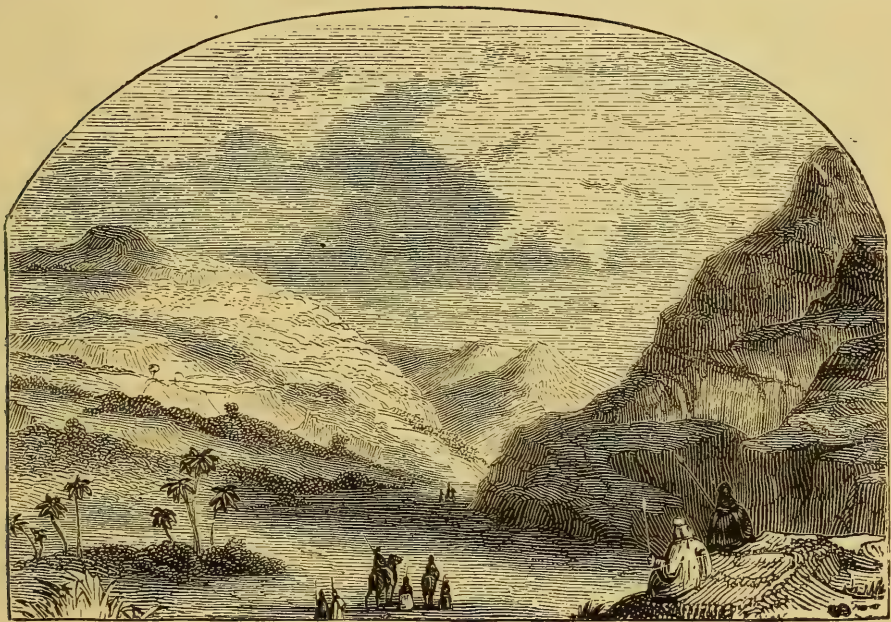
In both these respects there was failure. Delay occurred in starting, and the enormous number of camp-followers were soon mixed up with the soldiers, to the utter destruction of all efficiency and discipline. The plundering natives and the fierce Ghazees soon began their attacks. "Darting in among the baggage they cut down the helpless camp-followers," says Sir John Kaye, "and carried off whatever they could seize. The snow was soon plastered with blood . . . there was an enormous mass of struggling life, from which arose shouts and yells and oaths, an indescribable uproar of discordant sounds; the howlings of the camels, the curses of the camel drivers, the lamentations of the Hindoostanees, the shrieks of women, and the cries of children, and the savage yells of the Ghazees rising in barbarous triumph above them all." Thus the retreat was begun; and on the very first day, within a few miles of the starting-point, numbers were already lying down to die in the snow,—women and children, and even sepoy, numbed and smitten to death by the terrible cold. The chief features of Napoleon's retreat from Russia were here reproduced—the bitter frost, the want of provisions, the continual attacks of a relentless enemy. "It was no longer a retreating army," says Sir John Kaye, "it was a rabble in chaotic flight." The one chance of escape for the fighting men of the army now lay in pushing forward through the pass at their best speed, shaking off the camp-followers, who retarded their progress. But here again there was difference of opinion between General Elphinstone and Brigadier Shelton, and invaluable time was lost. Another night was passed by the despairing, perishing army on the snow before they entered the Khoord Cabul Pass. In two days they had only traversed ten miles of the way, when on the second night they halted, "a great congeries of men, women, and children, horses, ponies, and camels, wallowing in the snow. There was no shelter, no firewood, no food. The sepoys burnt their caps and accoutrements to obtain a little temporary warmth. . . . The sun rose upon many stiffened corpses." And meanwhile the enemy were blocking up the further end of the pass.

Akbar Khan now appeared with some six hundred horsemen, declaring that he had come to protect the English retreat, and at the same time to demand additional hostages for the evacuation of Jellalabad by General Sale. He professed himself anxious for the lives of the British, but unable to restrain the hostility and fanaticism of the Ghazees. There was nothing to be done but to comply with his demand, and three officers placed themselves in his hands as hostages. The struggling, panic-stricken mass now rolled into the stupendous defile of Koord Cabul,—

a dark, narrow pass five miles long, shut in by precipitous walls of rock that render it dark and gloomy even at noonday. Here was perpetrated a fearful massacre, in which three thousand men are said to have fallen, shot down by the enemy or despatched by the cruel Afghan knives. When the pass was cleared, another halt was ordered by General Elphinstone, Akbar Khan having promised provisions, fuel, and protection to the retreating force. The native troops now began to desert to the enemy, and large numbers went over to save their lives.

And now Akbar Khan made a new proposition. It was that the English ladies should be placed under his charge, he en-

army melted away beneath the attacks of the Afghans, Akbar Khan and his men hovering on the flanks, watching the butchery and doing nothing to prevent it. Day by day heaps of stiffened corpses showed where the pitiless foes had lain in wait to deal destruction upon the fugitives; and at last came the climax of the miserable calamity. The Jugdulluck Pass, through which the survivors would have to make their way, was barricaded by the enemy, and "the Cabul force ceased to be." A few managed to clear the barricades, but only to be cut down by the natives. At last the garrison of Jellalabad saw a solitary horseman, pale, faint, and almost ready to fall to the ground from the



MOUNTAIN ROAD ACROSS THE FRONTIER.

gaging to convey them safely to Peshawur. It was the best thing to be done under the circumstances—indeed, the only chance of saving the lives of the unfortunate ladies; "and so Lady Macnaghten, Lady Sale, and the other widows and wives of the Cabul force became the "guests" of the son of Dost Mahomed Khan. Of their subsequent fortunes, the hardships they endured, and their ultimate preservation, we read in the admirable "Journal" of Lady Sale. The married officers accompanied their families; and on the 10th of January the remnant of what had once been an army staggered forward again in the hope of reaching the haven of refuge, Jellalabad.

The effort was vain. Day by day the

wretched pony that carried him, slowly making his way to the walls. It was Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the force of more than sixteen thousand men who had quitted Cabul only a few days before.

RETRIBUTION AND VENGEANCE; CONCLUSION.

Undaunted, General Sale had now occasion to congratulate himself on his refusal to evacuate Jellalabad. Had he issued forth from that stronghold, England would have had to lament the loss of two armies instead of one. As it was, he had reasonable hope of holding out until Pollock, who was marching to his aid, should arrive; while brave General Nott was upholding the honour of

England at Candahar. Akbar Khan advanced against Jellalabad; whereupon the English came out to attack him, and inflicted upon him a complete defeat; utterly dispersing the army he had brought against them.

This success of the British marked the turning of the tide. Presently Pollock, having fought his way through the Kyber Pass, reached Jellalabad; and Nott was ready at Candahar to co-operate with the two other generals. Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, had returned to England, and was succeeded by Lord Ellenborough, a man of acknowledged ability, though even then he had acquired the reputation of a tendency to indulge in "brave words," of a showy and theatrical character, not sufficiently followed up by corresponding deeds. On this occasion, however, stimulated it is said by an unmistakable expression of public feeling, he concurred in the idea of inflicting chastisement on the Afghans for the shame and humiliation brought on our troops by their treachery.

Thus, in the summer of 1842, a brilliant series of successes effaced the stain of the defeat and disaster with which the year had begun. On the 15th of September Pollock entered Cabul, and as a punishment for that city's treachery, the great bazaar was destroyed. The ladies who had become the "guests" of Akbar Khan, and who had suffered much hardship and privation, were given up; and it was like a piece of poetical justice that the task of effecting their libera-

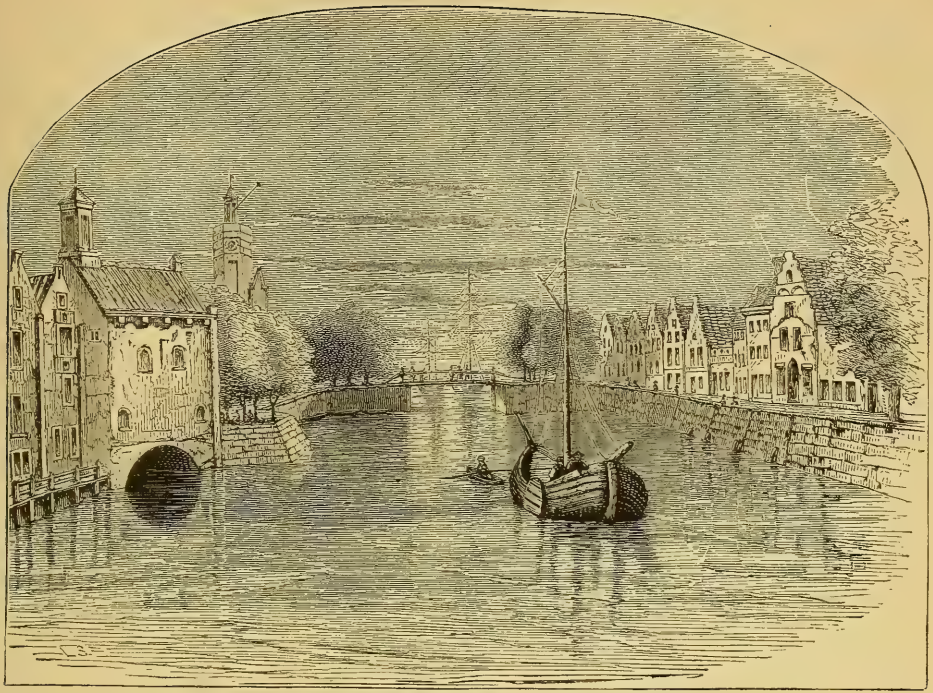
tion should have been entrusted to and completed by General Sale.

The return to Cabul and the destruction of the bazaar where poor Sir William Macnaghten's corpse had been exposed to the insults of the populace was a just and necessary vindication of British honour; but Lord Ellenborough incurred no little ridicule by a "*coup de théâtre*," at which Mahometans and Hindoos alike laughed. He caused the gates of the temple of Somnauth to be carried off from Afghanistan to India, while a pompous proclamation set forth how the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looked upon the ruins of Ghuznee, and how the insult of eight hundred years was at last avenged. The gates were not genuine relics, and the whole affair excited ridicule alike in England and in the East.

Having vindicated the prestige of England, the Government took the very sensible step of leaving Afghanistan to itself. Shah Soojah had been murdered some time before, having gained nothing by the help of his allies but the uncertain tenure of a menaced throne during a few unquiet months, and for this the unfortunate old man had given up the security and affluence he enjoyed in India. Dost Mahomed Khan, released from his honourable captivity, was restored to the throne of which he should never have been deprived. Never was there a more striking example of the folly of hasty intervention in the quarrels of others than was afforded by the events of the first Afghan war.

H. W. D.





DELFTHAVEN, WHENCE THE PILGRIMS SET SAIL FOR THE NEW WORLD.

THE MEN OF THE "MAYFLOWER:":

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND THE
COLONIZATION OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Departure from Delfthaven—Who were the Puritans—Rise of the Party under Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth—Commencement of the Puritan Exodus—Departure from England—The Voyage—Landing at Cape Cod—The First Sunday on Shore—"Welcome, Englishmen!"—The Colonists' First Summer—More Emigrants arrive—Disagreements with the Merchants—Continued Emigration of the Puritans—The Dorchester Adventurers—Adoption of a Confession of Faith—Civil Laws passed—Roger Williams, one of the Noblest of the Pilgrim Fathers—Intolerance of the Puritans—Laws against Witchcraft—Progress of the Colonies.

THE DEPARTURE FROM DELFTHAVEN.

IN that low-lying shore, where the slowly-moving Meuse mingles its sluggish waters with a sombre sea, and the grey northern ocean frets for ever in foaming surge on dull-coloured dykes, lies the quiet little port of Delfthaven. Unpicturesque and uninteresting as it may be, it was yet the scene of an episode which may well be termed one of the turning-points of the world's history,—an episode which, though humble in itself, has been productive of the mightiest and most momentous

results. For, from that harbour set forth the men who founded the New England over the sea, and who led the way of that great Puritan emigration which made the Greater Britain across the Atlantic.

There were no picturesque surroundings to the humble scene. The huge dykes which shut out the sullen sea from the marshes and mud-banks of Holland, the dull-looking architecture of the old Dutch town, the sombre-coloured quay, the sluggish river,—none of these things presented an imposing picture; but the scene became singularly affecting and

deeply impressive when, as the sun shone feebly out, a group of sad-faced men and weeping women came slowly from the town to the wharf, and as they reached the water's edge, the pastor of the little flock fell on his knees and, with uplifted hands and heart-stirring voice, besought the blessing of the Almighty on their anxious enterprise. Then followed the lingering embraces and the agonised farewells, the bursts of passionate weeping and choking sobs which tell of breaking hearts, and those who were bound for the far-off West tore themselves away from their relatives and friends and betook themselves to the little vessel slowly swinging at anchor in the dingy harbour. The sails were spread, the anchor weighed, and with a booming discharge of their little pieces of cannon and a few small arms, the vessel slowly glided from the shore, soon to be hidden below the line of the sea from the tearful, straining eyes of their companions on the quay.

And thus, amid blessings and prayers, the little band departed for their unknown future. They went because they had been driven from OLD ENGLAND, the land of their birth and of their love, to seek shelter in exile; and they set forth now to found a NEW ENGLAND in the realms of the setting sun,—a New England where they could carry with them the language and the traditions of OLD ENGLAND,—a New England where they could establish the life and labour, the manners and the customs, of the Old Country.

Here in Holland, whence they had first fled from the persecution of a tyrant Church and a tyrant king, they had met with respect and kindness; but they yearned for a *home*, they felt they were as yet strangers in a strange land, they were pilgrims and exiles; a strange tongue was spoken around them, the manners and customs of the country were different, and they feared their children would soon be merged into the people of the Netherlands. Let us go, said their pastor, to that new Western World across the Atlantic, and found there a new country which shall be but another England, and a better England, seeing that there we can worship God as seems best to us, and no man shall dare to make us afraid. And we may hope to advance the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in the New World, yea, if we be but even stepping-stones unto others for performing so great a work. And so they set forth, they whom the world now knows as "The Pilgrim Fathers," a band of English Puritans, to win for themselves and their children a new land and a new home, where they might worship God as their conscience dictated.

WHO WERE THE PURITANS.

Notwithstanding many opinions to the

contrary, there is probably no religious party which has exerted greater influence on the history of the English speaking race than the bitterly persecuted sect known as the English Puritans. It is to them we owe that complete religious toleration which for so many years has proved to be such a rich blessing to our country, giving us comparative peace and quietness when other nations have been plunged in the horrors of religious and theological strife; and it is to them the world very largely owes the existence of that Great Republic formed by "our kin beyond the sea," upon which they impressed their own character and policy to a marvellous degree.

No doubt there is much to criticise in many old English Puritans; their austere theology, their gloomy views of life and religion, their endless disputes, their dreary dogmas, and their bitter fanaticism, are repulsive to us of these latter days, and were repulsive to many in their own day; but for their tenacious adherence to the great principle of religious liberty, the principle that each individual has the inalienable right to pursue his own course in religious matters without interference from the state or a dominant Church, for their magnificent vindication of this great principle the world owes them lasting honour. And not all of those old Puritans were the gloomy fanatics it has been the custom to paint them; many were cultivated and refined in the highest degree, and were quite willing to give to others the religious toleration they claimed for themselves.

Theologically and socially they were divided into four or five distinct parties, and possibly even more: there were the educated gentlemen, scholars and men of high position; there were mild enthusiasts, of a somewhat lower social class, who wished to give every one the toleration they asked for themselves; there were coarse and vulgar fanatics; there were those of the lower classes, socially honest and hardy, but unrefined; while, alas! there were disgusting hypocrites, the Maw-worms of the satirist. The various religious opinions of these classes differed very largely even among themselves, but with their dogmas we have now nothing to do. It is their ecclesiastical position alone that concerns us—the position they took up that they would suffer persecution and expatriation rather than give up the principle of religious liberty.

RISE OF THE PURITANS.

As everyone knows, or should know, when Henry VIII. abolished the supremacy of the Pope in England, he established his own authority instead, and the Church of England, which then differed in doctrine but very slightly from the Church of Rome, took its place, with the very pious

King Harry as its head. The principle of private judgment in spiritual matters was by no means recognized, and every man in those days had to formulate his faith in accordance with the latest whim of the despot on the throne, or to suffer for his disobedience. But there were many good and worthy men who strongly objected to this state of things. They maintained, that only to deny the Pope's authority in spiritual matters was not a sufficiently far removal from Romish errors and superstitions. They maintained that the Bible, and the Bible alone, should be the true test and guide in all spiritual matters; they held that Christ alone could be the true Head of the Church, and further, that His Church was a spiritual Church. They denounced everything Popish, and in their zeal they went to such extremes as to maintain that the wearing of surplices was as erroneous as the worship of images. Hooper the Bishop of Gloucester (who suffered death in the reign of Mary) was the chief of this party, and it is said that he underwent imprisonment in the reign of Henry VIII. rather than wear the episcopal dress then prescribed by law.

During the reign of Mary, all parties of Protestants suffered alike, and were united in their common opposition to the Papists and the revival of the Pope's authority. But the Act of Uniformity, passed in the first year of Elizabeth's reign, re-established the supremacy of the Crown in spiritual matters, and re-opened the division between the Protestants. For some years this Act was not rigidly enforced, although much persecution went on under it. As time went on, it became quite clear, however, that the Protestants had indeed split into two parties; and from the fact that many of the Puritans would not, on conscientious grounds, conform to the Act of Uniformity, they were, and of course are still, known as Non-conformists, and also Dissenters. When Elizabeth died, it has been reckoned that the party numbered one hundred thousand declared adherents.

The Puritans hoped much from James I. They forgot he was the son of Mary Stuart, and thought that, as he had been brought up as a Calvinist, and had been partly trained in their views, he would be favourably disposed towards them. But he was a Stuart, and far too fond of despotic power. On his accession he found the sweets of spiritual authority too gratifying to be put aside. Therefore, at the famous conference in January, 1604, at Hampton Court, when the Puritan leaders petitioned for a redress of their ecclesiastical grievances, he told them plainly that in his realms he would have but "one doctrine, one discipline, one religion in

substance and in ceremony." In effect he went on to say, "You must conform, or I will persecute you out of the land." He did so, and the colonization of New England was the result.

The determination of the King to be absolute in religious matters was fully upheld by the leaders of the Anglican Church of that day. They utterly failed to see, or refused to see, that the only logical alternative to the Church of Rome is individual liberty of conscience. The idea of Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, or James I., that they were infallible, and therefore had the right to dictate to their subjects in religious matters, was particularly unfortunate, as well as utterly illogical, and we can well believe there were many who preferred to remain within the fold of Rome and accept the long established decrees of that outwardly splendid and superb Church, which, with all its errors, had around it the glamour of tradition, and whose head called himself the Vicar of Christ, than accept as their pope the secular sovereign, whose opinion varied greatly from year to year or from reign to reign. The whole subject turned on the vexed question of authority in religious matters—the Puritans maintaining that Christ alone has authority over His Church, the Anglicans of that day believing that the sovereign is the proper authority, and the Romanists owning the authority of the Pope.

James, however, was determined to be as absolute in spiritual matters as in secular; and the Puritans, who were only prepared to "render unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's," or, in other words, to obey him in earthly matters, were persecuted with the utmost severity. And, as usual, persecution only served to increase their numbers. Their position ecclesiastically was so logical and so strong that some of the most vigorous thinkers of the day were to be found in their ranks.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PURITAN EXODUS.

As early as 1559 small bands of Dissenters had settled on the coasts of Holland, where, under the equitable laws of the Dutch Republic, they enjoyed complete freedom of conscience; and when the persecution under James I. waxed hot, there were many who turned their eyes longingly to those low-lying shores where their co-religionists had found shelter.

About this time there lived in the little town of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, an eloquent preacher named John Robinson. He was one of the leaders of a Puritan sect now known as Independents, and used to minister to a small party who were wont to meet secretly for worship in the house of one of their number named Brewster. These

meetings at length became known, and the bitter persecution which followed determined them to take refuge in Holland. The attempt to escape was first made in 1607, but was frustrated for the time by the authorities; but in the following year the would-be emigrants were successful, and, under the guidance of their pastor, they formed a religious and social community at Amsterdam. They soon fell into great poverty, and thereupon they moved to Leyden, where for twelve years they seem to have enjoyed a certain amount of prosperity and peace. By their thrift, hard work, and religious conduct, they earned the respect of the Dutch.

At that time all Europe was filled with news of the great Western continent, and of the colonies founded there. The wonderful fertility of those far-off shores had been painted in glowing terms by Raleigh and others, and it was to this new land that Robinson turned, as being likely to afford the place of refuge which they needed. There they hoped to establish a colony which should be under English rule, and should be inhabited by none but their own countrymen. Some of their Dutch friends wished to accompany them, but they would not listen to the proposal. "We go to found a *New England*," they said, "where we can preserve our language and nationality intact. We wish to live under the protection and government of our native land." Probably the disturbed state of Holland was also another reason why they wished to leave for those vast solitudes across the sea, where they could worship as they pleased, without interference from Church or State. But in such a perilous undertaking it would never do to have those engaged who were not entirely of one heart and one mind.

There were many difficulties to be overcome, however, before the emigrants could set forth. They were poor, and had not the means to purchase or hire a vessel to take them across the Atlantic, or to procure the necessary implements for building houses and cultivating the rough soil when they arrived at their destination. Still further, as they had decided to inhabit a territory far removed from the colonies which had already been planted on those far-away shores, they wished to make arrangements with one of the two companies to which different portions of the country belonged, whereby a distinct district might be allotted to them, separate, and indeed remote, from the other colonies, where they could live "in a distinct body by themselves."

In 1617, therefore, the intending emigrants sent John Carver and Robert Cushman, their minister, to London, who finally entered into arrangements with what was then known as the London Company, to form

a plantation in the northern part of Virginia. This State was the first British settlement in North America, having been discovered by John Cabot in 1497. It was taken possession of for England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584, and by him named Virginia after the virgin-queen, Elizabeth.

THE PURITANS' PETITION.

The consent of the London Company having been obtained, there only remained the religious difficulty. A petition was drawn up to King James, stating that the emigrants wished to extend the dominions of England, and to live under English rule, but that, if they risked so much in going to a wild and unknown country, they must have perfect liberty of conscience accorded to them, and wished the same to be confirmed by the sovereign. The narrow-minded and mean king considered that to advance the dominions of England was indeed "a good and honest notion," but wanted to know who were to be their ministers and what was to be their calling. They answered that the power of making ministers required no bishop, and that they hoped to engage in fishing. The King replied grimly that "fishing was an honest trade, and the apostles own calling," and so far all was well; but as for their religious difficulties he must refer their petition to their Graces the Bishops of London and Canterbury. Of course these right reverend fathers could not agree to the Puritans' petition, and the utmost the emigrants could receive was a promise that they should be neglected. With this they were obliged to be content; and they comforted themselves with the thought that if they had obtained the King's consent, means would have been found to evade or withdraw it, supposing that sufficient interest were taken in them afterwards to wish to persecute them.

These difficulties having been overcome, they next formed a jointstock company with some of the London merchants, by the terms of which each emigrant mortgaged his labour for seven years, and was reckoned as a £10 shareholder. At the end of seven years all profit was to be reckoned up, and the London merchants, who had advanced a £100, were to receive ten times as much as each settler. This arrangement was obviously very unfair to the Pilgrims, but it appears to have been the only one that they could make, and even as it was the money they could obtain, even on these terms, was barely enough to supply their most pressing needs.

Two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*, were procured and prepared for their reception. The *Speedwell*, which was bought in Holland, was a small ship of

Sixty tons; and the *Mayflower*, hired and freighted in England, was of one hundred and twenty tons burthen. These two ships could hold but about a third of Mr. Robinson's congregation, and it was therefore decided that a party of the youngest and strongest men, with a few young women, should go under the leadership of Brewster, the governing elder, while the remainder stayed behind under Mr. Robinson's guidance until they learned how their brethren had fared.

As the day drew on for their departure, the emigrants were feasted and fêted by their friends and relatives. Special religious exercises were also held, for the Pilgrims wished that all their enterprises should be begun, continued, and ended in God.

At the farewell services, their eloquent pastor addressed them in high and holy words, which even at this lapse of time stir the heart and breathe a breadth of thought far from universal even now in this enlightened nineteenth century.

"I charge you," said he in a firm voice, that yet shook with the strength of his emotion,—“I charge you, before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry, for I am persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their Reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of His will our good God has revealed to Calvin they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received, for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick Antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.” He then went on to tell his followers that their life's work was not to found a settlement by Haarlem Mere nor by the Zuyder Zee, but to carry the Gospel of Christ and plant the flag of religious freedom on those new shores in the realms of the setting sun. We must go to found a New England, the corner-stone of whose constitution shall be complete civil and religious liberty.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

All preparations being now concluded, the little party set sail from Delfthaven amid the prayers and tears of their relatives and friends. Among the names of those who then sailed we meet with some familiar to us in Longfellow's well-known poem. Thus there were Miles Standish, John Alden, John Carver, William Brewster,—the leader of the little band,—William Bradford, Edward Winslow, and others, all pious and godly men. Miles Standish, it may be observed, although well-disposed to them, was not a member of their congregation; but, being a true soldier, and one whose military experience might well be relied upon, the Puritans were glad to have him with them, for it was quite to be expected that they might have to encounter wild savages in this new land, and that his strong arm and knowledge of war might be of great value.

The intention of the emigrants was to sail first to Southampton and there join the *Mayflower*, whence the two vessels would sail together for the northern part of Virginia. Southampton was duly reached on the 5th of August, and then dividing their number and their baggage and implements into the two ships, they sailed down Channel. Scarcely had they set forth, however, before it was found that the *Mayflower* was sadly out of repair, and they were compelled to put in at Dartmouth to refit.

Eight precious days passed in the Devonshire port, and then they set sail once more.

Every day was precious now, for the summer was well advanced, and they wished to land as long before winter time as possible. But no sooner had the two little vessels seen the last of their loved England recede below the blue line of the sea, and they began to experience the long roll of the mighty Atlantic waves in all their majestic force, than Reynolds, the captain of the *Speedwell*, became afraid of facing the ocean in his little barque at that season, and he refused to proceed. There was no help for it therefore but to return to Plymouth. Here they abandoned the *Speedwell* and its timorous captain. Some of their number being now obliged to return to London, because there was not sufficient room on board the *Mayflower* for all, they re-embarked, and on the 6th of September the little vessel—the lonely pioneer of freedom—set forth on its solitary way to the land of the setting sun.

THE LANDING AT CAPE COD.

Storms and rough weather delayed their passage sadly, and the captain mistook his reckoning and sailed much farther north than was intended, consequently the voyage

which is now completed in about ten days took them *sixty-five*!

In the meantime, much had been done, for the constitution of their body-politic had been decided upon,—a constitution which affirmed the great principle of American government to be a righteous democracy based upon equal laws and equal rights. On board the little *Mayflower*, before landing, the following compact was drawn up and signed by all the men present:—"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

After signing this document, John Carver was elected governor for the first year, with five magistrates to assist him.

There were forty-one signatures, being the names of all the men present, who, with their wives and children,—numbering 102 souls all told,—constituted the first Pilgrim band to New England.

They had selected the country near the Hudson River as their point of settlement; but by reason of a mistake on the part of the captain (or, as some writers state, by reason of his treachery, being bribed by some Dutch settlers who wished to occupy the land fixed upon by the emigrants), they were taken much further north, to the barrenest part of Massachusetts.

Wearied and wasted by their long, rough voyage, there were overjoyed to see the dark headland of Cape Cod loom out of the wilderness of waves at last, and soon after they rounded the cape, and cast anchor in the Bay of Fundy.

Their position was miserable in the extreme. The weather was bitterly cold, and the shores wild and bleak; low sand-hills, sparsely covered with stunted woods, sloped drearily down to the sea. A far different picture indeed from that they had expected to find. Their stock of provisions was very low, and their health much enfeebled by the long and trying voyage; one of their number had already succumbed to the inclemency of the season and the

trials of the journey. But nothing could daunt the bold spirit and resolute will of these stout-hearted Englishmen. They had come to found a colony, and found it they would, or perish in the attempt.

As it was useless now to attempt to reach the land they had first decided upon, they had no alternative but to look about them for a suitable spot for settlement. The present spot would not do—a few minutes' walk upon the barren shore soon convinced them of this; they decided, therefore, to sail round the coasts in the large boat they had brought with them, known as a shallop.

But this, like the *Mayflower* herself when they had first started, was sadly out of repair, and it was nearly three weeks before the slow carpenter pronounced it fit for sea.

While these repairs were being executed, Standish and some other of the boldest among them frequently landed, and made excursions to explore the surrounding country. But no suitable spot could be found.

The cold was excessive; the spray froze on their steel corslets, and the bitter wind was their only welcome. In ranging over the country, they came at times upon a few graves of Indians; occasionally they saw a group of deserted wigwams, near which they once found a few heaps of maize; and on one occasion saw a desolate house, where they discovered more maize and an iron kettle; the latter had apparently been washed ashore from some European ship, and utilized by the Indians. Of these the explorers saw but little on this their first expedition, and those of whom they did obtain a glimpse, fled at their approach. To add to their difficulties, snow fell in great quantities, and dreariness, desolation, and death seemed to be their only portion in the land of their choice.

Covering over the graves they had unwittingly opened,—for they did not wish to be sacrilegious or needlessly provoke the hostility of the Indians,—they carried away the corn and the kettle and returned to their ship.

When the shallop was ready, they set sail along the coast and landed at various places, but only to meet with disappointment. The snow lay half-a-foot thick, and they soon became tired of ploughing their way through it. And this day they found "no more corn, nor anything else but graves."

Again, on the 6th of December, they set forth—Carver, Standish, and others—on another voyage of discovery. This time they intended to venture farther afield, for it was evident that there was no spot near, suitable for a settlement. The first night they kindled a watch-fire at Namskeket, or Great Meadow Creek. Huddled around the blaze, they passed the hours of darkness; and next morning, before the red winter dawn streaked the eastern sky, they were up, and had scarce

finished their prayers before a yelling war-whoop and a cloud of arrows—which rattled harmlessly on their steel corslets—gave evidence that Indians were near. Betaking themselves to their little boat again, they continued their course around the dreary shore. The weather was bitterly cold; the wild wind blew fiercely; hail and snow beat in their faces; the spray froze on their clothes; the sea became so rough and boisterous that their rudder broke. Steering with their oars they unfurled more sail, for the Sabbath was near, and they had determined to rest upon the holy day. They wished to find a suitable spot where they could keep it in devotional exercises, but they could make but little headway. The wind was still rising, and presently their little mast, yielding to the great pressure upon it of the extra sail, snapped like a withered branch, and the shallop rolled helplessly in the roaring surge. The pilot wished to run the boat ashore, but the others persisted in keeping her before the wind. "If you are men," cried one, "turn her about!" They did so, and providentially they were presently able to shelter themselves under a high rock.

THE FIRST SUNDAY ON SHORE.

The dull twilight of the short winter afternoon had now deepened into night, and all was dark about them. The rain beat pitilessly upon them, but they managed to effect a landing, and with great difficulty they kindled a fire among the rocks. Crouching over the cheery flames they ate their scanty supper and dried their wet clothes, and then sought the rest they so much needed.

On looking about them next morning, they found their landing-place to be a small island—which they subsequently named Clark's Island—situated just inside a fair harbour. They were too weak and tired to explore far, but sailing gently round the shore, they saw that the soil appeared better here than the barren sand-hills they had left, and they decided to stay to make further investigations.

But the next day being Sunday, they desisted from all efforts, and went through their religious observances as though they had been comfortably situated in their old homes. On Monday morning, the 11th of December, they sounded the harbour and found it sufficiently deep for shipping. Gratified by this encouraging circumstance, they then landed and proceeded into the interior, where they found what had been cornfields, and running streams of fresh water. The whole neighbourhood seemed to promise better than any they had yet seen, and with joy they returned to the *Mayflower* to report their good news.

In a few more days the sea-worn and

weary party landed at the same spot; and, true to their purpose to found a New England, where they might reproduce the best characteristics, and even the names, of their old home, they named the place *New Plymouth*, in grateful remembrance of the last town they had seen in the old country and the "God speeds" they had received from its inhabitants. The large boulder of rock upon which they landed, and upon which probably the pioneers had landed when a few days before they had come here, is still preserved, and named Pilgrim, or Plymouth, or Forefathers' Rock to this day. Part of its face has been removed to a spot in the town near the court-house, and the remainder is still pointed out with pride at the head of the longest wharf of the busy town.

According to tradition, a young woman named Mary Chilton was the first to step ashore. She shortly afterwards married John Winslow, and her sister Susannah, Edward Latham; and the direct descendants of both the Winslows and the Lathams are living to-day in Boston and Bridgewater.

But though the emigrants had landed on a favourable spot, the sufferings of these bold colonists were but little lessened. The soil was hard bound in the bands of an iron frost; wind and snow fell continuously; and although the woods soon resounded to the unusual noise of their axes, their progress was but slight. The majority were still obliged to live on board ship. The terrible weather to which they had been exposed, and the insufficient food, brought on sickness, which swept away half their number. At one period so many were ill that only seven were sufficiently well to tend the sick. These sufferings, and the almost daily burials in the wilderness, sadly hindered and depressed the survivors. The first work to which they set their hands was to build houses, and it was agreed that each man should raise his own. But the bad weather was so continuous that it was only now and again that they could work. In course of a few months, however, nineteen little wooden tenements were erected, which were quite enough to contain the survivors of the little pilgrim band. Around this group of houses they then proceeded to erect a strong palisade, while on an eminence, also within the walls, they erected as strong a fortress as they could, on which they mounted six cannon. This fort served two purposes; for while the upper part was useful as a point of observation and work of defence, the lower part was used as a church.

And thus, in tending their sick, burying their dead, and building their little town, the dreary winter passed, and in March the south wind blew and brought warm and welcome weather. The snow melted, the birds sang, bright and beautiful spring beamed over the

land. Then they bethought themselves of planting cornfields.

"WELCOME, ENGLISHMEN!"

Up to this time they had seen but little of the Indians. Occasionally they had marked the smoke of the Indian watch-fires rise against the cold, grey winter sky; and in their exploring expeditions they had found deserted wigwams and other signs of the presence of savages in the vicinity. But one day in early spring they were greatly startled by the sudden appearance of an Indian in their midst, who exclaimed, in their own language, "Welcome, Englishmen!" He proved to be one of the Wampanoags, and had picked up a few words of the English language in his intercourse with the fishermen of Penobscot. He was disposed to be very friendly, and soon introduced them to Massasoit, the chief, with whom they made a treaty of friendship, which lasted a considerable time. In their intercourse with the natives they learned that a terrible pestilence had recently swept over this part of the country, which not only accounted for the numerous graves they had seen, but also explained the absence of the aborigines, who had fled farther south. The mistake of the Captain, therefore, in bringing the *Mayflower* here instead of taking the emigrants, as had been first decided, to the neighbourhood of the Hudson, probably proved their salvation, for at that time that part of the country was crowded with savages who had fled there from the pestilence which had raged in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth.

Unfortunately there were other tribes of Indians far less favourably disposed towards the English settlers. Among these were the Narragansetts, who were also at enmity with the friendly Indians; and one bright morning the English were astonished at receiving a serpent-skin filled with arrows as a declaration of war. William Bradford, the head of the little colony, promptly returned the skin, filled with powder and shot, which bold reply, significant of the contempt in which the English held the Indians, produced the intended effect, for the savages had witnessed the deadly powers of the English guns, and for a time the settlers were unmolested, until some years later their enmity was rekindled by the evil deeds of some of the other settlers.

Soon after the visit of the Indian who had so strangely bade them welcome, the little colony was greatly grieved by the death of their first governor—John Carver. William Bradford was elected in his stead; but the new governor ruled over a sadly diminished number, for only fifty were now left alive. The others had fallen victims to the terrible

privations and severities of that long and bitter winter. When, therefore, the *Mayflower* returned home in the early spring, it was to leave half her passengers as victims to their struggle for religious freedom. But there was no faltering in the hearts of the survivors, as they stood on the sloping shore and watched the spring sunlight glisten on the white sail now fast disappearing, and leaving them lonely and strange in a strange land. Yet resolute and stern though they were, their hearts were saddened and softened as they thought of the distant home to which their little vessel was returning, and which they themselves would see no more.

THE COLONISTS' FIRST SUMMER.

But there was no time to give way to these feelings, natural though they were. There was hard and stern work before these men and women, and well they knew it. A wild and desolate region had to be brought into cultivation, and meanwhile they were often famishing for want of food. "I have seen," says Winslow, "men stagger by reason of faintness for want of food;" and frequently at night they knew not whence the food for the next day would come. For some time they had no corn, and subsisted entirely on fish. It is worthy of remark, however, that after the season of the greatest mortality had passed, the survivors—about fifty in number—lived to a good old age.

Their material progress was but very slow. The land was not fertile, and their toil was incessant. A space of ground, three poles in length by half a pole in breadth, had been allotted to each person upon which to build a house and cultivate a garden, otherwise the land was held in common, and all shared alike. This arrangement produced great discontent, for the idle did not work, and yet reaped as large a proportion as those who were industrious. The plan was therefore continued only two years; and in 1623, land was allotted to each person, as had been the case with the gardens. This new arrangement answered much better. Each family felt that their bread depended on their own exertions, and, indeed, it produced such good effects that even the women and children went out into the fields to work. Soon so much corn was produced that the Indians used to purchase it, giving beaver skins and the fur of other animals in exchange. Before this prosperity was reached, however, the colonists had to pass through several seasons of scarcity and want, and it seemed as though their trials and difficulties would never end.

MORE EMIGRANTS ARRIVE.

During the summer and autumn of 1621,

other Puritan settlers—undeterred by the accounts taken home by the *Mayflower* of the difficulties the first emigrants had to meet—arrived from England, and being totally unprovided with the necessities of life, they made great demands on the slender stores of the early colonists. It is said that they were in these days frequently at starvation point, at times being reduced to live on the shell-fish from the shore, their corn having been all used. Yet, notwithstanding all trials and difficulties, they never lost their faith in God nor in the future prosperity of their colony.

In the summer of 1622, another community of colonists also arrived; these men were

form menial work for food. This appears to have led to a quarrel, and a conspiracy was formed among the savages to murder all the English. But Massasoit, with whom the Pilgrims had made the friendly treaty, and who had always treated him well, revealed the design. Standish saw the desperate nature of the situation, and, accompanied with eight men, immediately marched off to the wigwams of the chief conspirators; and, without a word of parley, he attacked them. He had frequently been insulted by some of the savages because he was a small man, and we may perhaps imagine that he was not altogether displeased to have an opportunity of giving



THE PILGRIMS' FIRST FORT AND MEETING-HOUSE AT NEW PLYMOUTH.

known as Weston's Company. They belonged to the Church of England, and were brought over by Thomas Weston, one of the merchants who had advanced money to the Pilgrim Fathers. He imagined that a profitable trade might be established in furs; but neither he, nor the men whom he brought with him, were of the character likely to cope successfully with the difficulties of an early settler's life. They were improvident and disorderly, and soon exhausted the supplies brought with them. The emigrants at New Plymouth assisted them so far as they were able, but the distress continued. They parted with all their goods, and some of them took service with the Indians to per-

them a taste of his quality. Seeing four of his tormentors in a wigwam by themselves, he instantly marched in with three of his followers, and, without a word on either side, a desperate hand-to-hand encounter took place. The door had been closed by the last Englishman who entered; no help came from either side. With frowning brow and compressed lips they began the combat at once; it was long and bloody, and did not end until three of the Indians were slain. Standish attacked his opponent with a determination and energy which bore down all opposition, and desperately though the Indian fought, he was killed at last. The fourth savage was taken captive, and finally

hanged. After this the other Indians were soon put to flight, and Standish and his eight men returned victorious and exultant. This was the first fight with the Indians, and it is well worthy of note that it was not caused by the Pilgrims themselves. Indeed, they were anxious to be on friendly terms with the natives, and to trade with them. A triumphant account of this—Standish's capital exploit, as it was termed—was soon forwarded to their friends at Leyden. But instead of the joyful congratulation they expected, their pastor, Mr. Robinson, sent them in reply a gentle rebuke. "How happy a thing," he wrote, "if you had converted some before you killed any." There is every reason to believe, however, that it was a stern necessity which compelled Standish's "capital exploit," and that it was of immense importance to the infant colony, not only in preserving it from a foul and treacherous conspiracy, but in intimidating the Indians, and showing them of what stern and resolute stuff the English settlers were made; thus, it doubtless saved further bloodshed. As for Weston's Company, who were responsible for this unhappy episode, a few short months saw the end of its efforts. Some of the men died of hunger and cold, some returned to England, while a few seem to have cast in their lot with their preservers at New Plymouth. At all events, as a separate colony, Weston's Company was at an end.

DISAGREEMENTS WITH THE MERCHANTS.

All this time Robinson and the remainder of his congregation at Leyden were anxiously seeking the means of joining their brethren in New England, but they could not procure the necessary funds. The merchants who had advanced the money to the first colonists absolutely refused to risk any more; they were not satisfied with the small profits from their investments, and contentions had arisen between them and their partners at New Plymouth. The merchants endeavoured to force upon the colonists a clergyman more favourable to the Established Church than they deemed desirable, and the goods sent were sold to the emigrants at the enormous advance of seventy per cent. Naturally these and similar acts of unfair treatment produced great dissatisfaction, and the emigrants finally borrowed money at high interest to pay off their partners in England.

Unhappily, when these arrangements were complete and the gradual increase of prosperity enabled the remainder of Mr. Robinson's congregation at Leyden to follow their friends, their good pastor had passed away. Like Moses, he died before he reached the promised land,—the land that offered a resting-place from pilgrimage and exile,—the

land to which he had directed his followers. His bones were buried by the Rhine, and the colony which he did so much to establish, and which never gladdened his sight, flourished afar off.

In 1626, the year following his death, his wife and children, with the remainder of his congregation, joined their brethren at New Plymouth. At that time the little town consisted of about thirty-two small wooden houses, built within the palisades, and the population numbered nearly one hundred and eighty persons. They had established a manufacture of salt from the sea, with which commodity they cured fish, and were now so successful as to be able to freight a vessel with a cargo for export. In November 1624, the little town of wooden houses had been nearly all burned down, but had been soon re-built. The principles of self-government had been steadily adhered to, the Governor and Council being chosen by general suffrage, while for several years the numbers of the population was so small that all the male inhabitants were included in the Legislature. The laws enacted were exceedingly severe, but as a matter of fact were very mildly administered. Thus, death was the punishment for most crimes, but it was never inflicted except in cases of murder. But in those early years, these crimes were never committed.

The fact that the Pilgrims had been carried so far north from their contemplated place of settlement on the Hudson, and the fact also that the patent from the London Company had been made out in the name of one of their number who eventually never sailed, rendered that patent of no value. The land on which they had settled belonged for colonising purposes to the Plymouth (England) Company; and in the year following the landing of the Pilgrims (1621), they obtained a patent from this Company, which secured to them their possessions, although, as James still refused to grant a charter, the settlers had no abstract right—according to the principle of English law then in vogue—to assume self-government and a separate jurisdiction. The Pilgrim Fathers, however, were made of far too stern stuff to be bound by nominal restrictions, and, as we have seen, they did not scruple to exercise their principles of self-government, and inflict punishments for crime whenever necessary.

The Plymouth Company, with which the Pilgrims had now to do, appears to have originally consisted of forty noblemen and gentlemen, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing New England in America. The title "New England" seems to have been borrowed from the Pilgrims, who were, however, for some time completely ignored. It was this Company which granted the

patent to Weston's Company, and also to some others which proved as great failures as did that brought over by Weston. In 1621, the Plymouth Company endeavoured to obtain some benefit from their vast tracts of land by levying a tax on the English fishing vessels. As they were not disposed to plant and cultivate themselves, this was the only plan for obtaining an immediate revenue. But these extortions were opposed by the House of Commons, and the debates which ensued reveal the unsettled state of affairs between the colonies and the mother country. And it is worthy of note that Sir George Calvert, the principal advocate of the claims of the Company, argued that the American settlements were outside the jurisdiction of Parliament, as they were not annexed to the realm of England. On the other hand, it was argued that an Act passed by Lords and Commons and signed by the Sovereign would control the patents granted to the colonists.

During several sessions these debates were continued, and a Bill was finally passed which strictly limited the rights of the Companies. And although the King refused to sign the Bill, yet the unmistakable expression of the opinion of the Houses of Parliament was of great service. Among other results may be noted the fact that many of the members of the Plymouth Company lost heart in their enterprise, and the colonization of New England was henceforth left almost wholly to private endeavour. It was clear that the best course the Council could pursue would be to abandon all absurd pretensions, and grant lands, if possible, to such parties of stern, hard-working, practical men who would be able to cultivate and occupy the soil within a few years.

Meanwhile the Pilgrim Fathers, quietly ignoring all these discussions and claims, had been steadily working and gradually prospering. While others had been talking, they had been doing. A small community for trading had been established; the Indians were friendly, and brought them many furs; their corn-fields were flourishing. These facts are the more worthy of remark as nearly every other attempt to colonize New England up to this time appears to have failed. The other colonists had not the resolute character necessary to cope with difficulties, nor the zeal for religious liberty which caused these mighty men (for mighty they were if we regard the innumerable hardships and difficulties they had to overcome) to give up everything rather than forfeit so precious a right; they had not the iron wills which had been born by the scenes of gloom and misery, of persecution and trial through which the Puritans had passed. The stern spirit of self-denial and of simple living, the thrift, the tact, the indomitable perseverance which

characterized the Pilgrims,—all were wanting in the other colonists.

CONTINUED EMIGRATION OF THE PURITANS.

The accounts brought back to the southern coasts of England of the success of the Pilgrim Fathers and the religious freedom which they enjoyed, coupled with the growing discontent of the English Puritans at the constant persecution to which they were subject, stimulated their determination to follow the men of the *Mayflower* into the wild regions of North America. A Puritan clergyman named White, the Rector of Trinity Church, Dorchester, was prominent in urging his hearers to a great effort to colonize the wilderness, and to carry the pure Gospel to the benighted lands where a faithful few are already busy at work. "Think not," said he, "that better times shall come to you in England. This hope is a vain dream, and will prove a delusive snare. Prince Charles has espoused a Catholic wife, so that he does not promise to be well affected toward us when he shall come to the throne. Purity of religion and freedom of conscience can only be found in the New World. Let us go there, and found a new nation that shall be both English and truly Christian." The aid of the press was also invoked, and publications were issued by eloquent and enthusiastic men urging their Puritan brethren to emigrate. Other arguments were also adduced, and by them we may suppose that the cries of "overpopulation" and "keen-competition were heard as much in the days of the first Stuarts as they now are.

The consequence of these great efforts was that an extensive movement for emigration was organized among the Puritans of the south-western counties. Indeed, numbers all over the land prepared to follow the Pilgrim Fathers into the wilderness to seek an asylum from persecution.

Negotiations for a tract of land were entered into with the Plymouth Company, who were all the more ready to accede to their proposals by reason of the complete failure of their attempts to obtain a monopoly of the fishery rights. And at length a deed was drawn up, dated the 19th of March, 1628, and called "The Colony of Massachusetts Bay Patent," by which the Plymouth Council sold to Sir John Young, Sir Henry Russell, and others, for the purposes of planting and settling all that part of North America which lies and extends between Merrimac River and Charles River, in the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, and three miles to the north and south of every part of Charles River, and three miles south of the southernmost part of the said bay, and three miles to the north of

every part of Merrimac River, and all lands and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the limits aforesaid, north and south in latitude and breadth, and in length and longitude of and within all the breadth aforesaid, throughout the mainland, thence from the Atlantic Sea in the east part to the Pacific Sea in the west part."

About a year later, on the 4th of March, 1629, this charter was confirmed by King Charles I.; by which we may gather that there was as much dilatoriness then as there is said to be now in governmental affairs.

It will be seen that this charter, or patent, no more than any other, authorized the exercise of separate political or judicial power. These companies of colonists seem to have been regarded rather as trading associations, to which it was thought necessary to give certain rights, in order to facilitate the expansion of trade, than as separate communities. It would seem, therefore, that many men in those days utterly failed to grasp the principal idea which animated the Puritans, and which they had in view when they emigrated; for they went not only to plant and colonize for the purposes of trade, but to found a community, where they could practise those principles which were then denied them in England, and which have had their full fruition in the great American Republic. In anticipation these far-seeing men enjoyed the thoughts of their future influence on ages yet unborn, and of the fame which they would obtain as the founders of New England.

THE DORCHESTER ADVENTURERS.

As early as 1623, Mr. White had been instrumental in forming an unincorporated joint-stock society, which, under the name of "The Dorchester Adventurers," emigrated to Massachusetts Bay, with the object of prosecuting a trade in dried fish. This attempt was a failure; and next year the "Adventurers" obtained some land near Cape Anne from the New Plymouth emigrants. This proceeding also was not very successful, and all the settlers deserted save four, one of whom was Roger Conant, who seems to have been a wise and prudent man. He and his three colleagues removed to a better place for planting a colony, about twelve miles to the south-west of Cape Anne; and here they hung on until just as they were on the point of returning from sheer necessity, letters of encouragement were received from White, promising to send over help if they would but continue in their endeavours.

In 1628 the advance guard of this second great Puritan emigration set sail. It consisted of about a hundred colonists, under the leadership of John Endicot, a man of indomitable will and fierce religious zeal.

His companions unanimously agreed that he was the best man to be leader in "this wild wilderness work." And, indeed, when he landed and saw the bleak and dreary wilderness to which they had come, and found Roger Conant and his three colleagues so much reduced by want and hardships, he felt indeed that he needed all his courage and resolution. Thick and gloomy forests, wild and uncultivated waste land, greeted them on every side, while, as winter came on, the severely cold weather and lack of comfortable homes caused many to sicken and die. The early Pilgrims sent them a doctor from New Plymouth, who stayed with them all through the winter.

But notwithstanding all difficulties, English courage would not be beaten, and we find that seven of these dauntless men beat their way through the tangled woods to the spot where the city of Charlestown now stands. To their surprise they found that English enterprise had preceded them, for they found one of their countrymen already living there in a wooden shanty.

Next year a still larger number of colonists set forth. The news of the success of those who had already gone was published abroad all over the land, and Puritans everywhere began to think of voyaging across the Atlantic.

Six small vessels were collected,—one of them being the *Mayflower*,—and on the 1st of May they departed for New England. Accounts differ as to the number who embarked, from 250 to 350 being the numbers given. They took horses, cows, and goats, and also cannon and musketry, with which to arm a fort. The voyage lasted two months; and it was not till the 24th of June that the colonists saw the few mud or wooden hovels, surrounded by rough corn-fields, which showed that they had arrived at their new home. One-third of the new emigrants went at once to Charlestown, and the remainder stayed with Endicot, and founded the town of Salem.

In the following spring a still larger number departed from England. Seventeen ships were chartered, and 1,500 Puritans, among whom were some persons of high rank, set sail from different ports for the distant West. From Southampton proceeded the *Arabella* and a few sister vessels, which sailed down Southampton Water in the glad sunlight of a bright May morning, amidst the resounding cheers of the crowds which lined the beach. And though the religious zeal of the exiles had been stirred to the utmost by the impassioned appeals of their eloquent pastors, and their determination to suffer expatriation for conscience' sake never failed, yet as the loved shores of England faded from their view, their sternness melted, and instead of

denouncing their country as the home of persecution, they sorrowfully said with tear-dimmed eyes, "FAREWELL! DEAR, DEAR ENGLAND."

At Yarmouth, also, a great number set forth under the leadership of John Winthrop, a man so highly esteemed for his sincere and unaffected piety, benevolence of temper, and righteousness of judgment, that he was appointed governor of the new colony. Before leaving Yarmouth a declaration of their views was published, in which they set forth the reasons for their removal, and bade a touching farewell to the countrymen and land of their birth. "Our hearts," they said, "shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottages in the wilderness."

At intervals during the latter part of June and early days of July, 1630, the ships arrived at Salem,—to find poverty, hardship, and sickness. Many of the earlier colonists had died, and the others were on the brink of starvation. Tents of sail-cloth were speedily erected for temporary protection, and the colonists then sought for suitable sites for towns. Among other places, Boston was one city the foundations of which were then laid, doubtless by some settlers from Lincolnshire. This spot was fixed upon because it had "sweet and pleasant springs, and good land affording rich corn-fields and fruitful gardens." But sickness soon became busy among these as among the former parties of colonists, and strong men who feared nothing, became utterly broken as they saw their loved ones fade from their eyes to a premature grave. Before the holy Christmas time came round, quite two hundred had died. Many were there who had been accustomed to the refinements and comforts of life which wealth in those days could bring, and the arduous life they were now compelled to live told severely against them. Among the first to succumb was the excellent Lady Arabella Johnson, sister of the Earl of Lincoln, and wife of Mr. Isaac Johnson, one of the richest men in the colony, and very zealous for pure religion. Not long after her death he followed his wife to the tomb, passing peacefully away.

As winter drew on they were often reduced to subsist on mussels and shell-fish from the sea-shore. Acorns and ground-nuts also furnished them with many repasts. The first Pilgrims at New Plymouth rendered them all the assistance they were able; but they had exhausted all supplies when, on the 5th of February, 1631, a vessel arrived from England bringing the much needed stores.

The reports of the great poverty of the new settlements and of the terrible hardships and bitter winters, deterred many others from coming over; and in 1631 only ninety new

emigrants cheered those who had already gone. In 1632, about 250 came. But meanwhile, in spite of all difficulties and privations, the infant colonies were slowly prospering. The trials through which the settlers passed served but to strengthen their faith, and no repining or rebellion against the Almighty appears in their records. At stated times their public meetings for worship were held—sometimes in the open waste, and sometimes under a spreading tree. They had come hither to obtain civil liberty and freedom of conscience, to put into practice certain doctrines they held dearer and more precious than life itself, and even as martyrs went cheerfully to the stake rather than yield, so these noble men and women calmly and contentedly pursued their course, believing they were doing God service and fulfilling His will.

ADOPTION OF A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Not long after their arrival, the settlers at Salem held communications with the Pilgrims of New Plymouth as to their form of Church government; and after some correspondence on the subject, they decided to establish a similar organisation to that which the older colonists had already adopted. The 6th of August, 1629, was devoted to fasting and prayer, and a confession of faith, embodying Puritan principles, was drawn up and signed by many there present. Several ministers from New Plymouth attended, and after the ceremony, a pastor, a teacher, and an elder of the New Church were elected, although there were some dissentients. The fact is that, although all the colonists were Puritanically inclined, all were not separatists from the Church of England; and Dr. Cotton Mather says, in his "Ecclesiastical History of New England," that when the emigrants of 1629 were leaving their native land, their pastor, Francis Higginson, said to his company: "We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, 'Farewell Babylon! Farewell Rome!' for such they used to call her in their exaggeration of their Puritanical fervour; but we will say, 'Farewell, dear England! Farewell, the Church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there. We do not go to New England as separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it.'"

It will therefore be readily understood that dissensions soon arose, for there were those among them who determined to worship according to the old form of the Anglican Church, and ignored the new organization altogether. Unhappily the true principle of religious liberty seems to have been quite forgotten by many among them, and the Puritans themselves repeatedly violated the great law of freedom of conscience they had crossed

the seas to practise. They objected to the supremacy of the king or his archbishops in religious affairs, but they wished to substitute their own supremacy; and their bigotry in favour of their own religious forms was, unhappily, quite as great as that of Laud himself. So long as the members of the community were separatists and thought alike, or fairly alike, well and good, but directly any one showed independence of judgment they quarrelled with him, punished him, or in some cases sent him back to England. Woefully wrong though this was, we must yet remember the sufferings and persecution that had been inflicted upon them at home by the dominant Church, and we cannot wonder at their dislike to it in any form. It was not, however, from feelings of revenge that they opposed its professors in America, but because they appeared to believe that Dissent, or a very purified form of Anglicanism, was the only righteous form of religion.

PASSING OF CIVIL LAWS.

Soon after the arrival of Governor Winthrop in 1630, a number of laws were passed, all decreeing severe punishments against evil-doers. Whipping seems to have been the principal penalty inflicted. Thus we find that one man was whipped for shooting on the Sabbath day; another for striking a neighbour; another for stealing; another for uttering bad language against the court, etc., etc. This punishment was also varied by the stocks, while for criminal offences death was decreed. These severe laws were administered with the utmost impartiality, and there were careful restrictions, so that the magistrates could not impose penalties from individual malice. Thus we find that Endicot himself was fined forty shillings—a large sum in the colony in those days—for striking a man, even though he had received considerable provocation. One very important law that was passed required compensation to be given to the Indians for damages done them by the colonists.

It will thus be seen that the constitution of the Massachusetts colony was, like that at New Plymouth, essentially democratic; and although the composition of the governing body was frequently changed during the early years of its existence, yet the leading principles remained much the same. Unfortunately, as time went on, the rulers did not relax their laws against religious liberty; and Cotton Mather records the case of a man named Blaxton, who refused to join any of the colonies or towns, for he said, "As he left England because he would not be coerced by the Lord Bishops, so he left the colonies because he would not be coerced by the Lord Brethren."

Meantime, constant intercourse was kept up with the colony at New Plymouth, and the most friendly relations were maintained with the Indians, many tribes of which solicited the help of the English against their enemies; thus we find that in the autumn of 1632, Governor Winthrop and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the pastor of Boston, walked from the latter settlement to New Plymouth without suffering any molestation.

The early difficulties of both colonies were now overcome; more emigrants arrived every year; the system of electing representatives to a general assembly or parliament was adopted, and a true commonwealth began to arise out of the chaos of little colonies established by joint-stock enterprise.

About this time there were twenty little towns scattered over the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and of these Boston was regarded as the capital and the fittest for public assemblies. These towns, most of which were known by familiar English names, such as Ipswich, Dorchester, Weymouth, etc., were, of course, small and irregularly built, many of them consisting only of a few cabins made of mud and thatched with straw. Paper that had been soaked in oil and dried, served as a substitute for glass in the windows, while the smoke escaped by a hole in the roof. Others there were, more substantially built of wood, but generally speaking the dwellings were as rough as they well could be, and the furniture was as rough as the rooms. The group of buildings was enclosed in a palisade, as a protection against the attacks, not so much of Indians as of the wolves and other wild animals which infested the forests near. For the dense and tangled woods came close to the little cleared space around the villages, and lulled the settlers to sleep with their murmuring music in the still summer evenings, or kept them awake in the wild winter nights as the stormy wind moaned through their mysterious and gloomy depths.

Here and there small spaces of ground had been cleared, and, together with the plots near the houses, were being steadily cultivated, principally with corn. Kine and goats, sheep and pigs, had been imported, and had increased in large numbers. Fish had been caught, dried, and cured, and formed a staple article of export; furs and timber were also sent abroad, and formed a great source of profit to the colonies. Other trades and businesses were also established, although agricultural pursuits, hunting, and fishing formed the principal occupations of the emigrants. For food they entirely depended on the corn they raised, the animals they hunted, or the fish they caught.

For several years the colonies of New

England were increased by the further influx of Puritans from Britain, and in 1634, the colonists numbered about four thousand persons. The iron rule of Laud and Strafford caused numbers to leave their homes for the wilderness, especially as the accounts were now far more cheering, and the colony, having taken deep root, was now progressing rapidly. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, says that 21,200 Puritan emigrants left England from 1620 till the year 1640, when Laud was imprisoned, and the rule of the Long Parliament ended the persecution of the Puritans and caused the movement as a distinctive one to cease.

The work accomplished by these men during these years was enormous, and the progress of the colony truly marvellous. In 1643, they had cleared the ground for and partially built fifty towns, thirty villages, and forty chapels. Their export trade was largely increasing, not only to the mother country, but to the West Indies; while, above all, they had commenced to build their own ships, and had vessels on the stocks of over four hundred tons burthen. Other colonies on the same shores had not been equally successful. The Dutch, French, and Spanish had established settlements, and other men from England had planted, but none had achieved the success of the Puritan population of New England.

ROGER WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE NOBLEST
OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Unhappily there were blots—foul and dark blots—on the early history of the New England settlements; and amongst these we must mention the terrible law which inflicted torture and even DEATH upon any infringement of the severe code of Puritanical worship. The spirit of intolerance seemed to grow every year, and when any opposition manifested itself, it only caused the spiritual despotism to wax hotter. Roger Williams, a young Welsh preacher, one of the greatest and noblest of the Puritan emigrants, speedily detected this spirit of intolerance, and early preached against it. He denounced with all the force of his fervid eloquence the re-enactment of the very tyranny—though exhibited in a different form—which they had fled from England to escape. Roger Williams, in his enthusiasm, would tolerate all classes and all sects. He seems to have had some glimpse of the great truth that the *form* of worship is of little value so that the spirit be sincere. The preaching of this pious and gifted man seems to have been eagerly listened to by crowds of colonists, and his influence was powerful and far-reaching. The Rev. Cotton Mather says of him that "the windmill in the young Welshman's

head seemed likely to turn everything topsy-turvy in the settlement."

At last it was decided to force him back to England. But when the armed men went to the settlement where his house was situated he had fled. Like the true pioneer of progress and civilization that he was, he was forcing his way, alone and unaided, through the thick forests to the Indian settlement, bent on accomplishing alone the great object which the Pilgrims had so far failed to accomplish,—the establishment of a settlement where true religious liberty should be the ruling principle. History records fewer examples of splendid courage and resolute endurance. "For fourteen weeks," he wrote, "I was tossed in bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean," living on roots and berries. But the Indians grew so fond of him that "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his own son till his last breath."

A deed from Canonicus granted to him the whole of Rhode Island; and crossing over to it in his canoe, Williams encamped on a spot which he named "Providence," and which is now the thriving and prosperous capital of a thriving and prosperous state.

In the meantime the Narragansetts had come to terms with their enemies the Pequod Indians, and the latter urged them to break with the English. In the winter of 1636, therefore, a hasty summons was sent to Williams by the very men who had driven him forth, to come and exert his influence with the Narragansetts to prevent war. The dauntless man at once set forth, and travelling night and day through the frost-bound and snow-covered wilderness, he arrived at length at the camp of wigwams where the great Indian palaver was being held. Canonicus and Miantonomoh, chiefs of the Narragansetts, and both devoted friends of Williams, listened quietly to his earnest entreaties, but for a long time they would not yield. For three days did the devoted man plead the cause of his countrymen who had wronged him, and for three nights did he sleep calmly near the houses of the enraged Pequods. At length the Narragansetts acceded to his proposals, and decided to hold by their treaty with the English and reject the terms of the Pequods.

The latter, however, determined to attack the English alone, and two battles took place, in which the English were so successful that they struck terror into the hearts of the savages, and the colonists were unmolested for some time.

Unhappily Roger Williams was not able to influence the authorities of New England against intolerance. They were anxious to secure his eloquence on their behalf when in

trouble with the Indians, but they were not disposed to yield on points of ecclesiastical government.

Another prominent victim was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. She was a woman of peculiar doctrinal views, and the ministers soon arraigned her of heresy.

She was ultimately banished, and with her family took refuge in Rhode Island with Williams, where, indeed, a great number of New Englanders were constantly arriving. Mrs. Hutchinson, fearing she was not safe from persecution even here, escaped eventually to the Dutch settlements, when one fearful night she and her family, all but one child, were surprised and massacred by Indians.

The news of the intolerance of the Puritan governors was not long in reaching England, and certain fussy females took upon themselves to journey to the wilderness to protest against such doings, and to defy the authority of the ministers. Thus we find that one lady journeyed from London for this express purpose, and it is recorded that she received twenty stripes for her pains and was promptly sent home again. But others arrived, many of them young Quakeresses burning with lively zeal against the Puritans; and although they were banished to Rhode Island, they continued to return, until at last, in pursuance of the terrible laws of death passed against all persons of this sect, they were executed. The most prominent of these was Mary Dyar. Another of these proselytising young Friends—named Mary Fisher—subsequently sailed to Adrianople for the purpose of publicly rebuking the Sultan for his Mahommedanism. The innocent Orientals thought her mad, and treated her with the courteousness and kindness which they bestow upon all whom Allah has so terribly afflicted; whereupon Miss Fisher drew a most affecting contrast between the persecuting New Englanders and the “gentlemanly” Turks.

However much we may reprobate—and we do most strongly—the fierce intolerance of these early settlers in New England, and their forgetfulness of the wise words of Mr. Robinson and others of their leaders, yet we must remember that they only wished people who thought as they did to come to their colonies. There was plenty of room for the others to have gone elsewhere. The penal code against Quakers was well known, and all who entered the settlement entered it in gratuitous defiance of these laws; whereas, in the Old World, the persecuted people were proceeded against in their old homes. Here, many of them deliberately walked into persecution, and did their ut-

most to court a martyr's crown, when they might have easily remained in Rhode Island or have removed there when they found the existence of the penal laws.

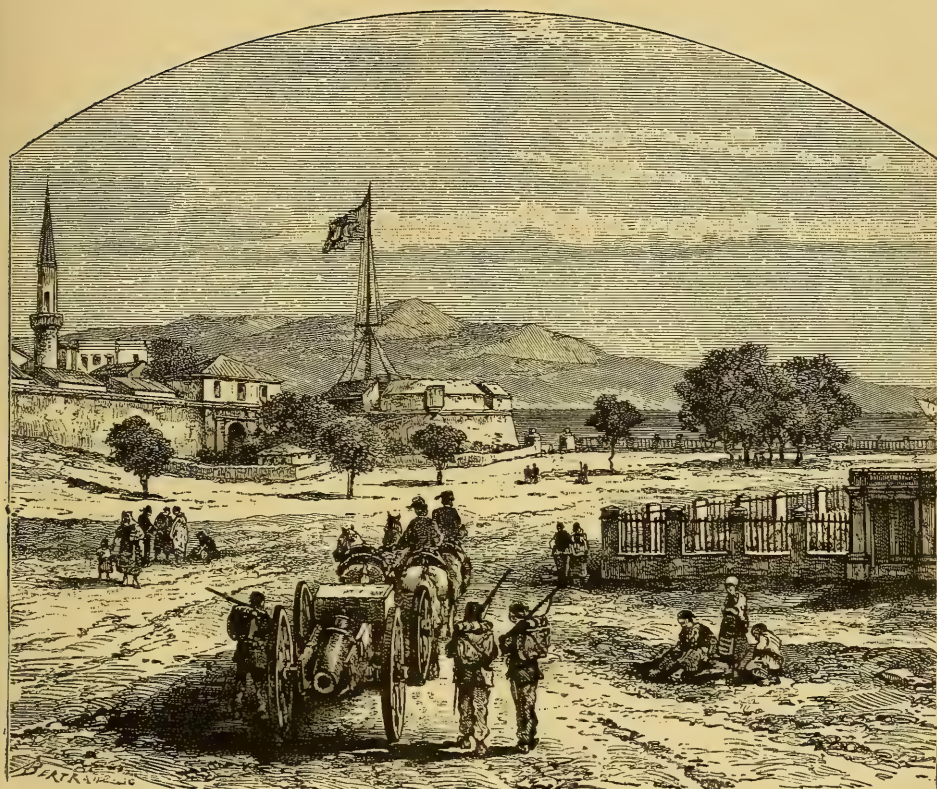
The law was however at length repealed. William Leddron was the last Quaker victim, and he was offered his life if he would leave the colony and promise never to return. But he refused to compromise, and was hanged forthwith.

And yet, we may add upon the authority of an unimpeachable witness, Roger Williams himself, that these pitiless persecutors were, in all other relations of life, the best and kindest of men. “I know they mean well,” said the benevolent Williams; “I am sure they are earnest, sincere, and naturally kind-hearted men; they verily believe they are serving God, whilst they are nevertheless doing the work of the devil.” Thus the measure of their cruelty was the fervency of their zeal.

Not less bitter was the fury of the New Englanders against witchcraft, a savage superstition brought with them from the mother country, and which lingered there in nooks and corners of the land long after it had died out in America. Both Dr. Cotton Mather and his son, who rejoiced in the curious name of Increase Mather, were fearful foes to witches; and the latter lamented sorely when common sense and the increasing love of true liberty led the New England citizens to stop the cruel persecution. The last witch-court was held at Charlestown on Feb. 17th, 1693, and all the witches then in custody were discharged.

But these internal dissensions, and wars with the savages, did not hinder the social and material progress of the New England colonies. When the first difficulties of emigration were over, the settlements rapidly increased in wealth and influence. And ever since New England may be said to have been the intellectual centre of the great Republic of the West, and to have impressed its own characteristics, to a large extent, upon the whole commonwealth. It was in New England that free schools were first established, and the slave trade was first declared a capital felony; while her people were the life of that great agitation which finally swept the foul blot from the fair face of the New World. Through a stormy and troublous dawn she has passed on to the full light of a splendid day, and many thousands of our kindred across the sea acknowledge with pardonable pride that they are the lineal descendants of those hardy English Pilgrims who made the desert wilds to blossom as the rose.

F. M. H.



FORT ON THE ISLAND OF SCIO.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO:

A STORY OF THE GREEK REVOLT AGAINST TURKEY.

"Chios, the island of renown and wealth and noble men, which shone upon the Sea of Greece like the star of morning on the gloomy sky, the fairest seat of commerce, benevolence, and learning—Chios the Blessed."

CONSTANTINE OIKONOMOS.

The Centuries of Turkish Despotism—Origin and Fierce Temper of the Revolution—The Force of Wealth and Education—Secret Societies—Invasion of Hyspialantes—The Sacred Battalion—Noble End of the Patriot Georgaki—The Flag hoisted in the Morea—A Fighting Bishop—"Death to the Turks!"—Floodshed at Patras—Massacres by Greeks—Dreadful Scenes in Constantinople—Execution of the Patriarch—A Canopy of Vultures—The "Hares" of the Aegean—First Cruise of the Greek Fleet—Timid Scio—Individual Sacrifice and National Aspiration—Why Scio did not rise—The Island overrun—The Harems and their Mastic—Despatch of a Turkish Force—The Chiot Peasant and the Samians—Wretched Rivalry of the Patriots—The Vengeance of the Turk—"Fire, Sword, Slavery"—Flight of the Samians—Dreadful Massacres, Ruin, and Universal Plunder by Asiatic Hordes—Slaughter of the Monks—The Slaves and Fugitives—Sailing of the Greek Fleet—The Vengeance of Kanaris—The Fire-ships—Fate of two thousand Turks—Navarino and the Independence of Greece.

WRONGS OF THE GREEKS.

THE scope and the method of the daring and ghastly revolution of the Greeks—when a nation only a million strong rose against a gigantic power stretching from the banks of the

Tigris to the deserts of Algeria—are unfolded in a single paragraph from the pen of the English historian of modern Greece: "In the month of April, 1821, a Mussulman population, generally of the Greek race, amounting to upwards of twenty thousand

souls, was living, dispersed in Greece, employed in agriculture. Before two months had elapsed, the greater part was slain; men, women, and children were murdered on their own hearths, without mercy or remorse. . . . The crime was a nation's crime, and whatever perturbations it might produce must be in a nation's conscience, as the deeds by which it must be expiated must be the acts of a nation." Whole Mussulman families were destroyed in hundreds of villages, and as no orthodox Christian would pollute his soul by digging a grave for an infidel, the carcasses of men, women, and children were piled up in outhouses, which were then set on fire.

The stormy dawn has broken over Greece after the long night of centuries, during which the Western World had almost lost sight of her except as a museum of classical antiquities, and heard little of her servile and decayed inhabitants but that on occasions they were butchered and sold into slavery. Travellers and official Turks, who had the foolhardiness to venture their persons and their pockets among the independent mountains, fell into the clutches of the Klephts, robbers of a far more ruthless type than the brawny Scottish black-mailer immortalized by Scott and Wordsworth; while those who were content to journey along the beaten tracks came back disgusted with the hopeless degradation of the modern Greek. They saw nothing to remind them of the ancient glory and civilization of the race whose subtle intellect had marched into the highest regions of human thought long before the coming of the Saviour and of Paul of Tarsus; whose eye and hand had shaped the finest types of strength and beauty; whose bravery had driven back the vast hordes of Eastern despots, and carried their victorious arms into the heart of Asia.

The last of the Byzantine emperors fell in an aureole of fatal glory at Constantinople, on a summer morning in the middle of the fifteenth century, amid a heap of slain; and the Greeks, then debased and enfeebled, lay during these four intervening centuries at the mercy of the Turkish sabre and tax-gatherer, under land tax, capitation tax, "angaria" or gratuitous labour on public works, occasional levies in money or in kind, quartering of soldiers, sale of produce at compulsory prices, and other forms of oppression. But the worst feature in the whole category of Turkish iniquities was the absence of all proper justice; for, as the fact has been grimly expressed in a famous novel, when the Turks cut off the wrong man's head, they found comfort in the pious reflection that, after all, it could not be helped, as it had been so destined by the will of Allah. It was true, however, that the wily

and servile Greeks had farmed the revenues and become the oppressors of the toiling masses of their own countrymen—that they too had furnished the great generals, counsellors, and governors of the sultans—that the patriarchs were base enough to purchase their lofty post as heads of the Greek Church from the emperor of the infidels, and in turn to sell the bishoprics; while the inferior clergy were poor and ignorant, and had to work as common labourers.

ORIGIN AND TEMPER OF THE REVOLUTION.

But the brains and hands belonged still to the Greek people. And when at last their commerce flourished, and they acquired wealth as carriers at sea, through the neutrality of Turkey during the Napoleonic wars, schools were planted at Smyrna, Scio, Patmos, and elsewhere; Greek boys were sent to Paris and other stirring centres of thought; Koraes and other learned men kindled the memory of the ancient wisdom and glory of the race, and the "chill, changeless brow" once again throbbled with a frantic love of liberty. Poets have arisen to make the songs of the nation, and the lads and lasses in the glens and isles sing them to their herds and playmates; Voltaire has spoken with stinging satire, the Paris clubs and the revolutions of France, Spain, Portugal, and America have infected even Greece with the epidemic; Egypt, Tunis, and Algiers have almost cut themselves adrift from the Ottoman rule; Ali Pasha, the monster of Janina, defied it even within the bounds of Greece; Russia, the mighty defender of the Greek Church, is ready to spring upon Constantinople; the Sultan has become poor and sick, it is believed, even unto death.

When a fifth of the present century had passed away, Greece had made up her mind to revolt. The military barbarians who had poured into Europe, driven by their own fiery fatalism from the coasts of Asia in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were to be knocked down like cockchafers from the cushioned divans on which they sleep and smoke, pulled from their harems, stabbed and shot in their mosques, hustled out of Wallachia, Macedonia, Greece, the Morea, and the Archipelago, and by some means or other made an end of. For Turkey, it was averred, never was, never could be, anything but a military despotism: by sword and butchery and plunder the Turks came, and by those same weapons they should be turned out. Learned professors, priests, generals, thieves, sailors, gardeners, would take up guns, scythes, pitchforks, fire-ships, daggers, and fight or assassinate them till not a Moslem man, woman, or child should

breathe the same air with the countrymen of Epaminondas, and Themistocles. The cruel tyranny of centuries cannot be extinguished with rose-water from the Balkans. Quarter there shall be none, said the patriots, to the barbarians whose only right in this famous land is that of gun and yataghan, whose fingers are all thumbs, and who, as Gibbon justly said, are only encamped, not settled, in Europe. It is simply the crusade of Greece that is proclaimed by the short and sharp cry of the uprisen country: "Peace to the Christians! Respect to the Consuls! Death to the Turks!" The revolution of Greece is the vengeance of a nation that is filled with shame, contempt, and hatred. The secret societies, which, working in silence and gloom, have scattered their active apostles over the isles and valleys of the oppressed country for several years, have determined on the principle of "burning their ships," of inaugurating the rebellion with a baptism of blood, so that retreat and a dishonourable peace shall be impossible.

Our main purpose in the present paper is to afford a sketch of one incident in this war of extermination, when the whole of the lovely and peaceful island of Scio (the ancient Chios), three times the size of the Isle of Wight, was laid waste by Asiatic savages from the one end to the other; five and twenty thousand men, women, and children butchered, and perhaps twice that number dragged into slavery. Many are the tragic convulsions, by war and plague and earthquake, that have run through it since the birth of Homer, "the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle," since the grand battue of its inhabitants by the Persians in the fifth century before Christ; but none was ever so appalling as the massacre of 1822, which sent a shudder through the whole of Europe, and called forth the invincible sympathy of the civilized Powers. The horrific episode is known in Chian annals as "The Catastrophe." Our story of the massacre will serve to show the uncompromising nature of the six years' struggle, and that Greece could only rise by deeds of superhuman daring, and by huge holocausts on the altar of liberty, from the abyss into which she had sunk by centuries of slavery.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH; THE SACRED BATTALION; NOBLE END OF GEORGAKI.

The first torch of insurrection was thrown into the Turkish empire, when, on the 6th of March, 1821, attended only by his two brothers and eight other companions, Prince Alexander Hypsilantes, a Russian officer and the son of a former Greek governor of Wallachia, crossed the river Pruth, which separated the empire of the white Czar from that of the dark and

savage despot, Sultan Mahmoud. He had been chosen by the secret societies to carry out the scheme at which they had been plotting for several years; but the election was in many ways the very worst possible, and his attempt quickly and naturally ended as a miserable *fiasco*. He issued a manifesto, plainly hinting that the movement was backed by Russia, under the expectation that with this promise the subject peoples would at once hasten to his standard; but the Czar soon swept away this ground of hope by the most emphatic denial, at the same time striking the name of Hypsilantes from the list of Russian officers. The aged patriarch of the Greek Church hurled his anathema at the rebels,—a terrible blow, for the people were most intensely devoted to their religion. The prince, however, kept the field, although he had but little artillery, in spite of the collections made by the "apostles," as the secret agents were designated; officers too, some brave, some treacherous, rallied round him in Moldavia, far north of Greece; but he was without any of the virtues or accomplishments of a soldier, a leader, a hero, or a martyr. He chilled the willing nobles with his obtrusive and repressing vanity and haughtiness; he aped at royal dignity, and indulged in the light pleasures of the play instead of preparing for the grim tragedies of the battle-field. He adorned his brief career with two massacres of Mussulmans: in one of these, at Yassy, fifty prisoners who had surrendered on assurance of their life were put to death in cold blood; he boasted of the other at Galatz, and raised the murderer to the rank of general. The dilatory Turks came face to face with him in May; and after some wretched blunders by himself and the drunken Caravia, he retreated to the Austrian border, was arrested, and shut up in a noisome Hungarian castle, where he pined away till 1827, shortly after which this contemptible liar and mountebank patriot expired in the gay city of Vienna.

But the brief campaign was not closed without leaving behind it traces of a true and incorruptible love of country. Greece will not readily forget the bravery of the Sacred Battalion, consisting of a thousand of the flower of her cultured youth, whose determination to do or die was symbolized by their black dress and the death's-head on their caps: only a hundred of them survived the carnage, and, shoeless and almost naked, succeeded in buying the privilege of crossing the Austrian frontier. Nor must the name of Captain Georgaki, proud only that he was a native of Olympus, pass unnoticed. His modesty and sublime courage were well fitted to inaugurate the freedom of a noble race. The wretched weakness of his health could

not prevent him from straining every nerve to rouse the people to the conflict. After many marvellous escapes he was surrounded with a few followers in the monastery of Seko. For nearly two days he defended himself with gallantry, thrice declining the offer of the Ottoman general to depart unmolested, and at last, seeing that escape was hopeless, he called his followers together and addressed them in the style of the bravest days of ancient Greece: "Brothers, in our present circumstances, a glorious death is all we ought to wish for, and I trust there is no one here base enough to regret his life. Let us imitate those true Greeks, our comrades, whose dead bodies are stretched on the fields of Dragashan and Skuleni, and whose blood yet cries for vengeance. If we die like them, perhaps on some future day our countrymen will gather up our bones and transport them to the classic land of our forefathers!" Then, according to one version of his mysterious end, having observed that a number of the soldiers were anxious for surrender, he retired to the belfry, and, after a short prayer, blew himself and four companions into the air. Thus tragically closed, on the 26th of August, the rebellion of the Greeks beyond the Danube.

BETTER SUCCESS IN THE MOREA; FEARFUL MASSACRES BY THE GREEKS.

It was hard to rouse the slothful Turks to think other than contemptuously of Greek courage, and, in spite of plain warning, they delayed all steps for the prevention of rebellion in the south of Greece until their power had almost collapsed to the crack of doom. Far away down in the Morea and in the brisk commercial isles the secret societies were strong and active; and there even the lower classes were on the *qui vive* for some impending shock; their nerves were strung up by the mysterious hints of the apostles, by the visions of the hermit monks, and by the news of the war in the Epirus under the ferocious lion of Janina. North of the Gulf of Corinth the people were also rendered doubly wretched by the constant march of troops against the old rebel, Ali Pasha, and all through the winter there ran along the coast and among the mountains a feverish rumour that a Russian fleet was coming into the Mediterranean to thrust the Turks for ever out of the country. In the early spring of 1821 the provincial divan (or council) of Tripolitza, the capital of the Morea, crept out of its shell. It imposed a double poll-tax for that year, issued a proclamation for disarming the rayahs (or non-Mussulmans), and summoned the leading clergy on the pretence of taking counsel as to the condition of the country. Several

bishops were tame or foolish enough to put their heads into this Tripolitza trap.

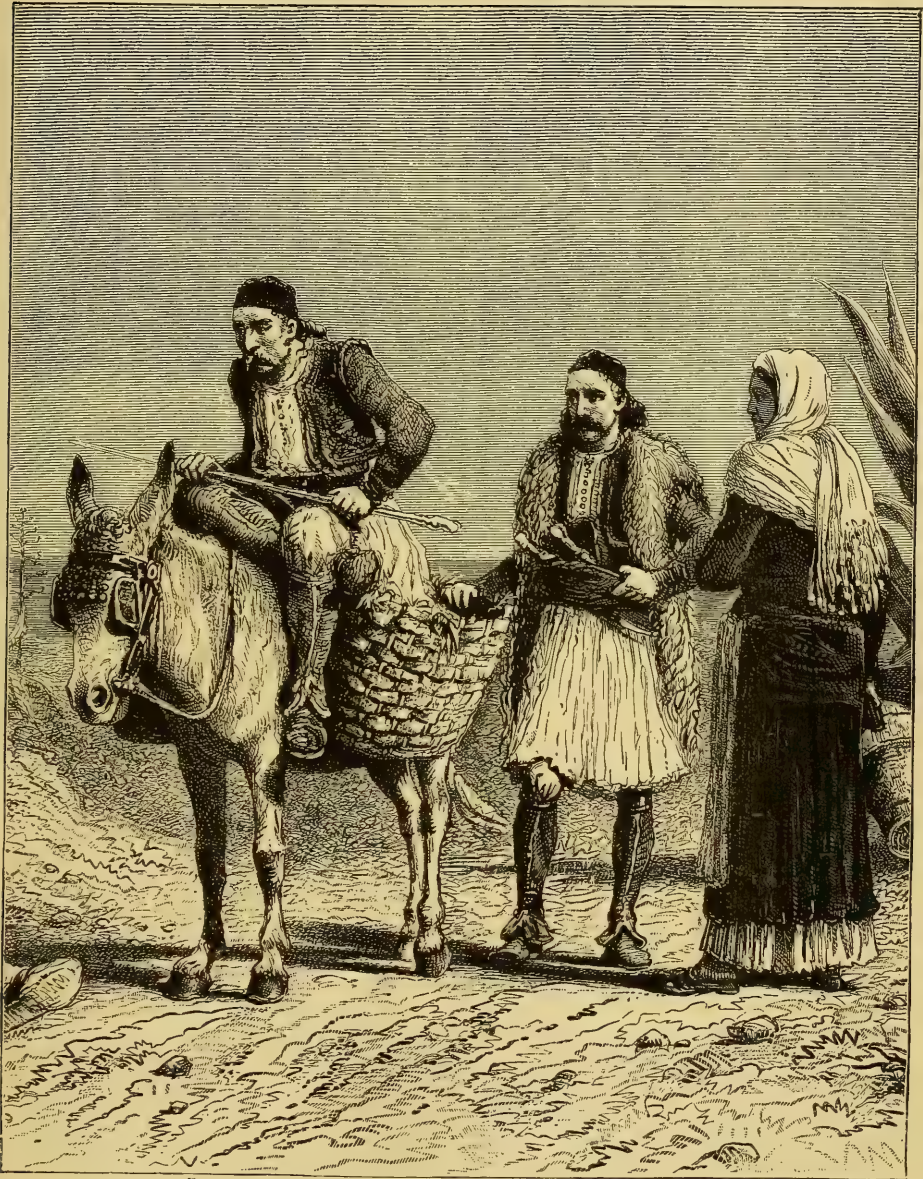
On the night of the 18th of March, Germanos, archbishop of Patras, the chief commercial town of the Morea, and a hot-bed of Russian intrigue, situated in a lovely valley by the sea at the foot of lofty hills, turned his face eastward along the road to Tripolitza. But he did not travel far in that direction. In a fortnight he raised the standard of the Cross in the little town of Kalavryta, high up among the mountains on the way from Patras. Already the first blows had been struck: tax-gatherers and a military party had been murdered, and an aga (or noble) had been robbed of his treasures, escaping with difficulty to the capital. On the 3rd of April a large number of Mussulmans were driven into Kalavryta, besieged, murdered, or carried off as slaves. The news travelled quickly down to Patras, and within two days the balls of the Turkish soldiers in the fortress were whizzing amid the burning houses; old men, women, and children fled from the flames, which a high wind drove furiously after them; Greeks and Turks stabbed each other among the smoking ruins without a thought of mercy. The primates, or headmen, of Vostitza, which lay to the east along the shore of the Gulf of Corinth, marched into Patras with five Mussulman heads borne before them as trophies; and on the 6th—the day on which the secret society at Vostitza had fixed for proclaiming the insurrection throughout all Greece—the valiant archbishop came down to Patras from his mountain perch, the monks and clergy in the front chanting psalms, followed by thousands of peasants with guns, slings, clubs, daggers stuck on poles, all rendered courageous by the faith that every man who fell against the infidel should gain the crown of martyrdom. The crucifix was planted in the great square, Grecian banners floated from the mosques, the proclamation of "Peace to the Christians! Respect to the Consuls! Death to the Turks!" was issued, and within a week from the unfurling of the flag in the mountain village a Greek senate was assembled at Calamita, on the southern shore of the Morea. Its president was no less a man than the Bey of Maina, a wild district that had never been subdued, and he had brought down with him a still more famous warrior, Theodore Colocotronis. The latter was a large and powerful man, cunning, but with an air of persuasive frankness; from his big head there waved a wealth of black hair; his intellect was keen, and his heart as hard as the nether millstone; he was now fifty years of age, and for twenty-seven of these he had pursued the career of a notorious and murderous brigand. He recited the stories of his butcheries with glee. Yet he and his

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.

klephts did valuable, if sometimes atrocious, service in the cause of Greek independence.

Within three months the rebels were masters of the whole of Greece south of

some of the fearful massacres perpetrated by the Christians. Vrachori, the most important town of western Greece (north of the Straits), had a population of 500 Mus-



SCIO TE PEASANTS DRIVEN AWAY BY THE APPROACH OF THE TURKS.

the famous battle-field of Thermopylæ, but most of the fortresses remained for some time in Turkish hands. We shall here move forward a little out of the order of our narrative, with a view of mentioning

sulman families, with 600 Christians, and 200 Jews. It was besieged by 4,000 *armatoli*, or Christian militia, formerly employed by the Porte to keep order in their respective districts,—warriors who were inured to the

severest hardships, and were accustomed to sleep on the ground in all weathers with no other protection than their shaggy cloaks. The Turks and Jews laid down their arms under a promise of safety, but, in spite of this, they were all immediately murdered by the ferocious mountaineers under circumstances of the most shocking cruelty, only a few of the richer being let off unscathed.

The town of Navarino was starved into capitulation on the 19th of August; and on the surrender of all the public and private property, except wearing apparel and household furniture, the Greeks undertook to convey the inhabitants to Egypt or Tunis. A dispute having arisen on the delicate subject of searching the women for concealed valuables, every single human being that had not yet gone on board was put to death with the most ruthless barbarism: women, bleeding from the cuts of sabres, or stripped of their very clothing, ran into the sea to hide themselves, and were shot down; children of the age of three or four years were tossed into the waves, and tender infants were torn from the maternal bosom and dashed against the rocks.

During the sack of Tripolitza at the beginning of October, women and children were in many cases tortured before being put to death; but still greater fiendishness—perhaps the deepest stain on Greece during the whole period of the revolution—was shown when, after the city had been occupied by the Greeks for two entire days, two thousand men, women, and children were led out to a neighbouring ravine and murdered in cold blood. One writer declares that years after the event he saw the unburied bones of the massacred victims lying in the hollow, bleached by the winter rains and summer suns. No wonder that Raybaud and other friends of Greece hung their heads in shame and sorrow!

DREADFUL REPRISALS AT CONSTANTINOPLE; EXECUTION OF THE PATRIARCH; CANOPY OF VULTURES.

It was not the Greeks alone, however, who built up this barrier of blood; for if we cast our eyes back to the beginning of April, we shall witness in the streets of the capital of "the butcher," Sultan Mahmoud, scenes that far eclipse in magnitude and reckless atrocity the horrors enacted by the fierce klephts and armatoli. The melancholy Sultan, who is credited with having at one time seriously contemplated the extermination of every single Greek in his dominions,—the financial loss probably alone prevented him from the attempt,—no sooner learned of the appearance of Hyspantes in Moldavia, than he appealed to the religion and loyalty of the faithful, and called on every Mussulman to

provide himself with arms. It was simply a Holy War that was announced between the Cross and the Crescent. In consequence of this proclamation a hundred thousand armed Turks, not only men of mature years, but mere ignorant children of the "tender" age of ten, were let loose into the streets of Constantinople like a host of demons to murder and mutilate the Greeks, who could not venture from their homes for food except at the risk of perishing by the long daggers of the desperadoes. But Turkish justice was, if possible, more fiendish than Turkish lawlessness. When the news reached Constantinople that hundreds of Mussulmans were being murdered in Greece, the Sultan gave orders to Benderli Ali, the Grand Vizier, to seize the leading Greek officials and execute them as hostages. On the 16th of April, Constantine Murusi, the first dragoman (or interpreter) of the Porte, was beheaded in his official dress. Other dignitaries met with the same fate; but there was one especial blow struck at the Greek Church, which sent a thrill of horror through millions, from the hills of Greece to the banks of the Neva, and placed the topmost layer on the barrier of blood.

On Easter Sunday, 22nd of April, 1821, an unusually large crowd of wretched Greeks assembled in the cathedral of the Phanar to witness the most solemn ceremony of high mass, and to hear from the lips of the venerable head of their Church the sacred salutation, "Christ is arisen!" which had for them a peculiar and deep significance in those weeks of agony, fear, and slaughter. Doubtless the patriarch conceived himself secure, for he had issued a pastoral condemning the revolution and its supporters; but to the horror of the worshippers, just as he had uttered the words of benediction, a party of tchaouses entered, and seized him under an imperial warrant. A janissary, who had been appointed to guard his person, and had acquired a deep reverence for the aged prelate, rushed forward to defend him, and was stabbed by the yataghan of an associate. The three officiating bishops and his two chaplains were led with him to execution. "The patriarch was hanged on the doorway of his palace, and left to struggle in his robes with the agony of death. His person," wrote a member of the British Embassy, "attenuated by abstinence and emaciated by age, had not weight sufficient to cause immediate death. He continued for a long time in pain, which no friendly hand dared to abridge, and the darkness of night came on before the last convulsions were over." His lifeless body, dragged by Jews through the streets of the Greek quarter, and tossed into the harbour, was shortly after cast up on the shore, and interred with due solemnity in the island

of Corfu ; but the memory of this horrid insult to their religion rankled in the breast of every Christian Greek, and the name of the murdered Gregorios became a vengeful war-cry in the fierce struggles of the revolution.

Foreign residents of Constantinople witnessed in the streets of the capital and the neighbouring cities scenes of horror that surpass conception or description. These places were for several weeks in anarchy and at the mercy of murderous mobs ; every day the bodies of fresh victims were seen hanging on walls and doors, headless trunks were trampled in the streets, vultures and other birds of prey gathered overhead and covered the capital like a canopy, ravenous dogs prowled by night, uttering dismal howls and fighting for possession of the trunks and skulls of hapless Greeks. We must leave to imagination the fearful agonies of women, many of the most refined tastes, whose husbands, fathers, and sons were dragged to prison, torture, and death, who were themselves reduced to absolute starvation, and lived in sickening suspense lest still more dreadful and unnamable outrages should be inflicted, if the brutal passions of the Turkish mobs were suffered longer to continue unrestrained. Where were the representatives of the civilized Powers of Europe ? What was done to put an end to this abominable anarchy ? To our shame be it said, that the Russian ambassador proposed the despatch of a combined European fleet to protect the Christians, but that the English ambassador objected to this procedure, and the Powers satisfied themselves with a remonstrance ! Of course this was a necessary piece of statesmanship ! And so poor Greece must wade her own solitary way through seas of blood. Perhaps it was best that it should be so ; for intervention at this early stage might only have thrown her down again, under certain limitations, beneath the detested domination of the Crescent.

The conflict proceeded ; and on the 1st of January, 1822, the independence of Greece was proclaimed. Its first president was Alexander Mavrocordatos, a Phanariot of Scioite origin. He was a little man with a fine, massive head, set off with a profusion of jet-black hair ; he had large and sparkling eyes, with bushy eye-brows, and immense whiskers and mustachios. He wore an air of goodness, but lacked dignity, not in dress only but in mien ; and his character had one prime and fatal fault which prevented him from being a splendid leader,—he was without decision. Indeed, in all the period of struggle, Greece had not one central and commanding spirit. Meanwhile thousands of pairs of ears were sent to the Sultan from different parts of the revolted country, and

piled up as ghastly trophies before the gate of the seraglio.

THE ISLAND HARES ; THEIR IMPORTANCE IN THE STRUGGLE.

The Turks were in the habit of showing their contempt for the Greek inhabitants of the Archipelago by bestowing on them the nickname of “hares” ; and to some of the islands the epithet was not ill applied. But however true it might be that many were more adapted by nature for the timid occupations of the kitchen, the nursery, and the garden than for the arts of cruel warfare and selfish diplomacy, on which alone the Ottoman sets any value, the fact turned out to be that the fabric of Greek independence was to find its surest materials on some of these same barren, mountainous, and, it was fondly believed by the jesting tax-gatherer, timid isles. With the exception of Samos, none of the little rocks which came to the forefront as glorious stars on the forehead of new Greece had even the slightest importance in the annals of ancient Hellas. You will search in vain through the pages of old Lemprière for one decorative gleam of light on the rocks of Spetzia, Hydra, and Psara. They had no history. They had sprung up from the depths of the sea, as it were, quite recently. During the eighteenth century the Sultans, in order to give a fillip to native commerce, very kindly—fatally to their own power after the lapse of a century—relieved the three rocky islets above mentioned, along with that of Kasos, and the two barren promontories of Trikeri and Galaxhidi, from the heavy blight of taxation that destroyed the vigour of the empire ; and during the period when the noisy and imperious Frenchmen were playing the part of Ishmael against the whole of Europe, these little rocks became the outlets of Greek enterprise, acquiring very considerable wealth as traders, especially in carrying grain between the Black Sea and the south of Europe. They administered their own affairs, almost like independent republics. It must be noted, however, that the merchants and sailors of Hydra and Spetzia, off the coast of Argolis, were not Greeks but Albanians, races quite as distant and distinct from each other in origin and character as are the Welsh and English. The Albanian is proud and turbulent, but truthful and honest ; the Greek is more intellectual, but crafty to his finger-tips. Hydra, with her four thousand families, was the wealthiest and most populous ; her merchants, such as the Condurioti, had amassed great sums, and their ships were ungrudgingly placed at the disposal of revolutionary Greece. When Hydra, Spetzia, and Psara showed the national colours at the mast-head in

the spring of 1821, they had respectively 115, 60, and 40 ships over 100 tons burden. The most brilliant deeds of the fierce war of vengeance were to be accomplished by the money, the men, and the vessels of these traders whom the Turk ridiculed as coward conies, and from them there was destined to arise one glorious figure, who seemed to the Ottoman a demon wrapped in flames of fire, yet who was after all but a pious, poor, and simple sailor of the rock of Psara. Constantine Kanaris, the Garibaldi of Greece, and Andrew Miaoulis, his fellow Psariot, admiral of the Greek fleet, stand out conspicuously by their simple honesty and unsullied patriotism more than by their bravery, from the herd of unscrupulous, murderous, plundering, ambitious phanariots, primates, captains, and robber-chiefs who fought with Turkey, quarrelled with each other, and gave the Western World a very sorry impression of the latter-day Greek and of his fitness for independence.

FIRST CRUISE OF THE GREEK FLEET; VISIT TO THE ISLE OF SCIO.

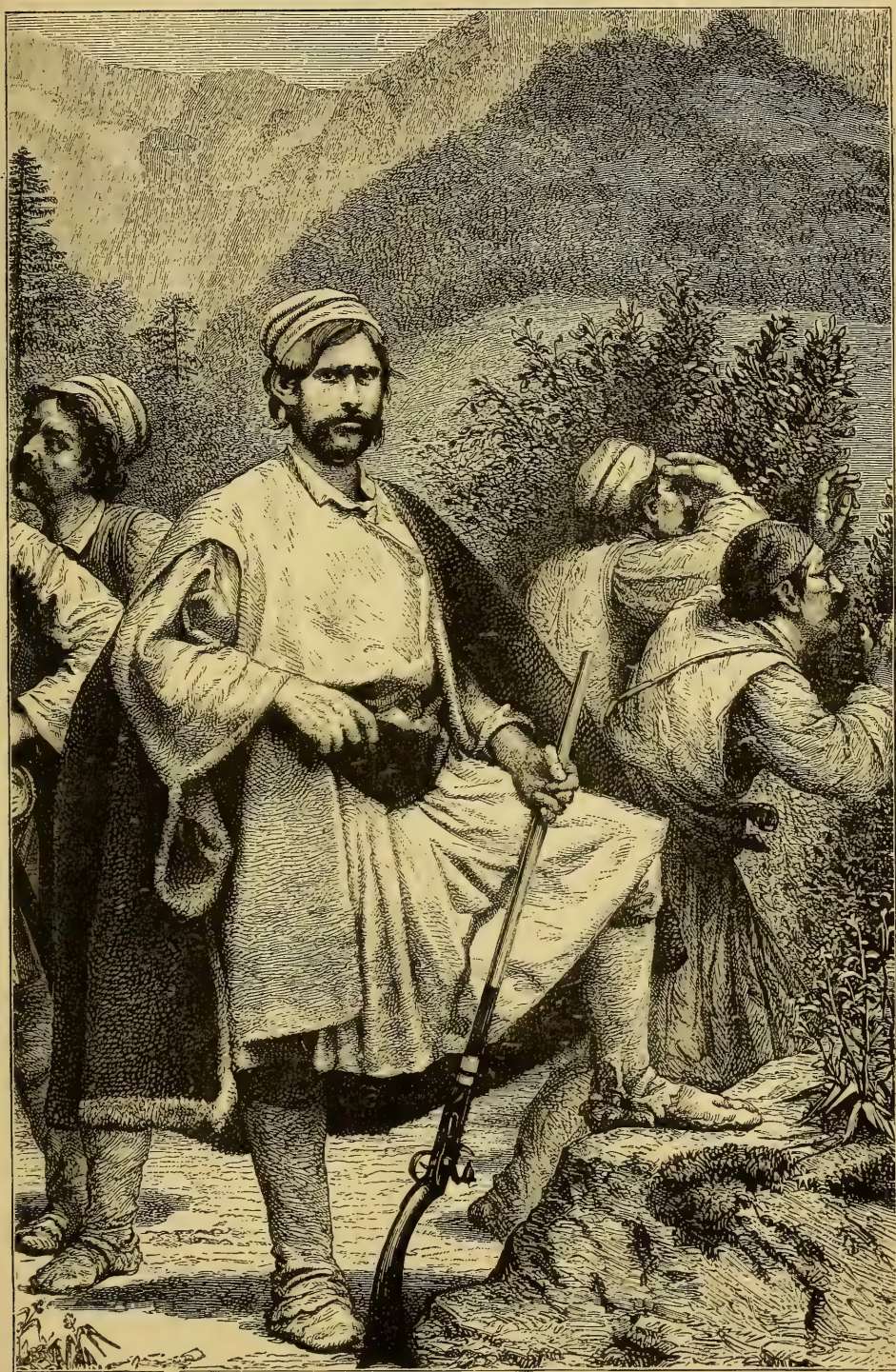
With all haste the isles transformed their merchant vessels into ships of war; and early in the spring of 1821, a little fleet of over twenty vessels was ready to sail forth on its first cruise, under the command of James Tombazes, one of the primates of the rock of Hydra, and the only man in that enterprising centre who was not suspicious and positively rude to strangers. Its original destination was the coast of the Epirus, where the Ottoman fleet was then cruising. Had it proceeded there, as was intended, the ill-manned Turkish vessels would have fallen into its grasp as a heap of dead logs, and the spirits of the western Greeks would have been roused. But when it was on the eve of departure, there arrived at Hydra a native of the Isle of Scio, named Neophytos Vambas. He was a man whose opinion and advice could not well be despised at such a critical moment; he had spent years of his life in France, and, though in feeble health, had shown himself a true patriot by renouncing his peaceful and scholarly life as head of the famous college in his native island for the noise of camps, the hardships of the battle-field, and the spectacle of carnage. He afterwards acted as chief secretary of Demetrius Hypsilantes (who was leader of the insurrection during his brother's captivity), and did high service to his country in later years as a teacher, by cultivating the moral feelings as well as the intellect of his distinguished pupils. But Vambas was too much of a doctrinaire to be a sound political adviser. By his counsel Tombazes made Scio instead of the Epirus the destination of the fleet.

The particulars of this cruise, which was

projected with the commendable object of stirring up Scio and other large and wealthy islands to declare for the revolution, form an interesting narrative, but a very sad one, in view of its complete failure, of the horrible deeds committed by the fleet, of the still more horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Turks under the name of vengeance, and of the selfish rapacity of the patriots which was displayed in quarrels over the division of the spoil, and the unpatriotic separation of several of the ships to act as privateers on their own account. It is true that now for the first time fire-ships, of which we shall have more to say by-and-by, were used with deadly effect on a Turkish ship of the line, compelling her companions to fly in terror to the shelter of the Dardanelles; but, on the other hand, such a dark deed as that enacted by the Hydriot brigs on a richly-laden Turkish vessel, when ladies of rank, beautiful slaves, infant children, and helpless old men, were all butchered in cold blood, was impolitic and selfish, to say the least, for it gave a colour of justice to such easy and awful reprisals as that taken on the flourishing young city of Kydonies on the Asiatic coast, which contained thirty thousand Greeks within itself and the surrounding villages. A general massacre took place, and droves of innocent and industrious Greeks, when the barbarous thirst for blood was sated, were led away to stock for months the slave-markets of Smyrna, Brusa, and Constantinople.

On the 9th of May the Greek fleet cast anchor at Pasha Fountain, a bay situated a little to the north of the town of Chios or Castro, on the eastern side of the island, and secret agents were sent ashore to proceed through the villages with proclamations, appealing to the people to throw off the Turkish yoke and avenge the death of the patriarch Gregorios. The moment was well chosen, for the castle which commanded the port of Chios was in a bad state of repair and held by a feeble garrison. The town itself had a population of thirty thousand, that might easily have crushed the keepers of the citadel. The handful of Turks were thrown into a state of consternation. "Are you not," said they in alarm to the Greek natives, "the happiest Christian subjects of the Sultan? Remain tranquil in the midst of this general conflagration: if your brothers are conquerors, we shall be 'rayas' in our turn; if the Crescent triumphs, you will not have to suffer the consequences of a revolt to which you will be strangers." The emissaries of the Greek invaders were seized; the "primates" of Scio were afraid to compromise themselves in the eyes of their Turkish masters, and beseeched the navy to depart, entertaining, however, an inward reserve in favour of the patriotic cause. Tombazes, afraid that his presence might

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.



AN AMBUSCADE OF SCIOTES WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TURKISH ARMY.

provoke a rigorous treatment of the inhabitants, abandoned the main purpose of his cruise and sailed off into other waters. Such was the first voyage of the fleet that had set forth with the grand idea of repeating the ancient glory of Salamis.

THE PARADISE OF GREECE; WHY THE HARES OF SCIO DID NOT RISE.

The question is interesting, how this important island, with a Greek population of the purest blood amounting to perhaps more than one hundred thousand persons, refused to enter the alliance and break from the barbarous despotism of the Turks. The Sciotes were the most flourishing community of Greeks under the Ottoman sway; their rich merchants had houses established in all the great cities of the Levant and Europe, in England, Amsterdam, Marseilles, Leghorn, Trieste, Malta, Alexandria, Moscow, Taganrog, Odessa, Vienna, Constantinople, and in many Asiatic towns, such as Beyrout and Smyrna, the whole cloth-trade of this last city being in their hands. Their culture was the foremost; they could boast of the first Greek scholar of the day, Koræes, whose "sublime apostolate," carried on in France, sought to regenerate his country by presenting the purest models of the ancient tongue, —striving to arouse at once an equal love of knowledge and of liberty,—and whose eloquent exposition of the state of Greece in 1813 first opened the eyes of Western scholars to the fact that it was something more than a museum; and since the year 1792 they had possessed a handsome college, where at this time five hundred pupils of the island and two hundred from abroad received the advantage of a free education. Travellers, like our own Chandler, represented the hilly Scio as a sort of fairyland. The town was filled with splendid structures of white marble, and surrounded with mansions embowered in gardens that were fragrant in spring-tide with oranges and citrons and the rarest flowers, and were enlivened with the songs of nightingales; the honey of Scio rivalled that of Hybla and Hymettus; the slopes were dotted with villages, vineyards, pomegranates, olives, and other fruit-trees; and the mastic tree flourished in the south-west, yielding the delicious gum so pleasant to the palates of the ladies of the East and of the Sultan's harem. The fragrance of the balmy island was felt miles off at sea. Its women, luscious Ionian Greeks of unadulterated type, were as lovely, says Bulwer (not the novelist), "as God or even Sir Godfrey Kneller could have made them." If there were any spot of Greece that could and should have given effective aid and European sympathy to the revolution against Turkish tyranny, it was the isle of Scio. And at this moment the whole troops

in command of the island were the seven or eight hundred frightened janissaries in the old citadel that had been built by the Genoese while masters of the island, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century; the fortifications were sadly ruined, and most of the guns were without carriages. There was a proverb which asserted that it was as rare to find a green horse as a prudent Sciote. Unfortunately this referred to the reckless gaiety, not the patriotic instincts, of the citizens.

Finlay and others have stood up for the policy of the Sciotes. There were thousands of its natives engaged in business or as gardeners in Turkish towns like Smyrna and Constantinople, so that a large amount of human life as well as wealth was involved in the insurrection of the island. Their hands were tied by the bonds of commerce far more firmly than those of any other spot of Greece. To take up arms against a foe whose hands were deep in your pockets, and whose sabre hung over the necks of your absent fathers and sons, was a resolve that would make the heart of the stoutest patriot tremble and his face grow pale. There was this further fact, that the despotism of Scio was of an extremely mild type. The inhabitants were to all intents and purposes independent. Their prosperity was greatly due to the circumstance that the island had lived under the gentle sway of several successive sultanas. Every year the town of Chios chose its own five native demogeronts, who held almost complete control.

True enough all this. And we shall add that at the outbreak of the revolution the aim of the Greeks was not so much to erect an independent nation as to sweep away the Turks. The movement was to a large extent of an ecclesiastical character. Hypsilantes, and thousands of others, had no higher aspiration than to transfer Greece from the heel of the Sultan to that of the Emperor of Russia, the chief patron of the Eastern Church. But this argument breaks down after the proclamation of independence on the 1st day of January, 1822. The spring and summer of that year will tell a horrid tale and teach a great political lesson. "The more far-sighted and consistent friend of liberty," says an anonymous writer, "will recognise in this case one of those instances, of rare occurrence, in which the duty of the citizen is to sacrifice his property, his tranquillity, the security of his family, in pursuit of a good, abstract and remote as far as his own enjoyments are concerned, for the pure and unmixed love of his country. And such policy is in truth the safest, as a thousand instances have proved, no less than the manliest. Had the Sciotes taken the national side, and fortified their island in co-operation with their Samian neighbours, they, with

wealth and population such as theirs, were secured almost against the remotest contingency of capture from the wild and desultory efforts of the Ottomans." We shall only seek to enforce this by remarking that the Sciotes were so deeply distrusted by patriotic Greeks that they were at first excluded from becoming members of the secret society known as the *Philikè Hetairia*. They were the true "hares" of the Turkish tax-gatherers. They were doomed to be worried as excellent game by the wild dogs of Constantinople and Asia.

ARREST OF LEADING CITIZENS; THE ISLAND OVERRUN BY AN ASIATIC HORDE.

Immediately on the departure of the fleet, the musselim, or governor of the island, gave orders for the disarming of the Christians, strengthened the fortifications, and sent to the divan at Constantinople for military stores. He summoned the mesas, or council of demogeronts, and, in spite of their distinct aversion from rebellion, shut them up in the citadel as hostages of peace, along with the archbishop and thirty men, heads of the leading families of the town, who were invited or forced into the fortress under the pretence of taking counsel on the situation. The archbishop was never allowed to pass from the safe distance of the citadel, but the others were permitted to exchange the insufferable confinement of their gaols for that of a Turkish coffee-house, where they occupied together one large room with thick walls, almost subterranean in aspect, and cheered by a very small portion of the bright Chian sunshine. In a few days the number was increased to forty-six, and, besides these, twelve leading men were brought down from the chief mastic villages to share their prison. After a time thirty-two other citizens entered as hostages, an equal number being permitted to go out on business for a month; this monthly alternation of prisoners continued until the destruction of the island. Even in the worst sickness no one was permitted to enjoy the affectionate care and comforts of his home, and, in consequence of this treatment, two of the hostages died during their incarceration. Another was shot by way of amusement by the pistol of a savage soldier. As if these precautions were not sufficient, three of the most prominent Sciotes were sent as prisoners to Constantinople, and confined in the horrible dungeon of the Bostangi Bashi (or police minister), which had a terrible reputation for the marvellous severity of the tortures there inflicted in the name of justice. Murders were of daily occurrence in Scio, the markets were opened only by order, and the people were continually kept in terror by red-handed violence.

A wild horde of armed Asiatics, a thousand in number, soon arrived in the island,

attracted by the wealth and helplessness of its inhabitants. Not a day passed without some fresh tale of murder, plunder, and such foul crimes as were sufficient to rouse the spirit of the tamest and make the blood run cold. People scarcely dared to move along the streets, or even show their faces at the windows. The leading Turks were also alarmed by their presence; neither the command of the Sultan himself, nor the efforts at restraint made by day and night by the musselim and his few soldiers, had any effect on the plundering savages. Commerce was at a standstill; the ships which were accustomed to supply the town with provisions did not appear, and the dread of famine laid the copestone on the woes and despair of the unhappy people. The threatened outburst of an insurrection was only driven off by the generosity of the demogeronts, who supplied the wants of the starving poor. At last, under the pressure of the Sciote merchants in Constantinople, a force of eleven hundred soldiers was despatched under the command of Vehid Pasha; the horde of Asiatics was controlled and dispersed, and the people again breathed freely. But the island had only changed the ravages of bandits for the stern exactions of a military despotism. Vehid imposed a tax of 34,000 piastres monthly for the maintenance of his troops, laid his hands on 4,000 centals of grain that had been stored up by the demogeronts for the use of the inhabitants; the goods in the markets were seized by the brutal soldiers, who then sold them on their own account; the poor *misérables* in town and country were compelled to work at the trenches of the citadel without pay, spurred to energy by the application of the bastinado.

INVASION BY THE SAMIANS; BLUNDER AND DISGRACE.

In the month of November 1821, shortly after the conquest and horrible carnage of Tripolitza, a Sciote peasant from the village of Vrondado, named Antonaki Bournia, who had served in Egypt under Napoleon, presented himself before Demetrius Hypsilantes with a fantastic scheme for the redemption of Scio, asking authority and means for raising and completing the insurrection in that island. The Greek leaders—Vambas, the Sciote who had instigated the invasion of Tombazes' fleet, among the number—not discovering in him any special capacity for such an enterprize, or that he had any great influence among his co-patriots, rejected his proposal. They were reluctant to compromise an immense population of unwarlike tastes, and they thought it best that the island, lying only a few miles from the herds of the Asiatic continent, should hold its choice in reserve until the issue of the bloody struggle was

decided. But the unlettered peasant—what the French call a *mauvais sujet*—had a strong determination and lust for fame, if he was destitute of genius or character. In spite of his cold reception from Hypsilantes, he betook himself to the brave historic island of Samos, affiliated himself with four other Sciote adventurers who had fled as bankrupts from the bazaars of Smyrna, and secured the active service of the Samian adventurer, Lycurgus Logothetes, a physician by profession, and the accepted dictator of his native island. The attack was concerted with an enthusiasm that amounted to impatience: there was nothing so easy as to master Scio. The island would surrender with the willingness of a loving maiden. Their victory would be as simple to record as that described by Cæsar—*Veni, vidi, vici*; they dreamed of nothing but the expulsion of the Turks and the chastisement of the primates who had refused to join in the national struggle. The leading Sciotes and Psarians, however, were opposed to the project of an invasion.*

Suddenly there spread through Scio a rumour that the men of Samos were arming for the “deliverance” of that island; the most responsible inhabitants were thrown into consternation, which was aggravated by the fact that it was now the mastic season; the archbishop and demogeronts instantly despatched agents through the villages to warn them against raising a hand in favour of the conspirators, and a deputy was sent off to Samos to investigate the truth of the report. But the fact was only too certain long before the possibility of his return. On the evening of Saturday, 22nd of March (or at break of day on Sunday), a flotilla of forty to fifty boats, with about two thousand five hundred men, under the joint command of the Samian dictator and the whilom captain of the Chasseurs d’Orient, landed at the Bay of St. Helen, a few miles south of the port of Scio. A Turkish force of five or six hundred men was sent to oppose the advance of the Samians, but retreated in haste with great loss; four thousand other Turkish inhabitants fled into the citadel along with the hostages, victuals, and ammunition. Soon the van of the invading army was seen on the heights of Turlotti above the town, and a little firing of their cannon was directed without effect at the citadel, serving no other

purpose than to waken up the country people to the fact that something unusual was going on. Signals waving on the mountains announced the arrival of the liberators, who soon marched into the town with a host of twenty thousand peasants, armed with bludgeons, fusils, picks, sickles, spits, and pitchforks. “Popes,” or priests, advanced in front of the regiments, bearing the banner of the Cross, and the frantic, motley crowds raised the shout of “Liberty!”

The Greek inhabitants of the town did not welcome the disturbers of their peace. At first they shut themselves up in their dwellings, but in the course of the afternoon they thought it prudent to raise a feeble cheer as the Christian standards were borne past through the streets. All night long there were illuminations. A large number of priests, clothed in their sacred habits, moved about among the excited crowds, bearing crosses and waving incense; the intonation of sacred hymns mingled with the music of patriotic songs. During the nineteen days of occupation by the Samians, the town was one continual scene of anarchy and pillage: not only were the custom-house, two mosques, and the dwellings of Turks plundered and destroyed, but even the stores of the Sciote merchants had their turn and were looted by the Samians and the native mobs. This disorderly conduct caused many of the wealthy families to flee across the country from the island. Bournia, styling himself “commander-in-chief,” gave orders to the ephors to prevent the “great and rich” from taking flight; officers imprisoned some of the leading merchants and black-mailed large sums of money from others on the plea of protecting them from the violence of the soldiers; a domiciliary inquisition was established, authorizing the houses of the chief men to be entered at any hour of day or night on the pretext of stopping “desertions.”

The invasion was at once a blunder and a disgrace, and yet somewhat typical of the whole Greek revolution in its selfish rivalries and robberies. The demogeronts had been deposed, and a revolutionary junto of six ephors set up in their place; but the two leaders, instead of concerting on active and effective measures for the reduction of the fortress and the defence of the island whose prosperity and inhabitants they had thrown in jeopardy, quarrelled with each other for the chief command. Lycurgus snubbed all round, and exacted a respectful kiss of hand; Bournia flaunted the tricolour, and gathered round him a huge tail of peasants. There was no artillery of sufficient power to tell upon the citadel. The invaders were so deficient of ammunition as to pick up the spent balls fired from the fortress. Lycurgus several times made offers to Vehid for capi-

* Our statement as to Bournia’s visit to Hypsilantes is based on the *Memoires sur la Grece* of Rayband, the French philhellene, who was present. Finlay, however, mentions that Hypsilantes authorized a Sciote merchant, Ralli, to undertake an expedition with Lycurgus; that in January 1822 he wrote to Lycurgus to defer it, and that Lycurgus replied, on the 1st of February, that he would do so, but praying that the delay might not be long as he “considered the conquest of Scio to be a sacred duty.”

tulation, but the Turkish pasha only replied with bombs from the citadel, which the Greek patriots—such was their contempt of the stupid Turks—had expected to surrender without a blow. Two deputies, one of whom was the honest and peaceful patriot, Glarakes, afterwards a minister of state under King Otho, were despatched to the central government at Corinth to ask for aid; the news of the revolt created a sensation not of the most hopeful character, but a promise was dutifully given that two mortars and five siege batteries should be sent to Scio, along with competent gunners. A fortnight passed before this necessary aid was furnished, and within that period the death-knell of the isle of Scio had been sounded.

ARRIVAL OF THE TURKISH ADMIRAL;
FLIGHT OF THE SAMIANS.

Sultan Mahmoud was infuriated by the attack on Scio, which he regarded as a personal insult; and the ladies of the harem, afraid of losing their delicious mastic, insisted on the utter destruction of the people who had dared to deprive them of the chief luxury of their existence. The three Sciote hostages who had been sent to Constantinople from the island were ordered to be hanged, the Sciote merchants and bankers had their counting-houses pillaged, and such as did not succeed in making their escape were thrown into prison, and subjected to the unspeakably savage tortures of the Bostangi Bashi. The Sultan uttered the fate of the island in the three terrific words, "Fire, Sword, Slavery!"

Little did the peaceful and wealthy portion of the inhabitants of Scio's rocky isle, when they welcomed with manifest delight the news that a Turkish armament was on its way, under the command of the Capitan Pasha, or admiral, Kara Ali, imagine the terrible mission with which he was entrusted; little did they dream that this monster, who had been raised to the head of the Ottoman fleet because of his single small success against the Greek navy in the previous autumn, when he had entered the port of Constantinople amid the tremendous roar of greeting cannon with gulls screaming over the thirty bodies that hung lifeless from the yard-arm of his flag-ship, was now sailing, with the most truculent and blood-thirsty refuse of the East, with plain orders to convert their lovely island into a vast cemetery. There was no secret in Constantinople as to the destination of the fleet; the report was spread that the island would be given up to the volunteers; every ruffian who could lay his hand on a knife or pistol hurried on board, and the expedition was manned and equipped with a celerity that had never been

approached in the annals of the Turkish navy. The pashas on the coast of Asia Minor also received orders to send boat-loads of men and provisions over to the island so long as the Greeks remained upon it. A hundred thousand barbarians assembled with alacrity when the news spread in Anatolia; all the ports were crowded with them; for weeks, in spite of the pasha's attempts to suppress the reign of anarchy, every Greek who dared to show himself in the streets of Smyrna was instantly murdered; and the eyes of the faithful were filled with tears of joy at the sight of a regiment, composed entirely of imaums, marching along through that city to join in the plunder and massacre of the infidels of Scio. At last the fleet of the Capitan Pasha entered the northern channel between Scio and the mainland on the 11th of April, crossed to Chesme on the Asiatic coast, eight or nine miles distant from the town of Scio, and having added some ten thousand porters from Smyrna and other ruffians to those brought from Europe, sailed across with its host of attendant boats; and on the 12th of April, the vast army of savages was vomited upon the shore of the island, a little to the south of the citadel and harbour. The forces of Lycurgus made a very feeble resistance; the battery of Turlotti was taken in an hour; and the "dauntless Samians" fled with precipitation to the western shore of the island, where they embarked on some Psarian vessels, leaving the poor Sciotes, whom they had forced into rebellion, to the fury of the countless savages who swarmed across like locusts, attracted by the riches of the island and the far-famed beauty of its women.

THE MASSACRE; THE SLAVES AND
FUGITIVES.

It would be impossible to describe the massacre which followed the first rush upon the town of Scio, and was continued without interruption for fifteen days, and even nights, upon a population that was almost entirely without arms. All that could be wrought by the hands of human fiends was done there—done by the "unspeakable Turk," by direct orders of the Sultan of Turkey, the head of a great European power. Who would care to read the details of the horrid carnage at the first storming of the town, when it is thought no less than nine thousand persons fell before the fury of the armed savages—of the roar of cannon, the report of guns, the hissing of balls, the cries of rage from the assassins, and of anguish from their helpless victims—how the inmates of the mad-house, the hospital, and the asylum for the deaf and dumb were butchered in the thirst for blood—how the famous college was destroyed, its professors hewn in pieces, and its pupils

carried off to slavery—how the people, when not benumbed by terror, fled with the speed of panic to the mountains, seeking the highest and roughest spots, hiding in caves and brushwood, dying in the agony of hunger and thirst—how delicate mothers, who had lived in the bosom of luxury, flung themselves over precipices, in order to save themselves and their infants from a more cruel destiny—how ladies had their fingers chopped off to test whether they were still alive—how churches and every other building of importance were set on fire and laid in ruins—how in the delirium of fanaticism and plunder the very tombs were rifled and the ashes of the dead trampled underfoot and thrown to the winds—how dervishes, drunk with the aromatic wine of Scio, decorating their brows with garlands of ears, formed a fiendish dance round the piles of human heads? A few hundreds found a refuge in the consulates, and fifteen thousand are said to have escaped in boats of Psara, many of the fugitives having gone through terrible sufferings before they succeeded in reaching the shore. When the lust for blood was sated, the savages led off their victims into slavery; and in this way more than forty thousand persons were thrown into the slave-markets of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other Eastern cities. Of these victims, who were attached by cords and tossed pell-mell into the boats of their Asiatic captors, a large proportion consisted of young girls and children: many died from fear, wounds, and brutal treatment, some committed suicide, and others who tried to starve themselves, so as to escape from the horrors of slavery, were compelled by horsewhips to take food. At this time the mastic villages were to a large extent saved from the general massacre and pillage, a matter about which the Capitan Pasha was particularly anxious. On his invitation the consuls proceeded, in uniform, at their own great peril, into the country with an amnesty from the Sultan and a letter from the Archbishop, urging its acceptance by the inhabitants. They succeeded in their useless mission, and returned to the town on Easter Monday, the 22nd of April, with seventy primates from the mastic villages, and a train of mules laden with the arms which the peasants had surrendered in simple faith. On that same day the primates were hanged on the masts of the Turkish fleet, and on Easter Tuesday the Archbishop and seventy-five other hostages were similarly executed by order of the Sultan. After this the villages were again ransacked, when, as stated by an old priest in Volisso to a visitor in later years, “the lamentation began in true earnest: there was no more such a thing as concealment—those who hastened to hide themselves were soon discovered. As we hunt the partridges on the hills, so they

tracked men up and shot them; some, however, saved themselves by mingling with the dead, and feigning to be dead themselves.”

Amid the wreck and ruin, the trepidation and the flight, there was here and there a stand made against the invaders with the courage of despair. The village of Vrontado, the native place of Bournia, whose vanity had to a large extent prompted the disaster of Scio, was defended by fifteen hundred Greeks against a force of Asiatics double that number: the latter were driven back to the fortress; but they returned with considerable reinforcements to the charge, and succeeded in compelling the Christians to retreat. The Greeks in this instance exhibited the highest proof of courage by withdrawing in good order to the coast, whence they finally escaped to Psara. A heroine in this company is said to have slain three Turks with her own hand before she was overpowered by her antagonists and fell. At Chimiano, a few miles to the south of the town of Chios, a few brave Greeks seized the guns of a frigate that had run aground, and burned her.

Three thousand Sciotes had crowded into the great monastery of St. Minas, five miles south of the town, where they were surrounded by the Turks and summoned to surrender. They refused, however, to lay down their arms, under the certainty that death or slavery awaited them in spite of their assurances. The result was, that the Turks stormed the place, butchered the monks and every other man, woman, and child, and carried off the sacred vessels and other valuables,—a sufficient load, it was said, for fifteen mules. In this case the poor Greeks were brought out in detachments of two hundred at a time, and mercilessly cut to pieces. At the ancient foundation of Nea Mone, the richest and most interesting of the nine monasteries then existing in Scio, and occupied by four hundred monks, some two thousand fugitives had found an asylum; the building was carried by storm, the doors of the church were forced open, even women were slaughtered while praying to heaven on their knees, and, to save further trouble, the assailants set fire to the whole pile of buildings, leaving the Christians who had escaped the sword to perish in the flames. At a convent in the north, near Mount St. Elias, the ruffians dug out the priests' eyes, and then roasted their victims alive!

It is impossible to exaggerate the horrors inflicted on those who were carried from their native home into the slavery of the East, or the agonies endured by the fifteen or twenty thousand who escaped with their lives, many of them suffering from wounds, disease, hunger, and nakedness, and wandered in search of a home to the mainland

of Greece, to Trieste, to London, to Manchester, even to Teheran, Astrakhan, and America. Raybaud has left a thrilling description of the fugitives he saw in Corinth :—"There was not a portion of wall still standing that did not serve for shelter to some unfortunate who had escaped from the massacres. Among the number we saw many beautiful and delicate women, who had long enjoyed the luxuries of opulence, obliged to resort to public charity in order to sustain a life from that time doomed to misery and sorrow. Others, attacked by the pangs of child-birth, and with none to attend them, lay in the open air, exposed to the heat of the sun and to the dampness of the night. The condition of these unhappy victims offered a touching contrast with the gold-embroidered rags which most of them wore."

THE VENGEANCE OF KANARIS AND HIS FIRE-SHIP.

When the Greek fleet of fifty-six sail put out to sea on the 10th of May, there was nothing left for it to do at Scio but to take vengeance on the Turkish navy. Under the direction of Andrew Miaoulis, an able and prudent seaman, the "motley assemblage of vessels called the Greek navy" sailed for the channel of Scio, and at the end of May made several attacks on the vessels of the Capitan Pasha, both in open engagement and with fire-ships, but without success.

After this fruitless attempt, the Greek squadron met at Psara. There, in a secret council, the captains resolved on darting two fire-ships by night against the foe, and, after long deliberation on the choice of *brulotiers*, they fixed on Constantine Kanaris, of Psara, and George Pipinos, of Hydra. The former was a poor sailor, not more than twenty-eight years old, who had not as yet distinguished himself by any exploit; his fellow-Psariots knew the extreme simplicity of his nature, and did not regard him as capable of any brilliant action; he was of small stature, and this circumstance, taken with his timid appearance and his melancholy air, did not dispose strangers to entertain a flattering idea of his courage. Yet this simple and pious boatman was destined to prove the Garibaldi of the Greek revolution.

On the 18th of June, the last day of the Ramadan, Kanaris and Pipinos, after receiving the benediction at Psara, stepped on board the two xebecs which had been converted into fire-ships. Each of the vessels carried four-and-twenty men. Before they reached the Spalmatori Isles, at the entrance of the Chian Channel, a calm struck them. The comrades of Kanaris were afraid, as they were within range of the cannon of two Turkish frigates, and appealed to him to make back for Psara. "If you are afraid,"

said the plain hero, "throw yourselves into the sea and swim for it: as for me, I mean to burn the pasha!" His companions blushed for a moment at their cowardice, and then resolved to share their lot with him. "Don't let the calm trouble you," he said, by way of comfort; "it hinders our foes as well as us; we shall have wind by ten o'clock." At nine there sprang up a fresh breeze, and the two ships, which had been hugging the shore all day, as if endeavouring to make for the Gulf of Smyrna, bore down, at dusk, upon the Turkish fleet in the road of Scio. Kanaris, seeing that his boat had not the speed of that of his companion, said to him: "Friend, if you precede me, you will have burned a vessel before I can even enter the port, and our enterprise will be only half accomplished: give me the lead; you will always be in time to throw yourself on the prey, and both of us will have success." Pipinos, thinking only of the interest of his country, agreed to the proposal.

It was the close of Ramadan, the month when every true believer is not permitted to eat, smoke, drink, or even to swallow his own spittle from the first streak of morning light until sunset. This period of fasting winds up with the revelry of Bairam. The Mohammedans were on this fatal night celebrating the feast and the consummation of the destruction of Scio. The evening was dark, but the whole fleet was illuminated, and the eighty gun ship of the Capitan Pasha and the seventy-four gun ship of Realá Bey were conspicuous by the prodigious quantity of variegated lamps on their yards and mast-heads. No fitter moment could have been chosen for the blow of vengeance. The leading officers had gathered on Kara Ali's ship to celebrate the feast; the air was filled with the sound of festive tambours, cymbals, and trumpets; the vessel of the pasha was filled with the riches stolen from the murdered Sciotes; besides the two thousand sailors and warriors who formed the crew, a crowd had swarmed on board to gaze on the head and hands of the gallant Frenchman Baleste, who had just fallen in Crete in the cause of Greece.

Like a flash of lightning the fire-ship of Kanaris darts into the centre of the fleet; he runs her bowsprit into an open port of the flagship, fastens her grappling irons near the bows of the doomed vessel; in an instant, standing on the platform at the poop of the fire-ship, he applies the torch to the inflammable material, and leaps into the skiff below, where his comrades are waiting breathless with their hands upon the oars. Away went the boat into the shade, while, in the twinkling of an eye, the powder, saltpetre, petroleum, camphor, and other combustibles on the deck and spars and cordage of the fire-ship

are ablaze ; the flames sweep with the wind through the open ports of the great Turkish ship, and seize the tents that lie piled upon the lower deck ; the fire roars like a furnace, rushes up through the hatches, and envelops the vessel with the fury of a whirlwind, from stem to stern, from deck to top-mast. "Victory to the Cross !" shouted Kanaris as he sped in his scampavia past the poop under the luxurious cabin of Kara Ali. No boat could venture to approach the burning vessel ; the crafts which were lowered from the flagship sank with their overburdening loads ; there was no escape but by plunging into the sea. Masses of molten iron, spars, and yard-arms fall around ; the cannon explode with a terrific roar ; the magazine bursts like an earthquake ; the crowds of prisoners who can make no effort to escape utter dismal shrieks ; and at last the sea, roaring and foaming around the hull of the ship, opens its jaws and swallows her up with her two thousand tyrants. The Capitan Pasha himself was a victim to the vengeance of Kanaris. As he leapt into a boat from the ship, he was struck by a burning spar, and died in agony on the beach.

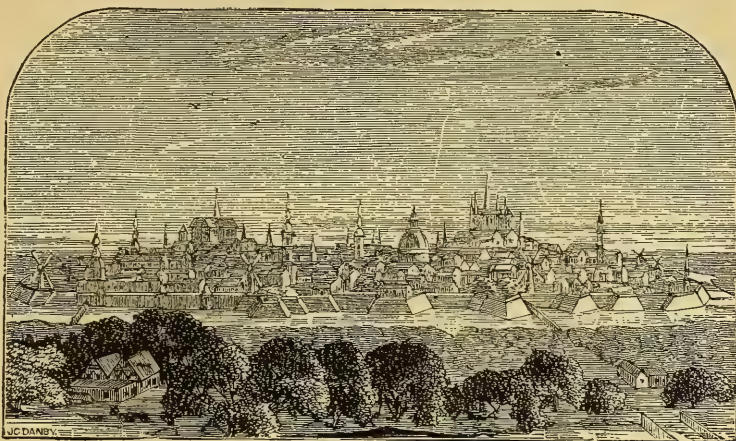
We need only add further that the fire-ship of Pipinos, although it succeeded in grappling the vessel of Reala Bey, was set adrift by the Turkish sailors, and burned to the water's edge without doing much damage ; that the Ottoman fleet vanished in terror towards the Dardanelles ; that after its departure even the remaining mastic villages were destroyed by the Asiatic savages.

During that eventful night of the 18th of June, the inhabitants of the Rock of Psara kept watch in arms and in prayer ; they saw, wavering between hope and fear, a brilliant light on the coast of Scio. When, at the dawn of day they peered into the horizon, they beheld a sail in the distance, with a purple streamer flying as the sign of victory, they hastened to the beach, they climbed on masts and roofs to catch a glimpse of their seaman brother, whom one night had transfigured into an immortal hero. And the simple sailor—destined to be sung by Victor Hugo and to offer the crown to a king of independent Greece—moves forward, barefooted and with uncovered head, heeding not the clapping of hands or the shouts of "Long live Kanaris !" throws himself in gratitude before the altar, and then runs from the acclamations of the crowd to his humble home and the bosom of his family. And when his comrade, Pipinos, arrived at the rock of Hydra,—"the island which produces prickly pears in abundance, splendid sea-captains, and excellent prime ministers,"—and reported to the senate the news of the fate of the Capitan Pasha, Lazarus Condiriottes, the wealthy president, rose from his seat and

said : "It belongs to you and to Kanaris to sit here ; you have made yourselves greater far than me by saving your native land."

Miaoulis and his comrades were rightly suspicious that the fire which gleamed so brightly over the channel on that night of Mahommedan rejoicing would kindle the fury of the Mussulman savages to deeds of still more brutal vengeance on the few poverty-stricken Christians that had not succeeded in escaping from the island, or had been protected hitherto by the guardians of the mastic villages. They were by no means mistaken as to the character of their foes. The sight of the body of the Capitan Pasha at once roused the passion of the desperadoes, who rushed to the consulates, in which several hundred refugees had found shelter ; but their attempts were baffled. Vessels of the Greek fleet cruised along the shores of the island to pick up any chance fugitives who might escape from the daggers and the sabres of the Asiatics, and a small party of marines landed in the north, so as to render aid, and witness with their own eyes a little of the devastation and atrocities that had been inflicted on the innocent and helpless natives of the "blessed" isle. A report sent to the Hydriot Admiralty by M. Jourdain, a French captain in the Greek navy, states that at the first hamlets reached by a relieving party they saw the corpses of the inhabitants piled up in regular heaps, around which old men dragged their mutilated frames, raising their hands to heaven and praying that an end might be put to their terrible sufferings ; elsewhere they saw women who had been cruelly murdered, with their dead infants clasped in their rigid arms, and others embracing the forms of the fathers and husbands, in whose defence they appear to have given up their last breath with the courage of true heroines.

The dreadful massacre of the peaceful and cultured inhabitants of Scio opened the eyes of Europe to the nature of the struggle that was waged between the Turks and Greeks, and called forth the sympathy and aid of the West. The hope of the Greeks had become desperate when, in the month of July 1827, the European Powers recognized their independence by the Treaty of London. Then followed the battle of Navarino, on the 26th of October, when the allied fleets of England, France, and Russia almost annihilated the Turkish navy under Ibrahim Pasha, whose violation of an armistice and horrible atrocities—almost rivalling those of Scio—had roused the blood of civilized Europe to war-heat ; and, on the 14th of September, 1829, thrashed in Europe and Asia by the Russian army, the Sultan signed the Peace of Adrianople, and formally acknowledged the independence of Greece. M. M.



LEYDEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

JOHN OF LEYDEN AND THE ANABAPTISTS.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DELUSION.

"O terrible excess
Of headstrong will! Can this be piety?
No; some fierce maniac hath usurped her name.
All peace destroyed! All hopes a wilderness!
All blessings cursed, and glory turned to shame!"

WORDSWORTH.

Introduction—"Corruptio optimis pessima"—The Peasants' War—Rise of the Anabaptists—Luther's return to Wittenberg—Principles of the Anabaptists—John of Leyden—Arrival of Matthys and Bockelson in Münster—Anabaptism triumphant—The City Beleaguered—A Glimpse of City Life—John of Leyden Supreme—He is made King—The Progress of the Siege—A Failure—The King in Danger—Overthrow—The Execution—Retrospect.

INTRODUCTION.



HERE never has been, or will be, in this erring world, any great movement, however necessary or good, but it brings in its train some abuses.

There is a Latin proverb, *Corruptio optimi pessima*—"The corruption of that which is best is the worst corruption of all." And there are words of our Divine Lord, which express the same truth: "No man putteth new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish" (Matt. ix. 17. Rev. Ver.) We are about to look on a melancholy illustration of this truth. The new wine, the declaration of the liberty of conscience and the sole responsibility of man to God, was taught to men who had no desire to use that liberty aright, nor to walk in the truth that they might find. They were as old bottles into which the new wine was poured; and the truth was turned into a curse to them;

"that which should have been for their wealth, was unto them an occasion of falling."

Even Luther was alarmed at the manner in which some of those professing his principles began to act; and, in fact, it was this which caused him to come forth from his retirement in the Wartburg, and return to Wittenberg, where one Thomas Münzer and other fanatics, of whom we shall hear presently, were disturbing the peace. Luther's chief helper was Philip Melancthon, a much younger man than himself, very gentle, and also one of the most learned men of his time. We cannot stay to dwell on the various controversies in which Luther became involved with other Reformers, but we have to record first of all the outbreak of what is known as the *Peasants' War*.

THE PEASANTS' WAR.

In another of these papers, some account has been given of the French *Jacquerie*, the

rising of the peasantry against oppression in the 14th century. The same causes had been at work in Germany; the peasants had been kept in utter poverty by the princes, who had not only exacted service from them and heavily taxed them, especially on their favourite drinks, but had frequently destroyed their crops with hunting parties. When, therefore, Luther had proclaimed freedom for them, they understood him to speak of political and social rather than spiritual freedom, and in 1524 they rose against their tyrants. They were greatly animated by the example of the Swiss, who had fought for and won their freedom against the House of Austria. The first outbreak was in Swabia, thence the agitation spread into Thuringia, Franconia, Alsace, and Lorraine. They issued a manifesto, calling for the right to choose their own pastors, the abolition of serfdom, the right of hunting and fishing, and freedom of forest land. And they appealed to Luther for his approval of their demands. He was greatly embarrassed, for he did not wish to break with the princes who had befriended him. He issued an exhortation by way of reply, telling both sides some home truths: he ascribed the disturbances to the repression of the Gospel; besought the princes to clemency and justice, and the people to submission. No wonder that both sides were angry with him; he who preaches moderation in the midst of furious passions must expect such a result.

At first all seemed to promise in their favour. Some nobles even joined them,—among them Götz von Berlichingen, one of the most famous of German knights,*—and they proceeded to deeds of violence and cruelty. Thus, having captured the town of Weinsberg, they put to death with great cruelty Count Ludwig von Helfenstein, with sixty of his followers, mocking the entreaties of

his wife (who was a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian) that they would spare him. They followed this up by killing, first her child of two years old and then herself, while a boy who had been in the Count's service gambolled about the scene, and played a march on his flute. It was this deed which spoilt their cause in the eyes of Luther. He denounced them all as murderers, and called on the princes to show them no mercy, but to destroy them root and branch. By this time Luther and Erasmus, who had originally been friends, had become alienated, Erasmus being terrified at the thought of leaving old moorings altogether; and this fierce denunciation of the rebel peasants by Luther led to a fresh bitterness between him and Erasmus. The peasants next laid siege to Würzburg, which the princes had made their head-quarters. It was nine o'clock in the evening of May 15th, 1525, when the rebel flag was unfurled against the citadel, and the peasants rushed to the attack, filling the air with horrible cries. The castle was under the orders of Sebastian von Rotenheim, one of the warmest partizans of the Reformation. He had put its defences into a formidable state, and the soldiers had responded to his appeal to defend it by solemnly raising their hands to heaven, and swearing to do so. The most terrible conflict ensued. The castle responded to the desperate efforts of the peasants by pouring upon them showers of burning brimstone and boiling pitch and by a vigorous cannonade. Thus unexpectedly attacked by enemies whom they could not even see, the peasants recoiled; but, with renewed fury at being baffled, they rushed up once more. Night came on, and the battle still raged. Lit up with countless battle-fires, the fortress stood out from amid the surrounding darkness like some huge giant, vomiting forth flames, and struggling alone amid thunders and lightnings for the salvation of the Empire against the ferocious valour of Pandemonium itself. At two o'clock in the morning the assailants turned and fled. After a day's pause they resolved to await the imperial army in the open field. They had not to wait long. The artillery and cavalry made hideous havoc in their ranks. Day after day fresh bodies of them were met, and the same terrible fate was for them all. Then princes, nobles, bishops proceeded to vie with one another in cruelty. Hundreds of prisoners were hanged on trees all along the roads, often having been tortured to death. The Bishop of Würzburg, who had fled, returned and went through his diocese, accompanied by executioners, whom he kept unceasingly at work. Götz von Berlichingen was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Eighty-five rebel prisoners had their eyes

* As honest narrators, we feel bound to quote a word or two here from a modern historian:—"The impregnable castles of the German knights, the nature of their arms and equipments, the number of their retainers, made them so many little sovereignties, with no law but that in their own breasts. And how did they use this power?—As the perpetrators, instead of the redressers, of wrongs and grievances. They were nothing but public robbers, highwaymen on a grand scale, ready for any deed of violence. To illustrate this subject by a few instances. In May 1512, Götz von Berlichingen and Hans Selbig von Frauenstein two of the most renowned of German knights, at the head of one hundred and thirty horse, attacked between Forcheim and Neussess the caravan which was returning to Nuremberg from the Leipsic fair, and carried off thirty-one persons and a booty valued at 8800 gulden. About the same time another troop assembled in the castle of Hohenkrähm for the abduction of the daughter of a citizen of Kaufbeuren, whom a nobleman had wooed in vain. Such deeds were common."—*Dyer's Hist. of Modern Europe*, i., 301.

pulled out, and then were turned loose to wander about and grope their way as best they could, stumbling over the roads, and begging their bread, if so be they might thus be saved from starvation. The wretched boy who had played on his flute at the murder of Count von Helfenstein was chained to a stake and burnt alive, enough length of chain being left him to dance about in his agonies, and so give the more sport to his tormentors. Similar outrages overtook the wretched peasants in Lorraine and Alsace, and more than one hundred thousand persons perished, whilst whole districts once fertile were turned into hideous solitudes and ruins.

RISE OF THE ANABAPTISTS.

The peasant revolt would now have been at an end had it not been fanned into fresh life by a band of fanatics who had arisen in Wittenberg, called Anabaptists. "When any great religious ferment takes place," says the venerable historian of the Reformation, D'Aubigné, "some impure elements are ever found to mingle with the manifestations of the truth. One or more false reforms are seen to arise, and they serve as a testimony or countersign to the true reform. Thus, in the times of Christ, many false messiahs attested the appearance of the true."

In the little town of Zwickau there were some persons who were so excited by the great events which were agitating Christendom that they aspired to direct revelations from God, and thought not at all of sanctification of heart and life. "What good is there," they cried, "in keeping so close to the Bible? The Bible—always the Bible! we are weary of it. It is by the Spirit that we are illuminated. God Himself speaks to us then, and reveals to us what to do and what to say." A cloth weaver named Storch asserted that the angel Gabriel appeared to him in the night, and after communicating matters which it was not yet time to reveal, said to him, "As for thee, thou shalt be seated on my throne." Then a student of Wittenberg joined him, one Mark Stübner, who, abandoning his studies, declared that he had received a supernatural gift of interpreting the Scriptures. But a fanatic named Münzer gave the new sect its regular organization. Under his guidance, Storch, professing to follow the example of Christ, chose twelve new apostles and seventy-two disciples; and the new body declared, as has been declared by a sect in our own days which is rapidly dying out, that Apostles and Prophets had been restored to the Church of God. They began to deliver their message: "Woe, woe! to the world! woe to the Church! Within a few years universal desolation will overspread the land; a great

tribulation is coming on the earth. The ungodly shall be hurled to destruction, and the earth being purified with blood, God will establish His Kingdom, and his saints shall reign gloriously. Storch will have supreme authority, and then there shall be only one faith, one baptism." The sect received the name of "The Zwickau prophets." Their rejection of infant baptism, which was in accordance with their view that all justification must be preceded by conscious faith in the recipient, and their consequent repetition of baptism of adults, became the distinctive badge of their party. This preaching profoundly impressed the people. Some godly souls were affected and overjoyed at the thought of prophets being restored to the Church, while all who loved the marvellous and were craving after novelties, threw themselves into the arms of the eccentric prophets of Zwickau.

The pastor of Zwickau, Nicholas Hauffmann, to whom Luther gave the beautiful testimony, "What I teach, he practises," raised his voice against all this fanaticism, and not in vain. Then the prophets proceeded to form themselves into societies, and taught subversive doctrines; tumults arose in the streets, and Storch and his followers migrated to Wittenberg (December 1521), where they appealed to the public, and claimed to be the true representatives of Luther. Storch, indeed, soon left Wittenberg, for he was a most restless spirit, but the rest remained, and the excitement grew.

Whilst it was at its height, two young Swiss were, one stormy night in the spring of 1522, travelling through Germany, and arrived, wet through, at the "Black Bear" Inn, at Jena. The town was quite engrossed with the rejoicings of the carnival, and all its inhabitants were dancing, masquerading, and feasting. Fatigued, dispirited, and melancholy, they halted at the inn door; so woe-begone in appearance by the soaking which the rain had given them, that they paused at the door, ashamed to come further. But a knight who was seated by the fire, with his trunk-hose over-lapped by his bright red doublet, rose and kindly invited them in. He had one hand on the pommel of his sword, and the other grasped the handle, but in front of him lay a book, which he seemed to be reading attentively. However, he made much of the deluged travellers, invited them to sup with him, and pledged them in some beer. "You are Swiss," he said, presently, after some conversation; "I can tell it by your tongues. What is your canton?" "St. Gall," was the answer. "You are students?" "We are." "You must study Greek and Hebrew if you want to understand Holy Scripture." The youths stared. "We are going to Wittenberg," they said, "to hear Doctor Luther, and, if God spares our lives,

we will not return till we have done so. Can you tell us whether he is there or not?" "I believe he is not," was the answer; "but Philip Melanchthon is there; you should go and hear him; and there is a countryman of yours there, a good man, Dr. Schurff." Pausing for a moment, he continued, "Where have you been studying lately?" They told him at Basel. "Is Erasmus of Rotterdam still there?" said the knight. The youths stared more than ever. Imagine a knight talking about learned Erasmus, and Dr. Schurff, and the need of the study of Greek and Hebrew! "What do they think of Luther in Switzerland?" pursued the knight. "The opinions are very various," was the reply; "some cannot praise him sufficiently, and some hold him an abominable heretic." "No doubt," said the knight, drily. Encouraged by his cordiality, one of the students ventured to take up the book that the knight was reading, and found, to his amazement, that it was a Hebrew Psalter. Whilst they were wondering afresh at this, the landlord quietly beckoned one of them out. "You have a great desire to see Luther," he whispered. "That is Luther that you have been talking to, but don't betray that you know him. I know him, in spite of his disguise." It was even so, though the youths were still incredulous. They supped together; then, according to German custom, Luther took up a large glass, and with a serious air said, "Swiss, one more glass on returning thanks. But you are not used to beer. Pledge me in this light wine." Then, holding out his hands to the students, he said, "When you arrive at Wittenberg, give my compliments to Doctor Schurff." "With all our hearts," said the youths; "but in what name?" "Tell him that he that ought to be there, salutes him."

The great Reformer was even on his way to Wittenberg, to try to put down the anarchy, but he was obliged to travel thus disguised, for being under the ban of the Empire he was liable to be killed by any one who should recognize him. He had learned how his teaching concerning faith had been perverted in Wittenberg, and determined to run all risks rather than see his work undone.

It was Friday, the 7th of March, that he re-entered his native town. All the burghesses welcomed him, for they had again found the pilot whom they trusted to extricate the vessel from the shoals into which it had drifted.

We can hardly imagine to ourselves the profound thrill with which the great congregation saw him mount the pulpit next day. His sermons, preached on that and on eight successive days, are among his very best. They were simple, noble, full at once of vigour and of mildness. He explained eagerly

that justification is the work of God, that it must precede everything; that faith is the acceptance on the part of man of Christ's finished work. And thus he maintained that it was in accordance with God's will to baptize little children, seeing that from birth they are spiritual beings, and to be formally proclaimed such by outward sign. The work of faith in them is to believe as soon as they are able to learn that they have been presented to, and accepted by, God. His sermons are earnest appeals to the people, yet having for their object the calming and allaying of passion. "You want more than faith; you want charity. If a man with a sword in his hand happens to be alone, it matters little whether he keep it in the scabbard or not. But should he be in the midst of a crowd, he ought to keep it from hurting any one. You think the abolition of the mass agreeable to Scripture. Agreed. But what regard have you for order and decency? You ought to have been addressing the Lord with fervent prayers, and not to have proceeded with all this violence. Without sincerity of heart and Christian love no work can prosper, and I would not give for the finest of work which is without these even the stalk of a pear. When Paul arrived at Athens, he found there altars to false gods; he dealt with them without tumult or violence or fraud. So did I when I began to preach. If I had appealed to violence, Germany might have been soaked in blood. Do you know what the devil thinks when he sees people employ force in disseminating the truth? Seated with his arms crossed beside hell-fire he says with a spiteful leer, 'These fellows are sages indeed thus to do my work for me.' Day by day the effect increased. Melanchthon and the magistrates saw with delight that peace was coming back, and even some of the Augustinian friars who heard him were persuaded to accept his doctrines. Then came a further task. He held a conference with the Zwickian prophets, but soon dismissed them as altogether contemptible. He listened calmly while Stübner explained how the Church was to be changed and the world regenerated. When the latter paused to see what impression he had made, "Nothing of what you have said rests upon the Holy Scriptures," said Luther, "it is all fables." Münzer could not contain himself for rage. He shouted and gesticulated like a madman, and beat the table with passion. Luther remained calm. "The first apostles," said he, "proved their mission by miracles. Do you the same." "We shall do so," said the prophets. Stübner added, "Martin Luther, I am going to tell you what is passing in your soul. You are beginning to believe that my doctrine is true;" and he fixed his eyes on Luther with a commanding look. Luther paused for a

moment while he returned the look with interest, then he said, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan." Then the "prophets," foaming and gnashing their teeth, withdrew, after pouring upon him all the hard names which their anger could invent. Grievous mischief was hereby caused to the Reformation, for the Duke of Bavaria and others who had espoused it, disgusted at the fanaticism of the Zwickian party, began to draw towards Rome again.

Münzer having been expelled from Wittenberg, went to Alstadt in Thuringia, where he professed to be inspired by the Holy Ghost, and announced that he was about to restore the Church to what it was under the apostles. First he abolished Church music and all ceremonies, and maintained that to obey princes who were not "spiritual" was to serve both God and Belial. Next, marching at the head of a number of parishioners to a chapel near Alstadt, and to which people had resorted on pilgrimages from all quarters, he pulled it all down. But this exploit was a little too much for the good townsfolk, and he was driven from thence, and then from Nuremberg; but at Mühlhausen the people rallied to him, and helped him to drive the magistrates from their seats and the monks from the convents. He then established a "Perpetual Council," of which he himself was president, that proclaimed equality and community of goods. No wonder that Mühlhausen was speedily filled with idle knaves and ruffians. And, as usual in such cases, he soon lost all control of them. A renegade monk named Pfeiffer, a still more violent and dangerous fanatic than himself, persuaded the sect to make an inroad into the neighbouring country, where they plundered churches, convents, and castles, and returned home laden with their booty. The country rose in arms against them. Philip of Hesse, the leader of the forces chosen to put down the disorders, was unwilling to shed unnecessary blood, and sent a young nobleman to treat with the Anabaptists. Münzer responded by torturing him to death. Of course there was but one course open now—that of war. Münzer went forth with his herd of fanatics on the 15th of May, 1525, exactly a year after the siege of Würzburg. He promised them the miraculous protection of God, and invoked the Holy Spirit with cries and chants. "We shall this day," said he, "see the arm of the Lord revealed, and all our enemies shall be destroyed." At that moment there appeared a rainbow; and in it the fanatical crowd, who bore a rainbow on their standards, saw a sure token of the protection of heaven. "Fear nothing," said Münzer, "I shall catch in my sleeve all the bullets which are shot against you."

The artillery soon broke their rude ram-

part to pieces, and carried dismay and death into the midst of them. Fanaticism and courage disappeared together; they fled panic-stricken in all directions; but five thousand perished on that day alone.

When the battle was over one of the soldiers went up into a loft in the house in which he was quartered, and found a man lying on the floor. "Who art thou? art thou a rebel?" he asked; and as he spoke he took up a portfolio, and found in it letters addressed to Thomas Münzer. "And art thou Münzer?" was his next question. "No," was the terrified answer. But the soldier did not believe him, and was right. Münzer it was. "Thou art my prisoner," said his captor, and dragged him off to the imperial commander. In a few minutes his head rolled on the ground.

A nobleman discovering among the prisoners a fine-looking rustic, went up to him and said, "Well, young man, which government do you like best, that of peasants or that of princes?" "Ah, my lord," said the poor fellow with a deep-drawn sigh, "no knife cuts so keen as when one peasant lords it over others."

The remains of the insurrection were extinguished in blood.

And thus ended the Peasant War, with so much to cause us to sympathize with the oppressed, but brought to nought through the brutality of these fanatics. The new wine had broken the wine-skins, and the burdens upon the peasantry for many a long year were heavier than ever, while the cause of the Reformation was identified in the minds of honest but not deep-seeing men with the extravagances and perversions of Scripture of the Anabaptists.

PRINCIPLES OF THE ANABAPTISTS.

Here seems the proper place for endeavouring to form some idea of the principles which underlay the movements which caused so much disaster at the time and was the cause of much of the division which has so deeply afflicted Christianity ever since. The question which first engaged the attention of men was a deeply practical question. It related to the acceptance of the soul before God; the forgiveness of sin. In one word, it was the question of *Justification*. This being put foremost, there came this further question: How did the doctrines of the Church and the Scriptures bear upon it? What had the doctrine of the two natures of Christ to do with it, for example? How far has man freedom of will? The different answers given by different parties were the causes of strife.

One school held that man could win salvation by his own endeavours, and that Christ

is his teacher and example to that end. This was the meaning of our being saved by Christ. The first leader of this doctrine was one Hans Denk. He was a learned and conscientious young man, who, making "God is love" the basis of his teaching, formulated a scheme which differs little from Unitarianism, except that he appears not to have held universal salvation. However, he is said to have retracted his views shortly before his death. A disciple of his was Ludwig Hätzer, a man of immoral life and of violence in the expression of his opinions. He formally denied the divinity of Christ, but the manuscript of the treatise which he wrote upon it was burned after his death. These views spread through Germany, blown about apparently like thistle-down, for there is no evidence how they got, for example, to Salzburg, where dwelt a community of people who rejected all divine worship, established brotherhoods by voluntary contributions, and called themselves "Garden Brethren" (*Gärtner Brüder*). They were laid hold of; those who would not recant were burnt alive, those who would were beheaded and their bodies burnt. In some cases they were locked up in their meeting-houses, and the buildings set on fire. There was one beautiful girl of sixteen who refused to recant; but the people pitied her so much that the executioner took her in his arms, held her head in a horse-trough till she was drowned, and then threw her into the fire.

Another school started opinions which seem to be identical with those of the Gnostics of the first two centuries. They began with the distinction of the flesh and the spirit. Instead of holding that man is able to fight against evil and overcome it, they held that sin is in the flesh alone, not in the spirit, and that the spirit is free from the evil which the flesh commits. Christ was altogether spiritual; He took not on Him the bodily nature of man because it is accursed. The leader of this party, Melchior Hoffmann, invented adult baptism as a badge of those who adopted these "enlightened" views.

These diversities branched off into a hundred lesser ones. Some thought infant baptism merely useless; some thought it an abomination. Some were of opinion that Sabbath observance was a breach of liberty; others thought it wrong to affect separation and singularity. Some were for communism, others for voluntary charity. Some refused to perform military service, others to take an oath. Some held the marriage tie to be only binding when it was concluded in the spirit. Such reformers deserted their wives and took others. All held Church government to be insupportable bondage. All these vagaries of course very soon brought them into contact

with the civil power; but they showed themselves ready for this, for their numbers increased equally with their fanaticism. They were convinced that the time was close at hand which should give them complete victory over all their opponents; and Hoffmann, after travelling far and wide over Germany, at length settling himself in Strasbourg, announced that it was to be the seat of the New Jerusalem, and that a hundred and forty-four thousand virgin apostles were to go forth from thence and gather all the people of God into the fold. They were to seal the elect of God, after which Christ would come and deliver the sword into their hands, that they might utterly sweep all the ungodly of the earth away. Then the saints were to reign gloriously, without laws or authorities or restrictions of any kind. They were to live in overflowing abundance.

The dream was too intoxicating not to find believers, and the next movement followed inevitably and obviously,—those who would not accept the truth must be compelled by the sword. The attempt of the civil power to repress those who held themselves to be "the elect people," did but add to their arrogance and precipitate violence.

JOHN OF LEYDEN.

Holland at this time was full of Anabaptists, many having fled thither on the suppression of the Peasants' Revolt. John Matthys, a baker of Leyden, a disciple of Hoffmann, who had adopted these last-day views with wild enthusiasm, announced himself as Enoch, sent to preach to the ungodly, ordained a new apostolate, and sent them to the neighbouring provinces to seal the people of the Lord. One of this new "twelve" was John Bockelson. He was the bastard son of a magistrate at the Hague named Bockel and of a serf woman who had been bought from her husband. The youth became a tailor, and after wandering about Europe, from Lisbon to Lubeck, finally married and settled at Leyden, where, growing discontented with his business, he opened a beer-house. Of handsome presence and agreeable manner, he was also possessed of a powerful eloquence, and it was his great ambition to cut a figure in the "Rhetoric Chamber," which had been established at Leyden as in the other Dutch towns. At one time he became a player, and wrote comedies; but this did not prove lucrative, and he cast about for something else, and found it. Hostility to the Church was fashionable in these chambers, and Bockelson followed the fashion. Thus it was that he adopted Anabaptist views, and became one of Matthys's "apostles." He went successively on a preaching mission to Briel, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Enkhuysen,

Alkmar, baptizing wherever he went, and ordaining "elders," who, in their turn, were to be propagators of his doctrines.

The course of this narrative now carries us into Westphalia, the name which had been given to that portion of the great ancient duchy of Saxony which lay between the Weser and the Rhine. In Westphalia the Reformed principles had made great progress, and for the most part peacefully. But there were a few exceptions, as at Soest and Paderborn, where there was cruel persecution of the new doctrines, which put them down indeed, but kindled a fierce feeling in the hearts of the persecuted, who looked forward to an opportunity of reasserting their opinions. But the disorders and conflicts nowhere reached such a height as in the city of Münster, the Westphalian capital. It is, as it stands at present, a well-built and interesting looking as well as flourishing town of some twenty-three thousand inhabitants, standing on the river Aa, in the midst of a flat country covered with fields of flax and hemp. In ancient times it was called Meiland, but when Charles the Great forced the Saxons in a body to accept Christianity, he founded a monastery and bishopric here, and the name Münster has ever since superseded the original Meiland.

In this city there was living in 1530 a certain man named Wiggers,—a worthy, respectable man, but with an unworthy and not respectable wife. Passionate admirers were in attendance upon her every day, one of whom was Bernhard Rottmann, a Lutheran preacher. Her husband died, and she was suspected, rightly or wrongly, of having poisoned him in order to marry Rottmann, which she immediately did. But public opinion was so unequivocal in its condemnation of Rottmann, that he strove to set himself right by ostentatious profession of the severest morality. He denounced the corruption of the world, inveighed against the Lutheran Reformers for want of thoroughness, rejected infant baptism, and invented a ceremonial of his own for the Lord's Supper. He was bribed to go out of the city by persons anxious to avoid disturbance, and afterwards visited several German towns without settling anywhere. At length he returned to Münster, and fixed himself for a while in the suburbs; but his influence in the city so increased that his friends brought him back, and, after some struggle, succeeded in securing for him the church of St. Lambert. Not only so, but his partisans at length obtained a majority in the city council, and succeeded in passing a decree that all the churches were to be delivered up to the new-fangled preachers. Upon this the clergy and the minority of the council quitted the city, betook themselves to the surrounding

country, and devoted themselves to raising public opinion against Rottmann and his devotees. All communication between the city and the country was cut off, supplies were stopped, and any citizens that could be caught were imprisoned. The bishop was at Telgte, a mile from Münster, and from hence a summons was issued to the citizens to return to their ancient faith. Their response was to march at night, fall upon their sleeping enemies, upon councillors and church dignitaries, and carry them back prisoners at daybreak. The bishop dared not attempt force, lest they should slay their prisoners, and negotiations ensued, the result of which was that the victorious citizens were to have the six parish churches for worship on Rottmann's system, while the bishop and his chapter might practise their own. The bishop himself, like Hermann, Bishop of Köln, seems to have desired to carry out reform without abandoning the main principles of the ancient liturgy. He would, in fact, have taken, if he could, the same ground as the body now known in Germany as the "Old Catholics."

But it was evident that the divergence between the two parties was too great to allow the peace to be lasting. There was no hope of formulating any terms which should include the professors of the ancient creed and a man who refused to consider baptism an essential of Christian life. Rottmann felt that his position was precarious; the outside world was against him, some of his own followers were alarmed at him, and he saw that the civil power would in the long run be too strong for him. But he saw a way of escape from his difficulties. His followers, in the general moral and intellectual confusion in which he had landed them, were easily persuaded to take up Anabaptism. For the Lutheran system ascribed great power to the civil government and recognized the secular element in the state. The acknowledgment of an authority in the civil power is simply, when it is looked into, the acknowledgment of the rights of the citizens who make up the state. On the other hand, Anabaptism was an exclusive despotism; it claimed to have no authority controlling it. Its members were the servants of the Lord alone, and refused any other lordship. But for a while the organization was lacking which should direct these high aspirations, and give them aim and object. We are now to see it suddenly furnished.

ARRIVAL OF MATTHYS AND BOCKELSON IN MÜNSTER.

On the day of the Epiphany, 1534, the prophet Matthys and his fanatical apostle John Bockelson of Leyden suddenly ap-

peared in the city in the house of one Knipperdolling, a rich burgher who had adopted Anabaptist opinions. Their remarkable dress, their commanding bearing, their self-possessed confidence in their preaching, and withal their persuasive manners, made a deep impression on the citizens, tossed as they were by all kinds of doubts, and ready to close with anything that offered them certainty. The prospect held out to them by the new-comers is easily expressed,—"holy sensuality;" and when men are cut away from their religious moorings, and at the mercy of any wind that blows, there can be none more powerful than this: "Please and gratify any desire that offers itself, and believe that all the while you will be pleasing God."

All the city seemed to have gone mad. Wives came to the meetings by stealth, and brought their jewels as the first-fruits of their devotion. Their husbands began with indignation against them, and ended by being converted too. Nuns openly blasphemed the mass in the market-place, girls danced while they shouted, "Woe to sinners!" The burgomaster was mobbed by women because he remained firm on the side of the town pastor, who refused assent to the new opinions. A blacksmith's boy began to preach the new gospel, and when the Council ordered him to be imprisoned, all his comrades assembled and let him out.

About a month after the delirium began, a tumult broke out between the Anabaptists and the Town Council, who were by no means ready to go at such a pace. It was soon clear that the Anabaptists, though noisy, were in a great minority, and the word went round that they were to be expelled. But who shall attempt to gauge the power of fanaticism? Their danger seemed to raise them altogether above the earth. They saw visions in the air: a man wearing a golden crown, with a sword and a scourge in his hand; another with blood streaming from his hands; the conqueror of the Apocalypse on the white horse going forth conquering and to conquer. The calmer Lutherans were moved with pity, if not with secret sympathy; they feared, too, that the putting down the fanatics might be followed by thralldom to the bishop, and they began to propose terms. These were, that every one should enjoy liberty of conscience, but should obey the civil magistrate in temporal matters. The Anabaptists rightly regarded this as a victory to themselves. They were wild with delight. "The faces of the Christians became beautiful in colour," said one of them (Christians being themselves exclusively). Children of seven years old prophesied. "We do not believe that ever such joy was known before," said another.

And now there came additions to their number every day. For their existence being now legally recognized, men of like opinions came pouring into Münster,—women who had left their husbands, and husbands who had deserted their wives. Rottmann promised them all tenfold compensation for whatever they had given up. And thus within two months from the first appearance of Matthys and Bockelson in the town, their followers had gained a majority. How they used their power was soon to appear.

ANABAPTISM TRIUMPHANT.

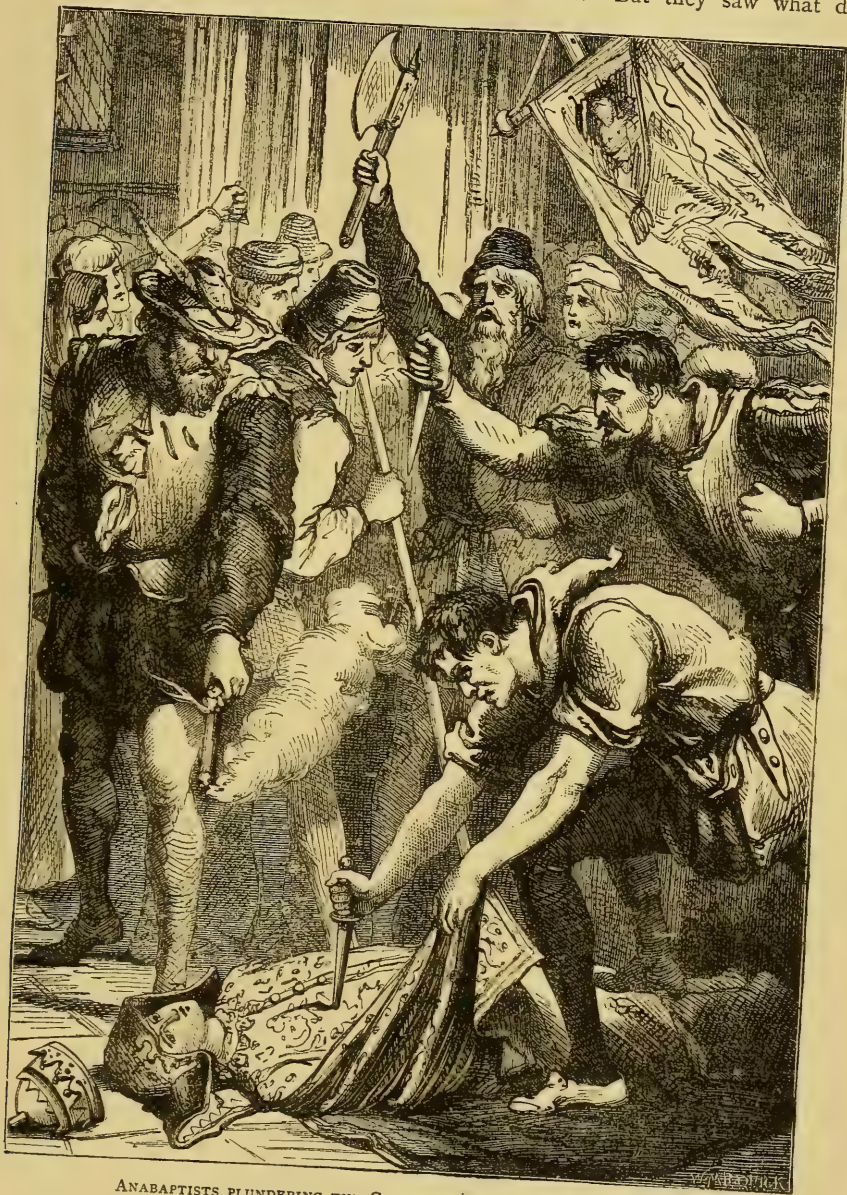
The elections for the Town Council, which showed how the tables had been turned, were held on the 21st of February, 1534. "The electors," was the triumphant boast, "were not now men of the flesh, but of the spirit." On the 27th a great meeting of Anabaptists for prayer was held in the town-hall. In the midst of it the prophet Matthys seemed to sink into a deep slumber, when he suddenly started up and announced that the will of God had been revealed to him that all unbelievers who refused to be converted must be instantly driven out. "Away with the children of Esau," he cried; "the inheritance belongeth to the sons of Jacob." The cry was taken up instantly, "Away with the ungodly!" The snow lay deep on the ground, the wind and the rain were converting it into horrible mire, when every house was entered, and all who would not abjure their infant baptism were driven into the streets. Women with half-naked babies, little children knee-deep in slush and snow, old men with not a penny left of their life's earnings, went forth homeless. Young lads, with scared faces, holding in their hands a bit of bread which their schoolmasters had given to comfort them or to allay their hunger, went side by side with their parents with bare feet through the snow. But on reaching the gates all the wanderers were searched; the fanatics took away from the mothers the bottles of milk which they had secured for their children, and the bread which the lads were conveying to their mouths, and the few small coins which the men had been able to secure for their wants. If their clothes were good, they took these too. Then they drove them out, with the cry, "Away, ye wicked pagans!" The Anabaptists were thus masters of the situation. They gathered together all the property that could be found, and Matthys appointed seven "deacons" to distribute it among the faithful. All intercourse with the "pagans" was strictly forbidden. Those who received the new baptism alone were saints. Marriages previously solemnized were annulled; laws were abolished as infractions of liberty. All distinctions of rank were suppressed.

JOHN OF LEYDEN AND THE ANABAPTISTS.

THE CITY BELEAGUERED.

The fanatics would gladly have gone on to extend their dominion beyond the city, but

to whether it would not be wiser merely to keep off the pestilence from their own doors, and leave the Bishop of Münster to fight his own battles. But they saw what danger



ANABAPTISTS PLUNDERING THE CHURCHES AND BREAKING THE IMAGES.

the whole neighbourhood was now thoroughly alarmed and ready to take arms against them. The bishop appealed to his neighbours at Cleves and Köln. They hesitated a little as

would accrue to themselves should the Anabaptists succeed in winning over the small towns. And, moreover, the Landgrave of Hesse had promised the bishop succour.

Should these be victorious, might he not turn on those who refused their help, and humble them before the bishop of Münster? They resolved, therefore, to send help, artillery, cavalry, infantry; only stipulating that the see should compensate them. The promise was made, the helps were sent, and by the end of April 1534 a strong army beleaguered the town.

A GLIMPSE OF CITY LIFE.

Besieging a town is not the same thing as taking it, and the allied princes knew that they had their work to do. The city was well-provisioned and well armed, and the besieged fanatics betrayed no signs of fear. They at once showed that they would tolerate nothing that was not altogether identified with themselves. All the pictures and statues in cathedral and market-place were destroyed. It is said that in richness they had no equal save at Köln. A splendid collection of manuscripts, which had been brought from Italy, and had cost twenty thousand florins, was solemnly burnt in front of the cathedral. No book was to be allowed but the Bible, and this also was to be subjected to the judgment of the prophets. Next, all property was declared to be common. Not only the property of the exiles, but that of the faithful also, all gold, silver, and jewels had to be brought forth for the common use. Each man was to exercise his own craft as heretofore, but tailors were enjoined to introduce no new garment or fashion. Meat and drink were provided at public cost, at which the "brothers and sisters" sat apart from each other, while one read and expounded a chapter of the Bible. As for the civil government, nothing could be simpler. The prophet Matthys was supreme and absolute, with Bockelson for his lieutenant and Rottmann for his chief preacher. The besieged made no progress. The town was not only well fortified, but it stood in a plain, and there was no rising ground in its neighbourhood on which the besiegers could erect their engines. Some of their soldiers who were taken prisoners in the sorties were beheaded by order of the prophets, and their heads were set up on the walls to show their comrades what fate awaited them. But accidents will happen even in the best regulated states. On Easter Day of that year, before Matthys had been two months upon his throne, an attack was made by the besiegers. He rushed out to put it down with a strong hand, and was killed. Bockelson claimed to have foretold it; there were some who even averred that he had contrived it. He now took his place, and ruled not less absolutely.

JOHN OF LEYDEN SUPREME.

The new monarch for a while kept silence. Those about him were not slow to declare that even in civil matters merely human laws were to be disregarded, and that the Word of God, as interpreted by His servants, was the only supreme authority. At length he spake. God, he said, had made known to him His will; there were to be twelve elders in the new, as in the ancient, Israel, and he proceeded to nominate them. The faithful Rottmann assured the congregation from the cathedral that a revelation to himself confirmed the prophet's utterance, and presented the newly appointed elders to it. No sort of objection was made, no form of election was gone through. Six of them were to sit each day, morning and afternoon, to administer justice: the prophet was to proclaim their sentences unto Israel, and Knipperdolling was to execute them. Then further, a code of laws was put forth. It consisted entirely of extracts from the books of Moses.

What next? One might almost answer this question from the analogy of other similar delusions. Fanaticism is usually accompanied by debauchery, and he who throws over his faith may look to throw over also his morality before long. Prophet John was already married, but he desired Divara, the young and pretty widow of his predecessor, who, we may say in passing, had divorced his aged spouse to marry Divara. What wonder that the great man found no difficulty in seeing his way! He announced that it was as lawful now as it was under the old covenant for a man to have a plurality of wives. Such a proposition, indeed, had been made to Luther, who indignantly rejected it. We need not say that, Bockelson was not likely to be affected by such scruples; was he not living entirely by the Scriptures? and was not he the interpreter of them? Yet the consciences of the citizens were not yet prepared for such abominations, though Rottmann thundered for several days together in defence of the new utterance, and practically demonstrated his own conviction by taking four wives.

A smith named Mollenhök raised his voice in defence of decency, and called upon the citizens not to return to barbarism. All of the old-fashioned people who were not utterly given up to the new opinions rallied round him, and some of the prophet's partizans were imprisoned, while proposals were made for recalling the exiles. But John's organization was too strong, and the lowest class were staunch to one who had taught them confiscation. Mollenhök's party were driven from one post to another till they took refuge in the town-hall. Their enemies immediately invested it, and planted cannon, which women had dragged thither, in front. The besieged

saw that their case was hopeless, and announced their surrender from the windows. They had better have died at their posts than trust such ruffians. John ordered that they should be tied to trees and shot, announcing that he who fired the first shot would receive the special favour of God. But as presently the fear arose among the faithful that the continual discharge of the guns would induce the belief that the citizens were fighting, and as also it was considered that this was a waste of powder, it was ordered that the rest, sixty in number, were to be slain with the sword, and the execution was committed to Knipperdolling. At first he proceeded in a leisurely and capricious manner, as if he would lengthen out the sweet delights of his task, killing one or two a day. But presently, fearing that by chance the prophet might somewhat relent, he finished off the whole in a batch. From this time he had the power of putting to death on the spot any man whom he detected disobeying the new laws. He stalked about the streets with a drawn sword in his hand, preceded by four heralds, and striking terror into all hearts.

BOCKELSON IS MADE KING.

All was now ready for the next move. A fellow-prophet, Tausendschuer, declared one morning that God had revealed to him that John of Leyden was to be king; the preachers with one consent supported him. Declared and agreed to, every man came forward and signed allegiance. Then the king called on the congregation to join him in prayer that he might have good assistants in his government. After they had all prayed, Rottmann produced a list of those whom the Divine will had appointed. Rottmann himself was to be bürgermeister, and Knipperdolling lieutenant, the most eminent of the preachers were to be privy councillors.

The views of the Anabaptists as to the course of the world were set forth by Rottmann in a treatise. All things, he said, run in triads. The first period of the world ended with the deluge; in the second, God had called men by Abraham, by the prophets, by Christ. But all was in vain, none would hear; therefore the wrath of God was about to descend once more, as in the days of Noah, and destroy all the ungodly and bring in the perfect kingdom. The kingdom of the world, the ungodly empire under which they had been living, was already reft and falling to pieces; a few years more and all its riches would come into the hands of the true believers, among whom Christ would reign for a thousand years. True that sacrifices were needed before the happy day would dawn; the siege which they were enduring was such

a sacrifice. But God would not only deliver them, He would put His sword into the hands of His people that they might cut off all that believed not. And inasmuch as the Old Testament prophets had foretold a universal king, it followed that John of Leyden was the king of the whole earth; as such Tausendschuer saluted him, and he accepted the title and assumed it in his edicts. Here is a specimen of one:—

"Be it known and proclaimed to all lovers and followers of truth and godly righteousness, as well as to all who understand not like those who are learned in the hidden things of God. Inasmuch as the Christians and their disciples have gone forth under the banner of righteousness as true Israelites in the new Temple in the present kingdom long foreseen, promised by the mouth of the prophets, begun by Christ and His apostles in the wisdom of the Spirit, and now come in the person of John the Righteous, the promised and incontestable occupant of the throne of David," etc., etc.

He wore a gold chain round his neck, on which was suspended a golden globe transfixed with two swords. His uniform was of three colours—green, the symbol of youth, white, of innocence, grey of death to his enemies.* Thrice a week he appeared in crown and gold chain in the market-place, seated himself on his throne, and administered justice, while Knipperdolling stood one step lower, sword in hand. When he rode through the town, two boys walked beside him, one with an Old Testament, the other with a naked sword. All who met him knelt down. "Had he been a king born," says one writer, "he could not have arranged more ostentatiously, for he was a wondrous manager of pomp and show."

To all this ostentation he added debauchery. Besides Divara, who was his queen, he took fifteen wives, and he declared that he would have three hundred. His queen and these young girls he attired magnificently, having seized all the rich vestments from the churches for the purpose. Each of his apostles and adherents also had several wives. He considered it necessary to keep his followers in a state of drunkenness, to prevent them from foreseeing the catastrophe which hung over them.

Knipperdolling was not far behind him in extravagant pretension. Once he caused himself to be suspended over the heads of the crowd in the market-place that he might breathe the Holy Spirit upon them all. He danced indecent dances before the King, and broke out into horse-play with him. Once

* This use of the tricolor as a revolutionary symbol is one of many resemblances, pointed out by Ranke, to the proceedings in the French Revolution of 1793.

they had a quarrel; but it was dangerous work to both sides quarrelling in such a state of the atmosphere, and they soon made it up.

In October 1534 there was a great religious festival, which he called the Lord's Supper!

Tables were set for the Lord's Supper for all the adult women, and for those of the men who were not watching upon the walls—in all four thousand two hundred persons. John of Leyden and Divara appeared with all their courtiers and served. After the general meal the King took wheaten cakes and the Queen took wine, and, after having first partaken themselves, they gave of them to the others, saying, "Brother (or sister), take and eat; as the grains of wheat are baked together, and as the grapes are pressed together, so are we also one." Then they sang the hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest." Whilst this was proceeding the King thought he saw one who had not on a wedding garment. He ordered him to be dragged out, followed him, and with his own hands cut off his head. Then he returned to the feast, and many times burst out laughing at the thought of what he had done.

When the feast was over, he asked if they were all ready to do the will of God. "All," they replied. "Then," said the king, "His will is that some of you should go forth to make known the wonderful things which God hath wrought for us. Thereupon he chose six, who were to go to Osnabruch, and the same number who were to go to other towns in the neighbourhood. To each he gave a piece of gold of the value of nine florins, and also a charm for safety. They all left Münster the same night; and those who succeeded in reaching the town assigned to them, made night horrible, filling the air with outcries. "Be converted and repent," they shouted. "The time which God in His mercy has leit you is short. The axe is laid to the root of the trees; if you do not receive peace, your town will be soon destroyed." Next, presenting themselves to the Town Councils, they spread their cloaks on the ground, on which they laid the piece of gold. "We proclaim peace to you," they proceeded; "if you accept our peace, bring hither all that you possess, and lay it on this gold. Our king will ere long have conquered the world, and subdued it to himself in righteousness." It seems as if the Bishop of Münster had contrived to make himself hated, for the envoys were in some cases well received at first, simply on the ground that they were hostile to him. But presently they were all arrested, and some were put to the torture. But not one would confess himself in the wrong. "We wait for new troops from Friesland," they said; "when these arrive, the king shall go forth in his

might and subdue the whole earth." They were all put to death as guilty of sedition.

There was one woman in the city who boasted that no man could control her. The boast excited John of Leyden to desire her for another of his wives. Accordingly he married her, and she lived with him for some time; but, finding his morals and the manners of his harem intolerable, she left his house and sent back all his presents. In his fury the Anabaptist king had her brought into the market-place, beheaded her himself, and kicked the corpse about with his foot, while his wives once more joined in singing the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE; A FAILURE.

There was still, however, one drawback to John of Leyden's perfect triumph, namely, the beleaguering army of the bishop outside. Within, for the time, all opposition seemed at an end; the people one and all professed willing homage. They had bartered their liberty for grotesque and horrible living, seeking to fill themselves with the husks that the swine did eat. As for the leader he is past all analysis of character. Spiritual pride, fleshly brutality, enthusiasm, craftiness, lofty pretension, hideous coarseness, all mingled together into such a being as the history of the world has rarely seen. And still his devotees believed in him. A woman who had come a long way to dwell in Münster, "in order to seek the salvation of her soul at John's hands," had heard the story of Judith read at table, and resolved to imitate her, and deliver the besieged city by killing the bishop, as the Jewish heroine did Holofernes. She dressed herself in fine garments, borrowed jewels from the treasury, in fact, imitated Judith in all particulars except in her success. For on presenting herself in the camp, she was suspected and questioned, confessed the truth, and was put to death.

In August the bishop had made an unsuccessful attempt to storm the city. Nothing could have been more complete or better arranged than the counter preparations. All threatened places were carefully guarded; and on the walls, between the men-at-arms, stood women and boys. The boys had bows and arrows, the women cauldrons, some filled with boiling pitch, others with lime. The stormers came on in six parties, planted their ladders, and began to climb. The fire of musketry which poured upon their crowded ranks, deadly as it was, was less horrible than the tortures produced by the women's attack. "The victims of it," says one narrator (Kersenbroik), "maddened with the flames which penetrated through their ar-

mour, rushed hither and thither distractedly, but only to strengthen the fire the more by their movements. In vain they tried to drag off their burning garments; they only increased their agony by covering their hands with the fiery pitch. Some of them rolled on the earth with horrid cries; others threw themselves into the ditches, where the weight of their armour sunk them."

Such a catastrophe as this was sufficient to rob the landsknechts of any desire to renew the attack; it was clear that there was skill as well as desperate courage matched against them. Nothing was left to the bishop but to make the blockade closer.

We have already told how, in October, after the communion which we have described, emissaries were sent by "the King of Zion" to go into the neighbouring cities, and relate the signs and wonders that were done on behalf of the people of the Lord. But many failed to run the blockade, were seized by the bishop's people, and put to death. Yet John's courage was not broken by this. He knew that the Anabaptist principles had taken deep root among the German peasantry, and in some places among the nobility as well. In Erfurt and Anhalt and Württemberg, there were thousands of them; in Augsburg another Anabaptist king was actually set up. Still their stronghold was the Netherlands, especially in Amsterdam and Leyden. In February 1535, hundreds of these fanatics ran naked about the streets of Amsterdam by night, crying out, "Woe! woe! woe!" They were arrested and beheaded. So were others who formed a plan to anticipate the Divine judgment by burning down unbelieving Leyden. Near Franeker, in Friesland, three hundred of them took possession of a convent. They, too, after some trouble, were seized and put to death. Yet the opinion was universally held among them that if John of Leyden could only win a few more victories, the whole of Lower Germany would rise in his favour. For he abated none of his pretensions; he still laid claim to the monarchy of the world; and he now proceeded coolly to apportion it among twelve dukes, that of Germany being the first. He wrote to the Landgrave of Hesse, addressing him as "dear Phil.," that if he would but study the Bible he would see that the King of Zion had not unlawfully usurped his title.

It seems strange to us that this upstart, vile brute as he was, should thus be able to hold all Germany at bay. But his impunity lay in the jealousies which divided the princes and states. We have seen how Köln and Cleves had been induced to join against John more through jealousy of Hesse than for love of righteousness. The failure of the

assault upon the city was very near causing them to withdraw their assistance; but better counsels prevailed, and they agreed to furnish fifty thousand gulden to the bishop. They had already sent him sixty thousand. But they did more. They made an appeal for help to the surrounding states. The councillors of the Palatinate, of Mainz, Trier, and Würzburg, met them accordingly at Oberwesel; and, again, jealousy was as powerful as patriotism, for Mary of Burgundy had already given hints of gathering succours for Münster from her states in the Netherlands; and should the city be delivered by her means, it would at once be lost to Saxony and won to Burgundy. There were other wheels within wheels in the whole matter; but this was the guiding principle, and the results proved favourable to the bishop. The three circles of the Lower Rhine, the Upper Rhine, and Westphalia, met in conference at Coblenz in December, and agreed to raise fifteen thousand gulden a month to keep up the blockade. And they also drew up a petition to the Emperor Ferdinand, who had just succeeded Charles V., to convoke a general assembly at Worms, with a view to delivering the bishop of Münster from his troubles. Nearly all the States agreed to send help: The Elector of Brandenburg, it is true, responded that the three circles concerned should do their own work; but the agreement of the rest assured the bishop that he would now be enabled to continue the blockade. A commander-in-chief, too, was appointed, Count Whirich von Dhaun.

THE KING IN DANGER.

And now for the first time the besieged realized the possibility of starvation. They by no means lost heart. They knew that there were zealous Anabaptists throughout the Netherlands, crying, "Death to all priests and nobles! The only lawful sovereign in the world is the King of Münster!" They even rose up in many centres simultaneously at Easter 1535, and the Anabaptists actually got possession of the Stadthuis at Amsterdam for one night. Jan van Geelen, a clever, crafty man, set on by Bockelson, having first, by a feigned renunciation of his errors, won the good-will of Mary of Burgundy, gathered a large number of followers and burst into the city in the dead of night, and seized the Stadthuis. The townsfolk, however, aroused by the tocsin, drove away the fanatics with cannon shot, not without suffering great losses themselves, particularly in the death of a burgomaster. The rebels were cruelly treated. Many of them were stretched on butcher's blocks and had their hearts torn out. The women who

had taken part in the rising were drowned. It soon became evident that the fanatics had no chance. Everywhere they were dispersed by the armed forces of the country without any difficulty. One legitimate commander, who expected to meet an armed host of some thousands, found five men and thirteen women. He says naively, that he soon converted them from their errors.

These dispersed, the last hope of the upstart king was really gone. He had continued to encourage his people with promises of assistance. Their fellow-believers, he declared, would not be hindered from coming to their king by sword nor fire nor water. But murmurs arose; and a deserter from the city to the blockading army on the 7th of May announced that the King had much work to prevent insurrection. Many fled from the city, whom the besiegers would have driven back but that pity stayed their hands; and the landsknechts handed food to the women and children who sat down in despair in the ditches by the stockade. Men moved to and fro in the city, mere skeletons covered with skin, with necks which seemed not equal to supporting their heads, with ghastly cheek-bones and blue lips and starving, wolfish eyes, which opened and shut with sudden jerk. They ate the flesh of horses, of dogs, and cats, and dormice, as well as grass and leather. They tore up books, and devoured the parchment. Half the population, it is said, died of starvation. Bockelson had told them that if it were necessary for the saving of his subjects the stones would be turned into bread; and some of his devotees were seen biting the stones, and breaking them in pieces, in hope of the fulfilment of the prophecy. Despair led to madness of the most hideous character. The wife of one of the King's "senators" killed her three children, salted their bodies, and placed them away in jars; and on this awful provision she fed day after day. In the midst of this frightful spectacle, which seems to rival the last days of Jerusalem itself, the King's palace continued daily to be the scene of feasting and debauchery.

And even now there were those who were determined, to use John of Leyden's phrase, "not to go back into Egypt." A summons to them to surrender on terms which was sent to them in the beginning of June by the commander-in-chief was indignantly rejected. They hoped, now all other hope failed them, that though the beast, of which Daniel had spoken and which their King had interpreted of the Empire, should crush them under his hoofs, yet that the great stone, which the same prophet had foretold, would crush him in turn and the kingdom be given to the saints of the Most High; and they resolved when all should be lost to set

fire to the city, and rush out on the enemy's guns.

OVERTHROW.

The wretched victims of delusion had no opportunity of attempting to carry out their intentions. A deserter came to the besiegers' camp, and offered to show them a way by which they might enter the city. They were glad enough to hear of it, for they were tired of their straw beds in the block-houses, but their terrible experience when they made the attempt to storm the place was fresh in their memories. But they knew that if they could only surmount the dangers of the ditch and outer wall, the enemy within was not in a condition to make any resistance worth the name. Under such conditions we are not likely to find a record of brave deeds and heroic exploits. It was the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, June 23rd, 1535, when the betrayer led a few hundred landsknechts across the ditches where they were narrowest, and showed them where to plant their ladders on the safest spots on the walls. He had possessed them with the Anabaptists' watchword, and so they were able to deceive the sentinels till they were ascended in force, then they threw the sentinels over the wall. Securing a bastion in their rear, they pressed on to the cathedral close, then shouted the war-cry and beat their drums. The Anabaptists sprang from their beds in terror, and rushed to defend themselves. But by this time the gate was opened from within, and the main body of besiegers came rushing through it.

The unhappy fanatics fought for a brief hour with all the fury and energy of despair. A hundred and fifty nobles and officers who were in the foremost ranks of their enemies fell by their muskets before they were subdued. The King and Knipperdolling were seized and made prisoners in a bastion within which they had hid themselves. Rottmann resolved to escape from the ignominy of execution or captivity by rushing into the thickest of the fight and meeting death there. A few hundreds of them still held out, and entrenched themselves behind some carriages, presenting such a fierce and determined front that the besiegers fell back and treated with them. If they would yield they should be allowed to go quietly home, and when the bishop came he should determine their fate. There was poor comfort for them even in this, for it is not likely that he would have spared their lives. But they could hope for nothing better; had they held out, they would have all been killed to a certainty. They yielded, laid down their arms, and turned their faces to their homes. But the landsknechts, furious at the loss of their comrades, after a minute's hesitation, rushed upon them and smote them

down in their helplessness, even hacking them to pieces. The few that were not killed were reserved only for formal execution.

What a miserable and ghastly story it makes! The wretched creatures thus butchered had given themselves up to crime and debaucheries. Yet who can refuse them pity in their horrible misery? And who can wonder at the fury which had gotten the mastery in the souls of their victorious foes? We at this distance of time can pity and sympathise. For the moment, one thought alone seems to have taken possession of the conquerors' souls, namely, that Anabaptism must be destroyed, root and branch. Even the women were driven out of the city; every one offering them shelter was to be treated as an Anabaptist. What became of them was never known. No record remains to tell. Those who had been driven out of the city before were suffered to return; but as they were not held entirely guiltless, they had to pay a fine. Any man suspected of Anabaptism had to give security to the amount of 400 gulden before he could be readmitted.

Cleves and Köln were so shocked at the severity of the reaction, that they tried to mitigate it. A deputation of the Empire called for the restoration to the city of its old privileges and rights. But of this there was no hope. The nobles and cathedral chapter were determined to keep the power now that they had it, and to crush the independence of the city which had long been hateful to them. They built a fortress in the very heart of the city at the expense of the citizens, though the princes of Köln and Cleves protested against it as tyranny. This fortress they placed under the command of one of the nobles, and made him swear allegiance to themselves; he was to obey only them, though even the Emperor himself should be present. Even the Town Council must be approved by them before its election could be valid.

Thus the city was once more entirely at the feet of the nobles and clergy, though it had once emancipated itself from them. And this was the result of the fanaticism and intolerance of the so styled "faithful Christians."

THE EXECUTION.

Meanwhile, John Bockelson of Leyden, the captive King, with his chief councillor Knipperdolling, were brought to trial. John at first braved it out. He assumed the air of a king, and spoke arrogantly to the bishop. When reproached with his polygamy he answered with insolent jests, and declared that he would never have surrendered the town, though his people should all have died of hunger. Two theologians of Hesse were

sent to endeavour to bring him to repentance; he treated them with the same insolence, and affected an air of complete superiority.

Reflection, however, soon wrought a change. For he was an impostor rather than a misguided enthusiast, and he was ready to do anything to save his life. He asked for a second conference with the Hessians, and affected to be converted. "I confess," he said to them, "that the resistance which I have offered to authority was unlawful; that my institution of polygamy was rash and untimely; and that the baptism of children is obligatory on Christians. If pardon should be granted me and to Melchior Hoffmann and his wives, I undertake to obtain from all my adherents obedience and submission." He likewise acknowledged to the bishop's chaplain that if he were to suffer ten deaths, he had deserved them all. This is the language of a knave willing to give up his imposture if it may save his life. Knipperdolling and Krechting, on the other hand, were perfectly obdurate. They were not so clever or so well-skilled in theological language as John of Leyden, and they asserted that they had but followed the guidance of God.

Cruelties of various kinds were inflicted on the miserable wretches. They were led about publicly, sometimes chained, sometimes in iron cages, and exhibited like strange animals to the various princes and their courts. After a month of this, they were sentenced to death for high treason. They were brought out into the great square of Münster, to the spot where John as king had borne the sceptre and worn the crown, and where his executive minister Knipperdolling had held his sword of office. Here they were stretched out naked, and their bodies were plucked to pieces with red-hot pincers. The horrible scene lasted for an hour. All three bore the torture with courage; not one cry, it is said, escaped Bockelson. After he had breathed his last, they pierced his heart with a dagger. His wife Divara and the rest of the chief fanatics were beheaded.

Relics of this strange phenomenon of history are still to be seen at Münster. The old fortifications have been dismantled, but there are still the ancient ramparts, now a pleasant walk planted with lime-trees. In the cathedral is to be seen the tomb of the victorious bishop. There is also the beautiful Gothic church of St. Lambert, and outside the towers are two iron baskets in which the bodies of John of Leyden and his two fellow-sufferers were hung up after execution. His house, ornamented with curious carvings, is in the market-place. In the Rathhaus, are the tongs and pincers with which the poor wretches were tortured; and in the Friedensaal (so-called because the peace of Westphalia was afterwards signed here, May 1648) are

shown John of Leyden's shrivelled and dried hand, cut off before his execution, his bed, and Divara's shoes.

Lutherans and Catholics had united to put down these wicked and wild fanatics, and it has been said that the combination had the effect of promoting a better understanding between the two confessions (Hardwick's "Reformation," 276). But it was not very cordial apparently. One of the two Hessian divines who received Bockelson's confession, and who, it is not unlikely, was moved with compassion towards him at the last, writes indignantly to the court chaplain of Saxony that "the mass priests" showed a savage delight over the execution, and that he is sure that they would like to serve the Lutherans the same. Without question, the cause of the Reformation was all but lost in Münster by these wild excesses and crimes. Protestantism barely exists there at present.

RETROSPECT.

Three causes had combined to produce this hideous chapter of history. First, the cruel persecution of Charles V. of all who asserted the liberty of the conscience. Secondly, the need which all men recognized of reformation in the state and in social life. The poor felt that they were oppressed, and looked for a helper. Thirdly, the unbridled license and lust of the fanatics, who met the desire for deliverance by promising impossibilities, and who did not remember that man has duties as well as rights, and that unrestrained liberty to sinful beings must be a curse.

After this terrible catastrophe, there still remained some enthusiasts and libertines. But the terror of mankind at the sight of them prevented their obtaining a following, and so they dwindled away. Ranke, in his "History of the Reformation,"—a work to which we owe much of the information contained in this article,—has gathered together a great number of hymns written by milder members of this wild sect. There are references to "crafty serpents" and "the great dragon," resolutions not to be terrified by fire or sword, faith that God can and will save His true children, and will deliver their souls though their bodies perish; and so on (iii. 620).

At the moment of their total overthrow in Münster many of them fled to England, and became important actors in the stormy period of the seventeenth century. A great deal of what is peculiar in the history of George Fox and his followers was a mere reproduction of some of the more harmless vagaries of the Anabaptists.

Let us close with the calm reflection of the good old historian of this period, Merle d'Aubigné:—"We have traced the horrible episode of Münster, and we have exhibited it like one of those placards which we have sometimes met with in the Alps, nailed to a post near an abyss, on which were to be read such words as these:—*'Traveller, beware! Any one approaching, falls and rolls over. He is hurled from rock to rock till he is dashed to pieces and killed, the sad victim of his rashness.'*"

W. B.





ENTRANCE OF ALEXANDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA, INTO BRUSSELS.

WHAT CAME OF THE BEGGARS' REVOLT.

THE STORY OF THE FREEDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.

"But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod."—LONGFELLOW.

How Duke Alva superseded Margaret of Parma—Arrival of Alva in Brussels—General Apprehension of Evil—The Treacherous Calm—Arrest of Counts Egmont and Horn—Escape of Hoogstraten—Trial and Condemnation of the Two Counts—Egmont's Last Letter to the King—The Execution in the Market-place at Brussels—How Duke Alva ruled in the Netherlands—The Reign of Terror—The Council of Blood—Vargas and His Colleagues—Atrocities and Oppression—Departure of Margaret of Parma—William of Orange, the Champion of Religious Liberty—His Defeat by Alva—The Duke's Insolence and Pride—The Statue—Taxation and Resistance—The Resignation of Alva—Renewal of the Contest—Beggars of the Sea—Alva's Successors—The Struggle and the Triumph—Death of William the Silent—Conclusion.

HOW DUKE ALVA SUPERSEDED MARGARET OF PARMA.

THE 22nd day of August, 1467, may well be marked with a black stone in the annals of the Netherlands. For on that day the man whose reputation for ruthlessness preceded him, and

whose subsequent proceedings more than justified the terror with which the news of his approach was greeted, appeared with his formidable army of Spaniards before the gates of Brussels. That he came in the character of an avenger, armed with unlimited power—that he came as the minister

of a monarch who never forgot and who never pardoned, and whose wrath had been fiercely kindled by the efforts of the Flemings to protect the ancient freedom and privileges Philip II. and his father Charles V. before him had consistently striven to subvert,—these things were sufficient to account for the stupor of terror in which the city seemed sunk. But in addition to all this there was in the character of Alva a profound dissimulation equal to that of his master, and his open enmity was less formidable than the insidious friendship he was known sometimes to extend towards those he had determined to ruin, until the moment for their destruction had come.

The powers with which the gloomy noble had been invested by the tyrant, whose will he was determined to carry out to the utmost, were startling and almost unlimited; and aroused the indignation and disgust of the Regent, Margaret of Parma, King Philip's half-sister, when he waited upon her to present his credentials. For she saw at once that her influence was entirely superseded and rendered of no effect by these astonishing commissions; although, according to the literal purport of the first royal letter, while the command and control of all the garrisons and of all the troops were entrusted to Alva, the administration of civil affairs was still to remain in the hands of Margaret. But a second commission which the Duke put into the Regent's hands in private placed his authority in a very different light. This second commission gave Alva full power to carry on war, to build fortresses, to appoint or depose governors of provinces, and all officials from the highest to the lowest, at his will, to punish all who had been concerned in the late disturbances in Flanders, and to reward those whose conduct had merited the favourable consideration of the government. To the indignant remonstrances and inquiries of the mortified princess he replied by hints that he held a third commission, whose contents it would not be expedient to divulge, but which conferred upon him a mysterious power of still wider and more formidable extent. From that day Margaret of Parma clearly understood that the moderate counsels she had advocated were unpalatable at the Court of Madrid, and that the authority in everything but its outward signs had departed from her; nor was it to be wondered at that she quickly determined to resign an office of which only the name remained.

The troops were at once quartered in the suburbs, and in a few hours' time had spread themselves through the streets. Brussels appeared like a city smitten with the plague. The streets were deserted, the doors of houses closely barred. Friends and acquaintances hurried past one another on the open places,

afraid to be seen in conversation, distrustful of the interpretation that might put upon a chance word, the taint of treason; and whenever a Spaniard appeared in the streets, the few passengers hastened to get out of his way. "The two nations," says Schiller, "seemed to have exchanged their characters; the Spaniard to have become communicative, and the Brabanter dumb."

The nobles at first kept rigidly within their own houses. Reminiscences of the part they had played at the assemblages of the "Gueux," and of the bold language held in that Culemburg Palace, in which the union of the "Beggars" had once been jovially established, and where the fierce Alva had now taken up his quarters, made them anxious not to recall themselves to the recollection of the avenger; and so general was the appearance of distrust and apprehension that Alva began to fear that his victims would by a timely flight elude the vengeance he held ready to hurl against them. For it was his object to get the chiefs of the confederacy of the Gueux into his power; well knowing that the people, deprived of their leaders, could do little or nothing against the disciplined strength of the army by which his authority was upheld.

Accordingly, during the first few days of his residence in Brussels, no steps of a hostile character were taken; and the nobles, especially Count Egmont, a man of a jovial, open, and confiding disposition, began to hope that after all they might have exaggerated the extent of the danger, and that the formidable Spaniards would content themselves with maintaining order and quietness in the country. Accordingly Egmont began to show himself once more in public; and his friend Count Horn, who had at first prudently retired from the capital, came back to Brussels, thus putting his head into the lion's mouth. It was Alva's especial desire to get possession of the persons of these two nobles, and of a third, the Count of Hoogstraten, who was also returning to Brussels, misled by the treacherous calm; but, fortunately for himself, sickness compelled Hoogstraten to travel slowly, and he was some distance from the city when the blow fell upon his fellow nobles, and enabled him, by a timely flight, to avoid the fate that overwhelmed them. William of Orange, the silent, sagacious judge of the character of men, had estimated Alva and his master with unerring prescience when he warned Egmont and Horn to depart from the wrath to come.

HOW EGMONT AND HORN WERE ARRESTED AND TRIED.

Meanwhile the sons of Alva, Ferdinand and Frederick of Toledo, seconded the plans of their treacherous parent by meeting the un-

suspecting Flemish nobles with grave Spanish courtesy mingled with a feigned cordiality that quickly won the hearts of the unsuspecting victims. Gradually some of those heads of great houses who had fled from the capital began to return, and to resume their former manner of living, though in a somewhat half-hearted way; and the Culemburg House was frequented by a number of suitors ready to pay court to the stern Governor, and concealing anxious hearts under an outward aspect of enforced cheerfulness; unwilling by their absence to give colour to suspicion, and yet full of apprehension that the calm that brooded over the city was but the precursor of a scathing tempest.

In truth, Alva had determined to strike a blow worthy of himself and of the master he served. He would bring terror into the city and the whole country by doing a thing that should make the ears of all who heard of it to tingle. This was nothing less than the arrest of that Lamoral, Count Egmont, who had been the envoy of the Gueux to Philip, and whom the relentless and suspicious monarch hated as the most popular man in Flanders, the darling of the people, beloved for his open, hearty manners, his liberality and splendour, and for the ardour with which he upheld national customs, regulations, and sports. With Egmont was to be arrested at the same time Count Horn, a man of great position and influence, though far less important than Egmont; and Count Hoogstraten was to be the third prisoner. Before making the capture, Alva was anxious to secure certain persons of distinction at Antwerp, including the burgomaster of that city, and to get into his possession some important documents that could be used against the prisoners at Brussels; and until this was done he maintained an appearance of amity and good-will.

On the day when he expected the news from Antwerp that the captures had been effected, Alva summoned a council in his house, at which Egmont and various other nobles, Flemings and Spaniards, were present. The Duke caused the sitting to be unusually protracted, until a courier from Antwerp brought him the intelligence that his orders in that city had been fulfilled. Then the council broke up, and Egmont was proceeding to the apartments of Alva's son Ferdinand, to resume an interrupted game, when, to his astonishment, the Captain of the Guard, Sancho de Avila, appeared, followed by a company of Spanish soldiers, who had until then been kept in the background, and demanded the Count's sword in the name of the King. For a few moments Egmont gazed upon the Spanish officer in speechless bewilderment; and then recovering himself, he calmly took his sword from his side and

delivered it up, observing with dignity that it had more than once done good service to the Spanish crown. Count Horn was arrested at the same time, as he was leaving the palace; and on hearing of the capture of his friend, merely declared that "as he had regulated his conduct according to Egmont's advice, it was just that he should share his fate." The two prisoners were carefully guarded in different rooms of the Culemburg House.

Meanwhile the whole of the Spanish garrison, drawn up under arms in front of the palace, gave token that something serious had occurred, and a panic of terror spread throughout the city, increasing as the truth became known. And now the Duke threw off the mask; and the arrest of a number of citizens and nobles gave token of what was to follow. A hundred thousand people had already fled the country, and twenty thousand more now followed; though every obstacle was put in the way of such a proceeding, the ports being strictly guarded and the punishment of death threatened to all who endeavoured to emigrate without permission. Granvella, at Rome, heard of the capture of the two counts. "Have they the Silent one?" he eagerly asked the messenger; and when he answered in the negative, the astute Cardinal shook his head, and said, "Then they have nothing at all, as they have let the Silent one escape."

In a few days the two illustrious prisoners were led away under a guard of three thousand Spanish soldiers to Ghent, where they were kept in confinement, for eight months, in the citadel. The proceedings against them were scandalous, for injustice and utter contempt of law and right, even in an age when State prisoners had little chance of a fair trial. Deprived of all means of calling witnesses, their papers seized and used against them with all the malignity of perversion, subjected to harassing interrogations with the object of entangling them in their talk and betraying them into admissions and contradictory statements, the unfortunate prisoners saw that their chance of purgation was infinitesimal. Their servants were arrested and intimidated, and the secretary of Egmont especially was cruelly tortured to extract evidence from him against his master. But to his honour he remained firm and constant, and baffled the plans of his tormentors. The articles exhibited against Egmont were ninety in number, and those against Horn amounted to more than sixty. Many were entirely frivolous; but the chief crimes alleged against the prisoners were their approval of, and participation in, the actions of the Gueux confederacy. It was asserted and maintained by their enemies that, in conjunction with the Prince of Orange, they had treasonably

conspired to destroy the authority of the King in the Netherlands and to seize the government for themselves. Every action of the two prisoners was viewed in the aspect of treason; their concessions to the Protestants in their governments, Granvella's expulsion, Egmont's embassy to Madrid—everything was interpreted as treasonable, and subversive of the rule of their lawful monarch.

As the unfortunate men were accused of the crime of *lèse majesté*, no friend was allowed access to them. They were required to give in their answer to the voluminous accusation within five days. After they had done this, they were allowed advocates and defenders. Their first plea was, that as Knights of the Order of the Golden Fleece, they were entitled to be tried by the King alone, as the Grand Master of the Order; but they were told that this privilege did not extend to men accused of the crime of high treason. The answers they gave to the various allegations against them are still on record, and are such that no impartial tribunal would have failed to acquit them; but the whole protracted trial was a ghastly farce. Their condemnation had been determined on from the beginning.

The relatives of the two Counts meanwhile made every effort to save them. The Countess Egmont appealed to one German potentate after another, to the King of Spain and to the Emperor; and the mother of Horn, a high-born lady, related to various princely houses, did the same. The prisoners themselves protested against the competency of Alva and his council as a court to try them; and after having been summoned various times to produce their documents in evidence, they were declared contumacious and guilty by the council of twelve on the 1st of June, 1568; and three days afterwards sentence of death was pronounced against them.

HOW EGMONT AND HORN WERE EXECUTED AT BRUSSELS.

When once the sentence was passed upon the prisoners, Alva became anxious that it should be carried out without delay. The numerous petitions addressed to the King of Spain, from princes and other exalted personages, might alter the determination of Philip; and the Count of Aremberg, Alva's general, had been beaten in battle by Count Louis of Nassau. A revolt in Brussels might at any moment endanger the Spanish supremacy in the Netherlands and set the prisoners free. Again, the Emperor Maximilian II. of Germany had interfered in favour of the condemned men, and was so confident of success that he had announced to the despairing Countess of Egmont that

she had nothing to fear for her husband's life. Accordingly the ruthless commander resolved to strike promptly and decisively. The execution of twenty-five nobles in the market-place at Brussels within three days was but the prologue to the deeper tragedy shortly to be enacted on the same spot. And then came the reflection that perhaps Philip, trusting to the promptitude of his lieutenant, would yield to the various intercessors, and despatch a pardon to Brussels for the two condemned men, in the confident expectation that it would arrive too late. There was thus every reason for despatch. Accordingly on the day after sentence had been pronounced, the two Counts were conveyed under a strong guard from Ghent to Brussels. The house, formerly the "Brodhaus," and now called the "Maison du roy," in which they were lodged, is situate in the great market-place. The council was assembled, and the sentences were opened and read. Both prisoners were declared guilty of *lèse majesté* because they had favoured and forwarded the detestable conspiracy of the Prince of Orange, had taken the confederate nobles under their protection, and had served the King and the Church badly in their governorships and other offices. They were to be publicly beheaded, and their heads were to be stuck on spears, and not to be taken down without express permission of the Duke. All their estates, fiefs, and rights were forfeited to the royal treasury. The sentence was signed by the Duke and by Pranz the Secretary.

Martin Bithov, Bishop of Ypern, a kindly, benevolent prelate, was entrusted with the mournful office of announcing their doom to the condemned men. Shocked and horrified he fell at the Duke's feet and implored mercy or at any rate delay for the prisoners. But Alva sternly reminded him that he had been summoned from Ypern not to criticise the sentence but to announce it to the culprits and to prepare them for death.

The jovial and cheerful nature of Egmont, which always disposed him to look at things in a hopeful light, had made him confidently believe that his life would be spared. Accordingly when in the night between the 4th and 5th of June the bishop came to his prison with the sentence of death in his hand, and tears of compassion in his eyes, the unhappy nobleman turned pale, and his voice trembled. "That is, indeed, a severe sentence," he cried; "I did not think I had so deeply offended His Majesty as to deserve such treatment. But if it must be, I submit to my fate with resignation. May this death wipe away my sins, and not be injurious to my wife or my children! So much, at least, I think I may expect for my past services. I will endure death with a quiet mind since

it pleases God and the King." Still he seems hardly to have been able to believe that his sentence would be carried out. But when, on his urgent inquiry, the bishop replied that there was no hope of mercy, he turned his thoughts to the great change so soon and so unexpectedly to come upon him. He confessed to the bishop and received the sacrament; and asking his spiritual adviser if there were any prayer more suited than others to his situation, received the admirable reply that the "Our Father," the supplication dictated by the lips of the Saviour Himself, was undoubtedly the best in his as in every case; whereupon the Count recited it with great fervour. Then he thought of his family; and he called for pen and ink and wrote two letters, one to the King, the second to the Countess Egmont.

The letter to King Philip was as follows:—

"Sire, this morning I have heard the sentence which it has pleased Your Majesty to have passed upon me. Far as I have ever been from undertaking anything against the person or the service of Your Majesty, or against the one, true, old, and Catholic religion, I yet submit with patience to the fate which it has pleased God to bring upon me. If during the late disturbances I have permitted, counselled, or done anything that seems contrary to my duty, it was certainly done with the best intentions, forced from me by the power of circumstances. Therefore I entreat Your Majesty to pardon me for it, and, in consideration of my past services, to have pity upon my unhappy wife and my poor children and servants. In this firm hope I commend myself to the infinite mercy of God.

"Brussels, the 5th of June, 1568, near my last moment.

"Your Majesty's most faithful vassal and servant,

"LAMORAL, COUNT OF EGMONT."

He was especially anxious that this appeal for his wife and family should reach the hands of the King, and even made a copy of the letter to be deposited with the town councillor, Viglius. As the petition was granted, the estates being restored to the family, there is no doubt the letter was duly delivered to Philip.

Meanwhile preparations were being made in the great square of Brussels for the last mournful scene. A scaffold was erected, hung with black, and provided at the two front corners with spiked poles planted erect to receive the heads of the criminals. A silent horror seemed brooding over the city, every man seeing in the deed about to be committed a menace against himself. A large body of Spanish troops surrounded the scaffold; for, cowed and disheartened

as the people were, it was yet probable that the sight of the death of their favourite might excite them to some act of tumultuous vengeance. When the guard appeared in his prison, with cords to bind his hands, he refused to submit to the indignity, declaring himself willing to die. He had already cut off the collar of the jerkin he wore, to render the headman's office more easy. He was dressed in a gown of red damask, with over it a short, black Spanish cloak, embroidered with gold. It was about eleven o'clock when he mounted the scaffold, followed by the Bishop of Ypern and Don Julian Romero and Salinas, Spanish officers. The executioner was kept concealed beneath the scaffold until the last moment.

It had been his intention to address a few words to the people before he died; but he was dissuaded from this intention by the bishop, who pointed out that the Flemings were too far from the scaffold to hear his words, while the Spanish soldiers who stood near would not understand them; and that, moreover, in the excited state of popular feeling, a disturbance might arise. The Count traversed the scaffold several times with long strides, deploring that fortune had not permitted him to lose his life gloriously, on a field of battle, in defence of his King and country. Even then he could hardly realise the idea that this was his death hour. He turned towards Romero and asked if no mercy was to be hoped for. Romero shrugged his shoulders and looked down in silence; whereupon the unfortunate man ground his teeth in momentary anger; and then recovering his composure, submitted to his fate.

He threw off his cloak and robe, knelt on the cushion in front of the block, and recited the Lord's Prayer with the Bishop of Ypern, who afterwards, at his request, repeated it. Then he took of his hat and the collar of the Golden Fleece, drew a cap over his eyes, and with the exclamation, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit!" calmly awaited the stroke. The executioner then advanced and severed his head from his shoulders at one blow. A black cloth was at once thrown over the bleeding remains.

It had been the Count's last petition that he should die before his friend, Horn, for whose fate he in some degree considered himself responsible. This request, it has been seen, was granted; and thus but a few minutes had elapsed after the Count had ceased to breathe, before the Count Horn appeared advancing to the scaffold surrounded by Spanish guards. Like Egmont he was not bound. He walked with head erect, calmly saluting those of his friends whom he recognised in the crowd. He was

dressed in black, but did not, like Egmont, wear the insignia of the Golden Fleece. As he mounted the scaffold, he cast his eye on the motionless heap concealed by the black pall, and asked if that was the body of his friend; on being answered in the affirmative, he said a few words in Spanish, whose purport was lost. He caught sight of his own coat of arms reversed, and expressed some displeasure at the indignity, which he declared he had not deserved. He addressed a few words to the spectators, and desired them to pray for his soul. Then he joined in prayer with the Bishop of Ypern, and, like his friend, pulled a black silk cap over his face, and commended his soul to the hands of his Creator. As in Egmont's case, his head rolled on the scaffold at the first stroke.

The bearing of the two men in their last moments had been full of mournful dignity. Even Alva, who witnessed the execution from a neighbouring window, and whose iron nature was so far touched that unwonted tears ran down his cheeks, declared in a despatch to his master, King Philip, that the Counts Egmont and Horn died "*fort modestement et catholiquement*." The people were deeply moved. The oppressive silence that prevailed until the tragedy was over was broken by a confused sound of groans, sobs, and weeping. Not all the terror inspired by the Spanish soldiery could prevent the citizens from pressing forward with handkerchiefs to the scaffold where Egmont and his friend had fallen, "to dip their napkins in *their* sacred blood;" nor is it an undue stretch of imagination to suppose them "mentioning" these relics "in their wills, bequeathing them, as a rich legacy, unto their issues." Apart from the cruelty and treachery of the whole proceeding, Philip could not have committed a greater political blunder than he perpetrated by putting to death in Egmont the man who more than all others could have been useful to him in pacifying Flanders; and who, exceedingly fond of pomp and splendour, ambitious for the sort of honours and distinctions kings can readily give, and a devout worshipper alike of royalty and of the Catholic Church, was at the same time the man to whom the Flemings would most readily listen; while with regard to Horn, who was still less of a great man than Egmont, he was the very reverse of a dangerous character, being in general "indifferent alike to the cry of '*Vive les Gueux!*'" and of '*Vive le roy!*'" and caring nothing for Cardinalists or Confederates; for, indeed, while he cordially detested Granvella, he detested Brederode also. He was a morose man, brooding over the injuries and slights he considered himself to have received, and little disposed to enter actively

into political life. "How wretched is that poor man who hangs on princes' favours," seems to have been the sum of his experience; and though it was in his house that the Gueux met on a celebrated occasion, he sedately went to bed, and left them to shout and make speeches as they chose. On various occasions he manifested kindness of feeling and even generosity; and there is something approaching the romantic in his attachment to Count Egmont, whom he sincerely admired, and whose fate he professed, and indeed showed himself willing to share; but of the talents and qualities that mark men out as leaders in times of national danger and perplexity, and that render them formidable foes to the persons and systems they oppose, he had absolutely none. From few prominent men had Philip less danger to apprehend than from Philip Montmorency, Count Horn.

But the infamous treachery and cruelty that characterised the arrest, trial, and execution of these men converted them, and especially Egmont, into popular heroes and martyrs; and the hatred of Alva was intensified by it to a degree that at last proved fatal to him. "Like things of another world seem the cries, lamentations, and just compassion which all the inhabitants of Brussels, noble or ignoble, feel for such barbarous tyranny," wrote Hoogstraten, "while this Nero of an Alva is boasting that he will do the same to all whom he lays his hands upon."

The heads of the victims were duly fixed upon the poles in front of the scaffold, where they remained for a few hours; they were then taken down. One account describes them as having been sent to Madrid, that Philip might be gratified with ocular assurance that his vengeance had been completed.

HOW DUKE ALVA RULED IN THE NETHERLANDS.

The chief instrument of Alva in the government of the country he came to tranquilize, or rather to terrorise, was a council called by himself the Council of the Disturbances, and more appropriately by the outraged nation the Council of Blood. This tribunal, consisting of twelve members, was presided over by the Duke himself, his chief lieutenant being a certain Vargas, a Spaniard of abandoned character, who had been expelled from his own country for an infamous crime perpetrated on a ward of his own, and anxious to ingratiate himself with his savage master by utter ruthlessness of conduct. With him were associated certain "Spanish vagabonds," as Schiller calls them, and some men of repute, Flemings, who, however, appeared seldom or never at the council board; so that frequently sentences involving the lives and property of men of high

rank and unblemished character were signed by Vargas and the secretary alone. "As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country," says Motley, "Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlands were so proud, he substituted the Blood Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised than this great labour-saving machine; never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such despatch and regularity. Sentences, executions, and confiscations were turned out daily with an appalling regularity." Those who were summoned before this tribunal, which was more dreaded than even the Inquisition itself, usually failed to appear; for conviction and execution were certain to follow. Indeed, it is told that one of the members of the Council of Blood, a councillor named Hesselts, frequently falling asleep at the sittings of the court; on being awakened to give his vote for or against a sentence of death, used to call out, half in his sleep, "*Ad patibulum! ad patibulum!*" so accustomed had he become to condemn accused persons to the stake.

And in this tribunal of blood and destruction, the Duke's instinct of despotism prevailed over all other considerations. In his gloomy, fanatical mind there was no natural wish to divide the sinister responsibility that attached to the daily judicial murders, the headings, hangings, quarterings, burnings, that had become the ordinary incidents of every day. The members of the tribunal had only counselling voices; the Duke reserving to himself the determining of the sentences. Those who failed to appear were banished from the country, and all their property was confiscated to the government. Thus these summonses became a useful and unailing supply for the royal treasury, forty or fifty persons being frequently summoned in one day; and it was noticed that the greatest danger was incurred in this matter by the richest citizens. Every circumstance of terrorism was employed to increase and heighten the dread excited by these proceedings. The oldest and most respected citizens were treated like common malefactors, paraded through the streets with their hands bound behind their backs, or dragged to the tribunal at the tail of a trooper's horse. The Duke had immediately on his arrival ordered the building of a number of new prisons, and all these were quickly crowded with captives. In one day fifty-five men were executed at Valenciennes.

It is difficult to imagine a more utterly miserable condition than that of the Netherlands during the six years of Alva's ruthless

rule. No man's life, no man's property was safe for an instant. Against the sentences of the Council of Blood there was no kind of appeal. The wholesale confiscations of estates undermined all public credit and confidence; the creditors of those who were thus rendered unable to pay their debts were frequently ruined; and an attempt to enforce a claim against a forfeited estate was met by the Council of Blood with such a system of chicanery and delay that the unfortunate appellant was generally beggared before his case was decided. "Of such a thorough reversal of the laws, of such violent attacks upon property, and such prodigal waste of human life," says the chronicler of the Revolt of the Netherlands, "the history of civilised states can give hardly more than one other example; but Cinna, Sulla, and Marius entered the vanquished city of Rome as offended conquerors, and at least they practised without concealment what the Governor of the Netherlands carried on under the respectable veil of the law." It was at that time that the Regent, Margaret of Parma, horrified at the atrocities everywhere committed, and finding herself deserted by the sycophantic Court that now cringed and bowed around the all-powerful duke and his sons, urgently entreated to be relieved of her functions, which, indeed, had become but nominal.

Her request was granted indeed, but not in the manner she would have wished. Somewhat fond of pomp and splendour, she had hoped to take leave of the Netherlands at a solemn ceremonial, like that observed on the day when her father, the Emperor Charles V., transferred his power to the hands of the son who afterwards made such evil use of it. But this was not in Alva's plan. He desired that all eyes should be fastened, in a fascination of terror, on himself; and the ex-Regent was obliged to take leave of the Estates in a letter, in which she reviewed the chief points of her nine years' administration, and asserted that she left behind her a completed work, and that her successor had no task to perform but the punishment of criminals. How competent he was to undertake that task, and to include the whole population of the country in the list of the criminals on whom vengeance was to be taken, the Duke had already sufficiently shown. It was at the end of 1567 that Margaret quitted Brussels.

She had been at best but a vacillating and unsatisfactory ruler, giving grudgingly and of necessity, when she had not the power to refuse, and misrepresenting to her cruel and despotic brother the people who were only too ready to believe loyally in her good intentions. She was learned in the Italian policy of the time, that rested upon chicanery and cunning, and therefore totally

incompetent to rule a people with whom honesty was emphatically the best policy, and, indeed, the only one which could ensure permanent success and tranquillity. But her rule, unsatisfactory as it was, appeared bright and happy in contrast to the reign of terror inaugurated by Alva, and her occasional harshness appeared mercy itself when weighed against his undeviating and systematic cruelty; and thus it was that she quitted Brussels amid the regrets of the inhabitants, who felt only too keenly that a far worse thing had come upon them than could have befallen them under the rule of Margaret of Parma.

A pension, and a large sum in hand as a present, were awarded to her; but the pension appears to have been very irregularly paid, if at times it was not altogether withheld; to the serious embarrassment of the ex-Regent, whose efforts had certainly deserved a better recognition.

Her departure left Alva entirely free to pursue his own course; and by his own letters to the King at Madrid, that course was sufficiently explained. It was simply to look upon the provinces in general as one great and collective criminal, to be punished to the utmost in life and goods—to make a solitude and call it peace.

In a contemporary document the system is summed up in vigorous language of denunciation, as consisting of "plundering, robbing and harrying, driving away and devastating, terrorising and tormenting, banishing, exiling, and confiscation, even in burning and hanging, heading, gashing, breaking on the wheel, torturing with horrible and ghastly pains, punishing and murdering the subjects, the noble as well as the lowborn, the poor and the rich alike, young and old, widows and orphans, men, women, and maidens." Such was Alva's rule in the Netherlands. Such were the deeds committed with the full approbation of his monarch by one who impiously declared himself the champion of a religion whose fundamental doctrine is charity, and of a Master whose service is perfect freedom.

HOW WILLIAM OF ORANGE FOUGHT FOR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

While the Netherlands thus lay under the horrors of a ruthless tyranny, and a dumb terror seemed to have seized on every class of the inhabitants, an eagle eye beyond the frontier was watching the course of events, and a bold hand was already stretched out to bring succour to the oppressed in their utmost need. William the Silent, Prince of Orange Nassau, who had estimated the character of Alva and of Alva's master with a prescience and sagacity very opposite to the careless trustfulness which had cost

Egmont and Horn their lives, had already been at work for years in the endeavour to unite all lovers of justness and liberty in an organised opposition against a brutal and stupid despotism. He saw the fatal consequences of disunion in the reaction which even then was undermining the freedom of various states in Europe. Already at his departure from the Netherlands in 1567 he had urgently advised the Reformers to stand together, and to sink religious differences in the common effort to secure recognition and protection for Protestants. During the next years he had diligently investigated for himself the great truths of the Christian faith, with the result that, more and more convinced of the truth of the Protestant creed, he had quitted the communion of the Church of Rome, and enrolled himself among the ranks of the Reformers, with whom from that day forward he cast in his lot. But there was about his Protestantism none of the narrowness which became a source of so much misfortune and evil to the Reformed Church, splitting it up into factions, while its enemies stood in compact array against it. Protestant principles were recognised by him as containing "the root of the matter," and to the Protestant faith he accordingly conformed; but he deprecated anything like persecution of the Roman Catholics. "Should we obtain power over any city or cities," he wrote, "let the communities of Papists be as much respected and protected as possible. Let them be overcome, not by violence, but with gentle-mindedness and virtuous treatment." He fully recognised the mistake Luther had made when in his obstinate mood he had refused the proffered friendship and co-operation of Zwingli, declaring that the Zurich reformer and his followers were animated by a different spirit from his own. William of Orange even believed in the possibility of joining Lutherans and Calvinists together, to make efforts in common for the great cause; though the general opinion was that these two branches of the Protestant Church could no more mingle than oil and water. He stood up consistently and boldly for freedom of conscience. "In an age when toleration was a vice, he had the manhood to cultivate it as a virtue." This alone would have been enough to stamp him as a remarkable man.

After quitting Flanders, he had zealously set himself to the task of raising forces in Germany; devoting his own funds to this object, and calling upon the Protestant princes of that empire, the Count Palatine, the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse,—all, in fact, whose names were identified through their predecessors with the great struggle made against Charles V. and his attempted

religious and political despotism, to join in the great task of resisting this new and crushing tyranny which threatened to enslave one portion of Europe after another. "The danger is common," he emphatically declared, "and so should the cause be. The Spanish forces, once in Flanders, will be always ready to enter Germany; and you will have new

taxes, new customs, severe laws more severely executed, heavy yokes upon your persons, and more heavy upon your consciences. I am held," said he, "to be the contriver of conspiracies; but what greater glory can there be than to maintain the liberty of a man's country, and to die rather than to be enslaved?" and gradually he recognised more and more the fact that "he is a free man whom the truth sets free," and that to fight for political liberty was vain, unless the boon of religious freedom were obtained likewise.

It was a tremendous, and appeared at first an utterly hopeless, struggle. It aged the gallant champion before his time. The effigies of William the Silent, and the accounts given of him by those who described him from personal intercourse, alike show him as a man made prematurely old by care, anxiety, and effort,—an old man at little more than forty years of age; but he had the indomi-

table energy and perseverance that at a later period distinguished his illustrious descendant, William III. of England, and pushed steadily on, through failure, disaster, and discouragement, to ultimate success.

At the time when his prospects of success seemed most hopeless, he came forward with a remarkable document called an Apology, or

Justification against his calumniators. He disavowed any intention of subjecting the rule of Philip of Spain, but subsequently denounced the tyranny of Alva, refusing to believe that the atrocities of the vice-roy could have the sanction or approbation of the government at Madrid. He solemnly called upon the Netherlanders to unite in resistance to this dark tyranny, warning them that their lives and liberties, and the lives and liberties of their children, were upon the issue. He made every possible exertion, by the sale of his



THE MURDER OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

plate, tapestries, and valuables of all kinds, to raise the necessary funds for paying troops; and gave his brother, Louis of Nassau, a skilful and enterprising general, a commission to enlist a second army, and to fight in the cause of the emancipation of the Netherlands.

It seemed as if everything were in vain.

Alva, though no politician, was a most talented general, and well versed in all the stratagems and points of war, an adept in the military art as it was understood in those days; and both the Prince of Orange and his brother met with discomfiture and defeat. The Flemings themselves remained singularly inactive, and seemed content to endure the tyranny of Alva, without striking a blow on their own behalf; and after a struggle, in which the Prince and his brother exhausted every art in the endeavour to maintain themselves against overwhelming odds, the one was obliged to disband his army he could no longer find means to pay, and the other to seek safety in flight.

HOW ALVA TAXED THE FLEMINGS, AND HOW TAXATION BROUGHT REVOLT.

The pride and insolence of Alva were raised to the highest pitch by his triumphs over his enemies; and, indeed, his consummate strategy and military skill in the field are worthy of admiration. Four armies had been defeated within a short period, and it seemed as though the victory of despotism could not be more complete and conclusive. The Governor returned to Brussels in triumph, and compelled the city whose houses he had made desolate to put on the garb of rejoicing. Hethat wasted them required of them a song; and joy-bells pealed from the steeples of the capital in honour of the tyrant whom every man looked on with secret aversion and horror. As a lasting record of his triumphs, Alva caused a colossal statue of himself to be erected, as Duplex afterwards had a pillar with a vaunting inscription raised to commemorate his triumphs in the Carnatic. On the pedestal of Alva's statue appeared the words: "To Ferdinand Alvaro de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, for having extinguished sedition, chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace: to the King's most faithful minister this monument is erected." Motley relates how De Thou, who saw this statue after it was overthrown, described himself as equally struck by the beauty of the work and by the insane pride of him who ordered it to be made. The fact of the erection of this statue is important as showing the state of mind of Alva; and the circumstance had at a later time an important bearing upon the fortunes of the Duke. For Philip, jealous and mistrustful at all times, did not view with complacency this self-glorification of his lieutenant; and the statue, with its inscription, was an important factor among the reasons which brought about the recall of Alva at a later time.

Alva now entered upon a course that, if persisted in, would not fail to bring speedy ruin on the provinces he was misgoverning. He

interfered, and that most clumsily and ignorantly, with the system of taxation. It had been for centuries the privilege of the Netherlanders that they had the control of the levying of imposts throughout their country, and this privilege had been expressly confirmed to them by the "*Joyeuse entrée*," and by the various enactments at different times. The king could not by his own power raise any tax in the Low Countries. When money was wanted, the course of proceeding was, that he should, in person or by his representatives, present a request to the Estates, stating the sum he required, and that it should lie with the Estates to grant or refuse the request, or to defer the supply to a future time. On the 20th of March, 1569, Alva, having summoned a General Assembly of the provincial Estates in Brussels, made three arbitrary demands:—*Firstly*, a tax of the hundredth penny, or one per cent., to be paid immediately upon all movable or immovable property, that is upon real estate and personality. *Secondly*, a tax of the twentieth penny, or five per cent., on all immovable goods or heritage each time such estate was sold or transferred. *Thirdly*, a tax of ten per cent. on all merchandise, goods, and movable property, to be paid each time such property was sold.

The first of these three taxes was to be levied only once, though there was not the slightest guarantee that it would not be redemanded; the second and third were to be perpetual.

The imperious Duke could not have made a greater administrative and financial blunder—could not have shown himself more utterly ignorant of the first principles of political economy. In a commercial and manufacturing community, where rapidity and frequency of sale were the very conditions of prosperity and success, such a tax as ten per cent., repeated at every sale, would soon amount to an utterly prohibitive impost, and, if enforced, would at once stop production and commerce. Moreover, it weighed upon every individual in the community, threatening all alike, Catholics and Protestants, rich merchants and small traders, with an equal ruin; and thus was exactly calculated to produce something like union in resistance.

The strongest remonstrances were addressed to the Duke, to whom it was represented in vain that "if this ten per cent. was paid on every sale of an article,—first, on the wool, for instance, then on the yarn, then on the cloth before it was dyed; then when sold first to the merchant, secondly to the retailer, and lastly to the consumer,—no foreigner would be willing, and no home customer would be able to buy it; and that, on the whole, such a tax could only produce the ruin of the manufacture itself and all concerned, or, in

other words, of all the sources of revenue together." On this occasion the members of the Council were in entire opposition to the Duke. Even Viglius, generally the most time-serving and pliable of men, entered his strong protest against Alva's proceedings, and endeavoured to persuade the viceroy that such a measure as this must inevitably defeat itself, and that the King would probably disapprove of it. The Governor replied that it was only a reproduction of the Spanish tax called *alcabala*, which had been levied with success in Spain, and in his own town of Alva had produced fifty thousand crowns. Viglius in vain argued that a sparsely populated, agricultural country like Spain was very different from Flanders. The Duke was inexorable, and declared himself determined to carry out his decrees to the letter.

Then first did the position begin to be untenable for him. His name was pronounced with such execrations throughout the provinces that he himself began to wish himself away from a country whose air seemed laden with curses. In Holland especially, where the community was more commercial than in the southern provinces, the indignation swelled at last into overt resistance, the town of Utrecht flatly refusing to pay the impost. And even in Brussels a practical protest was made, people shutting up their shops and declining trade altogether, rather than carry it on under conditions involving certain ruin. The emigration also recommenced with redoubled force; towns sank into the condition of villages, and villages were deserted. A deputation also set off for Spain, personally to lay this grave matter before the King, who, it might be hoped, would give his subjects some relief in this case, as it was not one connected with heresy or the supremacy of the Church of Rome.

HOW THE GUEUX CAME INTO THE FIELD ONCE MORE.

For a time the question as to the obnoxious tax was provisionally adjusted; but Alva was bent on making the impost perpetual, and the strife broke out with more acrimony than ever. Philip had by this time also begun to contemplate the judiciousness of recalling the governor, whose measures had not succeeded, as it seemed, in entirely crushing out the spirit of disaffection in the provinces. Alva, on his part, made ardent application to be recalled, assuring His Majesty in his letters of the safe and prosperous condition of affairs, and declaring that his successor would have nothing to do but to maintain affairs in the pacified state which he boasted of having brought about "without violence." Towards the end of 1571, Philip, after much hesitation, determined to give Alva a successor in the Netherlands, and a commission as governor-

general was made out in the name of the Duke of Medina Coeli.

Early in 1572, Don Francis de Alava, the Spanish ambassador to the Court of France, paid a visit to Brussels, and had an opportunity, during his progress through Flanders, of seeing with his own eyes the disastrous state of affairs; and Noircarmes, once a hot partisan of Alva, bluntly declared to him that "the Duke would never disabuse his mind of the filthy penny," and that, in addition to all the merchants and artisans who had already fled the country, there were ten thousand more who would go if the Governor persisted in his demand, and that a disaster might arise beyond human power to remedy. The other chief men in the city held the same language; and Alava, thoroughly alarmed, reported to Philip, on his return to Spain, how dangerous a crisis might be expected at any moment in the Netherlands, and how, with regard to Alva, the whole nation was uniting in one cry, "Let him begone! Let him begone!" Even Philip could not hear such a report, from such a quarter, without serious disquietude.

Meanwhile the Prince of Orange, undismayed by frequent failures and defeats, was hard at work to find the means of resuming the struggle. He understood the extent of the hatred borne to Alva, and how the prospect of commercial ruin had stimulated many to the thought of resistance who could have been influenced by no other means. "Had we money now," he wrote, "we should, with the help of God, hope to effect something. This is a time when, even with small sums, more can be achieved than at other seasons with ampler funds." In fact, a new organization was being brought together. A number of the merchants, and of those employed by them in sea-faring pursuits, were uniting for active contest against the power that had ruined them, by taking "the means whereby they lived." They called themselves Water Gueux, or Beggars of the Sea, and became formidable by attacking coast towns and capturing Spanish ships. These "sturdy beggars" levied contributions at the sword's point. Their warfare was of the most irregular kind, and, indeed, in many instances, bore a curiously close resemblance to piracy. But they contrived to make themselves as much dreaded as the Normans of old by their unfailing energy and prowess; and they exerted a vast influence on the issue of the great struggle. Their one dominant idea was hatred to Alva and determination to overthrow his power.

HOW THE TIDE BEGAN TO TURN, AND HOW BRILL WAS TAKEN AND HELD.

The more it appeared that the scheme of the "tenth penny" was impracticable the

more determined was Alva to enforce it. At length the citizens of Brussels adopted the violent remedy of avoiding carrying on trade at a loss by ceasing to trade at all. They shut up their warehouses; and even the dealers in the necessities of life, the butchers and the bakers, closed their shops. The despotic Governor had no idea of being foiled in this way, and prepared to teach the burghers of Brussels a lesson in his own characteristic fashion. He sent for Master Carl, the executioner of Brussels; and that functionary was ordered at once to prepare eighteen ropes, and the same number of ladders, twelve feet long. The spectacle of a dozen and a half refractory butchers, bakers, and grocers suspended at their own doorposts would, the Governor thought, teach a salutary lesson to recalcitrant traders in general, and bring them to a better frame of mind with respect to taxation. Viglius was aroused from his bed at midnight to prepare the warrants for the executions (the men were to have no form of trial), and Master Carl was busily making his preparations for what was to happen at the next morning's dawn, when startling intelligence arrived, that caused the Duke to pause, and saved the lives of the doomed citizens.

A fleet of ships, manned by the Beggars of the Sea, had been lying in the Channel near the south coast of England. Elizabeth, who was anxious at that juncture to avoid a war with Spain, had listened to the remonstrances of Alva's commissioners, who protested against the victualling of the ships of enemies from England; and accordingly provisions were refused, and the ships were compelled to sail away. The little fleet was commanded by a certain William de la Mark, who seems to have had much in common with the ancestor described by Scott in "Quentin Durward" as the Wild Boar of the Ardennes,—a black-bearded, fierce rover of the sea, with more than a suspicion of the pirate about him, and seconded by captains, most of whom had personal injuries inflicted by Alva to avenge.

Compelled to sail away from Dover, De la Mark and his ships crossed the North Sea, entered the Meuse, and suddenly appeared opposite the town of Brill, which they had once summoned to surrender, declaring they would hold the place for William of Orange, as the lawful stadtholder for Philip, King of Spain. The burgomaster and officials of the town were taken by surprise, and in their bewilderment knew not what to do. Many saved themselves by flight, carrying off so much of their goods as they could remove. But a feeble resistance was made. William de la Mark's followers lighted a bonfire at one of the city gates, and battered in the charred por-

als with the stump of an old mast. They were quickly lords of the town. They spared the inhabitants, offering them no violence or indignity. But the churches were plundered, the vestments, chalices, and valuables of all kinds being carried off to the ships. Thirteen priests were also taken prisoners, and soon afterwards cruelly put to death. A footing had at last been established on Flemish ground for the revolution, which design had been so long cherished; and it has rightly been said that with the capture of Brill the foundation was laid for the Dutch Republic.

Such was the news that startled Alva, and caused him to postpone for the time the execution of the burghers of Brussels. He tried to make light of it, and dismiss it with the remark, "It is nothing;" but even his dull apprehension could not fail to see and note the impulse this first success gave to further resistance. The capture of Brill had occurred on All Fools' Day, the 1st of April, a circumstance which satire and sarcasm did not fail to note. The name of the town Brill happens also to be the Flemish and German term for spectacles. Accordingly a punning rhyme was repeated throughout Brussels, setting forth how "*Den ersten dag van April, Verloos Duc d'Alva zighen Brill*"—On the 1st day of April Duke Alva lost his Brill (spectacles). Though he affected to make light of the loss, Alva at once gave orders to one of his lieutenants, Count Bossu, to recover the place. But De la Mark and his courageous and skilful second, Commander Treslong, succeeded in holding the place. And the spark once kindled quickly spread from town to town along the coast of Holland, until that which had at first appeared a foolhardy and desperate venture gradually shaped itself into a great enterprise, fraught with hopes and probabilities of good and enduring success.

HOW ALVA'S RULE IN FLANDERS CAME TO AN END.

The year 1572 was a memorable one in the annals of the Netherlands. It was a time of great and rapid gains to the movement which had commenced at Brill. Flushing presently declared for the Prince of Orange, and then Enkhuizen, the great arsenal city of the Zuyder Zee, followed the example; and presently a number of cities, including Alkmaar, Dort, Oudewater, Haarlem, Gorcum, Leyden, Gouda, Horn, etc., acknowledged the authority of William the Silent as their stadtholder. The movement spread from the provinces of Holland and Zeeland throughout Gelderland, Overijssel, and the See of Utrecht. In some parts the revolution was quietly and peacefully effected; in others, as in the island of

Walcheren, where one half declared for the Prince of Orange while the other held out for Alva, there was a fierce struggle, characterised by the horrors of civil war. The hatred towards the Spaniards showed itself in acts of savage cruelty. The republic of North Holland was formed, and placed by the Prince of Orange under the lieutenant-governorship of Diedrich Sonoy. As yet, however, all that was done was done in the name of the King's authority. Alva was the man against whose ruthless rule the rising professed to be directed.

To do the Duke justice, he was never wanting in courage, energy, or skill, when enemies were to be encountered in the field; but he was bitterly conscious of the detestation he had excited in the provinces, and felt that his name was a signal for still more desperate resistance. "The hatred which the people bear me, because of the chastisement which it has been necessary for me to inflict, although with all the moderation in the world, makes all my efforts vain. A successor will meet with more sympathy, and prove more successful." Now at last he was obliged to humble his pride so far as definitely to give up his cherished scheme of the "Tenth penny," in return for a supply of money for the war, of which he stood urgently in need.

Like many concessions made by tyrants, this came too late. The Estates, when they met at Dort, repudiated the authority of Alva, and while they still professed to look on the Spanish Crown as their suzerain, determined that William the Silent should be their ruler. It was at the summons of the Prince of Orange, who assembled them by right of the stadtholdership conferred upon him in 1559, that the Estates met at Dort on the 15th of July, 1572. "The Prince represented the royal authority, the nobles represented both themselves and the people of the open country, while the twelve towns represented the whole body of burghers. Together they were supposed to embody all authority, both divine and human, which a congress could exercise.

The fairest hopes of a speedy and complete success now brightened the path of the Prince of Orange. France was supposed to be favourably disposed towards the cause of freedom in the Netherlands; and Admiral Coligny, the chief of the Protestant party in that kingdom, had even written to William, assuring the stadtholder of the good intentions of his master, Charles IX., towards him, and announcing a hope of soon joining him with a large body of French arquebusers and cavalry, when the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew dashed all these fair prospects to the ground, striking the Prince, as he expressed it, "as with the

blow of a sledge-hammer." More than 5,000 Huguenots massacred in Paris alone, and a slaughter throughout the kingdom, computed according to the lowest calculation at 25,000, according to the highest estimate at 100,000, struck all Protestant Europe with horror, while it rendered Philip and the Vatican jubilant with triumph. For a time the plans of the Prince of Orange in the south were frustrated. Mons, the capital of Hainault, fell into the hands of Alva, who, after deceiving the citizens by promises of fair treatment, adopted his usual measures of heading, hanging, burning, and confiscation, so soon as the place, trusting to his word, had capitulated on the distinct understanding that all the soldiers, as well as such of the inhabitants as had borne arms, should be allowed to leave the city with all their property, while the rest of the people might remain without molestation to their persons or estates. Noircarmes, the captain of Alva, distinguished himself on this occasion alike by his ferocity and cupidity, selecting the richest citizens as his victims, often putting twenty to death on the same day, and enriching himself by the plunder of their estates and goods. The archiepiscopal city of Mechlin was the next victim, being delivered over to the rapacity of the Spanish soldiers, who had become mutinous through the withholding of their pay, and were thus allowed to indemnify themselves. Not only the houses of the citizens, but the churches themselves were plundered by these professors of the Roman Catholic faith with a fury equal to anything the iconoclasts had ever shown in their most extravagant fanaticism; while the scene of plunder was now supplemented by a massacre which spared neither man, woman, nor child in the unhappy city, its horrors being recorded by the testimony of the most credible witnesses among the Catholic party itself. Thus Richardot, the nephew of the Bishop of Arras, after describing the horrors he had witnessed, declared "he could say more if his hair did not stand on end, not only at recounting, but even at remembering, the scene." The Duke congratulated Philip upon a pious and signal success.

The horrors were even exceeded by the enormities practised at the sack of Zutphen and the taking of Haarlem. For a time the ascendancy of Alva and Philip seemed in a fair way to be restored; but the courage of the Protestants mounted with the occasion. Each new enormity only strengthened the determination never to submit to a government whose tender mercies were thus cruel, and deeds of heroic valour marked every stage of the strife. "Never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem," Alva wrote to Philip, "either

by rebels or by men fighting for their lawful prince."

At last, on the 17th of November, 1573, Don Louis de Requesens, whom Philip had appointed to relieve Alva of his governorship, arrived in Brussels; to the great joy of the inhabitants, who entertained good hopes from this change of rulers, and felt that they could not possibly be in worse hands than those of the ruthless satrap who for six years

was among the offences Philip never pardoned. During the rest of his life he was looked upon with much decreased confidence and favour. The King, indeed, employed him occasionally in State affairs, but rather as a tool than an adviser; and Alva died at length, after lingering for a time in a state of pitiable physical weakness, leaving a name as typical as that of Nero of cruelty and wrong.



FIGHTING IN THE STREETS OF ANTWERP.

had turned their fair city into a shambles. On the 18th of December Alva departed, pursued by the curses of the whole country. He boasted that during his rule he had put more than eighteen thousand persons to death by the axe and the brand, in honour of the holy Church, and for the maintenance of his master's authority. He had not even the consolation of having completely satisfied his cruel master; for he had failed in the task of subjugating the provinces; and failure

HOW ALVA'S SUCCESSORS RULED FOR PHILIP IN THE NETHERLANDS.

Requesens, the "Grand Commander," was virtually compelled by the circumstances under which he assumed the government of the Netherlands in some measure to reverse the policy of his predecessor, and to rule with at least an appearance of conciliation and benevolence. But it was not in the intention of his master to grant the concessions

without which permanent peace in the Netherlands was impossible, namely, freedom of conscience and self-government in the matter of taxation. He was moreover hampered by his inability to control the brutal violence, rapacity, and cruelty of the troops, which during his time broke out in that "Spanish fury" whose enormities and crimes have further stained a page of history already sufficiently dark. The limited amnesty with which he sought to conciliate the provinces failed to induce submission; nor had the well-meant and repeated efforts of the German Emperor, Maximilian II., who repeatedly interfered with the hope of bringing about peace by his mediation, a better result. Prince William the Silent continued his attacks, and though success appeared almost as far off as ever, the heroic upholders of the Protestant cause, and the defenders of civil and religious liberty, every year they were able to maintain themselves, they strengthened their position, and increased the sympathy aroused in Europe for their cause.

At the battle of Mookerheyde, or Mook Heath, near Nimeguen, March 14th, 1574, Requesens gained a great victory over his enemies; and here the heroic career of Louis of Nassau, the brother of William the Silent, closed in death. When all was lost, Louis, with his younger brother, Count Henry of Orange, and a trusted friend, collected some troopers and made a last gallant charge upon the foe. They were never seen or heard of more, and it is supposed, therefore, that, slain with their comrades, and trampled out of all recognition by the hoofs of the horses, their plundered corpses were buried, unknown, among the thousands who fell on that disastrous day. Among all the warlike figures that stood forward in those years of strife and bloodshed, none shines with so pure a lustre of single-mindedness and fidelity as Louis of Nassau.

But a different result attended the siege of Leyden; the heroic resistance of the citizens was proof against all the efforts and all the taunts of their enemies, who, having closely invested the city, would cry to the half-starved defenders: "Go up to the tower, ye Beggars, go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief!" But the words spoken in scorn were destined to become truth. The dykes were cut, and the ocean poured over the flat land around Leyden, bearing on its bosom the ships of the fierce Beggars of the Sea. The Spaniards fled in terror, as the very elements seemed to fight against them; and Leyden, after undergoing frightful hardships from famine and pestilence, was saved to the cause of liberty. Great numbers of the foe perished in the waters that came rolling in.

Requesens died almost suddenly of a fever, brought on by mortification at the failure of his plans.

His successor was Don Juan of Austria, a natural son of Charles V.; but an interval elapsed before his arrival, during which time the military and civil affairs of the provinces were conducted by a Council of State. But the authority of this council was totally inadequate to control the insubordination of the Spanish troops, who had become savagely angry by the withholding of their pay, and wreaked vengeance on the foe by indiscriminate slaughter and rapine. This was especially seen in the sack of the cities of Maestricht and Antwerp. With regard to the former place a contemporary historian says: "The burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who died with arms in their hands, for the indiscriminate slaughter was accompanied with horrible details of torture and cruelty." At Antwerp the Spanish soldiers rushed through the streets with the hideous cry: "*A sangre, a carne, a fuego, a sacco!*" (Blood, flesh, fire, sack!) Motley, in describing the scene, says: "Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury, by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city, which had been a world of wealth and splendour, was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. . . . Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets; as many more were estimated to have perished in the Scheld; and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards. . . . In this Spanish Fury many more were massacred in Antwerp than in the Saint Bartholomew at Paris." The effect of this horrible crime in rousing the confederate provinces to still more vigorous and determined resistance was like that exercised at a later period in Germany by the sack of Magdeburg under Tilly.

HOW THE PRINCE OF ORANGE TRIUMPHED, RULED, AND WAS MURDERED.

William the Stadtholder now succeeded in inducing his adherents to join in the Treaty or Pacification of Ghent, in which the various districts bound themselves to unite in a league, offensive and defensive, for the expulsion of the Spanish armies. Don Juan, on his arrival, also attempted conciliation; but the article respecting religious toleration, and a threatening bull of the Pope, made Holland and Zeeland suspicious of the sincerity of the new governor; and accord-

ingly they continued the struggle. The other States soon became impressed with the same conviction that they were being deceived; for they saw now all offices were engrossed by Spaniards, and there were ominous signs of fresh religious persecutions. The States of Brabant accordingly refused obedience to Don Juan, and transferred their allegiance to William of Orange, in conjunction with whom, as he was somewhat distasteful to them as a Calvinist, they associated the Archduke Matthias of Austria. Hainault, and Artois, the Walloon provinces, on the other hand, made an alliance with the French Duke Charles of Anjou. In 1578, death carried off Don Juan. He died, like his predecessor, deeply chagrined at the failure of his plans.

A man of far greater talent and of stronger mind now became governor of the distracted provinces in the person of Alexander Farnese of Parma, the son of the former Regent Margaret. "Cool, incisive, fearless, artful, he united the unscrupulous audacity of a *condottiere* with the wily patience of a Jesuit. He could coil unperceived through unsuspected paths, could strike suddenly, sting mortally. He came prepared not only to smite the Netherlands in the open field, but to cope with them in tortuous policy; to out-watch and outweary them in the game to which his impatient predecessor had fallen a baffled victim." A partial triumph was won by Alexander Farnese, for he succeeded in preserving the tottering empire of his master in the southern provinces. With consummate cunning he managed to awaken the jealousy of the nobles of Brabant against the Prince of Orange, and to set the Romanist south against the Protestant north, using difference of religion as his lever. William the Silent found it his best policy to unite the northern provinces, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, etc., into the Union of Utrecht; and this afterwards widened into the States-General of the United Provinces, or the Dutch Republic.

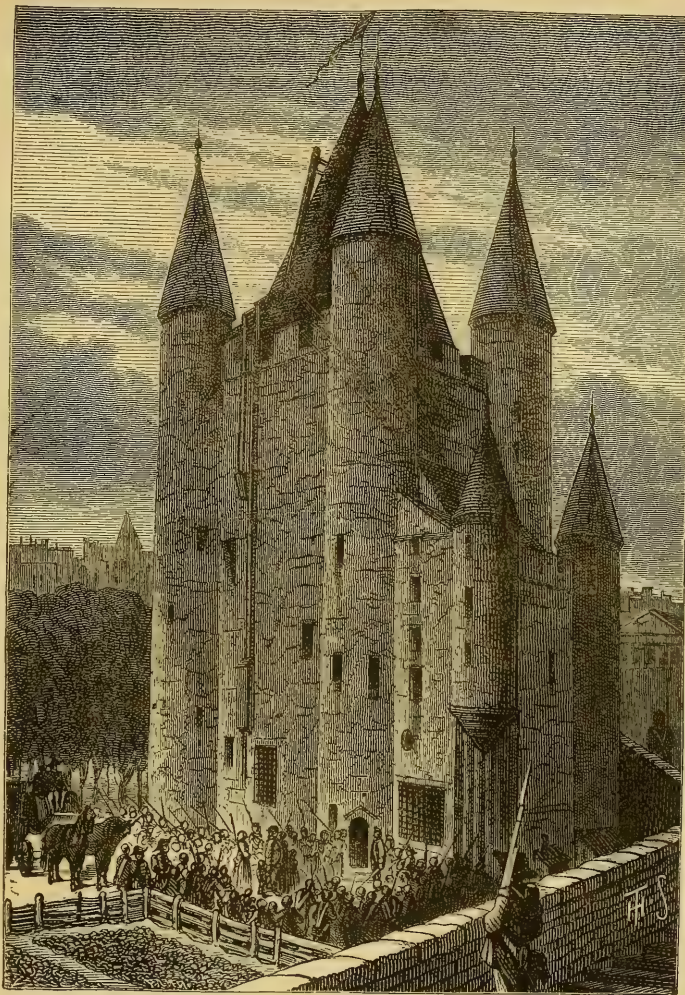
In the south, things were still unsettled. Matthias of Austria had exerted little influence on the affairs of South Brabant, and left the country. The Duke of Anjou was found to be intriguing to gain the chief power for himself, with French assistance; accordingly all confidence was withdrawn from him, and he retired to France. Thus the Estates of the southern Netherlands had no head to whom they could look up with the trust that in the sixteenth century could hardly exist where there was diversity of creed; and Farnese took advantage of their bewilderment, and regained many cities.

The King of Spain looked upon William the Silent as the great obstacle to the com-

plete re-establishment of his power, and resolved to put him out of the way by assassination. This method had already been tried at various times, and once, indeed, the Prince had barely escaped with his life. This time it was destined to be successful. A wretched fanatic, Balthasar Gérard, one of those strong instances of frenzied intellect, in which notions of right and wrong seem utterly confused, impelled by the idea that he who slew William the Silent, the arch-heretic, would do a service to religion and the Church, journeyed to Delft, where the Prince was then residing, with the intention of earning the great reward offered for the Prince's death or the martyr's crown by murdering him. It appears he had meditated his design for six years. At Delft he assumed the character of a zealous Calvinist whose father had given his life for the cause, and thus disarmed suspicion, which his insignificant and meagre form and undistinguished appearance was moreover little calculated to excite. He zealously attended divine service, and thus his person became familiar to the guards. At length he purchased two pistols of a soldier; and, under pretence of an application for a passport, waylaid the Prince as the latter was coming down the staircase from his dining-hall, and discharged three bullets into his body. With an exclamation, "Lord have mercy upon me! Lord have mercy upon this community!" the stadtholder sank to the ground, and a few moments later he had breathed his last. It was on the 10th of July, 1584.

The murderer turned and fled, and had almost succeeded in effecting his escape when he was seized by two of the Prince's servants. From that instant till the moment of his death he exhibited the most astonishing firmness, glorying in his deed, declaring that he had won paradise by the meritorious action he had performed, and looking upon himself evidently as a martyr in the holiest of causes. "*Ecce homo!*" he cried with blasphemous triumph, raising his bleeding head from the bench on which he had been made to undergo the utmost extremity of torture. The very executioners were astonished at his constancy, which many ascribed to witchcraft. The extremity of agony was insufficient to wring a cry from him; and he died at last not only cheerful but triumphant. Philip caused a large sum to be paid to his surviving relatives, and his family was ennobled for the merit of the man who had murdered William the Silent, the great stadtholder, the founder and consolidator of Protestant liberty in the Low Countries.

H. W. D.



ARRIVAL OF LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY AT THE TEMPLE.

THE REIGN OF TERROR:

THE STORY OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1792.

A History crowded into Two Years—From the 10th of August, 1792, to the 9th of Thermidor, 1794—What followed the taking of the Bastille—Triumph of the Populace; the Mob at Versailles—The King, the Queen, and the Veto—The National Assembly—Alterations in the Laws—The Enemies of the Revolution; the King's Flight—The Cordeliers and the Jacobin Clubs—Detection and Ruin—Drouet and Varennes—The King's Return—Foreign Powers; The Beginning of a Long War—The Oath to the Constitution—Meeting of the Legislative Assembly—Events to the 10th of August—The Fall of the Monarchy—The 20th of June, 1792—The Mob at the Tuileries—Down with the Veto—The Duke of Brunswick and his Manifesto—The Insurrection of the 10th of August—Downfall of the Monarchy—The National Convention—France a Republic; Transition to the Reign of Terror—The September Massacres—Trial and Execution of the King—The Fall of the Girondists—Dumouriez—The Terror at its height

A HISTORY CROWDED INTO TWO YEARS.

THE period known as the Reign of Terror in France, comprises the time during which the Revolution passed through its great agony; when the

desperate men at the head of the Government, whose position was so precarious that no one could tell what great and startling change the day that was passing over France would bring forth, were ready to adopt any and

every means to keep the ship of the state afloat, to cut away the masts if need were, to scuttle the ship, in the chance of extinguishing the fire that was consuming it from within, and to fire the magazine and reduce all to heaps of ruin, rather than yield to the foe that assailed them from without.

It was a time (and thence, indeed, it derived its name) when the great and almost the sole means employed to maintain authority over cities, provinces, and individuals throughout the length and breadth of France was fear. The one great engine of the Government was the guillotine, the instrument of death introduced by a French physician with the humane intention of rendering execution painless, and employed as the great final argument that was to put down all opposition and remonstrance, causing high and low, the patriot and the intriguer, the warrior and the citizen, to crouch for a time in common submission. So many heads struck off daily, in the presence of a shouting, applauding, ferocious mob; so many denunciations before the revolutionary tribunals, the accusation being in itself synonymous with condemnation to death, for few and far between were the acquittals; so many decrees, each surpassing its predecessor in stringent severity, and all having for their object the suppression of resistance by word or deed to the will of the dominant faction,—such were the features by which the Reign of Terror was distinguished. In that evil period, between the day of the 10th of August, 1792, which witnessed the storming of the Tuileries by an infuriated populace, and the downfall of the last remnants of royal authority, to the 9th of Thermidor, the 28th of July, 1794, when the Reign of Terror came to an end with the destruction of those who had been mainly instrumental in producing it, barely two years intervened; but into that time was crowded an amount of crime, bloodshed, and sorrow which roused against the great movement in France a bitter outcry from those even who at the outset had been inclined to look with complacency on the spectacle of a nation bursting the bonds of feudal tyranny that had confined it for years, and awakening to self dependence and national life. It was the misfortune of France that she had to achieve in the course of a few months what in England had been spread over many years, even over centuries. In the great events of the struggle, called by Clarendon “the great rebellion,” in England, and in the subsequent contest against James II., a certain deliberation, a sober weighing of alternatives and of consequences by strong, calm men, is everywhere seen. But in France all was wild hurry and excitement; a kind of madness seemed to seize upon men,

in the face of threatenings from abroad and factions at home. “*On joue sa vie à l’époque où nous sommes*” (“Men gamble for their lives in these days of ours”) said a popular writer of that time. Men and women alike were possessed by a strange morbid restlessness, mainly owing to the insecurity in which they lived, and the feverish excitement of the tremendous changes going on around them. Great deeds of heroism and deeds of detestable cruelty, intense self-devotion and cynical indifference, seemed all chaotically jumbled together in that time when the old form of society, long utterly rotten and honeycombed with wrong, suddenly collapsed, and fell with a crash under the tremendous pressure of the burden of its own injustice and wrong.

WHAT FOLLOWED THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE IN 1789.

The great outbreak of the 14th of July, showed in an unequivocal manner the strength of the people, and their audacity. The Court and its adherents had proved “in that wild hour how much the wretched dare.” The days were evidently gone and past in which popular discontent could be met by a charge of cavalry, and when a volley of musketry was considered a sufficient answer to a despairing people’s cry for bread. The fight between the old system and the new had begun, and to the King two courses remained open, with the prospect of at least temporary success. The first was, to place himself frankly at the head of the onward movement, and as a constitutional monarch to guide the ship of the state safely into the new course. The other was, to meet the movement with uncompromising opposition, checking its progress by means of the large party who were opposed to innovation and change of any kind, and fighting as best he might to maintain the old order of things so dangerously menaced on all sides. Unhappily for himself, Louis, a good-natured and benevolent, but heavy and apathetic man, did neither. He wavered between the two courses, and failed to conciliate the popular party by the half-hearted concessions he made, while he forfeited the confidence of those high-born and aristocratic followers and associates, who were angry at the compromise he had made with the constitutionalists, deeming every concession made to the spirit of freedom as something robbed from themselves. Louis was not intended by nature to be, as Max Piccolomini in Schiller’s play, describes the stern and energetic Wallenstein, the man who, “the pause, the central point to thousand thousands, Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column, Where all may press with joy and confidence.” He was simply a weak, undecided, well-meaning man, whose

lot had been cast, to his misfortune, in times where nothing but decision could avail.

Thus in the first instance, the King made efforts to conciliate the national good-will. He listened to the prayer of the National Assembly; removed the foreign troops whose presence had created deep indignation and mistrust among the people; dismissed his unpopular ministers; and recalled Necker, the Minister of Finance, in whom the nation fondly expected to see the re-establisher of French national credit, and the rescuer of the nation from the state of bankruptcy. But scarcely had the general satisfaction made itself manifest on the 4th of August at the concessions then made, especially the abolition of those old feudal privileges that had kept the people in serfdom, and the favourable attitude of the King, when the fair prospect was clouded, and suspicion and turbulence were again in the ascendent.

The chief enemies of the King were found, in the first instance, in the extreme democratic party, who declared that the favourable conduct of Louis was merely a specious appearance, to gain time, and allow space for the plots and intrigues to develop, that were being carried on beyond the frontiers. Hardly less prejudicial to his true interests were the efforts of those aristocratic and high-born advisers, who continually poisoned the mind of the King against those true and loyal men, such as La Fayette, Bailly, Barnave, and their colleagues, who wished to unite justice for an oppressed people with respect and homage to the crown. In the first instance, when the Estates General assembled, they had endeavoured by various arts to neutralise the voting power of the Commons. Failing in this, and astonished at the firm attitude displayed by the deputies, under the guidance of Mirabeau and other popular leaders, great numbers of them ungratefully abandoned the King, deserting him in the difficulties they had so greatly contributed to bring about. A wholesale emigration of the nobles and higher classes commenced, the example being set by the Count of Artois, the brother of the King himself. Carrying with them what they could secure in the way of jewels and portable valuables, the *émigrés* betook themselves respectively to Brussels, to Coblenz, to London, and many other points; everywhere denouncing the course things were taking in France, misrepresenting the national feeling there as the restless machinations of a single faction, and calling upon the despotic governments to interfere actively to restore the King to his former position of autocratic power. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the democratic faction in France should represent the King as sharing the aspirations of the emigrants, who were thus stirring up

foreign foes against the liberties of their country, and as looking forward to liberation by means of foreign bayonets.

Hunger, also, that powerful factor in all revolutionary outbreaks, contributed to rouse a spirit of tigerish rage among the people. Thus it was that they seized upon the State-Councillor Foulon, and his son-in-law Berthier, who had long been objects of popular hatred, and massacred them in the streets, carrying their heads on pikes as trophies of victory; Foulon's head with a wisp of grass stuck in the dead mouth, in angry memory of a sneer he had once uttered, that the people, if they could get no corn, might feed on grass like cattle. In the provinces also, the people began to revive the old doings of the *Jacquerie* of a past century. During the autumn and winter of 1790, the skies were reddened, night after night, in various parts of France, by the glare of burning chateaux and country houses of the nobility, set on fire by incendiaries who travelled through the country, in pursuance of a fixed plan, and acting under orders from the heads of the organisations to which they belonged. *Jacques Bonhomme*, the peasant, had been a serf and a helot for century after century. His turn was coming now, and with hideous wrongs in his memory, and in many instances degraded to the semblance of a mere beast, Jacques prepared to take his revenge in tigerish fashion, with no more compunction in tearing and slaying than if he had been indeed a beast of prey.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE POPULACE; THE MOB AT VERSAILLES.

Feudal privileges having been abolished, the great question that occupied the National Assembly was the settling of the constitution; and here the reformers and the Court party were continually at issue. On the question whether the nobles and clergy were to deliberate separately, or in the same chamber with the Commons, and on various other points, popular triumphs had been gained. Meanwhile, to the future sorrow and discomfiture of all true friends of progress and liberty, the mob of Paris, the lowest and most violent denizens of the slums and alleys, the "roughs" of the period, became powerful and turbulent elements in the political forces of the day. The intelligence and moderation which might have guided the national councils to a safe and prosperous issue, were overborne by the fierce ravings of a mob, at first the tools, and afterwards the tyrants of violent demagogues. Noisy, blatant troops of hewers of wood and drawers of water, the *forts de la Halle*, porters and day-labourers from the public markets, appeared in the streets armed with pikes, sabres, and pistols, forced themselves into the halls of

justice, where they noisily interrupted the proceedings with threats and oburgations, and attached themselves to the most violent of the factions, whose ends they unconsciously served while indulging in a carnival of unaccustomed license. On the question whether the King should have "the power of the veto," or be able to forbid the passing of a measure voted by the Assembly, a furious contest arose. The matter was at length compromised by the according of a modified and limited veto to the King; but the nickname of Monsieur and Madame Veto, bestowed by the mob on Louis and the Queen Marie Antoinette, kept the remembrance of the struggle alive, and found expression in the most truculent of the gutter songs of the time, the horrible *Carmagnole*, which triumphantly declares how Madame Veto had promised to have all Paris murdered; and how, thanks to the brave cannoneers of the people, the "*son coup a manqué*," her scheme had failed.

The poor King, in this time of danger, was half inclined to place himself frankly in the hands of the moderate party, but was again influenced in the opposite direction by the faction who surrounded the Queen, and who declared that nothing but the complete re-establishment of the King's authority would be effectual; and that this re-establishment must be brought about by the means used of old against every outbreak of popular discontent, namely the display of military force.

A new corps, the Flanders regiment, and some cavalry were called to Versailles; and the Gardes du Corps, the King's body-guard, gave a banquet to these troops on their arrival. Immediately afterwards it was told in Paris, amid intense and general indignation, that this banquet had been given, contrary to all precedent, in the great hall reserved for solemn and grand occasions; that the guests had indulged in seditious outcries against the people, had flung under the tables the tricoloured cockades adopted as the national colours, and that the King and Queen, accompanied by the Dauphin and the Princess Royal, had graced the orgie with their presence, manifestly with the intention of inflaming the passions of the drunken soldiery against the nation, for the re-establishment of despotism and tyranny.

Accordingly the morning of the 5th of October was signalled by an outbreak secretly prepared by leaders who put forward the ignorant, hungry mob to draw the chestnuts of power from the fire for their use. The cousin of the King, Philip, Duke of Orleans, who boastfully styled himself Philippe Egalité, and effected the very exaggeration of democracy, and Mirabeau, the popular representative whose tremendous energy and eloquence had placed him

at the head of the opponents of the Court, by which he was afterwards bribed and bought, succeeded in fanning the smouldering fire of distrust and jealousy of the people against the Court into a flame. A mob of the lowest of the women who haunted the markets and the streets of the capital, reinforced by a multitude of men of the same class, met suddenly, and marched, to the cry of "Bread! Bread!" to the town arsenal, which they plundered. Then the crowd, gathering like a snowball as it rolled its course onward, set out for Versailles. Other and more formidable, because disciplined, malcontents presently took part in the enterprise. The Gardes Françaises, and the National Guards, a popular force that had been levied, greatly against the will of the Court party, from among the citizens of Paris, followed the first tumultuous procession a few hours afterwards, bent on the same errand. The King and the royal family were to be brought to Paris, so that there might be no further tampering with soldiers against the people, and that the actions of the Court might be under the eye of the patriots. The National Assembly, too, was to be removed to Paris: "What had the King to do with these Gardes du Corps, who, under the guise of loyalty to their master, carried on treason against the nation, and opposed the will of the sovereign people?"

THE KING BROUGHT TO PARIS.

La Fayette, on hearing of this general and threatening movement, after vainly seeking to dissuade the National Guards from its execution, placed himself at their head, and arrived with them in time to clear out from the palace the howling insurgents who had taken possession of it, and were insulting the royal family and the National Assembly alike. They bivouacked that night in the courtyard of the palace, the exertions of La Fayette having averted worse consequences for the moment; but the next morning a conflict was provoked by the rashness of one of the Gardes du Corps, which almost brought on a general massacre, and really cost some lives. The King, yielding to hard necessity, consented to accompany the malcontents, whose anger was thereby changed to loud rejoicing, back to Paris. It was a dreary procession of humiliated royalty. "We shall not lack bread any more," shouted the triumphant mob, as they danced round the windows of the carriage in which the King and his family were seated, "for we've got the baker, and the baker's wife, and the little apprentice boy!"

The natural consequence of this proceeding was a reaction in favour of the insulted King in the minds of many moderate and

honest men. The Duke of Orleans was got rid of for a time by a mission to England, and Mirabeau was so much blamed for the part he had taken in the affair, that all his great popularity barely saved him from impeachment. The National Assembly was removed from Versailles to Paris, and when tranquillity had to some degree been restored, the work of building up a constitution was carried on with such zeal as to produce a still further feeling in favour of the King. Louis, indeed, had the good of the nation at heart. He loved his people, and would have been the best of kings, as he was the most placable of men, had he only known how to set about his task, and had he not always been under the influence of any will and a mind much more resolute than his own. When, for instance, the King appeared before the National Assembly on the 4th of February, 1790, and solemnly declared his adhesion to the constitution, towards the completion of which he called upon the deputies to work with their best zeal and energy; and when he emphatically renounced the rights of a despotic king, and declared he would henceforth rule as the constitutional monarch of a free people, the enthusiasm raised was great and genuine. Even the Queen, whose well-known attachment to despotic principles of rule had rendered her intensely unpopular with the nation, for a time received a share of the affection bestowed upon her husband by the bulk of

the nation, among whom his speech diffused general joy. And the satisfaction was increased when the chief conditions of this new constitution were made known. But the faction of the aristocrats and the friends of the Queen stood aghast at the magnitude of the innovations involved, and became the deadly enemies of the measure. For it abolished all the privileges of the nobles, and even put an end to titles of nobility, the use of coats of arms, and all honorary distinctions of the governing class, who were afterwards designated as "ci-devants," or "have-beens." It converted the enormous estates of the Church into national property, the clergy to be provided for by law, out of the national exchequer. It divided France into eighty-three departments, each of which was to be represented in the great legislative assembly which, under the presidency of the

King, was henceforth to govern France. The terrible financial difficulties that oppressed the country were to be overcome by the issue of paper money, assignates or bonds on the security of the Church property and certain of the royal domains that were made over to the nation.

On the 14th of July, 1780, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was held, in the Champ de Mars, near Paris, the great fête of the Federation, at which the King, the Queen, the members of the Assembly, and deputations from the army, the National Guards, and every branch of the naval, military, and civil service, took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. It was the last occasion on which the nation and its King and Queen met on terms of real amity and confidence.



MIRABEAU.

ENEMIES OF THE REVOLUTION; DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

The shouts of the immense multitude who "rent the sky with loud acclaims" at the festival of the Federation had scarcely died away before the fair prospects of union and peace began to be clouded. The priests were mortified and angry at being made dependent on the civil power. Numbers of them refused to take the oath to the constitution, and being deprived of their offices and emoluments in consequence, were in many cases looked upon as martyrs for conscience' sake by the more devout among their follow-

ers, especially in Bretagne and La Vendée. The nobles also, indignant at being reduced to the level of the ordinary citizen, and at the admission of untitled men as officers into the army, bitterly opposed the new order of things. Great numbers of titled officers emigrated, and a still larger proportion of the unattached scions of noble houses. The King's brothers themselves set the example. They were not content to go into a quiet exile, but made the frontier towns, such as Coblenz, and the great capitals, such as London, the centres of continual efforts at counter revolution. The nonjuring priests represented the National Assembly and the new order of things generally to their flocks as the impersonation of evil, to be strenuously combated and promptly overthrown. The emigrant officers and nobles represented to the foreign despotic states that if the French

succeeded in permanently shaking off the autocratic power of their rulers, their example would inevitably be followed by the nations of Europe generally, and the fate of the kings would be sealed. Already preparations were made for that great strife between citizenship and despotism that was to fill the world with combats for a series of years.

The rapid course of events, and the facility with which men turned their eyes to new aspirations, is illustrated by the fact that Necker, the Minister of Finance, at one time the most popular of men among the French community, and whose dismissal from office a year or two before had caused an enormous excitement, and had been one of the chief causes of the attack on the Bastille, while his reinstatement had been welcomed with transports of joy, had now resigned his office in discouragement and disgust, and quitted France almost unnoticed, to be speedily and completely forgotten.

Various political clubs had been established in Paris, and to these others were affiliated throughout the country: that of the friends of the constitution, afterwards called, from a disestablished convent, in which they held their sittings, the Jacobins; and another, whose members were noted for their furious demagogism, that of the Cordeliers. La Fayette, as the representative of moderate counsels, founded the club of the "Feuillans," which was thus designated after a church of that name near the Tuileries.

The Court, naturally alarmed at the increasing ambition of its foes, made efforts to win to its side those whose allegiance was still doubtful. One great victory it achieved by winning over the great orator Mirabeau, the most formidable of the opponents of despotic monarchy.

Mirabeau died just in time to preserve the enormous popularity that had begun to be endangered by his defection from the people's cause. The King and Queen are said to have regretted him, as a partisan won with infinite pains, and who might have done them infinite service. The people regretted him, for they had no suspicion that he had abandoned their cause. The Jacobins, on the contrary, rejoiced at his death; for he was the only man strong enough to stand against them. A magnificent funeral was accorded to him.

"These villainous clubs have ruined France!" was the mournful observation uttered by Louis XVI. a short time afterwards. The factions of which these assemblies were the representatives were, indeed, rapidly substituting the impulse of the feverish moment and the passionate outbursts of petulant zeal, and occasionally of fury, for the sober and deliberate counsels of statesmanship. The discussions were carried on

in the evening, that the working classes, who were present in large numbers at them, might not be hindered in their daily toil. All political events and political characters formed the subjects of debate; and the hatred and passions of the people were studiously aroused against the higher classes. Lamartine, in his eloquent "History of the Girondists," has left us a vivid picture of one of these hotbeds of revolution. He asks the reader to fancy "one of those sittings, in which the citizens, already agitated by the stormy air of the period, took up their abode at nightfall in one of those churches lately devoted to far other purposes. A few candles, brought by the affiliated members, shed an imperfect light on the gloomy space around, showing the naked walls, wooden benches, and a tribune where the altar had stood. Around this tribune some orators, beloved of the people, crowded to get an opportunity of speaking. A crowd of citizens of all classes and of all costumes, rich, poor, soldiers, workmen; women, who brought passion, enthusiasm, tenderness and tears wherever they came; children, whom they held aloft in their arms, that they might early breathe the soul of an irritated people. A gloomy silence, broken at times by sharp ejaculations, by applause or by hisses; the incendiary discourses, stirring with magic words to the very depths the passions of this crowd, new to the impression made by words; enthusiasm, real in some, simulated in others; ardent motions and patriotic gifts, with awards of civic crowns, and parading of the busts of great republicans; then, burning of the symbols of superstition and of the aristocracy, vociferation of demagogue songs in chorus at the beginning and at the close of each sitting;—what people, even in a period of calm, would have resisted the pulsations of this fever, the fits of which were renewed daily, from the end of 1790, in all the towns of the kingdom? It was the *régime* of fanaticism, preceding the *régime* of terror. Such was the organization of the club of the Jacobins."

FLIGHT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Surrounded by dangers and by enemies on all sides, insulted by the mob when he, or a member of his family, approached the windows of their dwelling, and with no hope of help or rescue from within, the King at length resolved to fly from the capital. Indeed, this expedient had been discussed between the Queen and Mirabeau, in some mysterious interviews with the Queen shortly before the death of the great traitor, who seems to have entertained the hope that he himself would be called in by the people as the arbitrator between themselves and the King for the restoration of the royal authority.

What the King's ultimate design was must ever remain matter of conjecture. Whether he intended to fly beyond the frontiers of the kingdom, and to return, as his accusers afterwards averred, at the head of a foreign army, to put down, by force, the government he had sworn to maintain; or whether his design was simply to repair to some place on the frontier, there to surround himself with a portion of his army, and to treat with the Assembly from that point of vantage. Be this as it may, flight was resolved on; and a faithful friend of the King, and gallant soldier, the Marquis de Bouillé, was entrusted with the principal arrangements. A Swedish nobleman, M. de Fersen, attached to the Queen by a chivalrous devotion, felt called upon to risk everything in her service; and with him were associated three provincial noblemen, who had formerly been members of the King's bodyguard. The design of flight was that the King and the royal family should escape to the frontier of Luxembourg, a place where Bouillé had assembled a considerable military force. The date of departure was fixed for the 18th of June; and a passport from the Minister of Foreign Affairs was procured for a Baroness Korf and her children, governess, and servants. The King was to play the part of a valet of Madame Korf; and precautions had been taken to have parties of cavalry on the road to protect the King if necessary, under the pretext that they were waiting to escort a military chest coming from Paris for the pay of the troops.

DETECTION AND RUIN.

The preparations were too elaborate to escape notice, and a delay of a day threw all the arrangements out of gear. Count Fersen, in the disguise of a coachman, played his part admirably. He drove the King and Queen (who, with their children and Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis, had managed to pass secretly at night out of the palace) safely to the Bois de Bondy, where a large travelling carriage was waiting for them. The King, imprudently putting his head out of the carriage window at Chalons, was recognised by the postmaster, who, however, kept the secret loyally, and hastened the travellers on their way. He was not so fortunate further on the road, at St. Ménéhould, where Drouet, the son of the postmaster, recognised his features, and at once rode on in advance of the carriage to the next station, Varennes, the last the fugitives had to pass before reaching the frontier. He at once spread the alarm that the party who would shortly arrive were the King and the royal family, escaping from Paris. It was in the middle of the night; but the whole town was speedily awake, and the King and his party were at

once arrested. In vain they appealed to the loyalty of M. Sausse, the postmaster, and his colleagues, and begged to be allowed to depart. Marie Antoinette even condescended to appeal to the wife of Sausse the grocer, begging her to intercede for her, the King, and their children. "Yes, madame," said the embarrassed woman, "I should be glad to be useful to you, but you think of the King, and I'm thinking of M. Sausse. A wife must think of her husband." National Guards began to assemble, and the small posting house was soon filled with eager and excited men, declaring that the King and his family must be detained until the Legislative Assembly in Paris should decide as to his fate. He bore his misfortune with a calmness bordering on apathy; but the conflict of hope, apprehension, grief, and maternal anxiety in the mind of the Queen was so great that, within that one night of horror, her hair turned grey. She was only thirty-five years old.

In Paris, meanwhile, the excitement and indignation of the populace, when the news of the escape of the royal family was spread abroad, nearly culminated in a general outbreak. The chief anger of the people was at first directed against La Fayette, who, as commander of the National Guard, had undertaken the responsibility of the safe keeping of the fugitives. He defended himself with admirable self-possession and judgment; and for the time succeeded in convincing all honest-minded persons of his sincerity. The King had left behind him a manifesto, which was read in the Assembly amid interruption and ironical laughter. In this document he set forth the insults and injuries he had received at the hands of the factions by whom the country was distracted, and peace and concord rendered impossible. "I am but the responsible chief of anarchy," he wrote, addressing the Assembly, "and the seditious influence of the clubs tears from you that power of which you have deprived me. Frenchmen, is that what you expected from your regeneration? Your love for your King used to be reckoned among the number of your virtues. That love has been turned into hatred, and your homage into insults. From M. Necker down to the last of the factious persons, every one has been king, except the King himself. There have been threats to take from the King even that vain title, and to shut up the Queen in a convent. ... M. de la Fayette himself has been unable to enforce respect for the law, or to restore the liberty of the King." After enumerating the humiliations and violence to which he had been subjected, the protest concluded with these words: "In such a situation nothing remained for me to do but to appeal to the justice and the affection of my people,

and to take refuge beyond the reach of the factions, and of the oppression of the Assembly and the clubs, in a town of my kingdom; and there, in full liberty, to direct the modifications that the constitution demands,—the restoration of our holy religion, the strengthening of the royal power, and the consolidation of a true liberty.”

The clubs of the Cordeliers and the Jacobins, on the other hand, declared that the King was a traitor, who had deceived his people as Henry III. in the old times had deceived the Duke of Guise, to murder him. “On the morning of the 19th,” wrote Marat, the most implacable member of the Cordeliers, “Louis XVI. laughed at the oaths he had taken, and rejoiced, in advance, over the terror his flight would inspire in you. The Austrian woman seduced La Fayette last night; Louis XVI., in a priest’s gown, has absconded with the Dauphin, his wife his brother, and all his family. He is laughing now at the folly of the Parisians, and soon he will be wading in their blood. Citizens, this flight has been prepared covertly by the traitors of the National Assembly. You are brought face to face with ruin.” The whole article was written in the same truculent spirit, and admirably calculated to stir up the passions of hatred and revenge in the lowest classes in Paris, and, indeed, throughout the whole kingdom.

THE KING’S RETURN; FOREIGN POWERS; THE BEGINNING OF A LONG WAR.

When the news reached Paris that the royal family had been stopped at Varennes, the Assembly at once sent orders that they should be brought back to the capital; and Péthion, the Mayor of Paris, and Barnave, both members of the Assembly, were despatched to receive them, and protect them on the way. It was a miserable journey. Sometimes the carriage was surrounded by a howling mob, breathing out cursings and threatenings against the King and Queen. A gentleman who approached with a gesture of respect was absolutely seized and murdered by the infuriated mob; and a priest narrowly escaped the same fate through the heroism of Barnave, who leant out of the coach window and harangued the people, asking boldly whether from a nation of brave men the French had been transformed into a horde of assassins? In the capital itself the crush was so great, and the heat and dust caused by the crowding of multitudes round the carriage so overpowering, that the Queen appealed to the people on behalf of the little Dauphin and his sister, who were almost fainting. “You see the state of my poor children, gentlemen,” cried the poor mother, “we are stifling” (*nous étouffons*). “We’ll stifle you in a different fashion,” was the brutal reply.

The Assembly meanwhile had taken measures to prevent disturbance on the occasion of the King’s return. Placards had been everywhere posted with the laconic announcement: “Whoever applauds the King shall be cudgelled (*bâtonné*), whoever insults him shall be hanged!” During the journey Barnave won the hearts of the unfortunate monarchs by his delicacy and kindness; and from that time showed a zeal in serving them which ultimately cost him his head. Péthion, on the other hand, ostentatiously displayed the rudeness of his nature in the presence of fallen royalty—eating oranges and throwing the peel out of window past the faces of the King and Queen, and responding to the mild questions of the King with a coarse bluntness that quickly reduced the offended monarch to silence.

Once more he was installed in the Tuileries; but this time little better than a prisoner, La Fayette being made responsible for his safety. Of all who in those difficult days endeavoured to bring about a healthy and lasting reform, and to secure the liberties of the people without destroying the position of the King, the Marquis was the most honest and well-meaning,—a true gentleman, who combined loyalty and patriotism in his language and conduct, and who might have guided his master safely through the dangers of the time, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the Queen, who hated him, and influenced the poor undecided King against him. “Let us have the love of liberty for our guide,” he nobly said in the Assembly; “but let us never forget that liberty, severe in all its principles, fears license as much as tyranny, and that to conquer and retain it is less the reward of courage than the triumph of virtue.” He maintained the utmost respect towards the King at this crisis of the unfortunate monarch’s life. “Has Your Majesty any orders to give me?” he asked deferentially when Louis had at length taken refuge in his apartments in the Tuileries, and the miserable journey was over. “It seems to me,” replied the poor King with a quiet smile, “that I am more at your orders than you at mine.”

Still, the game of royalty was not over. The Assembly, like the Long Parliament in England during its second session, when the reaction in favour of Charles had set in, contained a large party, and ardent indeed for reform, but still anxious for moderate measures, and not indisposed to maintain Louis on the throne as a constitutional monarch. Thus gradually the King was allowed to resume the functions of royalty; and when the constituent Assembly had finished its work of arranging the details of the constitution, Louis publicly took an oath to maintain that constitution; and the Queen, after expressing similar sentiments, held up the Dauphin in

her arms to the crowd, and for the last time in her life was for a few moments popular. The question now was, whether this constitution which the King had accepted, and which included personal responsibility on his part to the nation, would be satisfactorily put in force. Subsequent events showed it to be a miserable failure. This failure some

of French government. If France was to be a constitutional monarchy, would the other thrones of Europe long remain despotic? It was determined to combine and actively combat the movement in France; to reinstate the King in all the privileges he had enjoyed before 1789, and to bring back the old *régime*. The emigrants at Coblenz, Brussels,



"THE COUNTRY IN DANGER"—VOLUNTEERS MARCHING TO THE FRONTIER.

attributed to the weakness and vacillation of the King, others to the preponderance of furious and uncompromising demagogues in the Assembly. Probably it was the result of both these causes combined.

The despotic powers of Europe, especially Austria and Prussia, looked with mingled anger and alarm upon the new programme

and elsewhere, represented the task of restoring despotism in France as easy of accomplishment. Louis himself had had his eyes rudely opened, as he himself confessed afterwards to La Fayette on his journey to, or rather from, Varennes; but abroad, the notion that the changes in France were desired merely by a faction, and not by the great bulk of the

nation, was industriously spread abroad ; and the project of invading France began to assume definite proportions.

The unhappy King, vacillating between his wish to keep his oath to the constitution, and his alarm at the dangers he saw multiplying around him, committed a grievous error. At the very time when he was officially sending letters desiring his emigrant brothers and the Prince de Condé to return to France, declaring that the duty of every good citizen bound him to resist invasion, he was secretly appealing to the other powers of Europe to put down by force of arms the government he had sworn to uphold. A letter of Louis, dated December 3rd, 1791, addressed to the King of Prussia, and preserved in the archives at Berlin, furnishes positive proof of the duplicity of Louis. It is nothing but an urgent appeal for the invasion of France by the united powers of Europe. In it the King writes : " I have addressed myself to the Emperor (of Germany), to the Empress of Russia, to the Kings of Spain and Sweden, and I present to them the idea of a congress of the principal powers of Europe, *seconded by an armed force*, as the best method of stopping the factions here, giving a means to establish a more desirable order of things and preventing the evil which is harassing us from spreading to the other states of Europe. I hope Your Majesty will approve of my ideas, and will maintain the most profound secrecy on the overture I have made to you." The letter concludes by pointing out the means for sending a reply secretly, and means, in fact, " Put down constitutional government in France by sending invading armies, or you will have it in your own countries presently." And this was while the King was ordering his brothers and Condé to disperse and disarm the emigrants who had rallied round them.

On the 1st of October the Legislative Assembly met—the successor of the Constituent Assembly, whose office had been the preparation of the constitution for France. It immediately appeared that the Jacobins, the party who were clamorous for the most complete and violent change, even to the overthrow of the monarchy, were very strongly represented in the Assembly. And they had formidable means of stirring up the national wrath against the King and his friends. At Pilnitz in Saxony, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany had met, and issued a declaration utterly hostile to the constitution in France ; the popular indignation was aroused in France by the opposition of Louis to the decrees against those priests who had refused the oath to the constitution, and were endeavouring to undermine the government in every direction ; and gradually the Jacobins obtained the chief power in the

Assembly. On the 20th of April, 1792, war was declared against Austria.

THE EVENTS TO THE TENTH OF AUGUST ; THE FALL OF THE MONARCHY.

It was evident that the King of France had very unwillingly declared war against Austria, a state governed by a near relative of Marie Antoinette, and one to which Louis had looked for protection for himself. When, therefore, at the outset, the war was pursued in a languid, half-hearted way, and a disgraceful panic and defeat of the troops led by Rochambeau was announced, it was declared in Paris that treason was at work among the leaders of the French army, who were alleged to have been secretly bought over by the Court. Presently a second enemy appeared in the field, in the person of the King of Prussia, who despatched an army towards the French frontiers. Both Austria and Prussia declared their conviction that the constitution had not been voluntarily accepted by the King of France, and was therefore no valid act. Twenty thousand emigrants joined these armies, and the combined force was commanded by the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. That general presently committed an unpardonable blunder, by issuing a manifesto, in which he treated the French nation as a horde of rebels, commanding them to submit instantly ; threatening with all the rigour of war any district that should dare to resist, and Paris itself with utter destruction. The nation might have said with Decius in Addison's *Cato* : " A style like this becomes a conqueror ! " The manifesto was received with mingled scorn and indignation. Great exertions were made to drive back the foe, and the combined powers soon found that the "*promenade militaire*" they had promised themselves was likely to turn out something very different.

A few successes gained at first served only to confirm the invading generals in their error concerning the real power of the enemy, and the magnitude of the task they had undertaken. Dumouriez, a veteran general of considerable ability, was sent against them ; and the Duke of Brunswick was obliged, after losing a great number of his men by disease, famine, and the attacks of the enemy, to retreat into Germany, strewing the way with the corpses of the unhappy victims of overweening confidence and pride. On the 20th of September, brave Kellermann successfully maintained his position against the Prussian cannonade at Valmy, and by the 23rd of October the French soil had been cleared of the invaders.

The unfortunate King had by this time lost the last remains of his popularity ; and his fall was only a question of months or

weeks. He would have been strong enough to defy the violent demagogues, by the aid of the real and moderate friends of liberty, if he had frankly acted with them. But he remained always secretly attached to three classes who were powerless to save him, while they alienated from him the friends with whom he might have found safety,—the emigrants, the foreign monarchs, and the nonjuring priests. By exercising his veto against a decree for the banishment of the priests, and by opposing a motion for establishing a camp of twenty thousand men around Paris, he aroused the hatred of the populace in Paris. On the 20th of June an enormous crowd assembled on the Place de la Bastille, and from thence marched towards the hall of the Legislative Assembly. The deputies permitted the mob to defile before them, suspending the sitting for that purpose. Thereupon the whole concourse, increased by many recruits during its march, bent its way towards the Tuileries. Here they burst into the palace, and for a time the lives of the royal family were in imminent danger. The pikemen of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and a mingled crowd of the lowest of the inhabitants of Paris—men and women, lads and girls, defiled hour after hour through the apartments of the palace before the King. Louis was obliged to put the red cap, the sign of the demagogue, on his head, as a token of fraternity with the people; and contrived by his calmness and courage partly to appease the mob. The Queen and the royal children, in another apartment, were subjected to similar indignities; for the hatred of the people was especially concentrated on the Queen, who was considered as the cause of the King's opposition to the popular will. "Down with the veto! The camp by Paris!" "Give us back the patriot ministers!" "Where is the Austrian woman?"—such were the cries, mingled with cursings and revilings, that filled the halls where the flatteries of courtiers had for centuries fallen on the ears of despotic monarchs. The King calmly refused to alter his decrees or take back his veto at the demand of the furious people, who were at last even in some degree impressed by the sight of his calm and deliberate courage. The Queen also was obliged to put the red cap on the head of her little son, the Dauphin. Santerre, the commandant of the National Guards, at last cleared the Queen's room of the crowd; and Péthion, the Mayor of Paris, persuaded the throng to disperse from the hall, where the King was a prisoner, and enabled him to join the Queen, and congratulate her on her escape.

For the moment the storm had passed over; but it burst forth presently with renewed violence, and, blinded by prejudice

and influenced by evil counsels, the King failed to make use of the services of La Fayette, the brave and honest counsellor, who was consistently and sincerely devoted to constitutional monarchy, and hastened to Paris from his camp at Maubeuge, and solemnly adjured the Assembly to uphold the royal authority, greatly to his own peril; for the Jacobins, who now held the chief influence, threatened his life, while the King and Queen treated him with distrust and ingratitude. The fortune of this honest and true friend of moderation and of limited monarchy was a hard one. Endeavouring shortly afterwards to induce his troops to renew their oath to the constitution, and strive for the restoration of limited monarchy, he was deserted by his army, and compelled to fly across the frontier. Captured with some of his staff, by a party of Austrians, he was most unjustly, with some of his companions, kept in imprisonment in various fortresses, especially at Olmütz, for five years, till 1797, when Bonaparte at length insisted on and procured his liberation.

THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

The hands of the Jacobins meanwhile had been greatly strengthened through the foolish manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick. The most violent accusations were brought against the King in the Legislative Assembly. The country was declared to be in danger, and the deposition of the King was openly discussed, and vehemently demanded by the more violent of the factions.

The 10th of August is the fatal day on which the monarchy fell. During the previous night masses of men had been assembling; and prominent among them were the fifteen hundred "Marseillais," fierce, determined men who had marched from the South, chanting the famous song which has been identified with their name, and has been for almost a century the revolutionary hymn of France. "To arms!" cried the fierce Danton, haranguing the Marseillais in the club of the Cordeliers, that had been opened to them. "You hear the tocsin, that voice of the people. It calls you to the help of your brethren in Paris. You have hastened from the extremity of the empire to defend the head of the nation, menaced in the capital by the conspirators of despotism! Let the tocsin sound the last hour of kings, and the first hour of the vengeance and the liberty of the people! To arms and *ça ira*!"

The King was not without brave defenders, ready to die for him and for his Queen, and their children. The Swiss Guard fought with admirable courage and devotion, disputing the staircases of the Tuileries step by step against the furious

hordes of the Marseillais, the denizens of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the other furious assailants who pressed round them, raging for blood, and massacring even those who threw down their arms in token of surrender. A number of nobles had also rallied round the throne and fought to the last in defence of their master. The popular victory was not gained without the sacrifice of nearly three thousand men. The Queen, against whom the most violent outbursts of popular fury were directed, showed the dauntless spirit of her house, and was ready to die with honour, by her husband's side. But the King suffered grievously in character as well as in fortune on the 10th of August. While the friends who rallied round him and the faithful Swiss Guards, true to the last, were fighting, he took refuge with his family in the hall of the Legislative Assembly; and sat during that fatal day with the Queen and the royal children in the reporters' box, listening apathetically to the debate that was to decide the fate of the monarchy. For deputation after deputation from the municipality of Paris, and from the victorious sections arrived, all clamouring that the King should be deposed. And thus, in the very presence of the unhappy monarch, the decree was passed that suspended him from his functions, and deprived him of his civil list. It was also resolved that the Legislative Assembly should be brought to a close, and succeeded by a National Convention. This new assembly was to act in the name of the "sovereign people." Every citizen who supported himself, even if it were by daily labour, was to have a voice in its election. Its powers were to be unlimited, and it was to meet on the 20th of September.

FRANCE A REPUBLIC; THE NATIONAL CONVENTION; TRANSITION TO THE REIGN OF TERROR.

The horrors of the 10th of August, the horrible orgie of blood that stirred up all the worst elements in the great city, was the commencement of that worst of tyrannies, the rule of a raging and bloodthirsty mob. Three men, whose names will remain to all time branded with detestation, as the chief actors in the darkest period of the Revolution,—men who had already for some time been becoming terribly famous in the annals of that fierce time,—now became the representatives of the chief power in the State. These men are Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, the idols of the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs, and the almost omnipotent leaders of the extreme revolutionists. Among these Danton is the one to whose name perhaps the least turpitude is attached. He was an enthusiast for popular liberty, the fiercest of

democrats, and an uncompromising hater of royalty. Fits of dark rage seemed sometimes to obscure his reason. "Audacity, again audacity, and always audacity," was the doctrine he preached. If thousands conspired against the State, let every one of them expiate his crime on the scaffold. The cruellest and most comprehensive massacre was justified in his eyes, if he deemed it necessary to uphold the power of the people against that of the King's. Sincere he was in his endeavours to establish the supremacy of the sovereign people, and the thorough belief he had in himself and in his system rendered him doubly dangerous. In some respects he resembled Mirabeau—in his fiery eloquence, his tremendous strength of voice, and of determination in his power of swaying the multitude by the force of his energy. Robespierre, on the other hand, with his cadaverous face, his mean form, his shrill tones, and his cracked-brained theories, was a caricature of the republicans of the ancient world whom he professed to emulate. He prided himself on being "the incorruptible," living almost in penury at the time when the factions were prostrate at his feet, and while he wielded the tremendous power of a people who had thrown aside all restraint of law and custom, and all the old habits of obedience. Never was there a man who so entirely threw to the winds all ideas of friendship, natural affection, or pity, in pursuit of the chimera of a model republic, whose foundations were to be laid in blood. In time, he became suspicious of all parties, and no thought of old comradeship or of services received withheld him from crushing any man or any number of men from whom he apprehended danger to his supremacy. But far more vile than the two others was Marat, the lowest and most filthy of miscreants. Hideous and loathsome in appearance, raging with an insane hatred against all who possessed education, refinement, wealth, or any of the advantages that raise men above the lowest strata of the community, he appealed to the lowest passions of the most degraded of men, publishing with a horrible and industrious malignity the most atrocious calumnies, with which he fed the fury of the mob, and aroused them to renewed rage whenever there was a chance that their evil passions might cool. With the ascendancy of these men the crimes of the period assume a darker dye. Murder and wholesale proscription become recognised means of government, and the guillotine is established permanently as the great and only effectual means of retaining power and supremacy.

Already in the Legislative Assembly there had been two powerful parties, whose incessant

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

antagonism was certain to culminate in mortal strife. These were that of the Girondists, so called from the department of the Gironde, represented by their chiefs, Vergniaud, Gaudet'Gensonné, Ducos, Grangeneuve, and others; that of the "Montagne," comprising the most uncompromising of demagogues, shouting for the heads of their opponents,

There was little doubt as to where the victory would be found. With the nation at fever heat, with every fierce passion at work, the lowest dregs of the population stirred up to vengeance by every art of invective and calumny, and suddenly invested with power and trusted with weapons, it was impossible that moderate counsels should prevail. The



THE PRISON MASSACRE OF SEPTEMBER 1792.

and dominating all the debates by noise and clamour, backed by the mobs and the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs; and between the two, the moderate and the extreme party, were a large number of neutral members, ready to take part with whichever side should prove its strength by gaining the victory over its opponent.

Girondists, whose efforts had lately been directed against the reactionary Court party, and who had forced the King to accept ministers such as Roland, Servan, and Clavière, from among themselves, vainly tried to arrest the course of the raging flood of revolutionary license now let loose. The Reign of Terror, accompanied by blood, slaughter, and

barbarous horrors—the Reign of Terror had fairly begun.

The municipality of Paris, in whose hands the whole of the authority was for the time placed, and in which Robespierre, Danton, and Marat were the ruling spirits, refused to answer for the safety of the King unless he were removed, with his family, to the strong tower of the Temple, a fortress that in old time had belonged to the famous chivalric order of that name. Accordingly the King and Queen, with their two children and Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis, were transferred to that domicile which became their prison, and from which only one of them, the Princess Marie, was destined ultimately to escape with life.

Meanwhile house to house search was made for any fugitives who had taken part against the people on the 10th of August, or who would be suspected of conspiring against the nation. All the prisons of Paris were crammed with captives, to the number of some thousands, and the churches were similarly crowded when the prisons would hold no more. Then, to increase the general frenzy, came the news of the successes of invading armies,—of the Prussians marching upon Paris and of Verdun surrendered to them,—of royalists and emigrés threatening vengeance, and the possible re-establishment of the old *régime*.

The people were in a state of savage excitement. The tocsin was rung, thousands of men and women assembled in the Champ de Mars, and volunteers were enrolled in great numbers to march to the frontier, and hurl back the invaders. "*Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!*" was everywhere the cry; and then came the further intelligence that in La Vendée the royalists were in insurrection. This led to the horrible massacre that deluged every prison of Paris with blood from the 2nd to the 5th of September. Ferocious men of the labouring classes, armed with cutlasses and bayonets, congregated in the prisons, where mock tribunals were formed, before which the prisoners, men and women, nobles, captive Swiss Guards, priests, working people, representatives of every grade and class, were brought out, briefly interrogated, and then sent from the hall of judgment to pass out at a door, outside which a number of men were waiting to strike them down with sabres and axes, and to run them through with pikes and bayonets. These horrible ruffians worked like butchers in a slaughterhouse. Many of them, after thoroughly exhausting themselves, ate, and drank, and slept, and then woke up to resume their hideous work. Danton and Marat have been accused of being the movers of this massacre, the chiefs of the "Septem-

briseurs," as the murderers were called, but much doubt rests upon the point. The state of wild and savage apprehension, the reckless desperation of the hour, caused by the surrounding dangers, will sufficiently explain the outburst. The numbers who perished during the five days has been very variously stated; but the estimate of the advocate Maton (who states the number at 1089) seems the most correct. With the establishment of the National Convention, a new page in the history of the Revolution begins; for the first act of the body that thus succeeded to the Legislative Assembly was to declare the abolition of the monarchy and the erection of France into a republic.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE KING.

The quarrel between the "Mountain" and the "Gironde" became more embittered day by day. The Girondist deputies boldly accused the Jacobin chiefs of aiming at dictatorship, and of the design to establish a tyranny founded on the noisy suffrage of the Parisians. The "mountaineers" retorted by accusing their opponents of Federalism; while public opinion was suspicious of both parties, and, on the motion of Tallien, declared the Republic to be one and indivisible. The question was hotly debated whether the King had, or had not, forfeited his inviolability, and rendered himself liable to be judicially accused before the Convention. The "Mountain" party, supported by the Parisian mob, who yelled frantically for the tyrant's blood, procured an answer in the affirmative; and on the 11th of December the fallen monarch was brought before a tribunal, the great majority of whose members had already made up their minds as to his guilt. The veteran Malesherbes undertook the defence of the King. Unhappily, there had been discovered in the Tuileries an iron safe or chest, containing papers that told only too plainly the story of the negotiations with Mirabeau, and various acts of bribery and duplicity. After long and stormy debates, that lasted far into January of 1793, three questions were put before the Convention to decide:—Whether Louis Capet (for under that name the King was arraigned) had been guilty of conspiring against the freedom or the safety of the State? Whether the sentence to be passed upon him was to be placed before the people for confirmation? And what punishment was to be inflicted on him? Out of 717 members present, 683 answered the first question in the affirmative. The second was answered in the negative by 424 voices against 283. In replying to the third question, 366 voices out of 721—therefore a majority of *five*—voted for death unconditionally. Among the remainder, 266 voted for imprisonment until the conclusion

of peace, or until banishment, while the rest voted for death, but "*avec sursis*" (with a respite),—an understanding that the extreme sentence would not be carried out. The vote itself had been another proof of the triumph of the Mountain over the Gironde. The last-mentioned party would gladly have saved the King's life, but many were intimidated by the threatening attitude of their opponents and the spectators into giving a vote they internally disapproved. But they felt that to show favour to the prisoner would have been to place their own republicanism under suspicion.

All efforts to obtain a delay in the carrying out of the sentence were vain. The Convention insisted on immediate execution; and on the 21st of January, 1793, after having shown in the last days of his life the resignation and charity of a Christian, and solemnly pardoned all his enemies, Louis XVI., the most amiable, virtuous, and well-meaning of the Bourbon kings, was brought forth, like Charles I., to die in the face of the nation he was accused of betraying. He had endured throughout four years every stage of degradation; and on his devoted head had descended the punishment for the tyranny and wrong perpetrated throughout centuries by those who had gone before him. "After us, the deluge," had already been the prophecy of Philip the Regent eighty years before. The barriers of sand had stood longer than any man had a right to expect; but they had given way at last, and the deluge was sweeping everything before it.

THE FALL OF THE GIRONDISTS; DUMOURIEZ.

The death of the King sent a shudder through the whole of Europe. In England the French ambassador was at once expelled from London, and prepared for war. Prussia and Austria determined to pursue the contest with increased vigour; for the execution of the 21st of January seemed a challenge to every crowned head in Europe. Soon after was brought about the first of those six great coalitions of the nations against France; the last of which succeeded in setting up the Bourbon monarchy once more in 1814. England was at the head of this coalition; and with reason; for on the 1st of February the French Convention, angry at the expul-

sion of the envoy, had declared war. Most of the powers of Europe were participators in this coalition. At the same time the civil war in La Vendée took more formidable proportions.

But the Convention was undismayed; and the party of the Mountain was more bitterly bent than before on the destruction of the Girondists.

Circumstances soon occurred to facilitate that design. General Dumouriez had been for some time at the head of the French forces in the Low Countries; and had gained great credit by the victory of Jemmapes, in November 1792. But after this the fortune of war changed. Custine in Germany, and Dumouriez in Flanders, were alike unsuccessful; and the latter, on the 15th of March, 1793, was defeated in the battle of



ROBESPIERRE.

Neerwinden. Five commissioners were sent into the general's camp to call him to account, and to summon him to Paris before the Committee of Public Safety. But Dumouriez had for some time been meditating playing the part of General Monk, by leading his army over to the Austrians, and marching with them to Paris, there to restore the Bourbon monarchy. And now he threw off the mask; and knowing that if he returned to Paris his doom would probably be the guillotine, he took the five envoys prisoners, and delivered them up to the Austrians. There-

upon he attempted to induce his army to desert with him to the enemy; but with a few exceptions they refused, and Dumouriez and his staff were compelled to appear in the Austrian camp with only a few hundred men. From that time the career of the traitorous general was ended. He lived to a great age, surviving till 1823; and subsisting in his declining years on a pension granted to him, it is difficult to say for what reason, by the English Government.

In Paris the party of the Mountain made use of this defection of Dumouriez as a means of overthrowing the Girondists. Dumouriez had been one of the most prominent men of the party; and accordingly the Jacobins declared in the Convention that the Girondists were aware of, and participators in, the treason of the general. They tried to defend themselves, but in vain. The voice of reason and moderation in the Convention was always in the end over-

powered by the threats of the furious demagogues, behind whom stood the mob. Every remonstrance against cruelty and wrong was now fraught with mortal peril. A revolutionary tribunal was established. Its members, the most ruthless men of those ruthless days, were convenient tools in the hands of Robespierre and his accomplices. Attempts were made to procure the downfall of Robespierre, Hébert, and Marat, the most truculent of the enemies of the Gironde, but in vain. The people insisted upon their release when arrested, and greeted them as martyrs. At length a great mob, composed of the "Sections" of the capital, partly urged by their own ferocity, partly by the chiefs of the Mountain party, marched against the Convention, with Henriot, one of the miscreants of September, at their head, and peremptorily demanded the arrest of twenty-two chiefs of the Girondists. The Convention temporised with these men, and flattered them. The insurrection being renewed, and cannon threateningly pointed against the hall of the Assembly, it was desired that thirty-four members, most of them Girondists, should be arrested. Some of those whose names were thus proscribed saved themselves by flight. Others perished during their retreat by starvation and misery; the rest were kept in prisons until they were at last, in October 1793, brought before their judges, and on the 31st of that month they were executed together, to the number of twenty-one.

One of their brother deputies, named Bailleul, then a proscribed fugitive hiding in Paris, had contrived to let them know that he would send them a supper on the day when their fate was decided—a triumphal or a funeral banquet, according as the verdict devoted them to life or death. He kept his word; and on that last night of their lives the condemned Girondists sat together at the feast of death, Vergniaud presiding; as he had presided in the Convention on the 10th of August. Towards morning the conversation took a more serious turn, and the dying men spoke of the future of the country. Brissot spoke prophetically of the misfortunes of the Republic, deprived of its most virtuous

and patriotic citizens. "How much blood would it not require," he said, "to wash out ours?" The words of Vergniaud were singularly impressive. "My friends," he said, "in grafting the tree we have killed it; it was too old. Robespierre is cutting it down. Will he be more fortunate than we? No! this soil is too light to nourish the roots of civic liberty; the people too childish to handle its laws without wounding itself. It will come back to its kings, as a child comes back to its playthings. We were mistaken in the time when we lived, and died for the liberty of the world," he continued. "We thought ourselves in Rome, and we were in Paris. But revolutions are like those great agonies which whiten the head of a man in one night. They ripen people quickly. The blood in our veins is warm enough to fertilise the soil of the Republic."

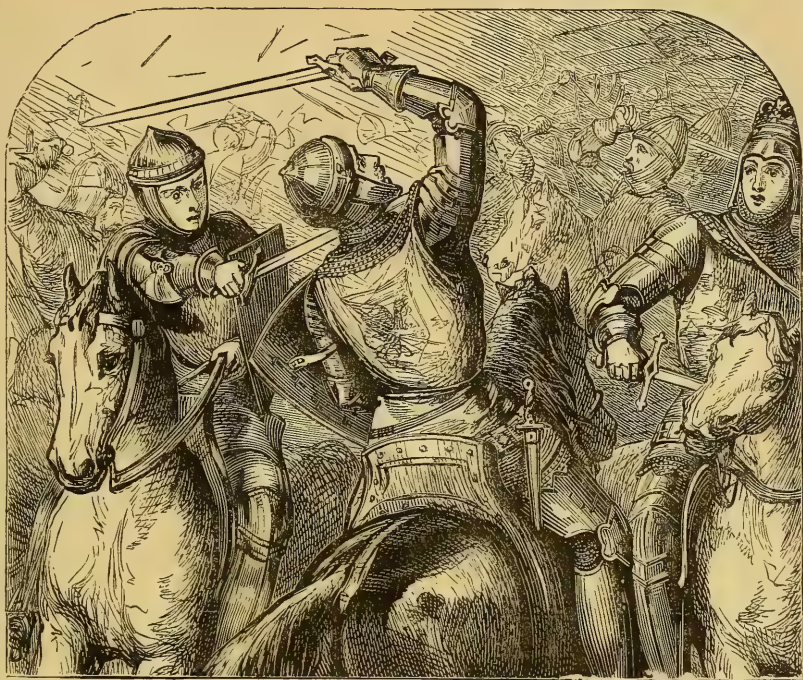
Within a few hours they went to the scaffold, sitting side by side in the rough tumbril, and singing the chant of the *Marseillaise* that told how the day of glory had arrived, though the blood-red flag of tyranny was upreared against them. At the foot of the scaffold they embraced as a last sign of fraternity. As each in turn laid his head under the axe, the song of the *Marseillaise* became weaker by one voice. Vergniaud was the last to die; and the corpses of the friends were carried away in the same tumbril, and one common grave received them.

Other prominent persons of the Girondist party who had been proscribed at the same time endeavoured to escape by flight. Some few succeeded, but the greater number of the fugitives perished. Some hiding in the woods and desert places, were, like Péthion, stoned to death. Others, like Roland, put an end to their misery by suicide; others again, like Barbaroux, were taken, and perished on the scaffold.

The triumph of the Jacobins was complete. Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, and their faction, ruled supreme. It will be the work of another narrative to tell how the terrorists ruled, what sanguinary victories they gained, and how by righteous retribution they fell.

H. W. D.





THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

GALLANT KING HARRY:

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, OCTOBER 25th, 1415.

"Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry ;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry !"

—DRAYTON.

The Cause of the War—The Condition of France in 1415—Henry's Preparations for War—More Attempts at Diplomacy—Traitors in Henry's Camp—Discovery and Punishment of the Conspirators—The Fleet sets Sail—The Siege of Harfleur—Gallant Defence of the French—Negotiations for the Surrender of the Town—The Fall of Harfleur and Ceremony of giving up the Keys—Continuance of the Campaign—The Preparations of the French for a great Battle—The Defence of the Somme—Henry finally crosses the River—The Sight of the French on the Plains of Agincourt—The Night before the Battle—The Disposition of the opposing Forces—The Attack of the Archers—The Brilliant Charge of the Constable of France—Defeat of the First Division of the French—Forward Movement of the English—Defeat of the Second Division and Flight of the Third Division of the French—Incidents of the Battle—Henry's Return to England.

THE BEGINNING OF THE QUARREL.

IN the audience chamber of the old royal palace at Westminster, which long since has been swept away to make room for the New Palace, otherwise known as the Houses of Parliament, there was gathered together one bright spring day in the year 1415, a brilliant assemblage of England's most famous nobility.

Among them might have been seen Lord Scrope, of Masham, the bosom friend of the young King, Henry V., the Earls of Cambridge, Westmoreland, and Erpingham, Sir Thomas Gray, the Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King, and many others whose names were then as familiar in the ears of most Englishmen as are those of the prominent statesmen of to-day.

In the midst of this brilliant assemblage sat the young King. The severe simplicity of his apparel presented a remarkable contrast to the rich dresses of those about him ; and not only was his costume far less gay, but his slight form and smooth face gave him a more youthful appearance than any then present. Yet his features, plain and young-looking though they were, bore the unmistakable stamp of a powerful will and a noble character.

When all things were ready for the audience, his Grace of Exeter, with much state and ceremony, ushered into the royal presence four ambassadors from the Court of France. The Frenchmen bowed low as they drew near the throne, and Henry, with great courtesy, rose to meet them. "And what answer does the French King send to our just claims?" said he.

"May it please Your Majesty, the answer is not from the King of France," replied De Gaucourt, one of the ambassadors, "for unhappily our royal master is now unable to take part in the affairs of state, but the reply is from his son, the Dauphin, who said that you were over young as yet to talk of war, and that he could not fear any preparations for battle which you might make against him ; and as he regards you as far more fit for the sports of youth than for the stern realities of the tented field, he herewith sends you a ton of tennis balls, with which to amuse yourself and your lords."

For a few moments there was a terrible silence in the audience-chamber. Surprise and anger at this scornful rejoinder struck the young King and his courtiers dumb. Then with frowning brow and flushed cheek the King cried, "By heaven, I will send the Dauphin some great gun stones to play with in place of tennis balls, and my tennis racket shall toss his father's crown instead of these toys."

In haste the audience broke up, and the Frenchmen departed, while the King held a council of war, in which instant action against France was decided upon.

Such was the scene which we may imagine took place in King Henry the Fifth's palace in London on that memorable day. He had but recently come to the throne, but enough had been seen of his conduct to show that the "madcap prince," the riotous Hal, had been transformed into a brave and manly king.

A short time after he ascended the throne he sent demands to the French Court that the Treaty of Bretigny should be fulfilled. This deed, signed in 1360 by Edward III. of England and John of France, and known as "the Great Peace," gave to the English sovereign, among other dukedoms, the provinces of Poitou, Guienne, and the town of Calais. The French king, however, had not

respected the terms of this treaty, and Henry sent special ambassadors, among whom were Lord Scrope, the Earl of Cambridge, and Sir Thomas Gray to demand its fulfilment. To these noble lords the French king, or his son the Dauphin, uttered his determination to refuse the application, and, it is said, bribed them to conspire against their king ; and after further negotiations had passed between the two Courts, he at last sent a formal embassy to London to refuse all Henry's claims with scorn.

There are some chroniclers who regard the incident of the tennis balls as entirely mythical ; and it is also asserted that Henry's claims were not only to certain dukedoms, but also to the sovereignty of the whole realm, in virtue of his descent from Isabella of France, wife of Edward II. Whatever may have been the exact nature of the claims first preferred by King Henry, it seems certain that latterly he restricted them to the restitution of dukedoms awarded by the Treaty of Bretigny, and that the French refused to accede to his request. The authority for the scornful rejection of the claim, by sending tennis balls rests principally upon Holinshed's chronicles ; and it is also mentioned in an old MS. supposed to have been written at the time, and now in the British Museum. Many other old writers also speak of it. It may therefore very fittingly stand as the opening scene of that brilliant epoch of English history, when gallant King Harry, the idol of the English people, closed for a time by victory the constant wars then raging between the countries north and south of the Channel, and justified the pretension that so many English kings made that they were sovereigns of France as well as rulers of Britain.

FRANCE IN 1415.

With all haste, the preparations for the French war were pressed forward. Troops were hastily collected, commanders were appointed to the various corps, merchant vessels were hired for the conveyance of troops, and Henry made arrangements for the government of his kingdom during his absence.

The condition of France at that time was very favourable for such an enterprize. The King was either an imbecile or a madman ; and so much was then dependent on the hereditary ruler (no provision being made for a successor except in case of death, or a regent except in case of youth), that the country was left without a ruler or the means of legal government ; the death of the Duke of Burgundy, whose power and influence had preserved some order, added to the confusion, and all parties strove for the custody of the maniac king.

The contest principally existed between

the Duke of Orleans, brother of the King, and the presumptive heir to the throne, whose party was known as the "Armagnacs," and the youthful Duke of Burgundy, whose broad lands and numerous retainers, known as "Bourgnignons," made him the most powerful prince at the Court of France.

In the midst of the contending factions the Dauphin strove in vain to preserve order, and the country was given up to the horrors of civil strife.

HENRY'S PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

On the 16th of April, a great council was assembled at Westminster, and to this body Henry announced his intention of making a voyage "in his own proper person, by the grace of God, to recover his inheritance." He appointed his brother, the Duke of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of his kingdom during his absence; and a council, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, the Earl of Westmoreland, and Lords Grey, Morley, and Berkeley, was convened to assist and support him.

Meanwhile the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Hungerford, and other chiefs to whom the duty of collecting soldiers had been entrusted, preceded the King and gathered their troops together at Southampton. This seaport had been appointed the rendezvous, and it was from this point that Henry intended to sail. The King was much occupied with the arrangement of certain affairs of state, and it was not until the 18th of June that he journeyed south. He found a large fleet of vessels awaiting him; between twelve and fourteen hundred ships had been prepared, of from twenty to three hundred tons burthen each, and were floating at anchor in and around Southampton Water. About thirty thousand men had been collected, and were encamped on a low-lying plain, which, it is said, has long since been submerged by the ever encroaching sea, and is now known as West Point. In the records of the town of Southampton there is an old document which sets forth with some minuteness the details of the encampment before the embarkation.

The majority of the men had been obtained by impressment; and for serving the King the following rate of pay was proclaimed:—"Every duke was to receive thirteen and fourpence per day; every earl, six and eightpence; every baron, four shillings; every knight, two shillings; every man-at-arms, twelve-pence; and every archer, six-pence per day."

Sailors to man the ships had also been obtained in the same manner, and commissions had been issued to other captains to compel all vessels of twenty tons and upwards,

that they might meet with, to sail to Southampton for the conveyance of the troops. Sheriffs of counties were to levy and send to the same port a certain number of cattle, and the sheriff of Southampton was to get a sufficient quantity of ale brewed, and bread baked, in the towns throughout the county for the support of the great army gathered there for the French wars.

The same pressure was put upon the nation to furnish money. Parliament voted a large sum, the crown jewels were pawned, and loans were obtained on all sorts of securities until about £170,000 had been made up.

King Harry, knowing something of the wild nature of his troops when excited by the prospect of war, and desirous of keeping the goodwill of his people, caused an elaborate set of rules to be drawn up, the object of which was to maintain strict discipline among the soldiers, decreeing severe punishment for those who aggrieved or molested any of the inhabitants. The sheriff of Southampton was ordered to proclaim publicly that if any person had been so molested, he was to lodge a formal complaint before the Seneschal of the Treasury, or the Controller of the King's Household, when the matter would be examined, and complete justice should be done them.

MORE ATTEMPTS AT DIPLOMACY.

While these preparations were being pushed forward, further attempts to promote peace seem to have been made.

It is reported that while Harry was staying at Southampton, or on his way thither, he was met by the Archbishop of Bourges, who had been sent by the Dauphin from France, to prevent the war if possible, and turn Henry from his purpose by argument. Henry told the prelate that he was bent on vindicating his rights by the sword. The Archbishop replied, "If thou makest the attempt, we shall invoke the aid of the Blessed Virgin and all the holy saints, and thou wilt be driven back into the sea, or taken captive, or slain." To which Henry, like a true Englishman, replied with quiet determination, "We shall see."

The English people applauded his resolution with great enthusiasm, for the war exactly hit the temper of the time; and both Parliament and the Church urged on their young king to assert his claims by force of arms. A French war seems to have been always popular in those days, not only because of the great antipathy existing between the two races, and their constant struggles for victory, but because of the claims of the English kings to the throne of France.

The validity of this claim was really preposterous; but it served as an incitement to conquest and as a pretext for the fictitious title of King of France which was used by the English sovereigns for some five hundred years.

Until the reign of George III., it was customary for the English sovereigns to add this title to the style of their designation. This was first assumed, and the French arms quartered, by Edward III., in right of his mother Isabella, the wife of Edward II.; she was the daughter of Philip le Bel, King of France; and he claimed to be the nearest male heir through her. The Salique Law excluded females from the throne; but Edward maintained that it could not operate against their male descendants.

TRAITORS IN HENRY'S CAMP.

The expedition to France was greatly delayed by the discovery of a conspiracy against the King. This came upon Harry with the suddenness and violence of a thunder-clap, for his bosom friend, Lord Scrope of Masham, "who shared his bed and half his heart," was found to be one of the leaders; and until the most indisputable proofs were before him, he refused to believe the report. It is said that the conspirators were bribed by the Dauphin of France, and that the object of their plot was to execute Henry and put the Earl of March on the throne. It does not appear possible, however, at this lapse of time to ascertain with accuracy the exact motives or objects of this conspiracy. The Earl of Cambridge had married Anne Mortimer, the sister of March, and it is quite possible that he thought the event of a foreign war a favourable opportunity to urge his kinsman's claims. The French Court also may have helped it forward, seeing in it a chance of keeping their country free from invasion. In any case the diabolical plot was discovered in time, and the Sheriff of Southampton summoning a jury for the trial of the conspirators, they were found guilty of treason, and condemned to death.

According to Holinshed, Henry said to the prisoners, "If you have conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm, and governor of the people, without doubt I must of necessity think that you likewise have compassed the confusion of all that here be with me, and also the final destruction of your native country. . . . Wherefore, seeing that you have enterprised so great a mischief, to the intent that your fautours, being in the army, may abhor so detestable an offence by the punishment of you, haste you to receive the pain that for your demerits you have deserved, and that punishment that by the law for your offence is provided."

The Earl of Cambridge and Lord Scrope demanded to be tried by their peers; and the lords then at Southampton were formed into a court, which ratified the verdict of the first jury, and, on the 5th of August, they were executed.

THE FLEET SETS SAIL.

These untoward events caused great delay, and it was not until the 11th of August that the whole of the large fleet finally set sail. On the 7th of August, Henry left Porchester Castle, where he had been staying, and proceeded in a little ship to his own vessel, the *Trinity Royal*, which lay off the coast between Southampton and Portsmouth. The final arrangements were then completed, and the wind being then favourable, he signalled for the whole fleet to weigh anchor and hoist up sails, and they went off with the tide in very much the same direction that the steamers to Havre now take. It must have been a superb sight to have seen those gaily decorated vessels sail away so proudly in the splendid sunshine of that August morning; and the people lining the shores cheered their King and countrymen to the echo. The ships were divided into squadrons, each led by one of the King's carracks, in which was an able commander; and they all kept their appointed place as well as a horse in the battle-field. Henry had fixed upon Harfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, as the landing-place; and it was here that two days afterwards the transports discharged their soldiers without resistance from the French. On the 17th, Henry moved to the siege of the town. The old historian Stow thus describes the place in those days:—

"Herflute (Harfleur) is the key of the sea of all Normandie, and is scituated upon the seaside, by the river of Seene, betwixt two hills; through the middle thereof runneth a river, which not farre from the same towne entreth into the Seene, and from thence both those rivers in one descend into the sea, whereas a great and goodly haven is belonging to the same towne, which haven is garnished by the defence of two fine and strong towers; and in the same haven, a right great navie of shippes may ride in safetie; and if the inhabitants of this towne inclose and keepe within the towne, the course of the foresaide river by their sluces, as they may right well doe, then the river riseth without the towne so high that it forecloseth all entries to the walls, so that no man may approach the towne on that part. This towne is also defended with high and thick walles and towers, and is also environed with broad and deepe ditches. To this towne also belongeth only two gates for entries, the one called Calturances, the other Mostrouillier."

THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

As soon as a sufficiently strong force had landed, Henry moved forward to besiege the town. Though small, it was of great strength, being well fortified with embattled walls.

One of the towers, on the side nearest the English, was formed of thick trunks of trees strongly fastened together, inside of which was a wall of earth, with narrow apertures through which the defenders could annoy the English with arrows and other missiles.

The army having taken up its position before the town, Henry issued orders to prosecute the siege with the utmost vigour. A detachment was sent, under the Duke of Clarence, to beleague the fortress from the other side, and that movement completed the entire investment of the place, for it was blockaded from the sea by the fleet, from the river by boats, and from the other quarters by the army. This being done, Henry sent a formal summons to the town to surrender, and meeting with a haughty refusal, he at once caused the guns and siege-trains to be placed within range of the walls.

Anticipating heavy siege-work, Henry had taken the precaution to provide himself with the newest inventions in siege machinery and cannon, which included large catapults fitted with movable coverings of thick boards to protect the men who worked them, and mortars fired with gunpowder, which had then recently come into use. The catapults were capable of throwing stones of such enormous size that they speedily reduced the fortifications to heaps of ruins, and caused the walls to fall in with a frightful noise.

The French defended themselves with great gallantry, and numerous stratagems were resorted to by them to resist their tireless and persistent foes. When their outer defences were demolished, they worked all night to repair the wreckage of the day, piling up wood and earth to fill the breaches. They also ensconced themselves in the heaps of ruins, and kept up a continuous fire upon their enemies. Pots of quick-lime to throw in the eyes of the English were prepared, also jars of burning sulphur and boiling oil, in case the besiegers came too near.

As the days went on, and the defence continued very stubborn, Henry ordered mines to be dug from the side on which the Duke of Clarence was situated, hoping to reduce the town in this way, but the French sunk counter mines, which, opening into those of the English, became the scenes of violent encounters—and the subterranean trenches speedily became choked with the dead and dying. The French also made several sallies, and troops were sent by the Dauphin to relieve the town. On one occasion, a large body of horse came near to the English camp, intending to harass the invaders by ambuscades; but Henry detached troops to meet them, and a sharp engagement took place, in which the French were forced to fly.

The surrounding country was now scoured by the English for food and forage, and also

for faggots of wood with which to fill up the trenches dug round the town. In these excursions, Henry's troops frequently fell in with companies of the French, who were now assembling in larger numbers than ever.

Meanwhile the siege continued with great vigour, being carried on in accordance with the directions laid down by one "Master Giles," the great authority on besiegers' science in those days. The faggots, consisting of bundles of wood ten feet in length, having been procured, they were carried to the trenches and thrown in, and built up one upon the other, so that they afforded complete and useful screens from the enemy's shot. Archers were also placed behind them; and being now within range of the ramparts, could pick off the Frenchmen on the walls. Thus the trenches, instead of being a hindrance, became of great service to the English.

The Duke of Clarence also made a deep trench on his side of the town, and fenced it with trees and earth, behind which his soldiers kept up a continual fire upon the besieged.

But now a fiercer foe than the French men-at-arms began to attack the English army. A frightful attack of dysentery visited the invaders, and thousands fell victims. Among the deceased was Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, a great favourite of the King. He expired on the 15th of September, after an illness of five days. It is reported that the same disease also attacked the besieged, and greatly thinned their numbers; but notwithstanding the mortality on both sides, the attack and defence were still continued with the utmost vigour. Bundles of flaming tow were tied to the missiles hurled from the catapults; and these fires not only set fire to the town in various parts, but greatly hindered the French from repairing the ruins, for in the darkness they showed the English where to direct their shot. Night and day missiles of every description were poured upon the devoted town, and the garrison was worn out with fatigue and want of sleep. They daily, almost hourly, now expected the assault. But on Tuesday the 17th of September, Henry again summoned the town to surrender. Not coming to terms, however, the King gave orders that it should be stormed on the following day.

During the night an unceasing shower of shot was sent into the town, the flames from its burning houses showing the archers where to shoot. About midnight, however, the besieged changed their minds, and messages were sent over the walls asking for a cessation of fighting until the 6th of October. This being refused, and an answer being sent that they must unconditionally yield up the town on the morrow morning or not

expect any terms, they agreed to send hostages the next day.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE SURRENDER OF THE TOWN.

Soon after dawn on Wednesday the 18th of September, twenty-four of the most influential men were sent from the town into Henry's camp, and a message was also delivered stating the deplorable state of the town, and asking that delay might be granted until the following Sunday. It was finally agreed that the Frenchmen should send to the Dauphin, and if not relieved by Sunday, the town should be formally given over to the English.

The commissioners acting for the English and the French hostages having mutually sworn on the sacred elements of the Eucharist, orders were given for the hostilities to cease, and the inhabitants of the town were told that they need not fear harsh treatment from the invaders, as their rightful king, Henry, did not desire to injure his territory, and wished his people to live in peace and plenty.

The messengers to the French Prince returned in due time, with the answer that the army, not having been yet assembled in any numbers, relief could not be sent to the town. It was therefore given up to the English on the 22nd of September, the circumstance of rendering up the keys being made the occasion of a most imposing ceremony. At the hour appointed, Henry, apparelled in his best armour, took his seat on a throne erected under a silk pavilion. He was surrounded by his principal officers and the peers who had journeyed with him to France, while the soldiery, standing in two lines, formed a long pathway from the tent to the town, through which Sir Lionel Braquemont, the governor of the town, attended by his chief knights, and those who had sworn to the treaty, walked to the presence of the King. As soon as they entered the tent, Sir Lionel Braquemont knelt before the throne, and presenting the keys to the King, addressed him thus,—

"Victorious King, here are the keys of this town, which we yield to you by treaty and conquest, together with myself and my followers."

Henry ordered his Earl Marshal to take the keys, and then made a gracious speech, in which he said that although they had kept his town from him, yet, in consideration of their final submission to him, he would not be harsh to them. They were then entertained at dinner, after which they were handed over to guards who were strictly charged to treat them well.

Some accounts state that the hostages were subjected to great humiliations, and that

they were kept kneeling in an outer tent a long time before Henry deigned to order their approach; however this may be, there was no doubt great ceremony observed, and they were in the main well treated for prisoners of war in those days.

The fall of Harfleur was of great value to Henry from a military and strategic point of view. It had taken thirty-six days of vigorous siege, and the defence had been conducted with the utmost skill and bravery, yet it had fallen at last, and the prestige attaching to his arms was consequently all the greater. The key to the fair province of Normandy was in his hands, and a large portion of the territory he claimed was thus laid at his feet.

On Monday, the 23rd of September, Henry entered and took formal possession of the town. At the gate he dismounted, removed his shoes and stockings, and walked barefoot to St. Martin's Church, where he offered solemn thanksgivings to the Almighty for his success. He then issued commands that a number of women, children, and all those who would not swear allegiance to him should be sent out of the town. About two thousand persons were thus turned away from their homes. An escort was sent with them as far as Lislebone, where Marshal Boucicault received them, and whence they were conveyed to Rouen. The principal burghers, with several knights and gentlemen, were permitted to leave, after making oath that they would surrender themselves at Calais in the following November.

In order to re-people the town, Henry caused to be proclaimed throughout England that those tradesmen who would settle there should receive the gift of a freehold house, to be secured to him and his heirs for ever.

CONTINUANCE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

So far the campaign had proceeded satisfactorily, but Henry's position was now such as to give him serious concern. The surrender of Harfleur had been obtained at a terrible cost. Numbers of his men had been slain in the siege, a far greater number had been carried off by dysentery, and others were so weakened by the disease that they had to be sent home. It is said that at least five thousand men of all arms were thus forced to return; and as twelve hundred were left to garrison Harfleur, and great numbers had deserted, the army was reduced to about six thousand archers and three thousand men-at-arms,—a very small number wherewith to prosecute the invasion in face of the large army the Dauphin was known to be collecting to oppose him.

On the 5th of October, therefore, Henry held a council of war, at which several of his officers urged him to return to England. It is said that about eight days before this

council was held, a message had been sent to the Dauphin from the English King challenging him to single combat if he was not now prepared to acknowledge Henry's claims. No answer was received to this, or, at all events, if an answer were sent, it was a refusal, and thereupon Henry called his council. The advice that he should return to England found no favour in his eyes. He said that he wished to view the territories that were his by right, and that if he quitted France so soon after such a glorious conquest as that of Harfleur, he would be stultified in the eyes of his people, and his enemies would call him a coward. He trusted in God, and determined to proceed, and at least make a progress through his domains and embark at Calais. To this bold resolution we may say, as was said of another splendid feat of English arms some hundreds of years later, "It was magnificent, but it was not war." It was magnificently brave, but it was not wise. It seemed but to court disaster thus to march a hundred miles through a hostile country when he knew that for weeks his opponent had been collecting all the troops he could possibly summon to meet him.

Upon the 8th of October, however, Henry and his little army quitted Harfleur and, proceeding in three columns, marched towards Fecamp. They were only provisioned for eight days. The young King published a proclamation forbidding his soldiers on pain of death to plunder any house or building, or commit any depredation upon the inhabitants; no one was to burn, lay waste, or take anything except victuals and necessaries. Henry kept strictly to the terms of this proclamation, and every excess was punished with the utmost severity.

The English at first met with but little opposition. Slight skirmishes took place here and there; and at Arques, a small town about four miles south of Dieppe, some shots were exchanged, and Henry prepared for a battle, but the town surrendered and acceded to his demands to grant a free passage and an ample supply of provisions for his troops.

On the 12th of October, the English army approached the town of Eu, where a division of the French army was staying. They came out in great numbers to meet the English, and a smart encounter took place, in which, however, the French were soon repulsed. An arrangement similar to that made at Arques was then entered into, the army being again refreshed with bread and wine. The next day they reached Abbeville, and found the bridges over the Somme all destroyed, and the fords held by strong detachments of the French army.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE FRENCH.

It was now felt that the crisis of the

struggle was at hand. Hitherto the English army had not met the main body of their opponents; and although up to the present time the invaders had been successful, yet they had not met the full force of the French. Henry and his officers now rode all day clad in their full fighting armour, and an engagement was constantly expected.

The next natural barrier to their progress was the river Somme, which they must cross to reach Calais. For some time past the French had been actively engaged in collecting a magnificent army, which was gathered now on the other side of the river opposing the progress of the English. Until Henry had actually laid siege to Harfleur the French seem to have done but little for the defence of their country. This was owing, no doubt, to the imbecility or insanity of the King, Charles VI., the youth of his heir, the Dauphin, and the rivalries and jealousies of the two powerful factions, the Burgundians and Armagnacs. The danger of Harfleur, however, roused Charles's Council, and troops were urgently summoned from all parts of the kingdom. It was not, however, till Harfleur had fallen that patriotism rose superior to jealousy, and rival parties joined hands to support the common cause.

On the 9th of September, at Notre Dame, Charles offered prayers for success against the English, and with great ceremony received the *Oriflamme*—the ancient royal standard of France—from the Abbot. He then marched direct for Rouen. There a council was held on the 20th of October, consisting of the most eminent personages in the realm, to consider of the affairs of the kingdom. After much deliberation it was decided to meet the English with overwhelming numbers, and fight a pitched battle which should entirely crush them. Accordingly, every effort was made to collect an enormous army, and the forces were concentrated on the banks of Somme to oppose the crossing of Henry's soldiers.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SOMME.

It had been the intention of the English King to cross the river at Blanchetache, a place of glorious memory, for it was here that Edward III. had crossed before the battle of Cressy. But when near, Henry learned the passage was strongly held by six thousand French men-at-arms and many noblemen, and that to pass over in face of the dense masses of hostile troops lining the opposite bank was simply impossible. Some accounts state that this intelligence afterwards proved to be false, but that Henry could not pass because the ford was staked. Whatever may be the exact facts, it was decided to cross by another ford, higher up the river; and the army marched southward in search

of a suitable place, but they found all the bridges broken, and all the fords strongly guarded.

The position of the English troops was now of the greatest danger. Before them ran a broad and rapid river, guarded by a large and watchful army; their stock of provisions was failing; disease was rife in their midst; they were exhausted with long and fatiguing marches, and worn with anxiety. To cross the river appeared impossible, to march sixty miles inland to its source was but to court greater disaster, for even should they be able to obtain food to support them during so long a march, they would fall an easy prey to the enormous army the French could then bring upon them, when utterly exhausted with marching and weak from want of food. Yet to retreat to Harfleur was out of the question, for not only was the thought of the dishonour intolerable to the brave young King, but his ships having sailed from that port, there would be no prospect of getting to England; moreover the difficulty of obtaining food would be as great there as here, for the French were laying waste the whole country. After long and anxious debate, Henry determined to skirt the banks of the river, watching his opportunity to cross.

For some days did this state of affairs continue; the English passing Amiens and Boves (where they obtained bread and wine as at Arques and Eu), proceeding along the bank of the Somme searching for a means of crossing; and the French on the opposite bank watchful and vigilant following all the movements of their enemies, and guarding the passages closely. By this means they hoped to tire out their English foes and weary them with fatigue and semi-starvation.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties and dangers, the strict discipline of the English army continued to be well preserved. When near Corbie, Henry caused a soldier to be hung for stealing a pyx from a church. It was when near this place also that he gave that important order which was to prove of so much service to his army. One morning as the young King was riding on through the wood near the Somme slightly in advance of his troops and surrounded by his principal officers, a scout came riding in with the news that the French cavalry were about to descend upon the archers; whereupon he gave the famous order that each man should provide himself with a sharply pointed pole, six feet long, and when attacked by cavalry, he should place it sloping before him. This was on the 17th of October; and next day the whole army was rejoiced by the news that an undefended ford had been found at Voyenne, a small village not far from Nesle, which was to be their resting-place for the night of the 18th.

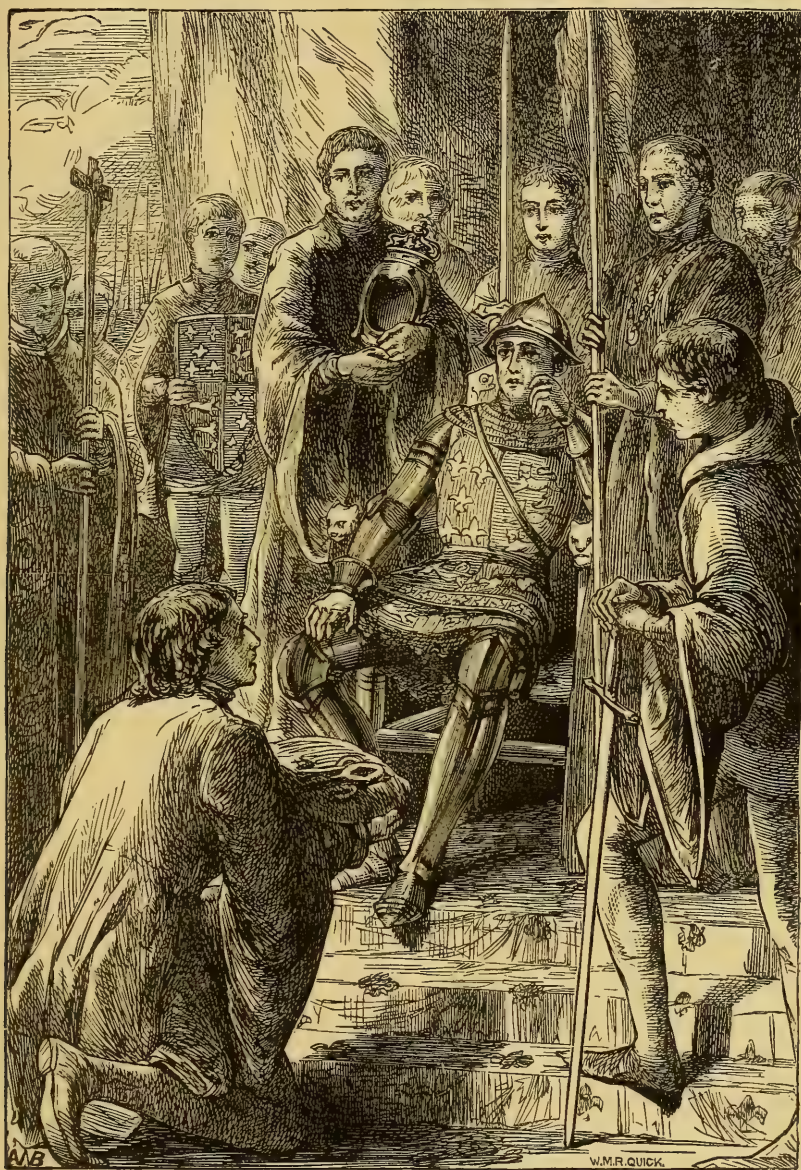
Immediately on the receipt of this encouraging intelligence, Henry sent forward an advance guard to prove the accuracy of the report, and to make sure of the ford, while he followed with the main body. It was an undertaking of extreme peril, for the way led across a treacherous marsh, through which ran a rivulet, and he was thus shut up in a corner between the two streams. It is difficult to ascertain why the French should have omitted to take advantage of such an opportunity; but it is very probable that the English were too quick for them, and they knew nothing of it until their foes had passed. Some writers assert that the French were not even aware of this ford, and that it was undiscovered until Henry's sharp-sighted emissaries, with wits quickened by necessity, discovered it; others again assert that the French broke up the causeways through the marsh leading to it, and relied upon that manœuvre for defence, being convinced that Henry could not attempt such a perilous passage. We are inclined to believe that by skilful generalship and prompt marches, Henry had for the moment eluded their sight, for after leaving Corbie he left the bank of the river in order to cut off a corner, for it bends considerably not far from the latter place; and as the movements of the English were remarkably quick, we may believe that whether the ford was known to the French or not, he was so swift in his march that he completely took the defenders by surprise, for they were obliged to march round the bend of the river. Consequently his advance guard was over and the passage in his hands before the French were near the place. When they made their appearance, which they did about an hour after the advance guard had crossed, to their great surprise they received a cloud of cloth-yard shafts from the archers, and they found that the English had nearly accomplished what they had so long striven to prevent.

First of all a detachment of lancers, archers, and cavalry was sent across, and the water was found to be no higher than the horses' knees. The broken causeways through the marshes were meanwhile mended with trees, faggots, straw, and stones. Henry then took up a position near the river to prevent crowding, and caused the soldiers to file across in order, which they did three abreast. It is said that some houses in the vicinity were rapidly pulled down, and the doors and walls used in constructing a rough bridge over the shallow ford. Whatever were the exact means employed, they were quick about it, for they were all over by the evening of the day—the 19th—on which it was discovered.

The detachment of the French army which discovered the passage of the English, finding that their opponents had so speedily made

good their position, retreated on their main body, and trusting to their superiority of numbers and their determination to crush the English in a pitched battle, left them un-

greatly to Henry's credit. His boldness and promptitude were unequalled, and he darted hither and thither among his men encouraging and giving orders with the most untiring energy.



SIR LIONEL BRAQUEMONT PRESENTING THE KEYS OF HARFLEUR TO HENRY V.

molested, while they concentrated their forces around the Calais road.

Without doubt this passage of the Somme was a brilliant achievement and redounds

As Henry marched on direct to Calais, he found signs everywhere of the enormous force which the Dauphin had collected to bar his progress. Onward, by

Peronne, the roads were found so trodden as if multitudes had passed before his little army, while no food or forage could be found, for the French had laid the whole country waste. The position of the English was now truly desperate, and the joy of crossing the river was speedily forgotten as the terrible dangers awaiting them became realized.

But nothing could daunt the courage of the young King, and it was his presence and his manly words which kept up the hopes of his troops. He was met by heralds from the French King, who told him that they should certainly fall upon him and crush him in revenge for his conduct. The gallant prince replied with firm voice and unruffled face that all things would be done according to the will of God, that he intended to march straight through his dominions to Calais, and that if his enemies opposed him he should fight them, but he warned them to desist from the attempt, and prevent the effusion of human blood.

Henry was as good as his word, and his little army marched steadily forward. Early on the morning of the 24th they crossed the little river Canche, and reached Blangy in perfect discipline. Arrived there, Henry found from his scouts that the enemy were massed in considerable numbers on some rising ground about a league distant across the Ternoise, a tributary of the Canche. Perfectly undismayed, he gave orders to pass over this stream before it should be defended.

THE FRENCH ARE HERE !

On the other side of the Ternoise, as the English were ascending the hill towards Maisonnelles, a scout came riding in, his face all pale with fear, with the news that the French were coming, and in such immense numbers that they resembled a moving forest.

Undismayed at this intelligence, Henry completed his ascent of the hill, and then, halting his army, went forward to view the enemy. Before him lay the plain of Agincourt, a name then scarcely known, but destined to become the scene of a battle which should immortalize the victor's name, and become one of the most glorious achievements of the English arms. The French army lay there; it was drawn up in three columns, and appeared so numerous that it seemed like a host of locusts spread over the plain.

Calmly Henry returned to his men, and with great coolness ordered them to dismount, and arrayed them for battle. His bold language and courageous deportment animated them even more than reinforcements would have done. They expected to be attacked immediately, and after being drawn up in order of battle, they gave their thoughts to prayer and preparation for death. Many

there were who fell on their knees and besought the blessing and protection of God; the few priests that were with the army were in constant request for confession, so much so that there were not enough to attend to the numerous demands.

It was here that Sir Walter Hungerford made that famous exclamation which caused one of King Harry's most characteristic remarks, and which Shakespeare has immortalized in his drama. While waiting for the shock of battle on that eventful night, Sir Walter (Shakespeare places the words in the mouth of the Earl of Westmoreland) exclaimed as he looked on the well filled French lines, and then on the small English army, "Oh that we had here to-day ten thousand of those good English archers who are in England, and would be glad to be with us if they knew our situation." To which Henry promptly replied, "I do not wish a man here more than I have; we are indeed in comparison with the enemy but few, but if God in His clemency do favour us and our just cause (as I trust He will), we shall speed well enough."

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

After waiting in order of battle for some time, it was found that the French had taken up their quarters for the night in the villages of Agincourt and Ruisseauville, and had evidently put off the battle until the morrow. Accordingly Henry moved forward to the town of Maisonnelles, where his wearied men found rest and food. But before quitting the position, the gallant young King gave orders that all prisoners should be allowed to depart on condition that if he were victor in the expected battle they should give themselves up again the next day; but if he suffered defeat, they were to consider themselves released.

This done, he turned his attention to the disposal and arrangement of his army for the morrow. Gallant King Harry was the very life and soul of his toil-worn troops, and his men forgot their troubles when they heard his cheery voice, and saw his active form busy about them. For days the weather had been wet and wintry, the roads heavy with thick mud, the food woefully poor and insufficient. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the baggage waggons had been forced forward. For several nights the men had been obliged to encamp with little or no shelter; yet King Harry never gave up; he passed from company to company encouraging the men by his presence and his cheery words, and even helping them light their watch-fires. And to-night his presence was needed more than ever, for their difficulties seemed to have reached their height, and many of the men feared for the morrow, the enemy being so numerous and powerful.

Through the thick night they could see the French watch-fires gleam redly in the gloom, and could hear the shouts and cries of the great host as it made merry before turning in to sleep. Confident in the superiority of numbers, the French were certain of victory, and played at dice for the disposal of the prisoners they would surely take on the eventful morrow. Their banners were furled, their armour and weapons laid aside, their baggage unpacked, and straw had been brought from the surrounding villages to afford them soft and easy couches. Their numbers have been variously computed at from one hundred, to one hundred and thirty thousand fighting men, while the English army cannot have been more than ten thousand, including the servants of the knights and the camp-followers. During the night heavy rain fell, and the weary soldiers suffered severely from cold and wet. In silence they burnished their weapons for the fateful morrow, and then confessed their sins and received the sacrament. A solemn stillness brooded over the English encampment, while their opponents spent the time in noise and revelry.

Henry, wet to the skin, covered with mud, and aching all over from exposure and fatigue, visited every company of his little army to see that his men were as comfortably bestowed as was possible under the circumstances. With encouraging words he passed from one to another, and frequently gave them a helping hand in the erection of shelter-tents, or the making of watch-fires. As one of them is reported to have said, "The sight of the King was more refreshing than a draught of wine."

Having thus spent some hours, he retired to a small hut near Maisoncelles, where a final council of war was summoned. Assisted by all his principal officers, the disposition and movement of the troops was decided upon for the morrow. He then sent out scouts to examine the ground; and this done, he retired to rest.

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind blew in chilly blasts, and cold showers drenched the sodden earth; the last leaves of autumn were whirled to the ground, even as on the morrow many a brave man now in lusty life would fall to his last resting-place. Gradually the noise subsided from the French camp, and all was hushed save for the moaning wind and the pattering rain. So the night passed,—an ominous, gloomy pause before the cries and shouts and shock of battle which would come with the dawn.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

Slowly and cheerlessly the morning broke. Gradually the cold grey light stole over the heavily clouded sky, and the stiffened soldiers rose one by one to their frugal breakfasts.

There was as yet no sign that this day was to differ from any other that had just preceded it, for everything was still and quiet; but to-day would see their fate decided, to-day would see a battle fought, the fame whereof would last for ever. The King had been up long before his men, and had reverently heard mass in his cottage. Then he prepared himself for the battle with unusual care. He put on his best and most magnificent armour, which bore embossed on the breast the arms of France and England, while on his helmet, which was of that particular kind known as a *bacinet*, he wore a splendid crown. Having breakfasted, he mounted a small grey horse and rode forth to marshal his ranks, as coolly and collectedly as if it were a hunting morning in merrie England.

As yet it was but scarcely light, dense masses of cloud had gathered overhead, but now no rain fell. The early morning air was keen and sharp, and the cold wind pierced the men to the very bone. Noiselessly, without the heart-stirring blast of trumpet or the roll of drum, the troops were led out to their various positions. The priests, the sick persons, and the baggage were left near Maisoncelles, with a small detachment to guard them. The former were commanded to continue praying all day for the success of the army.

The main body, commanded by Henry in person, and consisting of about equal numbers of archers and men-at-arms, was led forward some distance beyond Maisoncelles, to a fine open plain, where they could manœuvre without difficulty, and the archers could have fair play for their weapons. The right wing, which also acted as the advance guard, under the Duke of York, was drawn up near a small forest; the left wing, under Lord Camoys, rested on another small wood. Both of these divisions consisted almost exclusively of cavalry.

These positions being taken up, Henry next caused the archers to advance a little distance before the men-at-arms and formed them like a gigantic triangle, the point of which was towards the enemy, so that nearly all could shoot at once. The sharpened stakes, which they had brought with them from Corbie, were placed in readiness to be fixed in the ground, sloping upward and outward towards their opponents. They were also armed with hatchets and short swords or hunting knives, with which to defend themselves at close quarters.

Everything being now in readiness, Henry, accompanied by the Dukes of York and Gloucester and the Earls of Huntingdon and Kent, rode through his ranks stopping at various points, to address them in heart-stirring and inspiring speech (which Shakespeare has paraphrased in his immortal play):—

"I charge you to remember, my brothers—for all Englishmen are my brothers—why you fight this day. It is to regain my just and lawful heritage, and to win for you a portion of this fair land. In support of my honest claims you may safely fight. Remember whom you are and whence you came. Your limbs were made in England; your ancestors gained many a victory over those who now scorn you, and who have dined for you as captives last night over their watch-fires. But they will not take you captive. They have boasted they would cut three fingers off the hands of every archer, so that he shall shoot no more. But you will conquer or die; and you will never prove yourselves unworthy sons of such great sires. Not far off is the field of Cressy, where your fathers fought so well and gained the victory. Think of your fathers and of your wives and children now in England. The path home to them lies through yonder host. You cannot go home to them without cutting your way through it. Rouse ye then! Think of the glory that will be yours, when you conquer an army not twice, but ten times your number; how ye will talk in days to come when this day's work is remembered, and how proudly you will tell your children's children that you too fought with Harry at Agincourt on Crispin Crispian's day!"

His address was received with shoutings long and loud. "Long live King Harry! Harry for England! St. George and Merrie England. God give you good life and a victory over your enemies!" These and similar exclamations sounded wide and far over the field, and gave the first intimation to the French that their enemies were astir and full of spirit.

The French position was between the valleys of Agincourt (called by the French Azincourt) and Tramecourt, the main body having a large wing on either side. They were arrayed in three divisions, or "lines," each "line" being about thirty men deep. The advance guard, led by the Constable of France, consisted of eight thousand knights and noblemen, with their esquires, and about six thousand archers and cross-bow men, who were posted at various points of vantage, whence it was considered they could most effectually harass their enemies.

The immense quantity of rain which had fallen, rendered the ground a mere marsh, and greatly impeded the movements of the men, who were heavily weighted with their thick armour, and sank into the soddened earth at every step. For a short period, therefore, no movement was made.

After remaining in this position for some time, the French commander, probably thinking that Henry would be intimidated by the sight of the great host opposing him, sent

messengers proposing a truce. By the terms of this treaty Henry was to renounce his claim to the crown of France, and to restore the town of Harfleur. He was to be allowed to retain certain ancient conquests in Guienne and Picardy.

But the Frenchmen little knew the man with whom they had to deal. He showed no sign of yielding or of fear, and his reply, dictated in the centre of the enemy's country, and in face of a hostile host ten times the strength of his own, was but little different from the claims he had sent at first from his palace at Westminster. He offered to waive his claim to the crown if the King of France would surrender to him the duchy of Guienne and certain other cities and territories, and also give him his daughter Catherine in marriage, with 800,000 crowns for her dowry. These terms were rejected, and Henry, finding the morning was wearing away, for it was now eleven o'clock, and thinking that the enemy were purposely waiting in order to weary out and starve his men, whom they knew to be poorly provided, gave the signal to advance. Thereupon Sir Thomas Erpingham, a venerable soldier of the highest reputation, rode out to the front, and, addressing the archers in a short and vigorous speech, bade them fight their hardest, but to be wary, threw his baton in the air, and cried, "Now strike!"

Forward went the triangle of archers in splendid style, the trumpets sounding and the men shouting. On either side were the men-at-arms flanking them, and bringing up the rear; and the confident Frenchmen, seeing the small body approach with so much boldness and firmness, could hardly believe their eyes. The men over whom they expected to gain such an easy victory were actually marching to the attack, instead of acting on the defensive! But on they went those sturdy English yeomen unfearingly and unflinchingly against the mail-clad thousands of France.

"Halt!" and at the word the archers stopped instantly, as one man. They were within range, for the Constable of France had ordered his men to press forward.

Another short, sharp word of command and the air was literally dark with the clouds of cloth-yard shafts which winged their way without pause from the mass of English bowmen. With fatal precision the arrows went straight to the mark, piercing through the joints of the armour, and many a bold knight fell from his horse and died in mortal agony before he had a chance of wielding a stroke. Numbers of the horses were also wounded, and becoming unmanageable from pain and fright, they reared and threw many of their riders and dashed back upon the main body, which they threw into confusion.

It was the same on every side. From the front and flank poured forth the continuous flights of deadly arrows; and the French cavalry, which had been ordered to overlap the body of archers, on both sides, like a living wave, were sent back reeling on their supports, leaving at least half their number dead on the field. Some companies suffered even more severely; and it is reported that of one division alone, of 800 men led by Clignet de Brabant, 650 were slain.

Disheartened at this first repulse, something like a panic seized the advance guard; and it was a critical moment indeed for the French arms, when the Constable, seeing the danger, rushed to the head of one of his numerous reserves, and, with splendid courage, dashed forward to the little band like a living avalanche. "These troublesome archers must be swept away," cried he.

Regardless of the arrows which still poured on in deadly flight, regardless of the comrades who fell around them, supported by the burning excitement of the moment, and the overpowering desire to vindicate the honour of their arms, the mail-clad men swept on, and the ground shook beneath their heavy tread. With heads bent low, lances close to the side, and points well to the front, they came on, as though nothing should stand before them. It was a critical moment for the English. The tide of victory seemed suddenly to have swung back to their opponents. Their arrows were beginning to fail, and at this most supreme moment the deadly shower slackened. But now was seen the immense value of those sharp-pointed wooden pikes which Henry's foresight had provided. The archers kept them always close at hand, and now they were planted firmly in the ground sloping upwards and outwards towards the enemy. When therefore the shock of battle came, the mail-clad horsemen found themselves and their horses impaled by their own speed on these lines of dreadful pikes. It was a fearful scene. In one terrible moment the air was rent by the agonised screams and yells of the tortured horses and the wounded men, while behind their shelter the archers still sped a few arrows to aid in the deadly work and add to the confusion. In vain the French horse attempted to ride over the barrier, or sweep the stakes away. If at places they partially succeeded, the archers rushed forward in a body, and with their sharp bills or small swords wounded the horses, causing them to rear backwards, while their riders were taken prisoners or slain on the spot. Terrible was the slaughter of the French, and the soft ground was soon covered ankle-deep with blood. At close quarters the long lances were most inefficient, and the nimble English, unencumbered with heavy armour or weighty weapons, darted hither

and thither behind their lines of pointed pikes slaying their opponents by scores.

Seeing, that in spite of his most brilliant efforts, it was useless to endeavour further to pierce the triangle of archers, the Constable of France called off his men, who retired in confusion. Instantly Henry ordered his men-at-arms to follow; and these sturdy warriors, bursting upon the French from either side, cut up the division completely. The English King paused not a moment, but taking advantage of the further confusion of his enemies, pressed all his men forward before the French had time to re-form their scattered line. The whole of the English line dashed onwards and drove the shattered remnant of the French first division back on their second line. It was now that the English loss was greatest, and the battle at its height. The Duke of York was killed bravely fighting at the head of his troops, and other noble Englishmen were slain. Henry had dismounted from his horse and now fought shoulder to shoulder with his men, sharing all their dangers and encouraging them with his manly words. The battle raged hottest where the sparkle of his crown was seen, and many a man died bravely in sound of his voice. The fighting was terribly severe. The French struggled bravely, notwithstanding their first reverses. But the English, flushed with victory, and remembering the desperate nature of their position, rushed on like an all-conquering tide, sweeping all before them. The archers threw away their bows, and catching up lances, broadswords, or long handled hatchets, with which the field was strewn, rushed on with overwhelming impetuosity, slaying all before them.

The second line of the French could not extricate themselves from the confusion caused by the rout of their advance guard. And being shut in by woods on either side, they could not deploy their men, or bring greater numbers to bear at one time upon their opponents. The carnage was so immense that the dead lay piled up in great heaps; and those from behind, not knowing the position of affairs, pressed forward to get at the English, and thus their comrades were made to fall over the dead bodies, and were easily put to death by their enemies. As the wall of corpses grew hideously higher, the English mounted upon them, and slew the French from this ghastly vantage post with their swords and axes.

The battle now became more like a slaughter than a fight. The French, wearied and dispirited, over-weighted with their armour, and massed together in such immense numbers so that they could hardly move, slipped on the soft and marshy ground and became an easy prey. Noble and gallant efforts, however, were made by some of the

French leaders to stem the tide of defeat; and when the Duke of Alençon saw the lines giving way, he rode forward in the press, rallying his men and leading them again and again to the charge. In the last of these encounters he came to that spot where the fighting was most severe, round the jewelled crown of England's gallant young king. Then indeed came the supremest effort, and the commonest men on both sides performed prodigies of valour. Henry's sword kept a circle clear about him, and Frenchman after Frenchman fell before his blade. Alençon pressing forward, entered into personal combat with him, and strove his utmost to vanquish the young hero; but Henry seemed to bear a charmed life, and his sword smote his adversary to the earth at last.

Around the King, who was now remounted, fought the Duke of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Erpingham, the Earls of Kent, and Suffolk, and other noblemen, and the French made continuous efforts to break the little band. At last came sweeping through the field, like a thunderbolt of war, a company of eighteen knights belonging to the train of the Lord of Croy, who had bound themselves by a mighty oath that they would strike the crown from Henry's head or perish in the attempt. These men, keeping close together and putting their horses to their highest speed, dashed on to the spot where Henry, like a royal lion, fought fiercely at bay. With a tremendous sweep of his mighty sword Henry smote the nearest to the earth, while those around him engaged the others. His brother, the Duke of Gloucester, was severely wounded and fell to the ground. The King, with splendid bravery, leaped before him, and defended him until he was carried from the field; but while stooping to assist in lifting him, a sweeping blow was aimed by one of the knights at the King's crown, and as Henry swerved it struck some of the jewels on one side and broke them off. The knight was instantly killed by those around, and all the men of that daring band were cut to pieces.

Duke Anthony of Brabant also made a strenuous effort to reverse the failing fortunes of the French. He threw himself into the thickest of the fight and nobly endeavoured to turn the tide of battle, but he was speedily slain, and at his death the second division gave way.

The third line, seeing the disaster which had befallen their comrades, took to flight; the victorious English pressing on, made captives of those who remained.

SLAUGHTER OF THE PRISONERS.

And now occurred one of those extraordinary actions which at first sight appears simply inexplicable. The gallant

and manly King Henry, whose conduct throughout had been so magnanimous and generous, suddenly gave order that all prisoners were to be slaughtered. He had been informed that a large body of those who had been routed had re-formed and marched to his rear to attack his baggage and sick, and to engage him under more favourable circumstances. This, considering the number of prisoners, would, without doubt, have been productive of the direst consequences, and consequently the imperative necessity of self-preservation dictated the measure. Every man was ordered to put his prisoners to death. They refused, however, not, it would appear, so much from feelings of humanity, but because they feared to lose their ransoms. A detachment therefore was told off for the bloody work, and the fearful massacre took place, in which only the most illustrious persons were spared.

It had the desired effect, for the French, finding that the English were prepared to receive them, sheered off. An attack had actually been made, however, on the baggage of the English, and many horses and much of the jewellery belonging to Henry and his nobles had been carried off. This appears to have been done by a number of armed peasants, who were severely punished afterwards by the French authorities. Moreover, those Frenchmen who were the cause of the slaughter of the prisoners by reason of their hostile demonstrations, without the courage to follow them up, were also severely censured.

It is also worthy of note that all the French writers of the time regard Henry's action in this matter as perfectly justifiable under the circumstances, and consider that he had recourse to it with repugnance. They give him credit for his usual generous and noble conduct; and, as it was with him a matter of life and death, they regard it simply as a stern necessity. If this is the view taken by those who were certainly influenced by every feeling to abuse him, we can hardly be expected to regard it differently, especially as the oblivion of the four hundred years which have since rolled by has concealed so many of the details.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

This was the closing scene of the great conflict. The immense French host was scattered far and wide like autumn leaves before the breath of a mighty wind. But a short time since they were crowding thick together like locusts, full of confidence and elate with hope: three fateful, fatal hours had passed, and thousands were dead or dying on the field, and the rest were fleeing to the four winds of heaven.

The carnage had been fearful. The corpses lying as they had fallen, were piled in heap,

higher than a man's head. The French position was covered with waggons laden with provisions, bows, bill-hooks, arrows, lances, and military stores of every description. After pursuing the flying enemy but a very short distance, Henry called off his troops and, assembling them in order, addressed them in a brief speech, in which he thanked them for their courage and their perseverance, and bade them regard their victory as an absolute proof of the justice of their cause, and admonished them to attribute it to the Almighty and not to pride themselves upon it.

He then asked the name of the nearest fortress, and on being told it was Agincourt, he replied,—

"Then this shall be for ever known as the *Battle of Agincourt*, for all battles should bear the name of the nearest fort to which they occur."

The English now bethought themselves of rest and food. An abundance of the latter was quickly found in the numerous provision waggons left by the French, and soon a hundred watch-fires were gleaming red in the dusky gloom of the autumn afternoon. Many of the dead were plundered as they lay. A French writer, Monstrelet, says that the English carried off the jewels and gold, but that the neighbouring peasantry robbed the dead of their clothing. Under the heaps of slain were found many men yet alive, who, as far as possible, were attended to. Huge piles of armour were collected and brought in to Maisonnelles.

As the dusk drew on and evening closed in, the wind blew in stormy, fitful gusts, and heavy rain fell. The victors withdrew from the well-fought field, and left it to the silence and dreariness of death.

The King entertained the most distinguished of his prisoners at supper, and the men gathered around the fires in such shelter as they could find to recount the incidents of the eventful day ere they sank into well-earned sleep.

Out there in the desolate battle-field, miserable, wounded forms, aroused from their swoons by the rain, crawled out from among the heaps of corpses into the adjoining wood, where some expired, while others contrived to reach some of the surrounding villages.

Early the following morning—Saturday, the 26th of October, 1415—the English were up and, securing their remaining prisoners, continued their march to Calais. Passing over the field of battle, they found many of their enemies still alive, some of whom, it is said, they put out of their misery, and others were made prisoners. Henry halted for awhile on the fateful field, and then made all haste forward.

It is impossible to tell accurately the number of the slain and missing on this fearful day. Sir Harris Nicolas, in his admirable and exhaustive work on the Expedition of Henry V. into France, gives a list of no less than sixteen different accounts taken from old records, in which the numbers vary from three or four thousand to eleven thousand and upwards of the French, and from seventeen persons only, to sixteen hundred of the English.

Contradictory as these statements may appear, Sir Harris Nicolas explains them, and forms an approximate estimate by regarding the smaller numbers given as those of superior rank only. In that case we may believe that about eleven thousand men of all ranks were slain on the French side, and sixteen hundred of all ranks on the English.

After the English had departed from the ground, the bodies of the most eminent of the French were sought out, and having been washed, were interred in the Friars' Minor church at Hesdin. Others were taken by their retainers to their own estates, while the great bulk of the dead were buried in three immense trenches, each twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet long. This ground was afterwards consecrated by the Bishop of Guisnes, and a strong thorn hedge planted round it to preserve it from the depredations of wild animals. The English had collected their dead, and burned the corpses in a barn, with the exception of the bodies of a few eminent persons, which were taken to England.

The English army entered Calais on the 29th of October, much hampered with their numerous prisoners and booty. Bread was very scarce, and the men suffered greatly from insufficiency of food. Henry stayed here a few days, and the people were very obsequious, the women and children crying aloud in the streets, "Welcome the king, our sovereign lord." On Sunday, the 3rd of November, a special service of praise and thanksgiving was celebrated for his great triumph. Meantime, the victorious army was sent by divisions back to England. Some portions landed at Sandwich and Deal, and others at Dover; and delighted indeed were the men at finding themselves once more in their own country, and wonderfully proud of their great victory, and eager to repeat it to their friends. At many and many a chimney corner was the tale told that winter, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Henry delayed his passage until the 16th of November. He then embarked with many of his principal prisoners and distinguished men. And for the benefit of those who shrink from the horrors of the Channel passage in these days, we may record the fact that the passage was so rough that the sufferings from sea-

sickness of those brave men were so severe, that they said they suffered more severely then, than on the day of battle. It appears, however, that Henry was superior to even this complaint,—so the old chroniclers say (perhaps they slightly garbled the truth, wishing to flatter their sovereign), and that the others were much astonished that he escaped sickness and appeared as composed as when on shore.

The people were overjoyed to see their gallant young King, and so excited were they, that they rushed into the foaming sea to meet his ship. He remained at Dover but one day, and then hastened to London with his prisoners. At every town on the way he was met by joyous crowds, and his entry into London was made the occasion of a gorgeous pageant, during which Henry's deportment is reported to have been singularly modest and unassuming.

The war was renewed in future years, and slowly but surely the young King continued his career of conquests, until the fall of Rouen and the death of the Duke of Burgundy enabled him to dictate terms to the French king. By the terms of this treaty—known as the Treaty of Troyes—his duchies were secured to him, he was to act as regent during the life of the imbecile French King, and at his death succeed to the crown, while last, but no doubt Henry did not regard it as least, he was to receive in marriage the beautiful princess Catherine of France.

Henry had now obtained all he desired, and his power and prosperity were at their height. He was the virtual King of France, and all acts of authority were headed, "By this the King, on the relation of the King of England, heir and regent of France;" while the imbecile King was forced to call him "Our well-beloved son, the heir and regent of the kingdom."

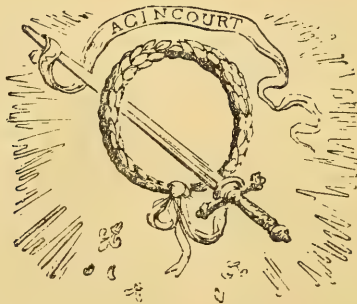
But alas for the mutability of earthly honours

and happiness! Henry died in the plentitude of his power and the zenith of his glory. And no doubt that event which then seemed so disastrous was a great blessing to the nation. For during the reign of his young son, the great possessions in France were wrested from his grasp, and with this loss ended all the English projects for large territorial acquisition on the Continent. These would have been found incompatible with that liberty which, after all, is the principal glory of England, and has so largely caused her to occupy her present proud position. It may be that there were far-sighted statesmen even then who thought this, and were not sorry to see France once more under her own kings.

But be this as it may, it does not detract from the glory of the victory of Agincourt,—a victory the splendour of which is perhaps unsurpassed by any since, save the defeat of the Armada, and, four hundred years later, the victory gained at Waterloo. Of the splendid bravery, rigid discipline and admirable conduct of the English it is impossible to speak too highly, and, together with the courage and manliness of their gallant young King, will ever remain a glorious tradition in the annals of this country. That Englishman must be indeed unworthy of the name whose heart is not stirred at the memory of the noble deeds of that great day.

The men who fought and won that glorious fight have long since mouldered into dust. The helmet of the King looks quietly down amid the solemn silence of the Abbey, and of Agincourt itself there remains but a memory and a monument. But through all the centuries yet to come, as long as the English name endures, the memory of Agincourt will remain as the most brilliant achievement of that brilliant epoch when gallant King Harry conquered France.

F. M. H.





JOSEPH LIVESEY (*the Pioneer of the Temperance Movement*).

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

"The most remarkable instance of a combined movement in society, which history, perhaps, will be summoned to notice, is that which in our own day has applied itself to the abatement of intemperance."—THOMAS DE QUINCEY, 1845.

"Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in my opinion that the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reforms."—RICHARD COEDEN, 1856.

"Adam's Ale" and Noah's Wine—Temperance of the Ancients—Old Testament Temperance—Temperance of Early Christians—Temperance in Later Ages—Spirits and Anti-Liquor Legislation—Anti-Spirit Movement, 1829-32—Development of "Teetotalism," 1832-35—Joseph Livesey's Teaching—The Rechabite Order, 1835—Abstinent Temperance Leagues, 1835-37—Ireland and Father Mathew, 1838-40—Teetotal Life Insurance, 1840—Organization and Work, 1841-49—A Decade of Organization, 1850-60—Sunday Closing Association, 1861-63—Permissive Bill and Local Option, from 1864—Temperance Public-houses, 1867—Establishment of Good Templary, 1868-72—Medical Temperance Movement, from 1873—Denominational Movements, 1873-80—Auxiliary Movements and Special Work, 1880-82—Conclusion.

"ADAM'S ALE" AND NOAH'S WINE.



GOOD many years ago, a writer in the *Westminster Review* remarked that Temperance Societies may boast of as ancient and honourable an ancestry as any in the world, and that in some of their features they are as old as history, and in others as modern as yesterday. We will merely glance at their ancient "water-marks," and then record their modern operations more fully.

The popular inference that water was the primitive beverage is crystallized in the phrase which yet calls it "Adam's Ale;" yet Milton not unreasonably depicts Eve drinking and enjoying the "inoffensive must" freshly pressed from the luscious vine fruit. The brief records of the next seventeen hundred years give no indication of the existence of fermented or intoxicating wine; but then came the Deluge, after which Noah planted a vineyard, and became drunken. An He-

brew fables says that Noah's vines were fertilized by the blood of a sheep, an ape, a lion, and a sow; and thereafter wine-drinkers became successively innocent, mischievous, fierce, and filthy, like these animals. But this discredits the grape, as erroneously as does the Turkish proverb, "Every berry of the vine hath a devil in it."

Intoxication (from *toxicum*, "poison") is solely induced by the spirit alcohol, and the grape contains none. The grape contains about 25 per cent. of sugar, and, protected in its natural bottle, its skin, it will long remain intact, as witness our Christmas "raisins" and "currants," which are varieties of dried grapes. Old Noah, however, probably pressed out the fresh juice—the "inoffensive must"—and, during a few days' exposure, atmospheric germs would settle in it, decompose or ferment the grape sugar, and transform it into say 12 per cent. of alcohol. Such, in brief, probably was, as it now is, the course whereby fresh unfermented wine changes into an alcoholic and consequently intoxicating beverage; and—as the author of *Hudibras* puts it—

"Which since has overwhelmed and drowned
Far greater numbers on dry ground
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than ere before the Flood had done."

THE TEMPERANCE OF THE ANCIENTS.

Grapes fresh and dried have generally been a staple food among Eastern peoples; the fresh juice, too, was a grateful beverage; and several processes of long preserving it from fermentation were commonly known among the ancients, as indicated in the Hebrew term *Debesh*, by the Roman *Passim*, and the Greek *Glukos*. Such wines were described by Pliny and other ancient writers, and are most recently expounded by Dr. Norman Kerr, in "Wines, Scriptural and Ecclesiastical." Pharaoh's butler, in telling Joseph his dream, at least indicated Egypt's royal beverage at that period—1718 B.C.—when he said, "And I pressed the grapes into Pharaoh's cup, and gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." Old writers refer to ancient Egyptian rules limiting the allowance of intoxicating wine to the priests, and prohibiting it to the kings; and Plutarch cites Psameticus (650 B.C.) as their first king to depart from this rule. Solomon, husband of an Egyptian princess, may have reflected that law where his proverbs declare that "it is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink." In ancient Hindustan, too, Megasthenes' History (cited by Strabo) shows that the *Costes*, known as Brachnians, Germanas, and Hylobians, had been abstainers from time immemorial; and Buddha, "the Sage" (500 B.C.), enjoined all to "drink not liquors that intoxicate and disturb the reason"—a pre-

cept still generally practised by his followers, who now constitute a fourth of the population of the world. Chinese tradition tells how four thousand years ago the Emperor forbade the use of intoxicants, whereupon heaven rained gold three days; and history tells how his successor, Key, punished three thousand drinking subjects by drowning in wine; and how (about 1,000 B.C.) the vines were uprooted by imperial edict. The Chinese philosopher Confucius (500 B.C.) also enjoined abstinence; and the old precepts to the Chinese priesthood exhorted them "rather to drink melted copper" than sin-producing intoxicants.

The Magi were an abstinent community in the Medean Empire. Herodotus says the ancient Persians drank only water; and old writers tell how Persia's hero, Cyrus the Great, when a youth, refused the wine and rebuked the drinking of his maternal grandfather, Astyages, whose Medean Empire he subsequently overthrew, as he did that of drunken Babylonia, with soldiers whose abstemiousness he commended.

The dawn of the Grecian Empire, about 1200 B.C., reflects temperance knowledge in the reply of the noblest Trojan, Hector, to his royal mother's offer of wine:—

"Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind,"

—an advanced exposition by the "father of poetry," Herodotus, 900 B.C. Ancients tell us, too, that the Spartans warned their children against wine by exhibiting their slaves intoxicated; that Lycurgus (884 B.C.) uprooted all vines in Lacedæmonia; that Zalus made it death to drink wine undiluted; that later the Epizephrii law decreed death to any taking wine save under physician's prescription; and (340 B.C.) Epicurius's precept to his followers was, "Wilt thou support life?—Have bread and water; for twenty years less than a penny a day has kept me."

Of the Roman Empire, founded 753 B.C., Dionysius and others cite the early law prohibiting women taking fermented wine under a penalty of death, though they could drink unfermented raisin wine. Men under thirty years of age were also prohibited, save at festivals. Pythagoras, the Italian philosopher, taught entire abstinence. Milo, "the Italian Samson," being one of his disciples. The African territories touched by Greece and Rome furnish other examples. The long-lived Macrobians of Ethiopia abstained, and the Therapeutæ—"Healers"—of Egypt abhorred wine; while Plato cites the valorous Carthaginians as allowing only water to be drunk in camp, and compelling magistrates to abstain during their year of office, etc. The warlike Suevians of south-west Europe prohibited wine; while, in Arabia, another

people—the Nabathæans—existed, of whom Diodorus Siculus (60 B.C.) wrote that it was a law among them not to use wine.

OLD TESTAMENT TEMPERANCE.

A Divine command of abstinence from intoxicants was given during the Exodus (1491-1451 B.C.), when the priests were commanded under pain of death for ever to abstain from drink during their ministrations,—an injunction repeated through Ezekiel nearly 1,000 years later, prior to the building of the second Temple. During the Exodus, too, God called into existence the Nazarites, whom he commanded to “separate themselves unto the Lord” by a vow to entirely abstain from all grapes and wine—fermented and unfermented—an extreme safeguard called forth perhaps by unintentional drunkenness resulting from the people’s lack of discrimination between unfermented and fermented grape juice. This Nazarite vow was terminable by a ceremonious withdrawal. Three centuries later an angel told Manoah’s barren wife that she must immediately similarly abstain, and she should bear a son who must be “a Nazarite unto God from the womb,” and who should begin to deliver Israel; and thus the mighty Sampson was born, who ruled Israel twenty years. The Prophet Samuel was born and dedicated under somewhat like circumstances, and is referred to by Philo and others as a Nazarite. Eventually, however, the Israelitish rulers became “sick” with wine; the administrators of justice greedily “drank the wine of the condemned;” and even “the priest and the prophet erred through wine,” and sunk into idolatry. Further, they had even given wine to the Nazarites,—to whose former purity and comeliness Jeremiah refers,—and for these misdeeds God ordained the fall of the kingdom of Israel, and its people were lost in captivity.

Before the Kingdom of Judah similarly ended, a lesson was taught them by God commanding Jeremiah to assemble the household of the sojourning Rechabites and place wine before them, which he did. The Rechabites replied that their forefather had commanded them to secure length of days by abstaining for ever from wine, and by living a nomadic life, and they therefore refused the wine. God, contrasting such obedience against Judah’s disobedience, condemned the latter to captivity, while He said of the Rechabites they “shall not want a man to stand before Me for ever,”—a promise repeatedly verified. Thus, Dr. Wolfe, when in Arabia in 1836, found the multiplied descendants of Rechab still distinctive, and practising their old abstinence and other precepts.

The refusal of the courageous Daniel and his three brave companions in captivity to take the king’s meat and wine, and their

consequent greater comeliness, only needs mention as beginning a period which fitly ended when he probably influenced their deliverer, Cyrus the Great, to facilitate Judah’s return (606-536 B.C.).

And then another abstinent community arose—the Essenes—whom Josephus tells us numbered four thousand about Jerusalem; whose regulations combined the strictness of the Nazarites and of the Rechabites, and exhibited a purity of life extorting admiration even from opponents of their semi-monasticism.

TEMPERANCE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

As the Christian era dawns, an angel foretells the birth of its herald, John the Baptist, and commands that he too shall be a Nazarite from his birth. He therefore not only abstained from fermented wine, but from the “fruit of the vine” in the cluster, or freshly pressed. His Divine Master was under no such pledge, and certainly drank “the fruit of the vine” at the last supper, and turned a large quantity of water into wine, at the marriage of Cana; but abstainers generally believe such wine to have been analogous to the pure unfermented blood of the grape which is still attainable, and not to the fermented wine which they admit was also in common use. The cause, however, need not depend upon disputed points, for its Christian adherents can anchor their principles to Paul’s words: “It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, *nor* anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.”

The Temperance Bible Commentary cites old authorities showing that entire sections of the early Christians enjoined abstinence; that tradition names Matthew, Peter, and St. James the Less as abstainers; that Tatian (172 A.D.) abhorred the use of wine; that the Severians “were averse to wine;” that the Eucratites said it was “of the devil;” and that the Manichees rigidly abstained from wine, but did not refuse the unfermented fruit. St. Augustine, though opposed to the Manichees, heartily commended others who avoided wine, and preferred water as the safer; and St. Monica and others of unquestionable orthodoxy practised total abstinence.

TEMPERANCE IN THE LATER AGES.

Mahometanism united various Eastern peoples under a rule of abstinence which no doubt promoted their physical vigour, and was in marked contrast to the inebriety which obtained among some of their “Christian” opponents in the early and middle ages. “Pay tribute” cried the Saracen leader, Abou Obeidah, to besieged Jerusalem, “and be under us forthwith, otherwise I will send mer

against you who love death better than you do the drinking of wine." And ultimately these Asiatics drove the Christian forces from Asia, captured Constantinople, and obtained a grip on Europe which is not quite loosed yet.

At the other end of Europe the Spanish nation rose into greatness, and of its early soldiers Mariana (*Hist. de Rebus Hispania*, 1540) says: "In war their sustenance was coarse and simple; their common drink water, seldom wine. The lightness and activity of their bodies were wonderful."

True, as the Germanic element dominated Central Europe, drinking became a virtue; but even then some of the very poets of Bacchus abstained, for, as Longfellow writes:—

"Claudius, though he sang of flagons,
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish
From the fiery blood of dragons,
Never would his own replenish.
Even Pædi, though he chanted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies."

As early as 1517 the Order of St. Christopher was founded in Prussia to discourage health-drinking; in 1600, an Order of Temperance was formed in Hesse to limit wine drinking; soon afterwards a kindred society, called the Ring of Gold, was formed by the Count Palatine; and later on Scandinavian drinking was rebuked by Carlos XII. of Sweden, of whom Swedenborg wrote: "He knew not what that thing was which men called fear, neither did he know of that spurious courage which is inspired by inebriating draughts, for he drank nothing but water."

In England, too, the principle had its votaries. Not unreasonably does Mr. Bardsley, in his "Romance of the London Directory," assume that the ancestors of the many people named Drinkwater got their names from their abstinent practices. The sublime John Milton was a water-drinker too; so was the poet Waller. Sir Isaac Newton was generally abstemious, and so was John Locke. Sir Matthew Hale vowed against health-drinking. Benjamin Franklin, when working as a journeyman printer in London in 1727, drank only water, and showed his shopmates how a penny loaf was better than a pint of beer. Pepys' *Diary* tells how he himself improved by giving up wine; Dr. Samuel Johnson strictly abstained; and John Wesley denounced spirit-sellers as "poisoners general," and forbade preachers dram drinking.

In 1814, Basil Montagu, Q.C., published his "*Essay on Fermented Liquors*," by a Water-drinker." In 1820, William Cobbett (though believing in beer) issued his *Plea for Sobriety*,

to show that spirits neither nourished nor warmed, but undermined the human system; and later, the witty Sydney Smith, in an hilarious letter to his daughter, Lady Holland, urges her to leave off wine, as he has done, and thus secured robust health and happy dreams.

SPIRITS: AND ANTI-LIQUOR LEGISLATION

The common sale of ardent spirits and malt liquors, as well as wine, was early interfered with by law. At first spirits were called *Aqua Vitæ* ("Water of Life"), and were only used as a drug; but as their use became common, they proved, as Dr. Ure says, the *Aqua Mortis* ("Water of Death") to thousands. The earliest distilled beverage was probably Brandy, named from *Brant Wein* ("Burnt Wine"), consisting of the alcohol separated by heat from the residue of the wine. Its original element is grape-sugar; and this fact led Jamaica sugar-planters to similarly ferment and distill cane sugar into an alcoholic liquor, and call it Rum, —from *Saccharum*, "Sugar." Then grain, being malted, produced malt-sugar, and this (flavoured with juniper berries) was distilled at Geneva and called Gin; and finally another grain spirit was mainly produced in Scotland and Ireland, called *Uisguebaugh*, hence the word Whisky. The process and product is so identical that the fermentation of grape, cane, or grain sugar, is equally called "*vinous fermentation*," and the intoxicating principle alcohol as produced from either is technically called "*Spirits of Wine*." "Full proof," or strongest rum, gin, whisky, or brandy is fifty per cent. alcohol; forty-five per cent. water, and five per cent. flavouring etc.

In the reign of Edgar, only one alehouse was allowed to remain in each parish, and large drinking cups had pegs inserted, to limit the quantity to be drunk—hence our phrase "taking down a peg." Ever since that time the traffic in intoxicants has been more or less under restrictive license-laws, which, in effect, permit a few, but prohibit the many from drink-selling. Entire prohibition was affirmed as early as 1552, when magistrates were empowered to suppress the ale-houses and "tippling houses" in any towns they thought fit. In 1556, distillation of spirits was absolutely prohibited; but was afterwards allowed as a source of revenue, often for war purposes. In 1698, a tax was also levied on "malt, sweets, and cider," to raise money for war with France; but the next year distillation was prohibited, as the grain was needed for food. In 1743, the "Gin Act" was passed, to raise funds for the German war. Lord Chesterfield, in a speech (still reprinted in the *Treasury of British Eloquence*) vehemently opposed it as money-raising by poisoning and demoralising the

people, he declaring that "vice is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed," and that the use of things hurtful should be prohibited. Eighteen years later the distilleries had to be stopped again to similarly save the grain; the people of Leadhills protesting against their re-opening, 1759-60, and refusing to drink their produce. In Ireland, during the years of scarcity, such as 1811-12, 1813-14, the distilleries were closed by Parliament on the same ground, and the consumption of spirits there was consequently reduced nearly one-half: the result (as proved by Parliamentary returns) being that the people imported and purchased more real home comforts during scant harvests with closed distilleries, than in years of plenty with the distilleries at work.

Yet in 1823-25 such legislation was enacted as so facilitated spirit distilling and vending that the spirit consumption in the United Kingdom increased 120 per cent. in five years, and the increasing drunkenness called loudly for some movement to promote national sobriety.

THE ANTI-SPIRIT MOVEMENT, 1829-32.

Intermittent efforts having resulted in the formation, at Boston, in 1826, of the parent "American Temperance Society," and of its later numerous branches, the progress of the American movement attracted attention in Ireland; and on August 14th, 1829, the Rev. Dr. Edgar issued an appeal on Temperance in the *Belfast News-Letter*.

On August 20th, 1829, the first of a series of Temperance Societies, on the Anti-Spirit basis, was formed, at New Ross, by Rev. George W. Carr, after correspondence with Dr. Edgar. The latter, with others, formed the "Belfast Temperance Society," on September 25th. A "Dublin Society" followed; and a "National Hibernian Temperance Society" had developed by 1831, when its secretary, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Crampton, —then Solicitor-General for Ireland,—reported 15,000 members in that country.

In Scotland there had been intermittent efforts before the National movement began at Greenock, where, in October 1829, an Anti-Spirit Society was formed by John Dunlop, who long continued a leading advocate, and wrote a work on "*Compulsory Drinking Usages*" of that period. The formation of the Glasgow Society followed in November; and in 1830 this developed the Scottish Temperance Society, their *Temperance Record* being issued by William Collins, the Glasgow publisher.

From Scotland the movement spread to England through the efforts of Henry Forbes, a Bradford merchant, who started the Bradford Society in February 1830. Others soon followed at Warrington, Manchester,

Leeds, Liverpool, Bristol, Birmingham, and in London. As early as 1829, one Boatswain Smith had republished some American anti-spirit tracts in the metropolis; but it was left to William Collins of Glasgow to plant the first society in London, as in some other centres, and he having done this late in 1830, a "British and Foreign Temperance Society" developed by 1831, and a *Temperance Herald* was issued.

Now came the turn of Preston. On January 1st, 1832, a Temperance Society was established there, in connection with a Mission School associated with the philanthropic efforts of Joseph Livesey. It was headed by Henry Bradley, formerly of Bradford, where he had been associated with Temperance work. A general society for Preston soon followed, and, like the preceding societies throughout the kingdom, prohibited the use of spirits, but allowed the moderate use of wines or malt liquors. But Preston moved on, as we shall see.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF "TETOTALISM" 1832-35.

In Ireland there had existed as early as 1817 a Total Abstinence Society at Skibbereen, but it had not headed any national movement. In Scotland in 1830, the "Dunfermline Temperance [Anti-Spirit] Society" had a leading spirit in Mr. John Davie, who, on Sept. 21st, concurred in promoting a re-organization on the lines of Total Abstinence, "excepting small beer,"—said to mean treacle-beer, as sometimes eaten with porridge. Dr. Richmond and others started the "Paisley Youths' Society" on January 14th, 1832, excluding all intoxicants, "except when absolutely necessary,"—i.e., as a medicine. "The Tradesmen (Glasgow) Total Abstinence Society" was formed next day; and the battle of Total Abstinence *versus* Anti-Spirit pledges was soon being waged in all directions.

In England also the work developed. Among the members of the Preston Anti-Spirit Society were John King and Joseph Livesey—the benevolent Cheesemonger—the latter issuing *The Moral Reformer*, in the interest of morality and sobriety. These and others soon began to find reclaimed spirit drinkers could not take malt liquors without becoming intoxicated; and hence the confab and agreement in Livesey's shop, where these two signed a total abstinence pledge on August 23rd, 1832. Several others similarly signed at a meeting of the society on September 1st. The matter was debated at the society's later meetings, in the old cockpit; and on March 23rd, 1833, the society agreed to constitute a separate section for total abstiners—the pledge being only "for one year." In discussing the matter a fervent convert, one Richard Turner, had

declared that as to malt liquors, "moderation was botheration"—he was for "tee, total abstinence;" whereupon Joseph Livesey cried, "That shall be the name, Dicky!" The word "Teetotal" was, however, in use generations ago, in some parts, as an emphatic expression of *total* or *entire*; but here it was supposed to be an emphatic utterance of the word "total," and it was so caught up, and has become a dictionary word signifying total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. Richard Turner's tombstone records that he was its author in this connection.

On April 18th, 1834, a "Youths' Temperance Society" was started at Preston on an *exclusively* teetotal basis, with a pledge "for one year;" and in the following year the Parent Society abandoned its anti-spirit pledge, and, amidst great rejoicing, adopted continuous teetotalism as its sole basis.

JOSEPH LIVESEY'S TEACHING.

Societies in a few other towns had begun to adopt teetotalism, but Preston was the centre from which earnest men missioned the country. Joseph Livesey mainly propagated the new departure by his "Malt Liquor Lecture," which has been published and republished through fifty years. Numbers of working men had spent so much of their substance in beer, that to them it was truly the "*poor* man's beer," for they became poor enough. They preferred beer to bread, as illustrated on the sign of "The Brewer and the Baker":—

"The Baker said, 'I've the staff of life,
And you're a silly elf.'
The Brewer replied, with artful pride,—
'Why, this is life itself.'"

Malt liquor had not been regarded as a cause of, but as a nourishing cure for, the intemperance caused by ardent spirits. Livesey demonstrated that in making a gallon of malt liquor, ale, beer, or porter, 6 lb. of barley would be required. Out of this the *malting* process took away 1½ lb. as "sprits" or "combs;" by *ashing*, 2 lb. would be removed as "grains;" by *fermenting*, 1 lb. of the malt sugar is changed into alcohol and acid; and by *fining* or *clearing*, ¾ lb. is rejected as "barrel bottoms," leaving only ¾ lb. of solid material in the liquor; and this mostly gum and other innutritious substances including the hop flavouring. He showed that the brewers thus annually appropriated 60,000,000 bushels of grain food, occupying 1,565,000 acres to grow it. He demonstrated that a gallon of ale weighing 156 oz. consisted of 140 oz. of water, 7 oz. of alcohol, and 9 oz. of remnants of barley; and that 100 parts of beer comprised 90 of water, 5 of alcohol, and 5 of barley extract, etc. It would seem that malt liquors have not

greatly changed, seeing that at the recent Brewers' International Exhibition in London, the analysed barrel (144 qt.) of Burton Ale was labelled as: "*Alcohol (Spirits of Wine, strongest)*, 14¾ pints;" "*Dextrine (substance resembling gum)*, 7lb. 12oz;" "*Maltuose (sugar of malt)*, 3 lb. 6 oz.;" "*Albumenoid (flesh-forming matter)*, 1 lb 11 oz.;" the remainder being water. Roughly recast, this would give in quarts: Alcohol 7, gum 4, sugar 2, flesh-forming matter 1, water 130; total 144. Livesey further pointed out that apart from being valueless as food, all malt liquors were spirituous: a quart of such averaging about as much alcohol as an average pint of wine, or half a pint of rum, gin, whisky, or brandy.

THE RECHABITE "BENEFIT" ORDER, 1835.

Abstainers did not like public-house clubs, and so, at Salford, on 25th August, 1835, there was formed the "Independent Order of Rechabites," a total abstinent sick-benefit fraternity, consisting largely of working men. It takes the lead as the oldest and largest abstinent benefit society, and has from its head-quarters at Manchester established branches, or "tents," throughout the kingdom, and elsewhere; and has attained a membership of 36,000, and an accumulated fund of £200,000. Its statistical returns during its whole existence present a marvellous record of the generally good health of total abstainers. In comparison with those of the similar but non-abstaining "Order of Odd Fellows," the statistics (omitting fractions) of each of five successive years, gave the following averages:—Of the Rechabites 16 per cent. came on the sick list; of the Odd Fellows, 28 per cent: the Rechabite invalids averaged six days' sickness each; the Odd Fellows ten days' each; showing that while there were 350 days' sickness among 1,000 Rechabites there were 1050 days' sickness among 1,000 Odd-Fellows—three times as much as the abstainers. During the same five years the Rechabite annual death-rate averaged just over 7 per 1,000; the Odd Fellows' death-rate, just over 12 per 1,000—a rather high percentage for a Friendly Society.

A kindred society, the "Order of the Sons of Temperance," was soon afterwards started in America, and being introduced into the United Kingdom, has here a fund of £45,000, and 15,000 members. They exhibit a similarly low death-rate with the Rechabites; while for five years their sick rate was nearly 8 per cent., in contrast to the Foresters' sick-rate of nearly 28 per cent.

ABSTINENT TEMPERANCE LEAGUES, 1835-7.

On September 15-16th, 1835, delegates of many societies of Lancashire, Yorkshire, etc., met at Manchester, and constituted the

"British Temperance League,"—then called an "Association." In 1836, under the presidency of Dr. R. B. Grindrod, a very noted advocate, the League insisted on teetotalism being adopted by its remaining Anti-Spirit Societies. Its head-quarters were at Bolton, and are now at Sheffield. With its staff of agents, and its *Temperance Advocate*, it still continues a leading—as it is the oldest—association inculcating both abstinence and prohibition.

London had heard of teetotalism, too, but it was left to Joseph Livesey to inaugurate in 1835 the first total abstinence society in the metropolis; and after this an organization was developed, which, in 1836, was reorganized as the "*New British and Foreign Temperance Society*," Earl Stanhope soon signing the pledge, and becoming its president.

On August 10th, 1837, the Western Temperance League originated at Street, Somerset, and, being afterwards reorganized at Bristol, gradually covered the West of England and South Wales with its missioning influence. With its agents and its *Herald*, it still carries on, in fourteen counties, an extensive advocacy.

IRELAND AND FATHER MATHEW, 1838-40.

The most remarkable era of the Temperance cause was inaugurated in Ireland by the Rev. Theobald Mathew, a Capuchin friar, who attended a Temperance tea meeting, arranged by a Quaker, at Cork, on April 10th, 1838, and there signed the pledge of total abstinence. Fired with new-born zeal; possessed of a yearning for the delivery of Ireland from its whisky curse; gifted with a most lovable countenance and persuasive powers, he became the great apostle of Temperance. His priestly calling doubtless added to his influence. The people crowded into the towns he visited, and scores of thousands simultaneously, on their knees, assented to his pledge, and wore his temperance medal. His converts actually numbered millions; the face of the country was changed as he laboured; and in a very few years (as shown in Parliamentary blue-books), crime and the consumption of ardent spirits in Ireland diminished one-half; its drink revenue diminished over £750,000; but the loss was far more than met by revenue from sales of more necessary commodities. Father Mathew visited English centres, and the United States, with much success, noblemen and statesmen vying to do him honour. He was an irresistible speaker like Whitfield, but not an organizer like Wesley; and though many thousands ever followed his teaching, the bulk no doubt lost interest in after years. While abused by traducers as selfishly making money by

the sale of his medals, he actually became bankrupt. But his record was honest, and he was not allowed to fall. He peacefully ended his days with £300 a year granted by the Queen, and his statue at Cork commemorates his work in the Emerald Isle.

THE TEETOTAL LIFE INSURANCE MOVEMENT, 1840.

In 1840, Mr. Robert Warner (who lives to tell his story in 1882) found that, owing to his known teetotalism, an Insurance Company wished to charge an extra premium for insuring his life. Speedily he and other abstainers determined on independent action, and on Dec. 31st, 1840, the "United Kingdom Temperance Provident Institution" was started in London, to insure total abstainers only for sums of £100 and upwards, the insured to have a share in the profits. The death-rate during the first ten years proved to be much lower than the average in other insurance offices. This success assured, they, in 1850, added a "general" section for admitting moderate drinkers. The receipts, claims, and bonuses of each section were, however, kept separate, so that each should bear its own claims, and share its own profits. About 76,000 policies have been issued, and the accumulated capital is over £3,100,000. The comparative returns of the two sections startle the unthinking and impress all. Throughout the thirty years during which the two sections have existed side by side, the *per-centage* of deaths per thousand in the abstaining section has invariably been much lower than in the "general" section. Yet the acceptability of the administration to non-abstainers is shown by the fact that they outnumber the abstainers in the assured. Taking the ten years from 1870 to 1880, the deaths in the "general" section, according to common insurance average, should have been 2,753; and they were a few over—viz. 2,810. By the same average per cent. the deaths in the teetotal section should have been 1,556, but the actual deaths were only 1,162, leaving alive 394 of those abstainers who should have died, but who "could not die for the life of them;" and who thus left in the funds about £80,000, which, had they died, their relatives would have drawn out. Had those insured in the general section exhibited a similar tenacity of life, 878 out of the 2,810 deceased moderate drinkers would have been still alive, and their section would have retained their claims in the treasury. The abstainers being longer-lived, receive a much higher percentage of bonus every five years than do those in the non-abstaining section.

Several of the other large Insurance Companies have since added total abstinence sections, and with similar results, as their

prospectuses testify ; while on the other hand, many large companies will not insure drink-sellers at all: for while, as the *Commercial World* says, these statistics prove abstinence to be "most favourable to longevity," the *Insurance Directory* has to admit that "it is notorious amongst Life Insurance Offices that innkeepers and publicans are a short-lived class."

ORGANIZATION AND WORK, 1841-49.

In 1841, an *Anti-teetotal Society* was born, and died. A National Temperance Society combined the London workers in 1842. In 1843, the Evangelical Union of Scotland originated; and all its eighty ministers are abstainers, and all its ninety churches use *unfermented sacramental wine*.

Scotch representative societies in 1844 harmoniously united in forming the Scottish Temperance League, which has reached over 10,000 members—subscribing over £3,500 annually—and distributes yearly £4,500 worth of its valuable Temperance literature.

Then in 1845 the "Scotch United Presbyterian Abstinence Society" started ; and 250—or one-half—of the United Presbyterian ministers are now abstainers.

In 1846, there was held in London the first "World's Temperance Convention," when the leading spirits of America and elsewhere fraternised with their British kindred.

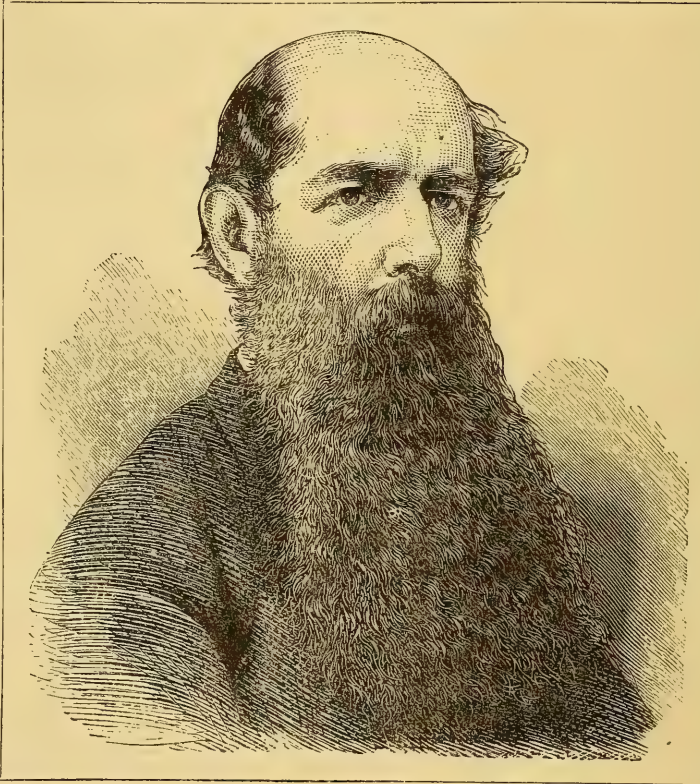
In 1847 was published a Declaration of

2,000 medical men that abstinence was safe and desirable. In 1848 the first National Ministerial Temperance Conference was held in London ; and in 1849 was formed the Scotch Free Church Abstinence Society, which, with its strengthened pledge to neither drink *nor offer* intoxicants, has Sir William Collins and Principal Cairns as Presidents. One-half of the Free Church ministers and 78 per cent. of its students are abstainers.

A DECADE OF ORGANIZATION, 1850-1860.

The Established Church of Scotland started

its Temperance organization in 1850. This commenced a decade of organization, for in 1851 the English Friends, *Quakers*, and the Irish Presbyterians similarly organised; and in 1881 the latter had a majority of its ministers and students abstainers; 18,000 members in its adult abstaining societies, and 20,000 in



SIR WILFRID LAWSON (President of the "United Kingdom Alliance.")

in its Bands of Hope.

In 1852 Glasgow started the City Mission system which so unobtrusively labours to reclaim the inebriate and fallen.

On June 1st, 1853, there was formed at Manchester, on the instigation of a "Friend," Nathaniel Card, the "United Kingdom Alliance," for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Four years later it had secured the names of 4,000 ministers in support of its principles. The late Sir Walter C. Trevelyan was long its president, and was succeeded by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. With an income

reaching £20,000 a year, it has grouped the English counties under fully employed district superintendents; established local auxiliaries with agents in populous centres; sent its organ, *The Alliance News*, everywhere, and strewn the land with millions of pages of temperance literature.

In 1854 there was started in London "The Temperance Permanent Building Society," relating to property free from drink selling, and whose receipts have amounted to £5,500,000, while it has advanced £3,000,000. An Artizans' and General

Dwell-
ings
Company
since
formed,
with a
capital of
1,000,000
pounds,
has built
some
3,000
houses on
metropoli-
tan land
where no
drink
license is
allowed.

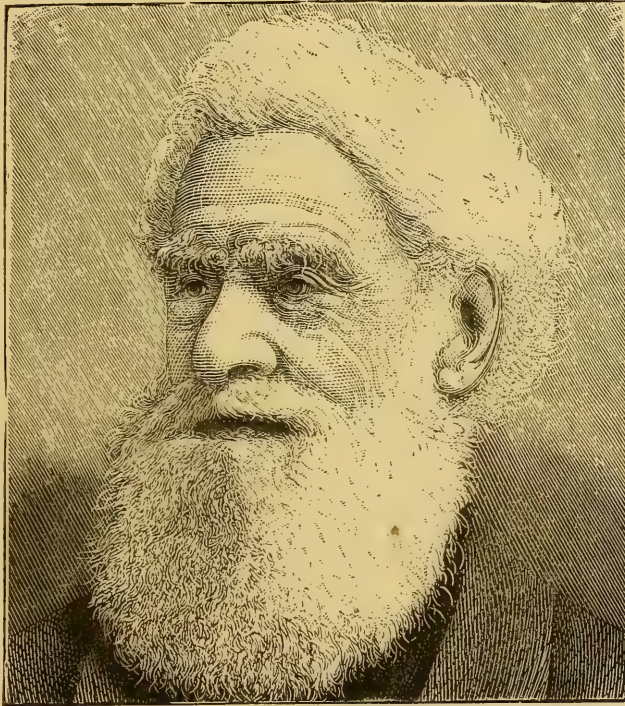
Before
this
period,
children's
abstinent
organiza-
tions had
been
formed;
among
them
the "Lea-
gue of
Juvenile
Abstain-
ers" at
Edin-
burgh,
founded

by William Hope, W.S., who has expended £60,000 in connection with it. Now, however, in 1856, the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union" was founded in London by Stephen Shirley, who is still Vice-President, Samuel Morley, M.P., being the President. The Union has an income of £6,000, and has affiliated to it about 8,000 societies with their juvenile abstaining membership of about 1,000,000 souls, who are taught through its monthly *Chronicle*, and its many other publications, and stimulated by prize competitions.

In 1856, the "National Temperance Society" and the "London Temperance League" united to constitute the "National Temperance League," of which Mr. Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester, is still the venerable president. Its annual income is £5,500, and its indispensable organ *The Temperance Record*. Its work is distinctively "moral suasion," by the agency of visitations, lectures, drawing-room meetings, and breakfast conversations in connection with the learned societies and educational institutions; Crystal Palace fêtes; and the extensive circulation of Temperance

literature
through
an asso-
ciated
"Nation-
al Tem-
perance
Publica-
tion De-
pôt."

In 1857
was held
the first
anniver-
sary of
what
has de-
veloped
into the
'Midland
Tem-
perance
League,"
and which
still con-
tinues,
with in-
creasing
activity.
In 1858,
the
"North of
England
Temper-
ance Lea-
gue" was
formed,
and, led



SAMUEL BOWLY (President of the "National Temperance League").

by Alderman Charlton, has ever since worked Northumberland, Cumberland Westmoreland, and Durham, for abstinence and prohibition.

The busy decade was closed by the starting in 1859 of the "Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association" at Glasgow, with the *Social Reformer* as its organ; and the "Irish Temperance League" at Belfast, issuing the *League Journal*. Both of these still continue active organizations, disbursing £4,000 to £5,000 annually.

"SUNDAY CLOSING ASSOCIATION,"
1861-63.

In 1861, the first local society for closing public-houses on Sunday was started at Hull; and from this came a National organization at Derby in 1863. Sabbatarian Scotland had in 1853 secured entire Sunday closing; and in the following ten years the Scotch consumption of spirits decreased fifteen million gallons, or over 20 per cent. (although the population had largely increased); on the other hand the consumption of spirits in England and Wales *increased* in the same ten years twenty million gallons, or over 20 per cent.

The "Central Sunday Closing Association" was reorganized at Manchester in 1866, Mr. Edward Whitwell of Kendal being its leading spirit. It has probably spent £35,000 in active advocacy, and early helped to establish a separate society in Ireland. The latter scored a victory in 1878, when the Irish Sunday Closing Act was passed, except as to five towns, where the hours of sale were reduced from seven to five. Government returns show that since Sunday closing in Ireland there has been a reduction in the consumption of spirits and beer from £12,169,915 worth in 1877 to £9,174,803 in 1880, being £2,995,112 less than when Sunday sale was allowed. The arrests for drunkenness were reduced from 110,903 in 1877, to 89,980 in 1880, or 20,923 fewer. Of arrests on Sundays—apart from other days—there were during the last two and a half years preceding Sunday closing, 11,887 arrests, and in the succeeding two and a half years only 4,269,—a reduction of 7,618, or 64 per cent. A separate analysis shows a reduction of 30 per cent. in the five exempted towns following on the reduction of hours; and a late canvass of householders in these towns, show 76,817 for, and only 13,702 against the extension of entire Sunday closing to them.

A canvass of householders in all parts of Wales showed 98 per cent. in favour of entire Sunday closing for the Principality. In the last days of the session of 1881, Parliament passed the Welsh Act, and it came into force at the various licensing sessions in 1882.

In England the householders in 500 towns and villages have been canvassed with separate voting papers, the result showing seven to one in favour of Sunday closing. In June 1880, the House of Commons, without a division, affirmed the necessity for legislation stopping the Sunday sale of liquor for consumption on the premises; and the Cabinet has later supported the right of counties to secure entire Sunday closing when they so desire.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL AND LOCAL OPTION,
FROM 1864.

Between 1823 and 1830, legislation cheapening spirits had increased the consumption 120 per cent. Then the Beer Act of 1830 had been advocated to correct excessive spirit drinking, by making malt liquors more accessible; but while during the succeeding five years the consumption of beer increased 25 per cent., that of spirits also increased 8 per cent. Then in 1860 the Wine Bill was adopted, and soon several thousands of grocers obtained, first wine, and then spirit licenses; their main source of supply—Messrs. Gilbey increasing their annual sales to over 800,000 gallons of wine, and over 900,000 gallons of spirits. This "legislation in the interest of Temperance"! commenced a decade which showed 25 per cent. increase in the national expenditure on intoxicants, and drew a protest, through the *Lancet*, from nearly 1,000 medical men, who attributed to these Grocers' Licenses the great increase in female intemperance.

In 1864 commenced the parliamentary campaign of Sir Wilfrid Lawson with his "Permissive Bill," which measure had all the forces of the "United Kingdom Alliance" at its back; and had been no doubt stimulated by a great International Temperance and Prohibition Convention held in London three years before. The principle of the Bill was, that if any locality determined by a majority of two-thirds of the taxpayers that there should be no license issued for the term of three years, then that decision should prevail, and no common sale of intoxicating beverages be allowed during that time—nor after, unless the taxpayers reversed their decision. On the first division, the votes were 40 for, and 279 against.

The agitation was, however, continued. Originally moved by an "Alliance" supporter (Archdeacon Sandford) the Convocation of Canterbury instituted an exhaustive inquiry into the subject of Intemperance, and in 1869 its voluminous report was published, and presented to Her Majesty. It contained thousands of returns from Clergyman, Governors of Gaols, Masters of Workhouses, and Heads of Lunatic Asylums, which showed that over 1,400 parishes in the Southern Province had no drinkshops, and consequently little or no crime, pauperism, or insanity; while, on the other hand, the bulk of the crime, pauperism, and insanity of the Province, and its consequent burden of taxation, etc., came from drink consumption, fostered by the public-house system, against which the public should possess protective powers.

After varying divisions, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in 1878, secured in the House of Commons 106 votes for, to 319 against, his Permissive

Bill; and the next year he deferred to state-men who objected to its provisions but assented to its principle, and resolved to drop the Bill, and proceed by resolution. Accordingly in 1879 Sir Wilfrid moved as a resolution an almost literal extract from the above-named Convocation Report, as follows :—

“That inasmuch as the ancient and avowed object of licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors is to supply a supposed public want, without detriment to the public welfare, this House is of opinion that a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected, namely the inhabitants themselves, who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system, by some efficient measure of local option.”

The resolution was lost; it receiving 185 votes for, and 273 against. On March 5th, 1880, just as the Beaconsfield Government was going out of office, the resolution was again rejected: receiving 166 votes for, and 280 against it. The dissolution of Parliament gave temperance people the wished-for opportunity to use their political influence, and the Gladstone Government coming in, the above quoted Local Option resolution was, on June 18th, 1880, adopted by 245 votes, against 219—including pairs. This triumph scored, Sir Wilfrid, in 1881, induced the House of Commons to declare that Government ought, by Bill, to give effect to the resolution. This the Premier assented to, but the pressure of business connected with the Anti-rent agitation in Ireland was held to prevent action upon it then, and in the 1882 session. The *Times* observes that Mr. Wm. Hoyle, the most notable statistician on the subject, computes that the entire rental value of land in Ireland (before recent reductions) amounted to £11,518,392 per annum; while the inhabitants of Ireland have during the ten years, 1870-80, spent in intoxicants an average of £13,823,102 annually; or £2,304,710 more per year in drink than all dues for rent.

In the meantime the question has moved on in the British Colonies, and in 1878 the Canadian Parliament adopted “The Temperance Act,” giving to the voters of each county in the Dominion the power to entirely suppress the drink traffic. An appeal from Nova Scotia against this Act, as unconstitutional, was dismissed by the Dominion Court in 1881; and the same case has been similarly decided in 1882 by the English courts, which thus declare the constitutionality of such prohibition of the traffic in intoxicants.

THE TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE MOVEMENT, 1867.

Temperance Hotels had multiplied, in-

cluding the “Trevelyan” at Manchester, costing £20,000; London had long had its coffee-houses of various kinds; but the era of temperance public-houses may be said to have commenced in 1867, when Mr. and Mrs. Hind Smith originated the “British Workman Public-house” movement at Leeds, where, by securing old beer-houses, etc., they transformed them into temperance public-houses, where labouring men could resort to read the newspapers, hold their “free and easy,” and purchase unintoxicating beverages and light refreshments. The idea spread elsewhere, and many hundreds of such houses were thus secured. Some, however, cost thousands of pounds, and included public dining rooms and hotel accommodation; but the bulk were simply rivals to the beer-houses. The spirit shops, however, also met with rivalry when the idea was further developed in Liverpool by Ronald McDougall and others, and “Temperance Cafés” were opened; and what was called the “Cocoa-house” System took root there in 1875. The beverages sold included coffee and tea also, and the vast business done incited the formation of “Coffee-house” companies in all directions—some of which, by the way, sell more tea than coffee. The promoters, however, have not been content with old beer-houses, but have in places opened “Coffee Palaces,” rivalling the great gin palaces in appearance, and furnishing excellent refreshments at low yet remunerative rates. The fact that the Liverpool Company can sell weekly 20,000 gallons of unintoxicating beverages, and receive £75,000 a year; the Birmingham Company, £55,000; Swansea, £40,000, and the Bradford Company, £35,000 a year, will in some measure account for the now lessening consumption of intoxicants, and the decreasing value of public-house property. An illustrated organ, the *Coffee Public-house News*, represents the movement. The channels opened in these houses for cheap aerated beverages seemed to invite higher attempts, which have resulted in the invention and consumption amongst the middle classes of enormous quantities of “Zoedone,” “Phosphodone,” “Vin Sante,” “Hygeia,” and other non-alcoholic rivals of the wine bottle. A notable indication of the further extension of Temperance principles among others besides the working classes is furnished by Mr. Cook, the Excursionist, in successfully establishing the “City Club,” at Ludgate Circus, on total abstinent principles, at a first cost of several thousands of pounds.

ESTABLISHMENT OF GOOD TEMPLARY,
1868—72.

The “Good Templar Order” (which originated in America thirty years ago), is a non-beneficiary fraternity—“The Freemasonry

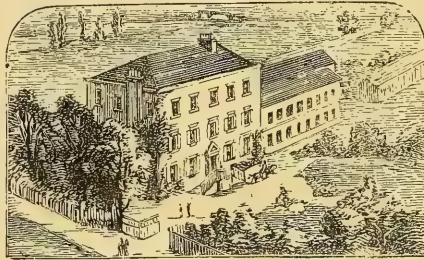
of Teetotalism"—and was planted in this kingdom in 1868 by its present English chief, Joseph Malins, at Birmingham, which remains its English head-quarters. In 1869 it was planted in Scotland; and by 1870, Grand Lodges were established in both countries. In 1871 the Grand Lodge of Ireland opened; and in 1872, the Grand Lodge of Wales, which was afterwards divided into two—an English speaking and a Welsh speaking one. From 1872 to 1874, the increase of the Order in the United Kingdom was abnormally rapid, and a reaction followed, but this has ceased, and latterly it has been steadily gaining. Persons of both sexes are equally eligible for membership, and to serve in any capacity, each paying a small entrance fee and quarterly subscription. The rules and journals of proceedings are accessible to the public; and the opening, closing, and initiatory services, though not publicly issued, consist only of counsels, prayer, the communication of exclusive methods of recognition, and the taking of a pledge of life-long abstinence from intoxicants. It also aims at the legal suppression of the drink traffic. Its local lodges hold "sessions"—for members only—every week, when, besides the ceremonial and formal business, conducted under parliamentary rules, there are readings, music, debates, addresses, or lectures. Every member wears a "regalia," or sash, indicating the rank attained in the Order. Third degree members are elected to constitute the District, or County Lodge, which may meet quarterly; and the various districts elect representatives constituting the National or Grand Lodge, a movable annual meeting. The Grand Lodges are represented in the International or "Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World," which met in 1881 in Ireland (where the five divisions of the globe were represented), and fixed its next meeting for 1883 in Nova Scotia. The Order exists in eighty different countries and territories. The membership in the United Kingdom in 1881 was 142,853 adults (12,000 more being in a separate Order), and about 85,000 in the juvenile section, the latter inculcating not only abstinence from intoxicants, but from tobacco, gambling, and profanity. There are over 40,000 adults in 683 lodges, and 20,000 juniors in about 300 branches under the Scotch Grand Lodge, which employs a staff of agents, and (like the Welsh Grand Lodges, which also have some thousands of adult and

junior members), issues a monthly organ. The Grand Lodge of England now has over 90,000 adults in 2,000 lodges, and about 50,000 juvenile templars in 800 temples; all meeting weekly, besides holding about 10,000 public meetings each year. The English organ is the weekly *Good Templars' Watchword*; several districts also issuing monthly papers.

The members throughout the kingdom probably subscribe £50,000 per annum, and spend most of it in local working,—a percentage supporting the District, Grand, and Right Worthy Grand Lodges. By voluntary contributions they have "annuitied" old John King, the early pledge signer; expended hundreds of pounds in enrolling the ex-slaves of the American States; presented a life-boat, etc., to the National Life-Boat Institution; raised £1,500 towards the Temperance Hospital; and started the Temperance Orphanage at a cost of £4,500.

THE MEDICAL MOVEMENT FROM 1873.

All through the last century certain medical writers were disputing the utility of alcoholic beverages, and in 1802, Dr. Beddoes had declared in his *Hygeia*, that the injury from any fermented liquor is to be measured by the quantity of alcohol or ardent spirit which is to be obtained from it. Later, Sir Astley Cooper, President of the Royal College of



TEMPERANCE ORPHANAGE, SUNBURY-ON-THAMES.

Surgeons, had said, "I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, believing them to be evil spirits." Dr. Beaumont, of Bradford, was one of the ablest sponsors of the movement of 1830, while his American namesake spent years in experimenting upon the accidentally exposed stomach of Alexis St. Martin, demonstrating the power of intoxicants to retard digestion. By 1839, Dr. Percy found by experiments on dogs, that within two minutes after intoxicants were swallowed, the alcohol reached the brain. In 1849, Dr. Davy demonstrated to the Royal Society, how alcohol lowered, instead of increased the temperature of the body. In 1853, Virchow, and in 1854, Boecker, showed how alcohol kept effete matter in the blood, and lessened its vitality; in 1865, Dr. H. Munroe, and Dr. Thompson verified in England Beaumont's experiments as to alcohol retarding digestion; and in 1870, Parkes and Wallowitz's experiments were brought before the Royal Society, showing that one ounce of alcohol caused the heart to beat 43,000 times more in twenty-four hours.

In the meantime the action of intoxicants even as medicines was being questioned. Dr. Higginbotham of Nottingham had never prescribed such since 1832, and challenged disproof of his increased success in curing patients; Dr. Simon Nicholls, of Longford, by stopping alcoholic prescription during the cholera epidemic, claimed to have reduced the mortality among his patients from ninety-four to thirty-three per cent.; others gave like testimony, while Dr. Mudge, of Bodmin, had published a dictionary of non-alcoholic treatment. Others also protested that the past "bleeding" and "purgings" eras were no more irrational than the later "alcoholic" era; and this was emphasised when, in 1871, a document was signed by 269 members of the medical staffs of the London Hospitals urging that alcoholics should be prescribed with the same care as any other drug, and not be indiscriminately obtained or continually taken.

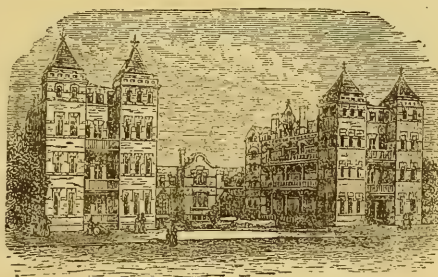
The fact, too, that by the needless prescription of intoxicants reclaimed drunkards were sometimes drawn to fatal intemperance, helped to lead the Rev. Dawson Burns and G. Wilson McCree to suggest further steps, and in 1872, at the rooms of the "National Temperance League," a Conference projected a hospital where all diseases and operations should be treated without intoxicants.

Accordingly, on October 6th, 1873, the "London Temperance Hospital" was opened in temporary premises in Gower Street; and by 1880, it had received 860 in-patients, of whom 472 had been cured, and 350 relieved, while only 38 died—a very low death-rate for a hospital. The out-patients numbered over 7,000. About one-third of each class were not previously abstainers. Such success led to their projecting a new hospital in Hampstead Road, part of which was opened by the Lord Mayor on 4th March, 1881, costing over £20,000, which sum was already subscribed. The senior physician is Dr. James Edmunds, the triple gold medallist. The hospital has during its nine years' existence never spent a penny in alcoholic intoxicants. During the same period the twelve principal metropolitan hospitals have apparently spent in wine, spirits, and malt liquors, over £50,000, their exact expenditure on such in the year 1878 being £6,766 14s. 2d.; the amount of alcohol prescribed varying from 8½ oz. per patient in one hospital to 33½ oz. in another.

Our prisoners have thrived under constant compulsory abstinence; but in our Unions

not only officers, but paupers—sick, aged, and "working"—have often had "drink allowance," the average annual cost varying for indoor paupers, from 4s. 7d. per head in Carnarvon, to £4 6s. 5d. per head in Radnor; while outdoor paupers varied from 4d. per head in Cardigan, to £1 13s. per head in Berks. Scotland and Ireland, during the last decade have similarly varied,—one Irish Union spending 3s. 4d. per inmate, and another spending in the same year £1 5s. 10d. per inmate; and one Scotch Union spent 1s. 2d. per inmate, while another spent £2 8s. 7½d. per inmate. Some years ago, Mr. Luke Ralph, Master of the Wrexham Workhouse, polled the inmates on the matter of their drink allowance, and a majority voted for its discontinuance. Subsequent years showed a reduced per centage of sickness and death there, and the scheduled results were widely published. Since then many other unions have stopped or lessened the drink allowance—that of Marylebone saving £300 a year by doing so

—and in no case has diminished health been alleged to result; except at West Derby Workhouse, and that allegation has been dispelled by a Government inquiry. The workhouse doctors generally have wide latitude in these matters.



LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

Following the establishment of the Temperance Hospital

in 1873, came the promotion of the British Medical Temperance Society, which was formed in 1876, it being originated by its Hon. Sec., Dr. J. J. Ridge, of Enfield. It has enrolled hundreds of the abstaining medical practitioners. A quarterly *Medical Temperance Journal* strengthens the organization, which now has as its President the eminent scientist Dr. B. W. Richardson, whose Cantor Lectures on "Alcohol" have gained a world-wide circulation, as has his "Temperance Lesson Book," now adopted by many School Boards. It was before this that he had declared that the practice of temperance would increase the national vitality one-third; and the subsequent testimony of Sir William Gull, before the House of Lords' Committee, that "Alcohol is a most deleterious poison," injuring "even in so-called moderate quantities;" the concurrence of Sir Henry Thompson, that men are generally better without alcoholic drinks, even beer; and the later confession of the Premier's physician, Dr. Andrew Clark, that true health "cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree,"—have

raised the abstainers up to the seventh heaven; and helped to lead the *Times* in 1882 to tell its readers that the doctors, though much too prudent to connect themselves to a losing cause, have declared for temperance; and that if a patient is out of sorts they no longer advise a little more drink, but tell him to abstain altogether from intoxicants.

THE DENOMINATIONAL MOVEMENT, 1873-80.

The Bible Christian Conference had endorsed total abstinence in the infancy of the cause, and all its 312 ministers, and most of its students, teachers, and scholars, are regarded as abstainers. The Primitive Methodist Connection was founded by an abstainer, the Rev. Hugh Bourne, and has always endorsed abstinence. The ministers of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have commonly been abstainers; while the great majority of the entire Society of Friends ("Quakers") are probably teetotallers.

An "unofficial" Church of England Total Abstinence organization, formed in 1862, had registered over seven hundred of the clergy as abstainers, Canon Ellison always being a leading spirit.

Not till 1873, however, did the general Denominational Movement begin. In that year, under the authority of Convocation, the present "Church of England Temperance Society" was formed, with the Archbishops as Presidents, and, later, Her Majesty as Patron. Its basis is dual: the parish pastor is *ex officio* president of the parochial society, which can adopt a "moderation" or "teetotal" basis, or both. It has enrolled three hundred thousand members in nine years; several bishops, many canons, and some thousands of the clergy being abstaining members. Its Irish branch has fifty thousand members. Its annual income is £9,000; and it issues weekly an able, illustrated, *Temperance Chronicle*. No doubt this organization made it possible for thirteen thousand five hundred (about two-thirds of the whole) of the clergy in 1876 to memorialize the bishops in favour of that principle of "Local Option" (in representing the liquor traffic) which has latterly been so generally endorsed. Three years after the Church of England, the Church of Scotland also reorganized its Temperance Society on a dual basis. Its statistics are not out.

The "Total Abstinence League of the Cross," headed by Cardinal Manning, dates from 1872, when Father Nugent began his Temperance work at Liverpool; but its first National assembly was at the Crystal Palace in 1874; and in 1881 it counted about one hundred and eighty thousand members. The "Congregational Union Total Abstinence Society" was endorsed in 1874. Its president

is the octogenarian, Sir Edward Baines, an abstainer of forty-five years. There are over two thousand Congregational ministers, and of these 1,168 are known abstainers, as are nearly all its ministerial students. The year 1874 also saw the projection of the "Baptist Total Abstinence Association." About six hundred of the Baptist ministers, and eighty per cent. of the college students, are now known to be abstainers.

In 1875 the old Sacramental Wine question began to take an organized form in Ireland; and in 1876 in Scotland, and later in England, by the formation of societies to promote the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper. Prior to 1841, the Primitive Methodist Conference had thus used unfermented wine; while in that year the Wesleyan Conference, among other things, prohibited such use of unfermented wine in the ordinance; these prohibitions resulting in a secession. In 1872 the American Wesleyan Conference enjoined the use of unfermented wine; and five years later the English Methodist Conference declared it could only sanction the fruit of the vine, and recommended the "light," but yet alcoholic "Tent" wine, while not prohibiting the unfermented element. It is curious that in the same year the Virginia Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church prohibited the use of any but the unfermented juice of the grape. One firm at Kensington, which has long made pure unfermented grape wine for this purpose, now imports foreign wines similarly preserved unfermented, and supplies one thousand eight hundred places of worship with it, including some of every denomination.

The Wesleyan Reform Union, which largely consists of abstainers, and uses unfermented sacramental wine, got so far in 1876 as to urge personal abstinence upon all, and to advise voters to support only such candidates for Parliament as would vote for the people having power to suppress the drink traffic.

The Wesleyan Methodist Conference inaugurated its Temperance movement in 1877, but many of its adherents were previously temperance workers; and the *Methodist Temperance Magazine* had circulated since 1869, its leading editor being the Rev. Charles Garrett, a zealous abstainer for forty years, and who was recently elected President of the Conference. The Temperance Societies organized on the Conference basis are managed by an equal number of abstainers and moderate drinkers. Wesleyan abstainers cannot have generally enrolled in these societies, which only report 10,000 members, while the Conference Bands of Hope, on a strictly abstinent basis, soon reported two hundred thousand members in two thousand societies.

In 1878, the United Methodist Free Church

Conference projected a "Temperance League," which was inaugurated on a total abstinence basis, in 1880, the Rev. John Thornley being subsequently engaged by the Conference as its organizing secretary. Of the 341 home ministers, 300 are abstainers, and 250 belong to the League.

The Methodist New Connection had long recognised Bands of Hope; but its present "Temperance and Band of Hope Union" was formed in 1879, and its juvenile adherents now number about twenty-five thousand. Of its 186 ministers, 120 are abstainers, as are all its college students.

The Primitive Methodists in 1879 projected a Connexional Temperance League; and also organized, in connexion with their Sunday-Schools, Bands of Hope, which comprise over 60,000 members. The great majority of their ministers and students are abstainers.

The New Church (Swedenborgians) projected a Temperance Society in 1880; as have other smaller denominations, during the last few years.

AUXILIARY MOVEMENTS; AND SPECIAL WORK IN 1881-2.

The last decade fitly preceded the Temperance Jubilee Year by enlisting so many of the medical men and the ministers of the land in the ranks of the movement; and it also witnessed or heralded many other important, though sectional, organizations. For instance, the "British Women's Temperance Association," with Mrs. Lucas (sister of the Right Hon. John Bright) as its president, has its two hundred branches among the gentler sex; and other female societies do similar work. The new "Young Abstainers' Union" is enrolling children of the middle class, and educating and interesting them by monthly letters, garden parties, etc. A "National Total Abstinence Society" has been formed for the deaf and dumb; and another for "Travellers"—showmen, etc.—attending fairs. The police of Hull, Birmingham, London, etc., have total abstinence societies, as have metropolitan postmen and cabmen. Scotland now boasts an "Highland Temperance League," and a "Scotch Railway Temperance Society." The army, though producing £100,000 in a few years as fines for drunkenness, is being encouraged to be sober, its Good Templar Lodges, at home and abroad, flourishing under military sanction; the "Soldiers' Total Abstinence Society" in India, under the Rev. Gelson Gregson, having official support, and numbering ten thousand members; while Sir Garnet Wolseley is almost emulating the rigidly abstinent Sir Henry Havelock, in denouncing drink as the soldier's worst foe, and total abstinence as his best friend. Miss Robinson's tem-

perance "Soldiers' Institute" at Portsmouth, and Miss Weston's "Sailor's Home" at Devonport, are two of the monuments of progress; the "National Temperance League's" two hundred branches in the navy are encouraged, and the latest legislation lessens the facilities for insobriety which the service formerly afforded to its jack tars, while the abstinent seamen are now specially served with temperance fare instead of the old allowance of grog. Of late all these efforts have been stimulated by the Gospel Temperance or "Ribbon" movement, started in London by William Noble, and carried through the kingdom with unprecedented success by the American advocates, Messrs. R. T. Booth and Francis Murphy; while the abstinence teaching of the "Salvation Army" has done much to reclaim those in the lowest strata of society.

CONCLUSION.

Our readers will judge whether that was a reasonable saying of the writer in the *Westminster Review*, that temperance is as old as history, and yet as modern as yesterday.

We have seen that the practice of abstinence from intoxicating drinks was as old as humanity; contemporaneous with the civilization of the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, and Hindoos; was practised by the Rechabites, the Nabathæans, the Essenes, the wise Magi of the East, the warlike Suevi of the West, the soldiers of Carthage, and by the Macrobian warriors of Ethiopia; was identified with the best days of the Medes and Persians, and associated with the empires of Greece and Rome; while a history of Intemperance could show the share strong drink had in the downfall of successive nations.

The Israelites were taught to abstain by divine command in such special cases as the Priesthood, and the honoured Nazarites; the practice was associated with the strength of Sampson, the wisdom of Solomon, the comeliness of Daniel, and with the sacred mission of the forerunner of Christ, John the Baptist; while in early Christian ages it was adopted by some of the saints and martyrs.

In the middle ages, total abstinence held a place in at least some communities; and in later times could count among its adherents the poet Milton, the philanthropist Howard, the patriot Franklin, the philosopher Locke, and many other men of fame. John Bright's eloquence was first aired at a temperance meeting, and for nearly half a century he has neither drank intoxicants nor allowed them in his house. John Cassell, when a journeyman carpenter, signed the pledge after an address by Dr. Grindrod, and then went through the country ringing a bell

and speaking for temperance; and afterward, still practising abstinence, founded and reared the great publishing house to which his name is still attached. The inimitable caricaturist, George Cruikshank, who would whistle and dance at eighty-four years of age, was an abstainer from an early period. And Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "gay wisdom" is that of a strict abstainer.

Among eminent abstaining divines are the Bishop (Temple) of Exeter (with several other Bishops), Canons Farrar, Fleming, Ellison, Barker, and Wilberforce; Cardinal Manning; and such leaders in Nonconformity as the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, C. Garrett, and Newman Hall.

The physical excellence of abstainers is testified to in the persons of such examples as David Livingstone, the great Christian traveller; Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith-consul; Grace, the eminent cricketer; Angus Cameron, twice the winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon; Hanlan, the oarsman; and Weston, the pedestrian.

Many temperance pioneers of half a century ago still live to rejoice in the jubilee of their work. Instance Richard Allen, of Dublin; Erskine Mayne, of Belfast; John Davey, of Dunfermline; Dr. Richmond, of Paisley; Dr. Grindrod, of Manchester; John King and Joseph Livesey, of Preston.

These may be regarded as representative of the great army of abstainers, of whom fully a million adults, and a million and a half of children, are registered members of the various societies; while probably an equal number of both adult and juvenile abstainers are unattached; giving an aggregate of 5,000,000, or about one in eight of the population of the United Kingdom!

In America (where the movement has progressed even more rapidly than at home),

the Beecher family were from the first identified with it; and the roll of illustrious abstainers of that country includes Presidents Lincoln and Hayes, and Lloyd Garrison, the founder of the Anti-Slavery movement.

On the Continent of Europe, the proportion of abstainers is small, but, through the influence of International Temperance Congresses, and especially in Scandinavia of Good Templary, steady advances are being made. Probably the great majority of the peoples of Asia, Africa, and South America are practically abstainers, though some intoxicating compounds are to be found in most countries.

Among most Christian nations the abstainers are in the minority; but it is perhaps not unreasonable for them to claim that, the world over, a majority of the people practise their principles.

When, on July 5th, 1882, the Total Abstinence Jubilee was celebrated by 50,000 people at the Crystal Palace, a critic seized the occasion to suggest that "the net result, after half a century's propagandism of total abstinence, seems to be that there are more public-houses, that more people get drunk, and that more money is spent in drink." The fact is, that the last few years have witnessed a material decrease in the consumption of, and expenditure of money on, drink; and that, in spite of depression in general trade and less wage earning, the people have annually deposited millions of money in savings banks more than before. But the critic had already answered himself, when in the same article he wrote: "*It is always open to the total abstainers to reply that if things are no better now than they were in 1832, they would have been infinitely worse if there had been no temperance propaganda.*"

J. M

AUTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH LIVESEY.



CHARLES I. HOOTED BY THE PEOPLE AFTER HIS ATTEMPTED ARREST OF THE MEMBERS.

THE ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.

THE STORY OF KING CHARLES'S FOLLY.

Flight of the Royal Family—A Gay Scene on the Thames—The People's Kings—Incompatibility of Temper between Charles and England—The Long Parliament—The Earl of Strafford sacrificed—The Queen threatened—Charles's Scottish Trip—King Pym—A Plague-rag in the House—Dreadful Massacre in Ulster—What about the Army?—Peep at the Inside of the House of Commons in 1641—Some of the Leaders—The Grand Remonstrance—Eleven Years without a Parliament—The Policy of "Thorough"—Pillory and other Iniquities—What the Long Parliament had done already—The Great Debate—Bloodshed imminent between the Parties—What Mr. Oliver Cromwell had resolved on—Citizens fired on at Westminster—The Whitehall Guard—The Bishops sent to the Tower—The New Year opens, 1642—Impeachment of Pym and other Members—Their Chambers Sealed—The Action of the Houses—The Lord Mayor gone to Bed—King marches into the Commons—The Birds flown—Raising of the Royal Standard.

FLIGHT OF KING CHARLES, AND ARRIVAL OF KING PYM.

AS the bells of Westminster were chiming the hour of four on the afternoon of the 10th day of the bitter month of January 1642, a coach issued

from the gate of Whitehall Palace, containing the King himself, his wife, and five young children, accompanied by a very small number of the noble courtiers who had so often enjoyed themselves in the gay scenes of the luxurious banquetting-hall, but attended

by a large retinue of officers, mainly of the braggadoccio type. If we could look into the somewhat rude vehicle and catch a glimpse of the royal features, we should readily discover traces on them of discontent and anger; and a glance at the handsome face of the merry, black-eyed French princess, to whom he was so passionately devoted, would probably reveal deeper tokens of the same emotion. It is a sad, eventful day in the life of this little band of noble travellers, and they are leaving the great surging metropolis behind them, without the comfort of a single cheer from the thousands of close-cropped citizens who witness their departure, each sullenly holding in his hand a staff on which there flies a white paper inscribed with the word "Liberty." Little did either of those royal heads dream that the gates of the happy mansion were left behind them for ever—that the "bright Gloriana" would never again fill the splendid galleries of the palace with the enchanting cadences of her divine voice, or that the haughty Charles would never again enter the spacious banquetting-hall until he passed through it to the scaffold erected outside one of its windows. In fact, by the flight of Charles and Henrietta, with their priests and desperadoes, the English Revolution was morally consummated; but far from apprehending this, they only turned their backs on London, its Parliament, merchants, and apprentices, in order that the Queen might escape to the Continent to raise funds with the stolen crown jewels, that the King by "divine right" might speedily return with a strong and loyal army to overawe and overpower the rebellious spirit of the city.

At noon on the day after this sudden flight, far from there being any trappings of woe visible in London for their departure, the crisp, bright winter air was filled with sounds and sights that seemed to betoken the approach of some conquering hero. The broad bosom of the Thames, then the chief highway of London, was covered on either side, from London Bridge to Westminster, with a glittering array of armed boats and other gaily decorated craft, while both shores were lined with thousands of the militia of Southwark and the City, who wore on their pikes, hats, and bosoms, printed copies of a document by which they bound themselves to stand up for the King, the liberties of Parliament and the country, and the "true religion."

For the people's real kings were coming back that day to sit secure and grand upon the humble thrones from which they had been driven by the traitor who had fled unloved from Whitehall,—the five men whose lives had been placed in jeopardy, and who had been outlawed because they had dared

to lift up their voices somewhat loudly within the privileged walls of old St. Stephen's against the deeds and plots of a tyrant, and in defence of the ancient rights of Englishmen; and when the heroes of the day embarked on one of the gayest of the city barges, passed in triumph amid the thundering volleys of the seamen along the "large, gentle, deep, majestic king of floods," and stepped as proud freemen on the stairs at Westminster towards their accustomed seats in the dim and dingy House, they were welcomed with the roar of muskets and cannon, mingled with the ringing cheers of immense crowds of enthusiastic citizens of every rank, from the luxurious merchant to the struggling artisan.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER THE SECRET OF AN UNHAPPY REIGN.

If we may venture to compare political with private life, there is perhaps no term that would so well sum up the source of distraction between Charles I. and the English nation, as the unfortunately too well-known one,—"*incompatibility of temper.*" "He and his respectable traditions and notions," says Carlyle, "clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church tippets, were all pulling one way; England and the eternal laws pulling another;—the rent fast widening, till no man could heal it." When we have spoken the worst word that can be uttered with truth against Charles, when we review temperately the intrigues against liberty that have been proved against him,—intrigues which include his wife's dealing with the Pope and France,—we shall not be able to charge him with a lack of moral earnestness, of regard for the country, however much we may regret and disapprove of the "*temper*" with which it was asserted. He endeavoured to live in a high and lonely solitude, moving amid a galaxy of chosen favourites, esteeming himself the fountain of wisdom and honour, looking down on Parliament as "a mere excrescence of the constitution, and on the public opinion on which it rested as a wild beast to be put down." Just as everything touched by the hand of Midas turned into gold, so did every scheme, however fairly it bade for success, change into dross and failure under the unblessed touch of Charles. Perhaps there never lived a man who, with the very best intentions, had such an unhappy knack of stirring the pool in which he angled: for example, in reclaiming the fen country from marshes, ague, and wild geese, he managed to rouse the poor natives into serious riots; in trying to bestow on Scotland a decent church service, he threw the people into a rebellion he could not fairly meet and allayed only by concession that was a mere cloak for treachery and assassination; intruding

or pretending to construct a good navy of wooden walls around our sea-girt isle—when Barbary corsairs swept the channels, landed, plundered villages, and carried off thousands into slavery, and France and Holland had their eyes on Dunkirk—he inflicted an “illegal and insupportable” ship-tax that made the “farmers faint and the plough go heavy,” and set John Hampden, the Parliament, and the whole country in opposition to his pretensions. All his sins are laid bare with the grim severity of the Puritan scalpel in the preamble and two hundred and six clauses of the Grand Remonstrance,—a document we shall have occasion to notice at some length in the present paper.

In his unbending attitude and his lamentable struggle, carried on until his ill-acted royalty was hissed off the stage by the indignant voice of the country, he stands before us as the very opposite of Queen Elizabeth, who managed, in spite of her Tudor nature, as intensely autocratic as his, to gain the worship of her country and leave to posterity the reputation of being by far the greatest woman that ever wore a crown. The difference between them lay in this,—that while she mingled with a hearty sympathy among her “good people,” and yielded under the internal pressure of the country, he, on the other hand, did not hesitate to appeal to external force, and thus raised against himself the patriotic instincts of the nation.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT; EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD; AN UNHEEDED WARNING.

The Long Parliament started on its memorable career on the 3rd of November, 1640. It was only summoned by the King that it might grant him an immediate vote of money. Up to the time of the Short Parliament, which had assembled in the spring of that year only to be dissolved at once, eleven years had passed since Charles deigned to consult the nation. Multitudes had fled across the broad ocean to make new homes for themselves in the forests of America. As the King had gone through all those years without appealing to the voice of the country, the new Parliament was determined to have its turn without consulting him. It would not be got rid of. Knowing the fears of Charles that the army of the rebellious Scottish Covenanters might march on London if Parliament were dissolved before the Scots were satisfied, the members stuck this time to legislative existence with the obstinacy of leeches. They passed a triennial bill; they forced the King to grant this parliament the right of sitting so long as it pleased, taking from him the power of dissolution. Prynne and his fellow-martyrs, whose ears had been lopped off in the pillory by the sentence of

the obnoxious Star Chamber,—a juryless court that had done good service in older days, and was composed of two judges and the members of the King’s Council,—were released from their prisons in the Scilly and Channel Isles, and entered London in triumph, with laurels strewn upon their path. The several hated tribunals were abolished, and a clean sweep was made of many other grievances that had weighed heavily on the shoulders of the nation. Yet the important Acts of this Parliament, even Hallam has allowed, did not disturb the balance of the constitution; rather they restored it to its former equipoise, and by new retrenchments of pernicious or abused prerogative shaped our constitution pretty much as it now exists.

Its policy, hesitating to touch the person of His Sacred Majesty, was to cast the blame on his advisers, especially on the junto of which the heads were Laud and Strafford. A few leading examples were to be struck down, so as to re-establish the principle of parliamentary control of the administration. Laud, sacred archbishop though he was, was bridled in the grim Tower, and other ministers fled to the Continent in wholesome terror from its outstretched arm. The Parliament did not halt in the least in carrying out the programme hinted at in a conversation that took place between Pym and Hyde (afterwards the whitewashing royalist Earl of Clarendon), when at the time of its assembly they paced up and down the floor of Westminster Hall. Those two worthies, so soon to stand at opposite poles of the political compass, were agreed that they must not only sweep the lower part of the house, but pull down all the cobwebs in the tops and corners that they might not breed dust.

The chief scapegoat was the Earl of Strafford, a gentleman whose picture has been drawn by the Queen herself with true Parisian touch. He was ugly, she said, but agreeable enough in person, and had the finest hands in the world. To a part of the nation he was “the wicked earl;” by others he was loved. He had succeeded in raising a strong and necessary army in Ireland, but it was feared, and perhaps justly, that he would bring it across the Channel to overawe the English Parliament. The unwillingness of Charles to sacrifice his faithful servant was within an ace of costing him his throne; by the House and the threatening mobs that backed them, his reluctance was looked on as a guarantee of the horrid rumour of a French invasion which had raised a wild panic in the streets of the metropolis. Under the influence of the revelation that roused this terrible alarm, on Pym’s disclosure of the approach of French troops to the coast with probable intent to

sail across the Channel and seize Portsmouth, and of the connection of some of the Queen's immediate attendants with these dangerous and disreputable plots, the House of Lords drifted into consent to the condemnation of Strafford. On the morning of the 8th of May, 1641, the alarmed citizens shouted for the confinement of Charles and Henrietta in the Tower. The Queen herself, in her sinful consciousness, had her carriage standing at the palace door to hie her off to Portsmouth from the righteous and ruthless outburst of the wrath of an uprisen mob, and was only kept back from this suicidal act by the positive assurance given her that escape was impossible. An armed multitude followed the two Houses to Whitehall, demanding Strafford's head, became furious when the King put off his answer from Saturday till Monday, besieged the palace all that day and during the whole of Sunday with threats against the Queen's life, the courtiers meanwhile employing the time of panic in making confession to the priests or secreting their jewels in case the doors should be dashed open. It is scarcely probable that the King closed his eyelids during that Saturday night, trembling as he did for the fate of Strafford, and still more for that of the beloved woman whose eyes he had seen bedewed with tears and who he feared might be torn to pieces by the sharp clutches of the fierce mob. At last, worn out with mental agony, he made up his mind on Sunday evening, just as the sun was setting on the western horizon, to give up Lord Strafford,—a resolve that haunted him ever after like a spectre, even to his own scaffold at Whitehall. "If my own person were only in danger," said Charles in tears to the Council, "I would gladly venture it to save Lord Strafford's life; but seeing my wife, children, and all my kingdom are concerned in it, I am forced to give way unto it." And so, two days later, the statesman whom his enemies denounced as a black tyrant fell as a scapegoat on the scaffold. "I thank God," said he, with true courage, "I am not afraid of death, but do as cheerfully put off my doublet as ever I did when I went to bed."

But Charles was not taught even by this terrible lesson to learn the nation's temper or to forecast the possibility of his own stubborn head going the way of Strafford's. Still he persisted in his obstinate course, wishing to rule England after his own ideas, not from any instinct of injustice or of money-grabbing, but that the people might enjoy the fruits of his paternal wisdom, ignoring that he was wantonly driving in and in the people's confidence, arousing an ever-growing suspicion of his designs, while he had no army in England or Scotland to strike down any possible rebellion he might provoke.

THE KING'S STRANGE VISIT TO SCOTLAND ;
ATTEMPTS ON PYM'S LIFE ; A PLAGUE-
RAG IN THE HOUSE.

Immediately after the assembling of the Long Parliament in November 1640, it had been passionately moved that a Remonstrance should be drawn up to give the King "a faithful and lively representation of the deplorable state of the kingdom ;" but the matter hung fire for months, while Charles continued to give his assent—his "royal varnish" Carlyle would say—to the sweeping changes passed by the Commons. Pym, Hampden, and their friends, who formed the majority of the strenuous and lynx-eyed Liberal party, were not ignorant of the hollowness of the royal condescension—that the Bills which had been carried and had received the imprimatur of the sovereign, would be shuffled aside with uncourteous hauteur when His Majesty imagined his feet safely enough planted to deal thus with them. They also saw that popular enthusiasm was falling off, and that a reaction had set in since the blow had been struck at Strafford ; the life of Pym himself, the recognised leader of the reforming party, had more than once been threatened. The King set forth at the beginning of August on his memorable journey to Edinburgh, under the delusion that he would be able to win over the Scottish army to assist him in pressing home a charge of treason against the English parliamentary leaders for having acted in complicity with the Scottish Covenanters. It therefore appeared necessary to Pym, Hampden, and their allies that they should make a direct appeal to the waning affection of the people, and firmly hold off and crush the plots of their suspected sovereign.

From the 9th of September to the morning of the 20th of October, the doors of Parliament were closed. On the first day of meeting, Pym, who had been Chairman of the Committee during the six weeks' recess, laid before the House information of a new army plot in England, and of the conspiracy in Scotland to assassinate Argyll and Hamilton, the chiefs of the Covenanters. Instructions were issued for the occupation of the military posts of London, and for the defence of Parliament, night and day, by the trainbands of the city. The crisis was fast approaching. When the quiet and subtle Hampden returned from Scotland, where he had been watching keenly the conduct of the King, the great Liberal party was broken up on the burning question of the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords. The two divisions were from that time to run neck and neck in a contest that grew more and more sharp and bitter until the hour arrived when they stood face to face, with

drawn swords, upon the battle-fields of the Great Rebellion. Chief among those who fell away from the popular ranks was the honest, learned, and broad-minded Lord Falkland, who was by-and-by to yield up his saddened life for a cause he never loved. The popular party saw that all the redoubts that had been gained by years of struggle would now be lost, unless they stood firm and clear-eyed to their guns amid the plots that were suggested or woven round them in Holyrood and Whitehall.

Pym, the "great and comprehensive brain" of his party, who dauntlessly led it in the mighty conflict, was the constant target of the vilest calumnies and the frequent object of political assassination. On the morning of the 25th October, 1641, a man arrived at the door of Parliament with a letter for the famous tribune. He said it had been handed to him by a gentleman on horseback whom he had met on Fish Street Hill, and who had given him a fee of one shilling to carry the message with the greatest care and speed. Pym opened the letter, from which a piece of rag dropped upon the floor; he glanced at the contents, and then denouncing it as a scandalous libel, sent it up to the table, where it was read aloud by the Clerk's assistant. Besides containing abuse of Pym, it threatened him with a dagger if he escaped the present attempt, which the writer proceeded to explain was contained in the rag that had covered a plague-wound, and as we have seen had fallen out on the letter being opened. After these lines had been read, in what was naturally an agitated manner, the letter was thrown down by the Clerk's assistant and thrust out of the door. Pym had the good fortune to escape the infection of the foul and fatal disease then raging virulently in the vicinity of the Houses; but in a few days a man who had been mistaken for him was stabbed in Westminster Hall. This was possibly done in fulfilment of the threat that had accompanied the plague-rag.

These and other attempts to strike down "King Pym," the darling of the people, and the chief object of the doggerel and ribald lampoons of the royalists—"wretch," "malicious Puritan," "poisonous man," "a man whom even the devil to fear begins," are a few of the choice epithets—all ended in failure, and the cause of English freedom was thereby saved. For John Pym, a courteous Somersetshire gentleman, and Member for Tavistock in Devon, was the mainstay of the barque of liberty in the stormy seas, the greatest tribune of his time, and the greatest statesman of his party. In years long gone by he had done yeoman's service in the House, and when the Short Parliament assembled he rose without dispute as a veteran chief above the bantlings that now

took their untried seats upon the benches. His one passion was to re-establish those rights of Parliament that had been won in the days of the Plantagenets. In the eleven dreary years of tyranny, when the doors of Parliament were closed, when the civil and spiritual courts were filled with injustice and violence, when favour was shown to Papists and persecution dealt out to Puritans, he, like many others, had adopted the project of seeking another home in New England. He was something more than a man of eloquence, vigour, and daring; as Mr. Green puts it, he was the embodiment of law. Before the elections to the Long Parliament, he and John Hampden rode over England, beating up the people to a sense of their rights and duties. The unselfish struggles of years impoverished him, and he died in debt. But no worthier man than the Member for Tavistock was ever laid to rest in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey.

THE IRISH MASSACRE; MR. OLIVER CROMWELL SPEAKS.

Although the King's party had become more powerful by the secession to its side of men like Hyde and Falkland, (who may be called the moderate faction), who had formed a vigorous portion of the irresistible array of members that had condemned the ship tax, that had empowered the Usher of the Black Rod to march to the King's Bench and carry off to prison from his judicial seat one of the impeached judges who had given his opinion in favour of the impost, that had swept away as at a single breath the Star Chamber and other pestiferous cobwebs of tyranny, that had sent Laud to the Tower and Strafford to the scaffold,—the majority, though sadly reduced, still remained with the great tribune, who knew well how to hold it together and lop off on all occasions every possible element of dissension.

Such dexterity was shown when, in the midst of angry discussions on depriving the bishops of their votes, the startling news was received in the hushed House regarding the Irish rising and fearful massacre of Protestants in Ulster—what Carlyle has called "an Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch Presbyterian achievements in the way of 'religious liberty';—one of the best models, and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world." Some forty thousand English and Scottish colonists, it has been said, were murdered by the ignorant and oppressed race, and men and women were stripped and sent forth to wander naked over the friendless country in the cold winter nights. The narratives that flew through England about the extent and barbarous cruelties of this massacre were of such a nature as might have driven Parliament to forget party and

issue incautious orders for vengeance, placing a strong army under the King's will. It was said, among other wild rumours, that in a single month two hundred thousand men, women, and children were put to death with savage tortures "scarce to be equalled by any the most black and baleful story of any age:" plunder and fire fell as in a single instant on the unsuspecting people; servants were struck down by murderous hands while following the plough; children had their brains dashed out before the eyes of helpless mothers; some were burned, others drowned for the pastime and delight of the barbarians, shot as they swam about or tried to land, buried alive up to the breast in the ground and thus left to perish in the agonies of starvation.

Surely the hour of triumph for the King had come at last! Would not all parties in the House bow before their common love of England, and place an army in the King's hands against the Popish rebels? Pym was equal to the dread emergency. After a fierce debate he carried a resolution which traced the evil to its root in the King's advisers, and declared that if he did not dismiss them, the House, nevertheless continuing in the obedience due by the laws of God and the Kingdom, would take such a course for the securing of Ireland *as might likewise secure themselves*; and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Member for the town of Cambridge, carried another very important motion, that they should desire the Lords to give power to the Liberal Earl of Essex to assemble, at all times, the trained bands of the kingdom to the south of the Trent, for its defence, till further orders were taken by the Houses. A doubt was expressed as to the right of Parliament to raise men without a warrant under the Great Seal; but the Commons forthwith passed a declaration that an ordinance of both Houses was in itself sufficient for levying volunteers at beat of drum. Here we have the birth of the parliamentary army that was to do such wonders under this same country squire who sat for Cambridge. Once again the King of England had played into the hands of his mortal foes. Indirectly he was the cause of that horrid massacre. While in Scotland he had begun to plot with some Irish chiefs for the collection of an army that was to seize Dublin Castle in the King's name and make it a basis of operations against Westminster; but this deep plot proved only a fatal plunge, for the scheme slipped out of his hands into those of Phelim O'Neil and other wild Irish patriots, with terrible issues that led the way to his final expulsion from the throne. The panic and horror then aroused really provoked the civil war. On the same day which begot the army of the Parliament and checkmated the policy of Charles, the first rough draft of Pym's Grand Remonstrance was submitted

to the House, read, and ordered for discussion on the following morning. This memorable day of resolutions was Monday the 8th of November, 1641.

The story of the arrest of the Five Members has a sensational interest of its own, but it has a broad historical significance as being the last card in Charles's hand, as the last straw which broke the back of the refractory, sullen camel, Charles Stuart. It was his churlish and foolish answer to the great—great even in the sense of lengthy—document called the Grand Remonstrance. This huge, and perhaps in part unfair, exposure of the King's sins over a period of fourteen years, was a perfect Puritan hydra, split up into a multitude of heads, and recalls at once the clear style and the quaint expression of the good old serious sermons that have, unfortunately perhaps, gone out of date now-a-days. In it, if we may so speak, the country proceeded to wind up finally the hands of the royal clock that had been moving so strangely since King James crossed the Border with his Scottish crawlers into what he was pleased with full mouth to call, in sacred parlance, the land of promise; to wind up that royal progress which had been going on so foolishly since a little boy of four, named Oliver Cromwell, by-and-by to be more famous than any king of his time, first cast his eyes on the ungainly, slobbering, red-haired son of Mary, Queen of Scots; to wind up the mad profligacy, insane personal insistence of kings, shameless expenditure, petty persecution, and petticoat rule that had been running the rig since England came under the sway of the Stuarts, who claimed to be hedged round with divinity, to be God's vicegerents, and to be endowed with superior wisdom; in short, to wind up the long course of lectures and bullying to which Parliament had been treated by Kings James and Charles.

A GLANCE AT THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF NOVEMBER.

On the morning of Monday, the 22nd of November, an eager multitude of at least three hundred men, wearing swords, steeple hats, and Spanish cloaks, had assembled on the amphitheatre of benches in the narrow, dim, and dingy vestibule of St. Stephen's Chapel, where the English House of Commons had met since the Reformation, when the Speaker, Mr. William Lenthall, not a very dignified sort of person, entered a little late—nine or ten was the usual hour of meeting in the good old times of early rising—and took his seat upon the chair at the eastern end of the room, in front of a large window that looked out upon the river, the ever-throbbing artery of England's commerce. The people's representatives have evidently some exciting

work on hand. It is now to be decided whether the House will adopt the Grand Remonstrance, that huge vote of want of confidence in the sovereign, which was laid upon the table at two o'clock on the previous Saturday. However dull reading it makes in our days, its every clause and word then thrilled the souls of the grave men of old England. There, close to the bar, sat the veteran Pym, who has come up determined in the bracing morning air from his Chelsea lodgings; behind him sat the Member for Bucks, Mr. John Hampden, a thoroughbred gentleman of the fine old English type, with a face of wondrous calm resting on a soul of fire and a will of iron; on the back benches might be seen Mr. Denzil Hollis, brother of the dead Lord Strafford's beloved wife Arabella, a resolute friend of freedom, who had been sent to prison twelve years before along with Sir John Eliot; near him was seated a stalwart country squire of forty-two, the "rude, tempestuous" Mr. Oliver Cromwell. Opposite, on the left hand of the entrance, sat their great moderate opponents, a group hardly less famous and scarcely less excited on this momentous morning,—the tall and shapely Hyde, tiny Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, accomplished and sweet, though very far from possessing a dulcet voice, and the witty Sir John Culpeper, who had made a very remarkable speech in this same Parliament some time before, likening the hideous network of monopolies that oppressed the country to the frogs of Egypt, "supping in our cup, dipping in our dish, and sitting by our fire." The Remonstrance was by no means smuggled through the House by a trick. The debates had already lasted seven days, and had been carried on steadily and vehemently from morning to night, the House being illuminated during those chill November evenings by candle-light, "according to the ancient use of Parliaments." Yet even in those critical days the sound of the dinner bell at noon was a strong temptation to honourable members with hearty appetites. Mr. Speaker, himself provoked at the unconscionably long hours he was kept like a statue in his seat, on one occasion fairly lost all patience with this rude though pardonable stampede, and declared that members were "unworthy to sit in this great and wise assembly in a Parliament, that would so run forth for their dinners!"

THE GHOSTLY FINGER OF THE REMONSTRANCE.

The professed aim of this huge document was to declare the root and growth of the mischiefs by which it had been attempted to hinder the struggle carried on by the Commons during the past twelve months for the restoration of the ancient honour, greatness,

and security of the nation and the crown, and to foment jealousies between the King and Parliament; the measures that had been taken to extirpate those designs, and the steps that were still necessary for the final removal of the mischievous obstacles. There were three classes of conspirators whose efforts had tended to undermine the foundations of the throne and the liberty and prosperity of the kingdom—the Jesuits, the bishops and ill-affected clergy, the officers of state who preferred their private ends to those of His Majesty and the commonwealth—all acting alike on the principle of exalting the royal prerogative against the authority of the people in Parliament, and degrading the true religion by seeking to set up an ecclesiastical tyranny and sow dissensions between the common Protestants and the Puritans.

This terrible indictment of a self-righteous sovereign, as it finally emerged, after a fierce contest, with the caustic additions of the impetuous, outspoken Strode, Member for Beeralston, was voted clause by clause in those dim November days. It brought up in strong relief the whole black range of iniquities, from some of which not one single man, perhaps, in all the House had escaped, through which some of them, like Hollis, had undergone imprisonment, and one of their comrades, the dauntless Sir John Eliot, had perished—virtually been murdered—in the gloomy walls of the Tower.

It pointed back, like the honest ghost in *Hamlet*, with a deep and serious tone that might well have harrowed up the soul of some of those young courtier Rosencrantzes, dressed with gay peaks and wigs and shining swords, who sat on the left hand near the entrance—to the days of the first Parliament of the reign, when "Baby Charles," just mounted on the throne with his friend "Steenie" beside him, tricked the Commons out of two subsidies and then sent them about their business; to the shameful disasters of Rochelle, when the honour of England was dragged in the mire; to that pitiable expedition to Cadiz, when the soldiers got rascally drunk, and returned home, gaining no other laurel but that of the nursery rhyme—

"There was a fleet that went to Spain;
When it got there, it came back again;—

to the costly and universally detested billeting of licentious soldiers; to the treacherous attempt to introduce mercenary troops into the kingdom.

Then the ominous finger traversed its dismal path to the short-lived Parliament of 1626, which was dissolved to save Buckingham from the result of his impeachment—he was only reserved for Felton's dagger; to the costly banquetings, such as that given by the gay Duke at an expenditure of £4000—the

sweet water, which cost £200, "descending into the room as a shower from heaven"—while vast sums of money were raised by illegal demands for loans, in consequence of which many who refused to pay were thrown into prison, contracting sicknesses from which they never recovered. It then pointed to the forcible dissolution of the third Parliament, whose famous Petition of Right—demanding that the King should never levy taxes or forced loans without the nation's formal consent, billet soldiers in private houses, or imprison any freeman without reason given—had been reluctantly accepted by Charles, and had been welcomed in London with bells and bonfires. That Parliament of 1629, every one knew, closed in a wild tumult; the Speaker had been held down in his chair, and Denzil Hollis, amid shouts of "Aye! aye!" read aloud a copy of the stern resolutions, that every one was to be counted an enemy to the nation's liberties if he introduced innovations into religion, advised the levying of tonnage and poundage without a grant from Parliament, or voluntarily paid those duties. The doors were then flung open, and for eleven years from that day no Parliament sat within the time-honoured walls of St. Stephen's. The ghostly finger did not omit to pause on the imprisonment of several members under the closest restraint, religious comfort and the liberty of reading and writing being denied them; one of them, Sir John Eliot, the unbending champion of the doctrine that the control of the constitution lies in Parliament, being kept cooped up until he died, in spite of the many petitions sent in for his release or "refreshment," the petty-minded King even refusing his dead body the privilege of burial in his Cornish home.

THE WRONGS OF ELEVEN YEARS.

The finger moved on to the long and dark period of oppression, the eleven miserable years from 1629 to 1640, the nature of which was by no means badly portrayed by Alderman Chambers, when he declared the English were more screwed up and wronged than the Turks—a few rash words that cost him dear, as he was fined in two thousand pounds, and kept for twelve years in prison, only leaving it a beggar. Those were the days when, to quote the words of Mr. Forster, there "passed over the land a net-work of tyranny so elaborate and comprehensive that, excepting only its agents and projectors, not a single class of the community escaped it." Not only was there no Parliament summoned, but it was forbidden even to speak of such an obnoxious thing; effete feudal exactions were dug up and galvanized into fresh life; sums that often entailed ruin were dragged out by fines, by forest laws, by plunder of poor cottagers who had not the statutory four acres of ground

attached to their dwellings, by appropriations of land on the decision of packed juries, by extensive alienation of the public commons. The too well-known imposts of tonnage and poundage and ship-money, largely destructive of our growing commerce, were exacted in the teeth of the Petition of Right, the last of these burdens filling the prisons with recusants until the memorable test-case of the silent squire, John Hampden, was decided in 1637; titles and legal posts were sold, taxes were laid on heavy coaches and other things of a still more inconceivable nature, monopolies were sown broadcast, although they had been abolished in the reign of James,—on salt, starch, coals, pens, cards, dice, meat dressed in taverns, butter-casks, buttons, spectacles, rags, and even on the privilege of gathering rags. Two of these monopolies had a serious political character,—that of soap, granted to a Catholic corporation, who would appear to have manufactured such bad stuff that complaints arose against it as being a conglomeration of lime and tallow, which burned the linen and scalded laundresses' fingers; and that of gunpowder, the price of which was so extortionate that poor people could not buy it, and on that account the defensive power of the country was materially crimped. Justice was unknown, and as venal as in the days when Jugurtha trode the streets of ancient Rome; the judges held their seats only as the slaves of the royal will, and in other case were promptly degraded. Then, what hideous enormities could not the finger of that Puritan remonstrance point to, when, in the thirty-seventh and other clauses, it turned the eyes of those three hundred representatives of free England on the Star Chamber, the High Commission Court, the Bishops' Courts, and other like tribunals that flourished during the tyranny of Laud! Gentlemen like Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, who had used such pretty expressions regarding the bishops as that they were devouring wolves and lords of Lucifer, limbs of the beast and factors of Antichrist, were imprisoned, pilloried in Palace Yard, and mutilated of their ears,—at Prynne's second turn only the stumps remained to be shorn, and "there was such a roaring" among the crowd "as if every one of them had at the same instant lost an ear." But, what was worse, the persecuting ecclesiastical courts struck at worthy ministers who failed to accept the Romish leanings and dictations of Laud,—who objected, for instance, to bow their head at the mention of the name of Jesus,—and seriously injured thousands of honest tradesmen (Walloons and others), who fled in consequence to Holland, and other lands of greater freedom. A heavy blow was in this way dealt at the great woollen manufacture of

THE ARREST OF THE FIVE MEMBERS.



MR. SPEAKER REFUSES TO TELL THE KING WHERE THE FIVE MEMBERS HAVE GONE.

the country. The Church was then filled with clergy whom Milton passionately attacked as "blind mouths," whose

"Lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scannell pipes of wretched straw."

The Puritans, it was resolved in the high tide of Laud's power, were to be rooted out of the country. But it is to this high-handed policy that America is indebted for the settlement of New England.

Still that determined finger moves on, showing how the first utterances of the lusty lungs of the Short Parliament were stifled in the spring of 1640; how the pernicious advance towards Romish "idolatry" was maintained; how in the face of the statutes of the realm Papists were permitted to celebrate the mass, while the Protestant absentee from the parish church, not wishing to bow before the altar, was liable to transportation after a second offence; how the prisons were choked with persons who refused to pay the forced loans; how the Scottish army drove the King to desperation, and he was at last compelled to pay heed to the petition of some of the chief nobles and summon together his last and greatest Parliament, that which was now about to spurn him from the throne and dig his grave.

And then the finger pauses on the bright and solid record of the House that had assembled but one year before; tells how in that brief period monopolies, ship-money, and the like evils, which had burdened the people with a weight of a million and a half yearly, had been swept away; how the right of taxation was restored to the Commons; how the chief of those evil counsellors—Strafford, Laud, Finch, and others—were sent to the scaffold, the Tower, and exile, where their machinations were for ever ended; how the juryless Star Chamber and other "forgeries of oppression, misery, and violence" were abolished, while the wrongs inflicted by church canons, by bishops and their courts, were rendered no longer possible. Yet during that short period Parliament had shown its entire good-will towards the King by granting subsidies that amounted to the solid sum of a million and a half. In further defence, the Remonstrance pointed to the two army plots, happily nipped in the bud, for the seizure of the popular leaders of the Commons; declared that there was no intention of destroying scholarship but "to reform and purge the Fountains of Learning, the two Universities, that the streams flowing from them may be clear and pure, and an honour and comfort to the whole land;" that although the Lower House had passed a Bill excluding the bishops from temporal power, its only purpose was that they might apply themselves with meekness to their

spiritual duties; that it had no desire "to let loose the golden reins of discipline and government in the Church," but held by the necessity of a scriptural conformity, wishing to "unburden the consciences of men of needless and superstitious ceremonies," and to settle the government of the Church by a general synod of the "most grave, pious, learned, and judicious divines of this island, assisted with some from foreign parts, professing the same religion with us."

The close of this memorable—if somewhat lengthy, and, it must be confessed, intolerant and not altogether just—Declaration announced the safeguards the people should demand for their protection against those evils and oppressions: a watchful attitude towards the Catholicism of Rome, which was intolerant and destructive of all other religion; security for the just administration of law in accordance with the Petition of Right; and the right of holding the purse-strings tight against the sovereign, unless he appointed counsellors in whom Parliament could place confidence.

THE GREAT DEBATE; A NARROW VICTORY; HANDS ON THE SWORDS; CROMWELL'S RESOLUTION.

The debate of Monday, the 22nd of November, was a pitched battle of demigods, in which every nerve was strained, every possible argument and touch of eloquence advanced by the copious Hyde, the impassioned, screaming little Falkland, the conceited Dering, the rough and ready Culpeper, the ingenious and witty Waller, and others of less note, to throw out at its final stage this tremendous indictment of the career of Charles. It ought not to be made public, as it would tell against the peace of the land; it reflected on the honour of Majesty, of which they should be chary; to claim the right of approval of the royal counsellors was a ridiculous pretension; the charge against Laud's party of being in league with Rome was unfounded, said the honest and broad-minded Falkland; it might be defensible to hold up the glass unto His Majesty, but they should not remonstrate downward, tell stories to the people, and talk of the King as a third person; great prizes were necessary in the Church, for if the great basin and ewer were taken out of the lottery there would be few adventurers for the small plate and spoons; it was unconstitutional and dangerous to send the Declaration from the Commons alone, hopping on a single leg.

But the gallant charge was shattered on the firm spears of the Opposition champions. That "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," Sir Benjamin Rudyard, in a speech of masterly eloquence, defended the publication of an apology against the slanders

to which this Parliament had been subjected by papists, delinquents, and libertines, although he shrank from the statement of prospective legislation. Pym passed the previous speakers in review with his usual completeness and in steady sledge-hammer style. The honour of the King, he said, lay in the safety of the people: it was too late in the day to talk of concealment, after they had narrowly escaped great dangers, and plots had been brought home to the Court and Popish party. The gentlemanly, subtle, and persuasive Hampden delivered one of his clear, dispassionate speeches, and Denzil Hollis urged in stronger tone the necessity of control over the King's advisers, and the constitutional right of the Commons to issue declarations.

After the desperate struggle had lasted from morning till a little past midnight, the main question was put, and in a pretty full House of three hundred and seven members, the Grand Remonstrance was carried by a majority of eleven votes. But the whole matter was not yet settled. A lawyer, Mr. Peard, rose and moved the printing of the Declaration. This proposal was met with fierce opposition by the minority. Amid a scene of confusion honourable members exclaimed that they protested, a privilege which the leaders of the majority contested; and at last, when, about the hour of one, Mr. Geoffrey Palmer moved that the Clerk should now enter the names of "all" whose claim to protest would have to be determined on another day, the tumult reached a height of frenzy almost unexampled in the peaceful annals of St. Stephen's. From every throat in the opposing party there came the shout of "All! all!" around the chamber. "Some waved their hats over their heads, and others took their swords in their scabbards out of their belts, and held them by the pummels in their hands, setting the lower part on the ground; so, as if God had not prevented it, there was very great danger that mischief might have been done." The terrific storm was quelled by the tact of the calm Hampden. A decision was come to that the Remonstrance should not be printed without the particular order of the House; and the members, fatigued by a long sitting of sixteen hours, walked out towards their separate lodgings as the bells of St. Margaret's were chiming the hour of two on that November morning. To some the issue of that day's struggle was a matter of life and death. Many of the members went out into the chill night with grateful heart. One of these was Oliver Cromwell, who gently declared to an opponent as they walked along, that had the result been different, he and many of his friends would have sold all their goods that morning and never have looked on England more.

BEGINNING OF THE TUMULTS; A MONSTER PETITION; THE REMONSTRANCE SENT TO THE PRINTER.

On the following Thursday, the King arrived in London from his Scottish trip, was received by the populace with shouts of welcome, and was entertained in the city at a banquet of unusual magnificence. If some hoped that this might cozen Charles out of his ill-tempered opposition to the cause of freedom, it only served to delude him into the mischievous opinion that the Puritanic citizens were sorry for their past ways and would now bend cheerfully before the royal prerogative. In his delight he raised the mayor to the rank of baronetcy.

On Saturday afternoon, another keen debate in the House of Commons decided on sending the Remonstrance to him along with a petition, and on Tuesday a committee of twelve members set out for Hampton Court with the two stiff documents. A ready and gracious reception was accorded them. The King even ventured on a joke, and condescended to utter a trifling curse. He promised as early a reply as possible, and giving them his royal hand to kiss, dismissed them with the request that they should immediately deliver a message to the House that the Declaration might not be published until his answer was received.

But long before any formal answer was volunteered, the hands of the popular party were forced by the King's own menaces and displays of unconstitutional violence. He had already, with sinister purpose, removed the honest commander of the Tower; he had dismissed the city guard that had protected the Commons for some time, and had appointed another under Lord Dorset. The earl's tenure was short-lived. On the very day of his appointment, he ordered the guard to fire on the citizens, who had shown some signs of tumult at the removal of Balfour, and on the very next morning he was dismissed by Parliament. The citizens continued to indulge in demonstrations, and cries of "No Bishops! No Bishops!" were heard in Westminster from armed companies, much to the dismay of the royalists. The drill of the popular party in the House was splendid. The slightest whisper of the foe was reported at headquarters. Dr. Chillingworth, a famous divine of small stature, had dropped some incautious words about several members being guilty of treason, and that they would be accused in a day or two: he was instantly summoned before the bar of the House. Four officers who had been convicted of complicity in the second Army Plot were expelled from their seats in the Commons. When the members assembled on the next morning, they found a guard of

two hundred halberdiers set upon the House. This was declared a breach of privilege; the force was at once discharged, and the undersheriff who had given the order was committed to the great state prison that still frowns over the Thames near London Bridge. The alleged object of this siege was to prevent the tumultuous march of thousands of citizens who were to present a petition against the bishops on the following day. The huge petition, with its fifteen thousand signatures—twenty-four yards long, and twenty-seven inches broad, the greatest the world had yet seen—made its appearance duly, but instead of the gigantic and alarming host, it was conveyed by twelve peaceful city gentlemen in coaches, who received the thanks and the fair promises of the House from the lips of Mr. Speaker. At last, amid a terrible uproar, it was decided on the 15th of December that an appeal should be made to the people by printing the Grand Remonstrance and the Petition, and then that “fatal” Puritan document went forth, as an enemy has described it, to “poison the heart of the people.”

LUNSFORD CHARGES THE CROWDS; THE WHITEHALL GUARD.

A week after this decision, a fast was held in London and at the Court. The King, with his usual perversity, celebrated the occasion by the threatening and discreditable step of appointing Colonel Thomas Lunsford to succeed Sir William Balfour, a worthy Scotsman, as lieutenant of the Tower. This Polyphemus, the debased and dissolute scion of an old Sussex stock, had no other recommendations than his total want of character and his readiness to carry out the basest purpose of the King. What that purpose was will shortly transpire.

The Commons heartily condemned him. The alarming news of his appointment spread through the city; and on the 27th of December, thousands of unarmed holiday-makers—chiefly apprentices, sailors, watermen, and the “baser sort of citizens”—in the idleness and excitement of the Christmas festivities, swarmed around the Parliament, filling Westminster Hall and the two Palace Yards by which the Houses were approached. No one was suffered to pass through the avenue between the living masses without their approval, manifested by such shouts as “A good Lord!” “A good man!” The weather was intensely cold and stormy, so that the tendency to active exercise must have been increased, and it is just possible that the grimy booksellers, the sprightly seamstresses, and others who carried on business in the hall and near the gate, thought it prudent to close their stalls, and abandon sorrowfully whatever chance they had of driving a brisk trade.

Had not the obnoxious Lunsford appeared on the scene, possibly the matter might have ended with such little rude interferences, with the harmless, though unpleasant salutation of the ecclesiastical peers with shouts of “No Bishops!” or with such objectionable horseplay as surrounding and tearing the sacred gown of the Archbishop of York, who had taken the undignified step of laying hands on a loud-voiced boy. The crowds possibly were not aware that Lunsford had already been dismissed by the King with the honour of knighthood and a solid pension of £500; but in any case they were not likely to let him pass without insult. The dissolute officer and a dozen of his friends drew their swords and charged on the unarmed people, chased them round the hall, dashed through the crowds in Palace Yard and King Street, and then made their way triumphantly towards Whitehall Palace. Several persons were wounded, and one eminent citizen, Sir Richard Wiseman, was slain. Hundreds of infuriated apprentices, when Lunsford’s dastardly assault became known through the city, rushed with swords and staves towards Westminster. A wild uproar prevailed in that district and the city. The mayor and sheriff rode about all night in order to allay the tumults; the gates were shut and watches set; and in the morning trainbands were sent to Whitehall. Rioting, however, of a similar nature occurred at Westminster on the following day.

Conspicuous in the tumults of that Monday was Captain Hyde, an officer of the disbanded army of the north, to whom has been attributed the equivocal honour of originating the word “roundhead” as a nickname for the close-cropped Puritans. Drawing his sword in the midst of a few more “gentlemen” at the time the archbishop was surrounded, he exclaimed that he would cut the throats of those roundhead dogs that bawled against bishops.

But a far more serious trespass on the freedom of Parliament was already showing itself at Whitehall. The King, under pretence that the persons of himself, the Queen, and their children were in danger (in fact, the idea was widely spread in London that the impeachment of Henrietta should be proceeded with as the main abettor of the Catholics and of the opposition to Parliament, and Pym and his associates were conferring on the matter), thought he had good reason “to accept the dutiful tender of the services of any of our loving subjects;” in other words, delaying his answer to the nation’s will so clearly expressed in the Remonstrance, he was gathering around him a strong company of trainbands and swaggering officers of the disbanded army, and was feasting and carousing them in a guard-house

erected at the very gate of the palace. He had secretly attempted to bribe Pym over into his service as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had failed. With his lofty ideas of the royal prerogative, there was no course left open to him but that of unconstitutional violence, a weapon that had hitherto in almost every instance snapped like a reed in his timid hands and was now destined to turn on himself with fatal sharpness. Already wise men feared that under the intense strain on both sides a civil war was brooding of which none might know the end and consequences, and throughout the metropolis the talk was "of nothing but drawing of swords and a war between the Protestants and Papists."

The first brush with this "perpetual guard," the nucleus of the royal army, took place at the palace gate on Wednesday the 29th of December, when the city wore an aspect of greater peace through the efforts of the popular leaders to prevent the irritating presence of crowds such as had gathered during the two preceding days. Fifteen or sixteen officers of the Whitehall guard attacked a body of citizens who were returning from the House, where it seems they had gone with a petition, and wounded forty or fifty of them with cuts and slashes. The "sectaries and desperate varlets" threatened to return and take vengeance for an outrage perpetrated under the King's very eyes. It was dreaded at Whitehall that ten thousand citizens would muster at the palace on the next day; the number of soldiers was increased; five hundred volunteers from the Inns of Court tendered their services, and were permitted to kiss the hands of the Queen and Prince. The shops were shut all over the city, and the streets teemed with angry, armed men. Blood and war were words now freely bandied about.

THE BISHOPS COMMITTED TO THE TOWER; CLOSE OF THE OLD YEAR.

Cautiously yet doggedly the brave men of the Commons took their accustomed seats in St. Stephen's in those last electric days of the year 1641, listening to reports of the tumults and of strange words that had dropped from priests about fifteen thousand Frenchmen coming across the Channel soon, and about the necessity of hanging half-a-dozen Parliament men; listening also to the vehement language of Mr. Cromwell, who found himself in his true element as he spoke of officering the army, especially in Ireland, with men in whom they could place confidence. On Thursday morning a message from the Upper House called them to a conference on a momentous matter, nothing less than a protest by the bishops against all votes taken during the three preceding days

as null and void, because they had been compelled to absent themselves owing to the obstruction and menaces of the crowds. This stroke was probably designed to afford Charles a plausible ground for sweeping away every vestige of the work of freedom. It insinuated that the Parliament was not a free one, and offered a pretext for forcing a dissolution.

The step taken by the Commons against the foolish Bishops was swift and bold. In half-an-hour an impeachment was sent up to the Lords, and by eight o'clock that night ten of the bishops were safely escorted to the grim gateway of the Tower amid the frost and snow, while the two others were impounded, owing to their extreme age, in a house near Charing Cross; and the two benches on which the sacred peers had sat were piled up as lumber, never again for many long years to be used for the special accommodation of "lord bishops."

The insolent dignitaries having been quickly disposed of, to the evident delight of most members, Pym rose with unusual gravity and moved that the door should be shut. The House was startled into a fear of some mysterious danger impending. He announced that there was a plot for destroying the House of Commons on that very day, and urged that a request should be sent to the city for the despatch of the trainbands to protect it. This motion seems to have fallen through; but on the next day, Denzil Hollis presented himself at Whitehall, in the name of the House, and verbally desired the appointment of a guard from the city under the Earl of Essex. The King, with his usual habit of irritating delay, called for a written message. This was instantly despatched. His Majesty was in no hurry to reply; the Commons immediately empowered three of its members to establish a guard, and twenty halberts were brought into the House in case of some sudden surprise. Thus ominously closed the old year in the midst of excitement and suspicion. In the new year, which shall triumph—King Charles and his royal prerogative, or King Pym and the liberties of the people?

IMPEACHMENT OF PYM AND OTHER MEMBERS.

Shortly after the Lords had assembled on the morning of Monday, the 3rd of January, 1642, Sir Edward Herbert, the Attorney-General, appeared at the clerk's table with a message from His Majesty. When read aloud, the noble lords were appalled at its contents, which ran as follows:—

"Articles of High Treason and other high misdemeanours against the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. John Pym, Mr. John Hampden, Mr.

Denzil Hollis, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and Mr. William Strode.

"1. That they have traitorously endeavoured to subvert the fundamental laws and government of the Kingdom of England, to deprive the King of his royal power, and to place in subjects an arbitrary and tyrannical power over the lives, liberties, and estates of His Majesty's loving people.

"2. That they have traitorously endeavoured, by many foul aspersions upon His Majesty and his government, to alienate the affections of his people and to make His Majesty odious unto them.

"3. That they have endeavoured to draw His Majesty's late army to disobedience to His Majesty's commands, and to side with them in their traitorous designs.

"4. That they have traitorously invited and encouraged a foreign power [Scotland] to invade His Majesty's kingdom of England.

"5. That they have traitorously endeavoured to subvert the rights and very being of Parliament.

"6. That for the completing of their traitorous designs, they have endeavoured, as far as in them lay, by force and terror to compel the Parliament to join with them in their traitorous designs, and to that end have actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament.

"7. That they have traitorously conspired to levy, and actually have levied, war against the King."

Lord Kimbolton, the peer included in this impeachment, rose with perfect coolness from the side of Lord Digby (probably a main instigator of the King's perilous venture), without the slightest trace of tremor in his voice, denied the accusation, and boldly challenged a full inquiry. The lords kept themselves on the level of a dignified caution. Paying no heed to the King's demand for the surrender of the accused, they charged some of the members to produce precedents as to the regularity of such an accusation, and at once sent a message to the Commons for the purpose of a conference, at the same time offering to join the Lower House in a petition to the King to appoint a guard under an officer of their own choice.

Meanwhile the members of the Commons were not sitting idle or benumbed. They had received a royal message refusing their request for a guard under the command of Essex, Charles promising on the word of a king that he would protect every one of them from violence with as much care as his own children; and Pym, pointing out to his agitated hearers the threatening implied in the groups of military outside, had succeeded in urging the House to request the authorities of the metropolis to send a guard to Westminster

to see to the defence of the streets and walls. He and Hollis were summoned to the door, and learned from their servants that their chambers and trunks, as also those of Hampden, had been sealed up by a royal warrant. On the announcement of the news, a perfect chorus of members declared the outrage to be a serious breach of privilege. At every step in this critical struggle we meet with the assertion of the great principle that no action could be taken against a member without the assent of the House. But the present seizure of property was of a dangerously sweeping character: it would have been a violation of the simplest rights of the meanest subject of the realm. The most ordinary reader will rise from a study of this period with a profound respect for the cautious, patient, and constitutional spirit of the popular heroes, even more than for their ability, eloquence, and bravery. It was not merely the persons and the rights of Pym, Hollis, and Hampden, of which the English Parliament thought when they passed with loud cheers the declaration of privilege and of the right of resistance—they thought, they voted, and they cheered for the broad rights of the entire English nation.

An announcement, by no means unexpected, is made that Mr. Francis, King's Sergeant-at-arms, is at the door with a message to the Speaker. He is allowed to cross the threshold after laying his mace aside. There is a deep silence. In His Majesty's name he requests the Speaker to deliver to him, under arrest for high treason, Mr. Denzil Hollis, and other four members. Mr. Francis is calmly enjoined to wait the pleasure of the House outside. Four members, two of whom are Privy Councillors, are sent to Whitehall to inform His Majesty that a message of such high gravity to the privileges of the Commons would receive serious and speedy consideration, and that in the meantime the five members would be ready to answer any legal accusation. The Serjeant of the House is ordered to break open the seals of the arrested property and to arrest the King's agents. Finally Mr. Francis is relieved from his tedious post at the door. The House adjourns for the day, and printed reports of its stout behaviour are rapidly spread over the city.

At an audience given that evening by the King to the deputation from the Commons, His Majesty stated that he would send his reply the first thing in the morning. That night he also despatched copies of the articles of treason to the four Inns of Court, with orders to attend at Whitehall in the morning; and sent a messenger to the Lord Mayor, who was to take especial care that none of the trained bands were raised to guard the Commons, but was to call them out if neces-

sary to shoot rioters with bullets or otherwise, and "destroy such of them as persist in their tumultuous ways and disorders." The deputies of the Commons, however, had forestalled him; the clocks of Whitehall had been going slow, and his Lordship had retired to rest when John Latche reached his destination. The Mayor promised, however, to open the letter in the morning in the presence of the sheriffs.

THE KING ENTERS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; THE BIRDS FLOWN, AND MR. SPEAKER REFUSES TO TELL WHITHER THEY HAVE GONE.

Charles had determined to make the final plunge next morning (4th January), by marching to the House of Commons with his guard of desperadoes and there entrapping the leaders. His heart failed him in the morning; but when the dark eyes of the Queen flashed on him, and she exclaimed, "Get along, poltroon! Go, pull these rogues out by the ears, or never look upon my face again!" his fears and scruples were overcome. He promised that if one hour elapsed without her hearing ill news of him, she would see him, when he returned, master of his kingdom. She waited in terrible suspense. The time mentioned by the King had probably passed by, when her bosom friend, Lady Carlisle, entered. "Rejoice," exclaimed the gushing Henrietta to Venus of the fair ivory face and soft, dark eyes, "for I hope that the King is now master in his States, and that Pym and his confederates are in custody." Within an hour this rash communication was imparted to Pym, for it was no secret that the noble dame was on intimate terms with the gallant old leader of the popular party. To the end of her days, Henrietta bitterly lamented her *malheureuse indiscretion*, and attributed her husband's ruin to the foolish disclosure of the meditated blow. At any rate, Pym and his associates were forewarned and forearmed.

The great tribune never acquitted himself with such effect as an adroit orator as when he rose in the House that morning with the articles of treason in his hand, and turned the edge of each keenly on the heart that had aimed them; each step he made was greeted with approval, and when he closed the defence, which he had converted with consummate skill into an indictment, loud shouts of "Well moved!" fell upon his ear. The great constitutional statesman paused only for an instant, and stepping forward again towards the table, he inquired of the Speaker whether it was not a breach of privilege to exhibit articles of treason by the King's hand? and—a still more ominous question—whether it was not also a grave breach of the privileges of Parliament for an armed guard to beset the doors of the House during such accusa-

tion of any member? It was then resolved that a conference should be held with the other House for the discovery of the authors and publishers of the "scandalous paper" (the articles of treason), and to consider the subject of the palace guard: three members were despatched to lay before the city council the dangers by which Parliament was environed, and a deputation was sent for information as to the alleged summons issued to the Inns of Court on the previous night.

After the dinner-hour had passed and the House had re-assembled, the news of the intended arrest was openly communicated. In the midst of a hurried discussion as to whether the five members should await the King's arrival, a certain French captain named Langres, who had clambered over the roofs of some neighbouring buildings, arrived breathless at the door and asked for Nathaniel Fiennes, Member for Banbury. A few words passed between the two gentlemen, and in a trice the House, which was already worked up to a pitch of terrible excitement, was informed by the Speaker that His Majesty was on his way from the palace with a large body of armed men. There was not a moment to be lost in debate. It was at once decided that the five members should withdraw. Strode exclaimed that he would stay and seal his innocence with his blood, and had to be dragged out into the barge that was waiting at Westminster Stairs. "Away we went. The King immediately came in, and was in the House before we got to the water."

The Speaker was sitting in silent dignity, with the mace before him, when the door opened and King Charles stepped into the House of Commons, "where never king was (as they say) but once King Henry the Eighth." The notorious Captain Hyde took his station in the open doorway, holding up his sheathed sword, while a force of several hundreds—including "a great number of officers of the late army, and men desperate of purpose and in fortune, armed some of them with halberds and swords, others with swords and pistols"—occupied the lobby and the floor of Westminster Hall. The whole House rose and uncovered at the entrance of the King, who walked forward with his eye fixed on the spot where the greatest of the impeached commoners was accustomed to sit. Bowing as he went along, he approached the Speaker, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I must for a time make bold with your chair."

"Gentlemen," said the King, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason; whereunto I did expect obedience and not a message."

After a few more words, in which he declared there was no such thing as privilege in cases of treason, he looked round the House and said, "I do not see any of them; I think I should know them."

When he asked, "Is Mr. Pym here?" the Speaker, who was by no means a man of invincible courage, rose for once to the true dignity of his office, and replied amid deep silence: "I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg Your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what Your Majesty is pleased to demand of me."

"Well," said the baffled and angry King, stammering badly, after he had "looked round about the House a pretty while to see if he could espy any of them," "since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. . . . I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them."

As the King passed out, the House that had hitherto been hushed in sullen silence hurled after him the words, "Privilege! Privilege!" and the doors of St. Stephen's were closed on him and his desperadoes, who seem to have anticipated a feast of blood. "Zounds! there are none of them here!" one of those worthy guards was heard to exclaim, "and we are never the better for our coming!" Discretion had in this instance proved the better part of valour, and there can be little doubt that if the five members—or any one of them, say the impetuous Strode—had remained, and their comrades stepped forward in their defence,

history might have had to tell the story of a fearful massacre instead of the prudent flight and triumphant return of its five members.

Pages more, and pages, too, of deepest interest, might be occupied with the story of the week of panic that followed in the city—of the adjournment of the House for a single week, and the meetings of its committee in the Guildhall and the Grocers' Hall, where brave words were uttered and prudent measures taken—of the King's visit to the city, when he invited himself to a grand banquet, whence he was pursued to the palace gate by the cries of thousands, "Parliament! Privileges of Parliament!"—how sober Captain Skippon was created Major-General of the London Militia, how four thousand gentlemen and yeomen from Bucks rode into the city to stand up for brave John Hampden and live and die with the Parliament, and how even the "water rats" sent up a petition to the Committee to be allowed to defend the return of the members to old St. Stephen's honoured walls, which never held so deep a place in the nation's heart as at that time. About the hour that the Committee closed its last day's proceedings in the Grocers' Hall, the King, seeing how thoroughly he was deserted, how pitiful a show he made in a city where a hundred thousand men were ready to watch his every step where thousands of Hampden's gallant yeomen rode defiant past his very gate, threw himself into his coach, as told at the opening of our little story; shortly afterwards sent his scheming wife across to Holland with the jewels in order to raise *materiel* for a conflict; tossed back churlishly the last remnant of loyalty that the people hugged in their stern British bosoms, and took the final and fatal step of setting up his standard—the standard of a traitor—at Nottingham, on the 22nd day of August, 1642.

M. M.





ROBESPIERRE. WOUNDED ON THE 9TH OF THERMIDOR.

THE 9TH OF THERMIDOR: THE STORY OF THE END OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

"But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."—MILTON'S *Paradise L. st.*

Marat and Charlotte Corday.—The Murder of Marat.—The Effects of Marat's Death.—The Law of the Suspected.—The Fate of the Captive Queen.—Progress of the "Terror"—How the Convention carried on the War—"Death to the Traitors!"—"Woe to the Cities of the Vanquished!"—The Republic on the Battle-field—The Fall of the Hébertists—Danton and his Followers; Their Struggle and their Extinction—The Darkest Period before the Dawn—The 9th of Thermidor—The End of the Terror and of the Terrorists.

MARAT AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY.



It has been told how on that 31st of May, 1793, when the Girondists were proscribed, the blood-stained trium-

virate of the Mountain was triumphant; but before the day when the famous twenty-two traversed Paris in the fatal tumbrils that went but one way and carried no return passengers, the most ruthless of the three

had been smitten by the hand of sudden vengeance,—a vengeance all the more remarkable in that the squalid, hideous, pitiless miscreant, whom the seething flood of revolution had flung up into a high place, whence he dominated and sickened the souls of men, was struck down by the feeble hand of a girl; even as that Eastern tyrant who, after being an object of terror to the undaunted Romans themselves, had his skull ignominiously battered in with the brick flung by the old woman from the wall of Argos.

At that time there lived in modest obscurity, almost in poverty, in the town of Caen in Normandy, a granddaughter of the great tragic poet, Pierre Corneille. Her name was Charlotte de Corday d'Armont. Her father was a provincial noble of long descent; but, as with the majority of the rural noblesse, his means were not proportionate to his rank; and after the death of his wife, he was glad, being left with five children, to procure admission for Charlotte, the second of his daughters, in the Abbaye aux Dames, a conventual establishment, where she earned a high reputation for piety, and was remarkable for a dreamy, speculative tendency of mind, through which she seemed to live rather in a phantom world of her own, than in the cares and interests of actual daily life.

She had returned to her quiet home on the suppression of the convents in 1792, with a soul filled with vague aspirations for the happiness of her country, and a mind confused by the turgid philosophy of the period. The story of the persecution endured by the Girondists at the hands of their victorious opponents of the Mountain, had roused a deep indignation in her heart. The proscriptions, the arbitrary imprisonments, the horrible September massacres, and the continual and sinister activity of "that sharp female recently born, and called *la Guillotine*," seemed to her to presage the rapid fall of the country she loved so well. Various of the leading Girondists, who had taken refuge at Caen from the persecution, were moreover her friends. Marat appeared to her as the odious personification of the tyranny that was raging against the best patriots, and the most zealous and honest public servants. And she resolved that the dagger of Harmodius, wielded by a female hand, should pierce the bosom of the tyrant who profaned the name of Liberty. She would sacrifice herself for the good of her country; and would account her own life well lost if she paid it as the price for the death of the bloodthirsty tyrant, the ruthless persecutor and common enemy of all. Danton and Robespierre appeared in her eyes as secondary personages, unworthy of her vengeance, as not having the power for evil which Marat's

boundless influence over the people gave to that sanguinary persecutor. She determined to proceed to Paris with the means of procuring an introduction to Marat; and for this purpose came several times to the official residence where the Girondist deputies were accustomed to assemble, and to receive those citizens who had business with them. She had two interviews with the young and gallant-looking Barbaroux, to the amusement of Péthion, who, with a smile, expressed his surprise at "the fair aristocrat who came to see the Republicans." The young girl blushed with indignation. "You judge me without knowing me, Citizen Péthion," she replied; "one day you will know what I am."

Under the pretext that she was going to solicit the favour of the Government on behalf of a friend, the daughter of an emigrant, she procured from Barbaroux a letter of introduction to Duperret, a Girondist deputy, who had not quitted the capital; and furnished with this, and with a passport for Argenton, she made her way to Paris. Her aunt seeing her in tears before her departure, asked the cause; and received the reply, "I weep for the misfortunes of my country, for those of my parents, and for yours; *so long as Marat lives*, no one's life will be safe for a single day." As a further proof of the determination with which the young girl's heart was filled, her aunt afterwards spoke to having found an open Bible on Charlotte's bed, after her niece's departure, open at the book of Judith, in the Apocrypha, with the passage underlined that tells how Judith went forth from the city endowed with marvellous beauty which the Lord had given her to deliver Israel. On the 11th of July she arrived in Paris. The next day she carried her letter of introduction to Duperret, whom she mysteriously counselled to quit the Convention of Paris, where he could be of no further service, and to join his colleagues at Caen without loss of time. She purchased a dagger-knife for three francs. After an ineffectual attempt to procure an interview with Marat, she obtained admittance by means of a letter, in which she told him that she brought important news from Caen which it behoved him to learn without delay.

The all-powerful leader of the people lived in a state of ostentatious poverty in a shabby and almost unfurnished set of rooms in what was then the Rue des Cordeliers. He was at the time sick of a low fever, but continued to write and harangue against his enemies with ceaseless activity. He received his visitor seated in a long slipper-bath, across which a plank had been laid to serve as a writing-table; and was at that moment writing a requisition to the Committee of Public Safety for the proscription of the remaining members of the Bourbon family

in France. He was covered up to the shoulders in a soiled sheet that left only his head and neck and one of his arms at liberty as he wrote. Squalid Marat questioned his visitor concerning the Girondist deputies who had taken refuge at Caen, and noted down their names as she mentioned them. "*C'est bien,*" said Marat; "within a week they shall all go to the guillotine."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Charlotte Corday, snatching the dagger from her bosom, plunged it with one sudden downward blow into the demagogue's heart. With a single frenzied cry for help, Marat fell back in his bath a dead man. The housekeeper and servant of Marat came running in at the noise, and raised an alarm. At their cries the people of the house came running in, soon followed by a crowd from the street; and amid an indescribable tumult, Charlotte Corday was secured by a party of soldiers, who could hardly protect her from the fury of the populace, raging to tear her limb from limb, and carried her off to the prison of the Abbaye. She replied with perfect calmness to the questions concerning her crime and its motive. "I saw civil war about to tear France," she said; "convinced that Marat was the principal cause of the perils and calamities of the country, I set the sacrifice of my life against his to save my native land." Pinned to her dress was an address to the French friends of the laws and of peace. When the president of the revolutionary tribunal, Montane, came to interrogate her next day, he was so touched by her youth, beauty, and courage that he made an attempt to save her life by attributing to insanity the crime she had committed; but she gloried in her work and persistently frustrated his efforts. Transported to the Conciergerie, she wrote a letter to Barboroux,—a strangely graphic production, describing all the circumstances of her crime and her arrest with a philosophic calmness, as if she were speaking not of herself but of some stranger. To her father she also wrote a kindly, affectionate letter, asking him to forget her, or rather to rejoice in her fate, and quoting the line of her grandfather, Corneille: "*Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'effaude.*"

At her trials she maintained the same appearance of inflexible determination. "Since when had you formed this design?" was one of the questions asked her; to which she replied, "Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested here. I have killed a man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the revolution."

In the short interval between her condemnation and the departure of the tumbler for the place of execution, she preserved her serenity unaltered. Her portrait was hastily

taken by an artist named Haner, whom she rewarded by cutting off for him with the executioner's scissors a lock of her long hair. She passed to her death as to a triumph, sitting with head erect in the rumbling death-cart, utterly indifferent to the angry shouts and execrations of the populace furious at the loss of the friend of the people." Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins had stationed themselves on the way to see her pass by.

"Such was the end of Marat," says Lamar-tine; "such was the end of Charlotte Corday. In the presence of murder, History dares not praise; in the presence of heroism, History dares not condemn. The appreciation of such an act places before the mind the terrible alternative to misjudge virtue or to praise assassination." When Vergniaud in his prison heard of Charlotte Corday's crime, condemnation, and death, he said: "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die."

THE EFFECTS OF THE MURDER OF MARAT.

Robespierre and Danton were not ill pleased to be rid of their formidable colleague, whose influence upon the fiercest of the Jacobins had always been a menace to them. They gladly conciliated public opinion among the "Sansculottes" by decreeing a magnificent public funeral to the dead man, at which the most extravagant and blasphemous panegyrics were pronounced in favour of the dead monster. His heart was deposited in the club of the Cordeliers, where an altar was voted to him. "Precious relics of a god!" cried an impassioned orator at the foot of the altar, "shall we be faithless to thy manes? Thou callst upon us to avenge thee, and thy murderers still breathe!" and pilgrimages and processions were instituted to the tomb of Marat. His name was in every mouth, and young girls dressed in white chanted funeral hymns around the *catafalques* in funeral processions in his honour in various parts of France.

The effect of the murder of Marat was the calling forth of a tremendous vengeance from the Jacobin party. A fury of hatred and suspicion appeared to seize the whole nation; no man was sure of his life; for suspicion pointed to the ardent republican as to the aristocrat and the royalist; the artisan was denounced equally with the *ci devant*;—it was the full development of the Reign of Terror. A great and fatal madness seemed to have seized upon the minds of men; "the time was out of joint," and the clang of the sharp blade of the guillotine, ever rising in its groove to descend on the neck of fresh victims, was to set it right.

Of the fate of the Girondist deputies in Paris, the twenty-two who were despatched together in the death-carts to the place of

execution, we have already spoken elsewhere. The fate of the other chiefs of that faction, the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen, was lamentable in the extreme. They were compelled to fly for their lives,—the bold Barbaroux, Guadet, Salles, Louvet, Valadi, Brizot, Péthion, once the idolized of Paris mobs, and the rest of them. They had to wander as outlaws through the country districts, in the attempt, vain in most cases, to get out of France and await better days elsewhere. They had to pass long days and nights, thirty-three hours at a stretch on one occasion, hidden in marshes, or in the bleak, rain-saturated fields, famishing, faint, tormented, and some of them with the pangs of sickness, and not daring to knock at any man's door and crave the shelter that the lowest beggar might have claimed in right of his hunger and destitution. Some, like Guadet, Salles, and Valadi, were taken and guillotined at Bordeaux and elsewhere; Louvet, after "hair-breadth escapes that would fill three romances," contrives to elude spies and pursuers, and to escape into Switzerland. Barbaroux, worn out by months of hardship and continual harassment, at length mistakes an approaching crowd of peasants gathered on a holiday for a horde of Jacobins approaching to capture him, and puts an end to his life with a pistol. Stern Roland also, driven to despair when he hears that his heroic wife has been guillotined in Paris, perishes by his own hand. Péthion and Brizot died miserably of famine, their dead bodies being found, gnawed by dogs, in their last place of refuge. The saying of Vergniaud that the Revolution, like the fabled Saturn, was devouring its children, proved itself true.

"CRY HAVOC, AND LET SLIP THE DOGS
OF WAR."

The people were exasperated at the loss of their squalid idol Marat; the general anger was raised to boiling point by the news from the frontier concerning the war. The lines in the *Marseillaise*, in which the Frenchman is desired to hearken to fierce invading soldiery yelling in his fields, was likely to become dismally significant. For on the 26th of July, the Duke of York succeeded in taking Valenciennes, and quickly proceeded to invest Dunkirk; at Weissenbourg, destined in future days to be memorable in a new struggle between Frenchmen and Germans, the Austrians forced the lines of defence, and are actually marching into French territory. If ever France and the Republic were in danger, they are so now; and no sacrifice must be shunned by good patriots to meet the threatened peril. To the Committee of Public Weal (*Salut Public*) founded some six months before, unlimited

powers were given, at the proposal of Danton; a larger Committee, that of the Public Safety (*Sûreté Générale*), was at work as its subordinate; and the forty-four thousand Jacobin Clubs throughout France support the victorious faction of the Mountain; the sectionaries being now paid by law, the sum of forty sous a day, for their services at the meetings. Then the action of the revolutionary tribunals became more stern, swift, and pitiless than ever; the full violence of the Reign of Terror raged throughout France. Then was passed that "Law of the Suspected," according to which proof was no longer required, but mere suspicion was enough to deprive any man, woman, or child of liberty and life; for on the mere denunciation of a person as suspected, without any shadow of evidence, he was immediately consigned to prison, which in most cases he only left to pass in swift succession through the stages of judgment, condemnation, and execution.

The system of government by the party in power is indeed "writ large," that all who run may read,—to bring down swift retribution on the head of every plotter at home, and thus silence every opposing voice in the dumb terror of submission; to oppose the invasion from abroad to the last man and the last cartridge; for which purpose a "levy in mass" is ordered of all the combatant population. It is publicly declared that France is in danger, and that she has risen against tyrants; and woe to the general who shall now attempt to play the game of Dumouriez, and draw upon himself the wrath of that terrible Committee of Public Safety! Several incur suspicion, among them brave Custine, formerly so successful against his country's enemies, the idol of his soldiers. A Commissioner appeared in his camp to arrest him, and convey him to Paris for trial. The soldiers murmur, and are inclined to resist any attempt to carry their general away from them; conscious in their hearts, probably, of the utter hopelessness of the acquittal of any prisoner once brought forward for trial. But the Commissioner is a bold, dauntless man, suited for those iron times; he has come for Custine, and Custine he must have. "Wilt thou answer for his innocence with thy head?" he demands of a remonstrating sergeant. "If your general is guiltless, he will be set at liberty; if guilty, he will pay the forfeit—and woe to traitors and conspirators!" To Paris accordingly was brave Custine hurried off. At his trial he defended himself with an energy and eloquence rare even in those fiery days; so completely did he vindicate himself from every charge but that of ill-success, that even before such judges and such a tribunal it was thought an acquittal must follow; and the prisoner himself looked confidently for the verdict. It

was Guilty; and the sentence the usual one of death, to be inflicted within twenty-four hours; and Custine, brave soldier though he was, sunk down on his knees, overwhelmed by the sudden surprise, and by the revulsion from hope to despair; remaining speechless and motionless for two hours; then indeed dying with a sufficiency of calm dignity, but with a bitter feeling in his heart of the injustice and ingratitude that requited with the felon's doom such services as he had rendered to the Republic.

Towns there were also, important places such as Lyons, Bordeaux, Toulon, and others, inclined to favour the Girondists, and even the Royalists. Against Lyons, Dubois-Crancé the Montagnard was despatched with orders to bombard the place,—a command which he carried out with unsparing severity. After a long and vigorous resistance, and the enduring of all the severest hardships of war, the place surrendered, and the order went forth that the disobedient city was to be razed to the ground, and its very name was to disappear from the list of the towns of France. But not even the ruthlessness of a revolutionary government can wipe out of existence such a city as Lyons, and the attention of the Committee was diverted to other objects in the enormous swiftness with which events moved onwards in those weeks of blood and crime.

THE FATE OF THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

With an Austrian army knocking at its gates, and even bursting through the barriers of its frontier land, it was natural that the anger of a people roused to vindictive fury should turn once more to that doleful prison of the Temple, where languished the dis-crowned, widowed Queen, the "Austrian" whose name had been associated from the first with every burning thought of wrong and

vengeance. Never surely, in an age that boasted of civilization, and in a country where bells had knolled to church, had a queen been subjected to such a fate as had befallen the most unhappy daughter of the haughty Empress-queen Maria Theresa. Surely the vanity of human wishes and the frailty of human greatness had never been more impressively illustrated than in the history of Marie Antoinette. Burke, the



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

great orator, in his place in the House of Commons, described how in earlier days he had seen her shining like a bright particular star amid all the splendour of the French Court, when it seemed as though a thousand blades would leap from their scabbards to avenge the slightest insult offered to her. Now she was sitting in a dungeon, a desolate captive, the "Widow Capet," exposed to outrage from the brutality of municipal guards, and the vulgarest of coarse *parvenu* officials. She had seen her husband, whose chivalrous respect

for "the Queen" was one of the best traits in his amiable though weak nature, torn from her, to be carried off to the scaffold. At dead of night her persecutors had appeared, to drag from her arms her only boy, the unhappy little Dauphin, whom the mockery of fate has chronicled as Louis XVII. in the chronicle of the French Kings, and whose last days of royalty were passed under the tyranny of the brutal cobbler Simon, and whom merciful Death at last set free from bodily and mental misery. She had now for consolation in her dreary captivity only the affection of her daughter, the Princess Marie, destined to be the only one among the group of royal captives in the Temple who was to survive those days of horror, and the piety of the excellent Madame Elisabeth, the sister of the dead King, who bore her sufferings with the constancy and resignation of a martyr. To any ordinary view, it might appear that the Queen, in the depths of her misfortune, had sunk below the fiery horizon of politics, and might be left unmolested in her wretchedness. But it was declared that there had been plots for her liberation, and on the subject of conspiracy and plotting the French were at that time stark mad. Besides, the exhibition of the ex-Queen, the "Austrian," brought to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, would be sweet in the eyes of the nation, and an acceptable offering from the Government to the sovereign people, in the Year 3 of the Republic of liberty, equality, fraternity, and death. It would be a living proof that the justice of the incorruptible rulers, like Death itself, knocked equally at the doors of kings and peasants. Accordingly it was resolved that the "Widow Capet" should be brought to her trial. The parting from her daughter and her sister-in-law was as the bitterness of death to the unhappy Queen. She solemnly embraced and blessed the princess, and commended both her children to the care and affection of Madame Elisabeth, and bade her fellow-captives a last farewell. Then she quietly turned away to accompany the emissaries who had come to convey her to that antichamber of death, the Conciergerie. In passing out she struck her forehead violently against the stone above the portal. One of the guards, more humane than the rest, asked if she had hurt herself. She replied that nothing in the world could hurt her now.

The public accuser, Fouquier Tinville, conducted the prosecution against her. In general her attitude was that of weary indifference, as of one who has to pass through a harassing set of forms, and wishes the infliction were over. Once only she flashed out in indignant scorn, when she appealed to all the mothers present in the court against a horrible accusation of profligacy brought against her by Fouquier Tinville. She had

been immured in a cell in the Conciergerie from the 21st of August, and it was now the middle of October. Those weeks of solitary imprisonment had told upon the captive. She was only thirty-seven years of age, but she looked an old, gray, faded woman. But she met her accusers and the howling crowd who thirsted for her blood with all the dignity of a queen. When accused of having abused the weakness of the King, she quietly replied that she had not considered his character as weak, that she was his wife and had made it her pleasure as it was her duty, to obey him in all things." The genius of Delaroché has portrayed for the world the aspect of the gray, discrowned queen passing along from the court to the prison after her condemnation; the woeful eyes, dim with much weeping, staring straight out before her, but the haughty mouth still compressed into an expression of ineffable scorn for the howling viragoes who insult her on her way. It was the 15th of October, at four o'clock in the morning, that she was brought from the hall of judgment to the gloomy apartment where the condemned awaited the arrival of the executioner. The last day of her life was dawning; when she sat down to write a letter full of blessings and thanks to her sister-in-law, a gleam of the queenly pride of her nature flashed up even in these the last words she was to write on earth. She had the greatest abhorrence of the priests who had taken the oath to the republic. "As my actions are not free," she writes, "they will perhaps send me a priest. But I protest here that I shall not say a word to him, and shall treat him as an entirely strange being."

After finishing this letter, the Queen slept for a few hours. She then changed the black gown she had worn until then for a white robe. Her cap was white also, but with a black riband, in token of the mourning she wore for her husband. At eleven o'clock the guards and executioners appeared. The Queen herself cut off her hair, and quietly submitted to have her hands bound, and with a firm step walked between the hedges of bayonets towards the portal of the prison, to start on that last dreary death-ride. She recoiled for a moment when she caught sight of the vile tumbrel waiting for her; she had expected at least to be conveyed in a carriage to the scaffold, as her husband had been; but "equality" was one of the watchwords of the time; and the terrorists could gain popularity from the fact of making no difference between the Queen of France and the humblest prisoner convicted of conspiring against the Republic one and indivisible.

The first part of the death-journey was through one of the lowest quarters of Paris, and the mob had turned out in its thousands, including a large number of the vilest and most degraded women, to scoff and jeer at

the death-doomed victim, who had once been the proudest of queens. The vilest execration, the most horrible gutter epithets, were showered upon the prisoner, whose cheeks were purple with shame, and who seemed anxious to hide her head from the sight of the horrible furies yelling and blaspheming about her. As the tumbril jolted slowly along over the rough stone pavements, the Queen, with her bound hands, tottered, and could with difficulty keep her balance. The crowd noticed it, and yelled with delight, shouting, "These are not thy cushions of Trianon!" But after a time the course lay through a quieter quarter; the yells ceased, and the Queen could wend to her death with head erect and unquailing courage. As the procession passed through the Rue St. Honoré she was noticed to look fixedly at the upper windows of a house, and then to bow her head. In an upper chamber of that house a priest of her own religion was concealed, waiting to give her the last blessing as she passed. Unable with her bound hands to make the sign of the cross, she moved her head slowly forward, and from side to side, as a sign of faith. After that the only token of emotion she is said to have given was when the death-cart passed near the entrance of the Tuileries, where she had ruled with such supreme and brilliant sway. A few tears dropped from the heavy eyes as she looked her last at the "theatre of her greatness and of her fall." Presently the cart stopped at the foot of the scaffold. The Queen mounted to the platform with a firm, majestic step. Treading inadvertently on the executioner's foot, she asked his pardon as calmly and grandly as she would have addressed a courtier at Versailles. She did not, like the King, address any words to the bystanders from the scaffold. When her lifeless head was shown to the populace, a frantic shout of "*Vive la République!*" arose. Carlyle has described, in one of the most eloquent passages he ever wrote, that terrible ride of the discrowned Queen. "Is there a man's heart," he asks, "that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow wasting ignominy? . . . Look there, O man born of woman! The bloom on that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping; the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the world. The death hurdle where thou sittest pale and motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people drunk with vengeance will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell. . . . O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified—who, also treading the

winepress *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper, and triumphed over it, and made it holy, and built of it a 'sanctuary of sorrow' for thee and all the wretched."

PROGRESS OF THE TERROR; HOW THE CONVENTION CARRIED ON THE WAR.

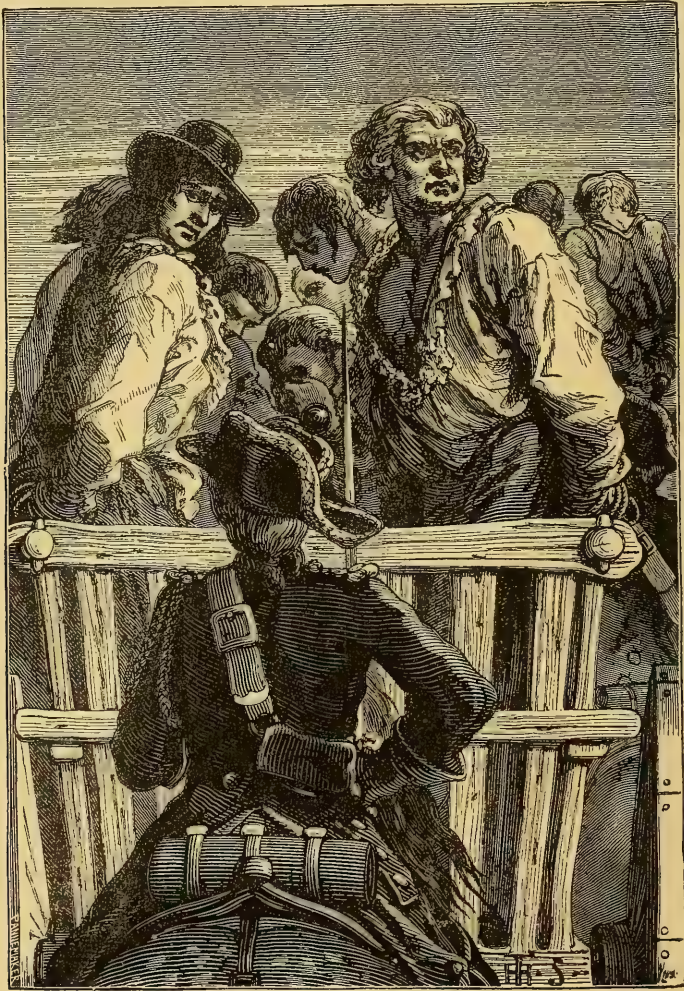
The execution of the Queen and the proscription and death of the Girondist chiefs, mark an epoch in the downward course of the Revolution. For now there is no semblance of pity, no sense of shame, no recoiling before the horrible; all but one idea seems to be abandoned. Like Shakespeare's guilty thane the Republic had "in blood stepped in so far, returning were as tedious as go o'er." The Law of the Suspected rendered every man's life so utterly insecure, and threw the shadow of the guillotine so gloomily across every hearth, that men went mad with a kind of furious fever, denouncing their neighbours, and sometimes even themselves, in what appeared to be mere impulses of mad excitement. To be apparently in the possession of means, and to employ those means in purchasing the luxuries and conveniences of life, was to be at once suspected; for were not the armies of the nation suffering, marching with never a shoe to their feet, enduring want and hunger and cold in the face of the enemy at the frontier? And what was the duty of a good patriot if not to devote his means, his time, and all his energies to the relief and succour of those heroic troops? Accordingly, wealth and competence abandoned the use of all superfluities until such time as they should be once more safe, and put down its carriages and lacqueys,—by the way, there were no lacqueys left, but only helps,—and trudged on foot, and put on coarse attire, the carmagnole and the red cap, and strove thus to tide in safety over the period of peril. For the sharp female "*La Guillotine*" is more hungry than ever; and the batches of victims became larger day by day: their passive acquiescence in the present state of things will no longer serve; there must be active promotion of the Republic one and indivisible; and as the perils thicken from foreign armies beyond the frontier, and surviving Girondist partisans, and worse still, from concealed or open royalist partisans and would-be restorers of the old state of things, when the inhabitants of France were divided into tyrants and slaves, "What hast thou done that thou wouldst be hanged for, if the counter-revolution triumphed?" has been sternly promulgated by authority as the test by which a true patriot was to be tried.

The revolution had now reached the stage when her children were her daily food; and thus not only Madame Roland the Girondist was executed, with many more who had been enthusiastic partisans of liberty and progress,

but not even the Jacobinism of the Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité, could save him in the day when "high-sighted tyranny," as represented by the most ruthless form of mob law, "ranged on, and each man fell by lottery." And thus, on the 6th of November, 1793, Orleans, who had voted for the death of his cousin the King, and had outheroed

with the traitor Dumouriez months before, was making his way to Switzerland, there to earn his living as best he might by teaching mathematics. and destined, more than a generation later, to sit on the throne as Louis Philippe, King of the French, the chief of the most unreal of constitutional monarchies.

A very different victim was immolated at



DANTON GOING TO THE GUILLOTINE.

Herod in his assumption of republicanism, was obliged to mount those fatal steps, dying with a grim cynical composure, and a shrug of utter disdain for the sovereign people, urging the executioner to despatch, and reminding that functionary, who wished to remove his boots, that they "would come off more easily *afterwards*." Meanwhile, his son, the Duke de Chartres, who had fled

the shrine of St. Guillotine only a few days later, in the person of Bailly, once the President of the National Assembly and Mayor of Paris,—illustrious astronomer, moderate politician, and the most honest among the advocates for improvement and reform, but doomed to death, as Carlyle forcibly expresses it, for leaving his astronomy to meddle with revolution. The increasing ferocity and

THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR.

utterly pitiless temper of the Paris mob, growing more bloodthirsty day by day, was nowhere more clearly seen than in the cruel circumstances of the execution of the innocent old man. They flung in his face the red flag as they dragged him to execution ; they prolonged his agony through hour after hour of the cold, bleak November day, dragging

ing spectator. "Yes, my friend," was the undaunted reply, "but it is with cold !" And thus, with the heroic courage which was a characteristic of all ranks during that strange period, he died.

Another phase of the revolutionary madness was shown in the furious outbreak of anger and contempt against all that had till



CHARLOTTE CORDAY STABS MARAT.

him first to the Champ de Mars, and then setting up the guillotine in a distant spot on the borders of the Seine, on the pretext that the place where the altar of Liberty had stood would be desecrated by the death of a traitor. Meekly and submissively the old man bore every indignity, accepting with heroic calmness all the ignominy of that dark hour. "You're trembling, Bailly," shouted an insu't-

then excited reverence and respect among men, and chiefly against religion. The royalism of the priests had much to do with this. The churches were now desecrated, their treasures plundered, the leaden statues, roof coverings, and decorations carried off to be used for the casting of bullets. The worship of God is considered a delusion, a relic of the priestly tyranny that has been swept away.

Henceforth Liberty is to be worshipped, and Reason; and in the year 1793, accordingly an actress, dressed in a blue robe, and bedizened that she may allegorically represent Reason, is paraded about Paris to personify the idea penetrating into the National Convention itself. Away, too, with the old reckoning of time, the old calendar, the record of slavery and superstition. The French nation, regenerated by Liberty, should have a new reckoning, the world starting fresh, as it were, from the founding of the Republic one and indivisible, which was to be the year *one*,—to be to the French what the building of the city was to the Roman, the birth of the Saviour to the Christian, the Megira to the Mahometan, a starting-point from which time should be computed,—*L'an I. de République*. And the old division into months and weeks again was to vanish away, the months being superseded by twelve periods of thirty days each, such as *Frimaire*, the cold or frost time; *Ventose*, the windy; *Thermidor*, the heat time; *Brumaire*, the foggy; *Pluviose*, the rainy time; *Fructidor*, the fruit season, etc., etc.; the five days of the year not provided for by this arrangement being considered as holidays, with an additional one for leap-year. For the weeks were to be substituted periods of ten days, so as to include exactly three in each of the new months—the tenth day, or *Decadi*, being kept as a holiday.

Thus wild excitement and change at home, a frenzy pervaded by the guillotine, kept up the Reign of Terror; but abroad there was war and danger and threatening of failure—indeed, reality of failure in some cases, for which the generals of the armies were made, like Custine, to pay with their heads; and among those who thus perished was a General Beauharnais, who left behind him a widow, Josephine, immured in a Paris prison, who very narrowly escaped the fate of furnishing an item in the “supply” provided daily for the guillotine, which represented with its rapid beat the whole machine of government. Commissioners from the Convention and from the terrible Committee of Public Safety were despatched to the armies and to the communities of various towns, with authority of oyer and terminer with a vengeance,—unlimited authority of life and death. These men, formidable in their official plumed hats and tricolored scarves, were sent on missions throughout the country to collect what was necessary for the armies, or to see that it was collected, to stamp out treason, and to take cognisance of all lukewarmness and disaffection. Thus St. Just and Lebon came to Strasbourg to exhort the citizens to do their duty to the army. Ten thousand pairs of shoes were required immediately; let all good citizens strip off their shoes and send them to the army. A thousand

beds, too, are required; let those thousand beds be despatched within twenty-four hours. Good citizens were to spare neither house nor field, life nor limb, in the strife against the enemies of the Republic in the days when it became a crime “to have done nothing to further its interests.”

DEATH TO TRAITORS! WOE TO THE CITIES OF THE VANQUISHED! TOULON, NANTES.

The enemies of France, England foremost among them, were vigorously prosecuting the war against the Convention; receiving much aid and comfort from the disaffection in the country itself, where Girondists and Royalists abounded in certain districts, kept only in partial subjection by the terror and the ever-present guillotine. Toulon had declared against the Republic, and admitted into its harbour a British fleet; therefore the fiat went forth that Toulon was to be besieged, and swept away from the face of the earth. The duty of besieging the royalist town was entrusted to stern old General Dugommier, a tried veteran, who would not flinch; and commanding in the Artillery was a taciturn young Corsican, Colonel Bonaparte, shortly destined to do some very notable things,—a young Hannibal, vigilant, frugal, and abstemious, able, like the great Carthaginian, to do with a little sleep snatched among the soldiers by the watch-fires of the camp. This young Bonaparte it was who suggested to Dugommier the plan of capturing the city by concentrating the attack upon one vulnerable point, the possession of which would place the ships of the English under fire; which being done, Lord Hood's fleet was fain to sail away out of the harbour, after taking on board such Royalists as chose to withdraw themselves in this fashion from the vengeance certain to descend on the city so soon as the victors made their entry into its streets.

A great and signal triumph for the Republic was the capture of this great arsenal city, with its docks and storehouses and ships of war; and signal was the vengeance taken by the victors, by means of the guillotine and wholesale fusillading of prisoners; but the threat of razing Toulon with the ground could not be carried out. Prominent among the horrors of that wicked frenzied time stands forth the fate of Nantes, the great city in the west. Thither was despatched as a representative, Carrier, exceptionally ruthless even among the emissaries of that merciless government. The proconsul at once commenced holding an assize of blood; the ordinary process of death by the guillotine was too slow for Carrier and his myrmidons; some method of more wholesale slaughter must be discovered, and the presence of the glorious river, the Loire, furnished the means required. Large

barges were filled with prisoners, who had been condemned to be transported (*déportation*). The hatches were secured over the prisoners, and the barges towed out into mid stream. Then holes were broken, from without, in the sides of the barges, so that the whole freight sank together, and the "*noyade*," or wholesale drowning, gave a respite to the over-worked guillotine. The ferocious banter of the ruffianly perpetrators designated these wholesale drownings as "vertical transportations." A horrible ingenuity in torture was displayed in the murders done by Carrier and his subordinates. Perhaps the worst was that fiendish device of tying men and women together, and thus launching them into the waters of the Loire—republican marriages, these atrocities were called; while a fusillade of prisoners, with which the day's proceedings closed, was termed, in ferocious jest, "Citizen Carrier's evening prayer." At a later period, when called to account, under a subsequent Government, for these atrocious proceedings, Carrier, who proved a thorough cur, attempted to make out, as indeed might have been the case, that things not sanctioned by himself had been done in his name, and that the reports of what had actually been done were exaggerated; but abundance of evidence exists to utterly condemn him as a monster in the eyes of mankind. But the main object was gained. "Royalism is dead," says Carlyle, "sunk, as they say, in the mud of the Loire. Republicanism dominates without and within;" though not without a fierce and deadly struggle in both cases.

THE REPUBLIC ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

The headings and drownings, the fusillades of Lyons, the wholesale drownings at Nantes, and the horrors enacted everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the country were the shame of the Revolution; the conduct of the nation in the fierce war for the existence of the Republic formed its glory. Never had a war been thus carried on. One thing appears certain, as an unchanging truth amid the shifting scenes and changes of that tremendous time,—the determination of the people to maintain the Republic. As a guiding central power, combining into united action the scattered armies that had been bravely but almost hopelessly striving to hold their own against the invaders of the country, towered the military genius of Carnot, regulating and arranging, indefatigably urging the generals, by the commissioners despatched to their camps, to "do their duty." Of him it may justly be said, as Addison wrote of Marlborough, that he "inspired repulsed battalions to engage, And taught the doubtful battle where to rage." The levies *en masse* had produced a splendid number of soldiers; rough indeed, and probably very imperfect

in their drill, and dressed and accoutred in a manner that would have made a Prussian serjeant's soul to be heavy within him, but full of ardour and zeal, and as hard as the muskets they carried. France was turned into a huge arsenal,"—everywhere there was hammering of gunlocks and forging of cannon and manufacturing of gunpowder. With the generals, too, the alternative of victory or death became more than ever a grim reality. Thus Dampierre, the successor of Dumouriez in the army of the Netherlands against the Austrians, had been ordered by the Convention to attack the Austrian army that lay between Maubeuge and Saint Amand. The task was simply a hopeless one, as Dampierre knew well; but there was nothing for it but to obey. After being driven back five times with great slaughter, the general was seen by his son, who acted as his aide-de-camp, to place himself on horseback at the head of a few picked men, to advance against a redoubt. The young man ventured to remonstrate against the father's thus sacrificing himself, declaring that death would be here equally certain and useless. "I know that, my friend," answered the old general, "but I would rather die on the field of honour than under the axe of the guillotine." A few moments later he was lying, mortally wounded by a cannon ball, upon a heap of slain.

Everywhere the gaunt, hungry, ragged, indomitable battalions of the French hurled back the enemy across the frontier; in many cases pursuing them hotly, and pouring onward in a resistless tide. Thus brave Dugommier, of Toulon celebrity, carried the war into Spain, and there perished gloriously, after gaining such successes as assured the French from molestation from that quarter for a long time. In these wonderful armies, too, serjeants who proved themselves possessed of extraordinary talent, developed in a rapid and bewildering way into generals; such as Serjeant Hoche, who became the leader of an army, and did some remarkable things on the Rhine and elsewhere; Serjeant Pichegru, once a teacher of Mathematics in the military school of Brienne, where one Napoleon Bonaparte had been his pupil, and who now showed how mathematics could be applied to war; Serjeant Bernadotte, destined before his career was ended to be a king; Serjeant Junot, who had attracted the approving notice of the Artillery officer Bonaparte before Toulon; and various others. France was also fortunate in her opponents, who, with the exception of England, were but half hearted in the cause. Austria and Prussia watched each other with mutual jealousy. Russia and Sweden were not disposed to take any very active measures. And thus against the fiery energy and unceasing activity of Carnot was set a dilatori-

ness that was of infinite service to him. The new tactics, moreover, fairly bewildered the commanders of the old school, whose hesitation gave just the respite required by the new levies of the French to learn the rudiments of an art quickly acquired by a military people. Thoroughly roused, the French marched forth, with the motto, "The French people risen against tyrants" on their banner. "From the central Carnot in *Salut Public* to the outmost drummer on the frontiers," says Carlyle, "men strove for their Republic. . . . Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by-and-by acknowledge his sins and the Republic; and make a peace of Bâle."

Presently there comes news to Paris which causes much shouting and jubilation. "The army of the north does not cease to merit well of its country," runs the despatch. A great victory has been gained. The German general, Walmoden, is utterly discomfited, and the Duke of York, son of George the Third, has been obliged to raise the siege of Dunkirk suddenly, after losing many valuable lives, and burning much expensive powder. About which time also, M. le Marquis, who is now to be met in Newgate Street, with a rough deal on his shoulder, adze and jack-plane under arm,—he has taken to the joiner trade, it being necessary to live,—begins to have an idea that this pestilent revolution will take more trouble to put down, and may in its desperate effrontery last longer than he had at first supposed, and that in some way the results of the coalition are not altogether satisfactory; and that it may even be necessary for Madame la Marquise to turn that exquisite taste she is acknowledged to possess in matters of dress to a means of living by becoming a *modeste*, which, as Mr. Samuel Pepys says of his various embarrassments, "does trouble him in his mind." For through all his bewilderment he sees, that be the frenzy in France never so wild the Republic is growing stronger day by day.

THE FALL OF THE HÉBERTISTS.

And now, in the tremendous frenzy that had seized upon the minds of men, impelling them forward in the headlong, rushing flood of revolution, as if carried along by a mighty tide, without any volition of their own, or even the power to guide their course, as the waters bore them onward, the Convention itself, now that the opposition of the Gironde had been overcome with such blood-stained triumph, was a scene of suspicion and distrust, even in the dominant Mountain itself, which was split up into factions, which quickly became so hostile that they were ready to tear one another to pieces. Among these factions there were three chief divisions.

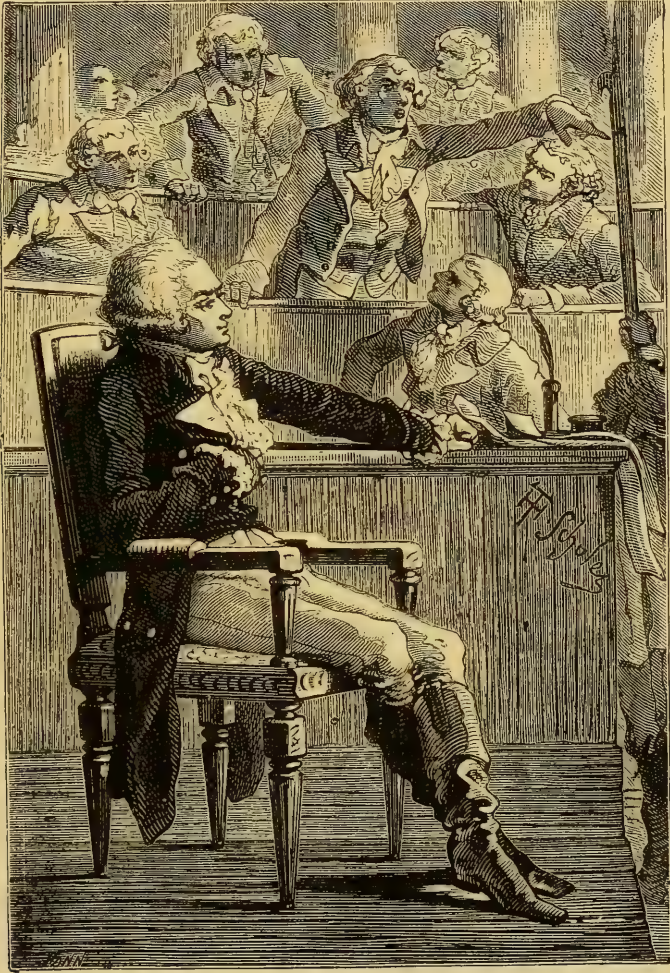
First and foremost, most noisy and blatant of all, shrieking defiance, and breathing out threatenings and slaughters against all who were not "thorough," to the extent of wishing, like Nero, that their enemies had but one neck, and might therefore be exterminated at a blow, stood the Madmen's faction, the *Enragés*, supported by the frantic Cordelier club, with its tremendous influence over the mob of Paris and its ramifications throughout the country. The leaders of this party were Hébert, Momoro, Anacharsis Clootz, and Ronsin Chaumétte, the chief promoter of the infamous Law of the Suspected, and others; followed by a gang ready to go to any length in hanging, shooting, and drowning, identifying the successful march of the Revolution with the activity of the guillotine, and urged on by Hébert, their chief, to ever wilder deeds of violence; bent on intensifying the Terror, and mainly desirous that more and more heads might fall every day, as a sweet sacrifice to the genius of Liberty.

Thus, in his infamous paper, the *Père Duchesne*, and in frantic speeches spoken in the Cordelier club, Hébert poured forth a fiery flood of rabid denunciation, declaring that he had "held his tongue and his heart these two months at sight of Moderates, Crypto Aristocrats, Canvilles, *Scélérats* in the Convention itself, but could not do it any longer; would, if remedy were not, invade the sacred right of Insurrection." Opposed to these stood the faction of Danton and Camille Desmoulins, men who could hardly be accused of lukewarmness in the cause of the Revolution, as evidenced by their action on the 10th of August and the days of September, 1793, but who began to grow weary of bloodshed and horror. Between the two stood Robespierre the *incorruptible*, with his sinister face and sea-green complexion, his indomitable perseverance and enormous ambition, distrusting both alike, and cherishing his own wild scheme of building up a regenerate republic when all opposition should have been quelled, and the hostile factions should have been compelled to submit to him. Among his chief supporters was St. Just.

Suddenly, on the 15th of March, a blow was struck by Robespierre which made the ears of even the most advanced revolutionists to tingle. Hébert and his chief associates were arrested and thrown into the prison of the Luxembourg, their arrival there being hailed with jeering surprise and delight by numerous denizens of that abode of woe, whom they had sent thither, and whom they were thus at a moment's notice sent to join. The accusation against them was that they were concealed traitors, who by their actions were playing into the hands of the enemies of the Republic, especially of the English Minister

Pitt, "the enemy of the human race," by making the Government odious, and discrediting the Revolution itself by their crimes; that their plundering of the churches, their worship of the Goddess of Reason, and other similar proceedings, had had this end in view, whereat the Cordelier club stood aghast with sudden dismay. According to the fashion of those

vendors, the "grand choler of the *Père Duchesne*." And thus had the Revolution devoured another company of its children, for no less than nineteen Hébertists made the fatal journey on the 24th of March, 1794. As Carlyle wisely observes, in writing of these things, "All anarchy is not only destructive, but self-destructive."



ROBESPIERRE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

headlong times, judgment quickly followed arrest; and within a few days Hébert and his associates mounted the steps of the guillotine; the mob, thirsty for blood, and caring little who were the victims so long as the daily spectacle of murder was exhibited, surrounded the death-carts gleefully as the *Enragés* went to their doom, and jeeringly calling out, after the manner of newspaper

DANTON AND HIS FOLLOWERS; THEIR STRUGGLE AND THEIR EXTINCTION.

The blow that had fallen upon Hébert and his faction was so tremendous, so unexpected, and so rapid,—only nine days intervening between the arrest of the chiefs of the Madmen's faction and their execution,—that a general panic was spread throughout

the capital. Men began to look on one another in blank dismay, ready to ask, with Mark Antony in Shakespeare's play, "Who next must be let blood, who else is rank?" Whom would Robespierre the incorruptible think it necessary to sacrifice next for the safety of the Republic?

One thing appeared clear to many who watched the signs of those troublous days with a sagacity sharpened by the sense of their own peril, namely, that there was not room for Robespierre and Danton in the same Government; and that the natural antagonism between the great, loud-voiced, fiery revolutionist, the man of action, advocating audacity and the bold confronting of peril, the *man* of the Revolution, and the "poor, spasmodic, incorruptible pedant, with a logic formula instead of a heart, the "wind-bag" of the Revolution, could not continue. But bound as Robespierre was to Danton, who had been long his friend, and frequently his defender, it seemed impossible that ingratitude should go so far as to make him compass his colleague's ruin. Moreover, Danton had been such a towering figure during the whole period of storm and stress, had been so identified with popular struggles and popular triumphs, that it seemed as though policy, if no higher feeling, would induce the Incorruptible to remain on good terms with such a man; and so thought Danton himself.

For his own part, he was wearied and disgusted by the brawling in the Convention and the ruthless system of legalised murder and massacre. He had, moreover, married a young wife; and withdrawing himself for a time from public affairs, was enjoying what domestic happiness and rest could be snatched at such a time in his native place, Arcis, from whence he was summoned in hot haste by his friends, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux, and others of their faction, who understood the full significance of late events, and saw that in the presence of a man who could annihilate Hébert and his faction, no man was safe. Accordingly Danton raised the voice of remonstrance in the Convention against the indiscriminate course of proceeding lately adopted, declaring that while the enemies of the Republic ought to be punished, the innocent should not be confounded with the guilty. With unparalleled shamelessness, Robespierre declared there was no proof that a single innocent person had perished. "What do you think of that, Fabricius?" exclaimed Danton, with grim irony, to one of his friends. A hollow reconciliation, patched up for the moment between him and Robespierre, retarded the course of events only for a few days. Several of his friends, seeing what was impending, urged him to fly; his wife added her solicitation to theirs; but the giant

was not to be moved. Even when told by one who had the best sources of information that the warrant for his arrest had been made out, he only replied: "They would not dare;" and retired to bed as usual, to be aroused at midnight by functionaries who carried him off to prison.

Thus, again, the gloomy Luxembourg gaol receives a strange group of captives, to occupy the places so lately vacated by Hébert and his ruffianly gang. Even in the Convention some feeble efforts are made for Danton, Legendre proposing that he should be heard at the bar, as a preliminary to, perhaps a substitute for, indictment; but Robespierre would not allow it. Danton must submit to the usual mode of procedure. With the "Incorruptible," no distinction can be made between persons. The great Revolutionist himself seems to have been bewildered with the suddenness of the fate that had fallen upon him; and declared in the prison that everything would be left in a horrible confusion, for that not one of the men then dominant knew anything about government: prophetically also he asserted that in his fall he should drag down Robespierre. "Better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle in the government of men," he bitterly exclaimed. Before his judges he bore himself with proud, disdainful resolution; answered to the formal question respecting his name, that it was Danton, tolerably well known in the Revolution; indignantly denounced the indictment against him, which accused him of having hung back on the 10th of August, as a mass of lies; protested against being ranked with speculators and cheats; covered the supporters of Robespierre with withering scorn, and raised such a feeling in his favour that he stood a good chance of triumphant acquittal; which consummation was only prevented by a law passed in hot haste by the Committee of Public Safety, decreeing that whoever insulted justice should have his mouth closed, and declaring that Danton and his colleagues stood in that predicament. For Camille Desmoulins there was less chance. He had in his newspaper, the *Vieux Cordeliers*, denounced with pungent wit and burning satire the 'bloodthirsty absurdities of those new Cordeliers, Hébert and the rest, who had done their best to make Paris a shambles, and to spread massacre throughout France. The power of Robespierre reduced all remonstrance and all compunction for the time to terrified silence; and the sentence of death was passed upon Danton, Camille, Herault de Séchelles, and the rest, to be carried out that same day.

Danton preserved his undaunted bearing and his fierce scorn to the last. "Never mind that vile rabble," he said in the death-cart

to Camille Desmoulins, who was disturbed by the shouts of the howling mob. "Show my head to the people," was his injunction to Lamson the executioner, "*Elle est vaut la peine!*"—"It's worth the trouble:" a great, bold, fiery man, indomitable, ostentatious; devoted to the cause of liberty, whose triumph he fancied himself strong enough to ensure; blackened by crimes, and with much to answer for, but sincere and thorough-going, and not without warm affections. "He saved France from Brunswick," says the great historian of the Revolution; "he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him." That the invasion which set out to crush the Revolution and restore feudal slavery in France was ignominiously beaten back, and that Frenchmen did not continue through successive generations to be serfs, "*Taillable et corvéable à merci*," as the old law form expressed it, taxable and burdensome, at the mercy of the privileged classes, is due in a great measure to the indomitable resolution of the farmer's son of Arcis-sur-Aube.

THE DARKEST PERIOD BEFORE THE DAWN.

And now all cringed and covered before the sea-green man, beloved of the Jacobin club and the howling mob, the idol of the hour, Maximilian Robespierre, President of the Convention, dominating France for the hour from that bad eminence. "He that stands upon a slippery place makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up," says subtle Pandolph in Shakespeare's *King John*. "The vile hold" of Robespierre was in the Jacobin faction; but it was at best a "slippery place" upon which he stood, for he had wit enough to see the necessity of steering clear of the mere atheistical anarchy of Hébertism on the one hand, and of avoiding the imputation of moderatism, which would have lost him his Jacobin following, on the other. Consequently two things must be done at the same time. The batches of prisoners for the guillotine must be regularly supplied day by day, for the Sansculottes hungered for their daily feast of blood; on the other hand, something must be substituted for the atheism pure and simple, the deadly poison of the "Goddess of Reason" worship, whose mad mummery had been lately enacted.

Accordingly, the tumbrils were kept well filled, and made their dreary journey every day, except the Decadi, to the scaffold. In those last months of the Reign of Terror, men scarcely turned their heads to mark who were the occupants. The most illustrious, the high born and the beautiful, sat side by side with the poorest and the most degraded in those levelling vehicles,—the young and the old,—decrepit old people, long past three

score and ten, wended along the same dark road with young girls and children,—the King's sister, Madame Elisabeth, almost unnoticed, went to her death,—and Lavoisier, the man of science, and poor old Monsieur de Gombreuil, once saved by the devotion of his daughter from the September massacres,—and brave old Malesherbes, who had defended the King on his trial, and the wives of Danton and Camille Desmoulins,—for the guillotine is omnivorous, and devours all with a horrible impartiality. The official lists for Paris give the following numbers of persons guillotined in Paris in each month of 1794, up to the end of July, when the Terror ceased:—January, 83; February, 75; March (including Hébert and his accomplices), 123; April, 263; May, 324; June, 672; and July, 835. On some days forty, fifty, even sixty victims were executed. When Tonquier Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, was at a loss for a pretext for new arrests, the magic word "conspiracy" always sufficed to procure the requisite number of convictions. The very name of a plot was enough to ensure the verdict of guilty from the juries; and thus, in many cases, persons who had never met in their lives were accused of conspiring together. A few among the convictions will show the various causes which brought men, women, and children to the scaffold during the Terror. On June 23rd, 1794, were executed together twenty-two women of the poorer class, for having in various ways forwarded the designs of the fanatics, aristocrats, priests, and the other agents of England. On the 6th of September, a journeyman tailor, Jean Baptiste Henry, a lad eighteen years old, was executed for sawing down a tree of liberty. Further convictions, followed by execution, are those of—Bernard Augustus d'Absac, aged 17, ex-noble, late Captain in the 11th Regiment, and formerly in the sea service, convicted of having betrayed several towns and several ships into the hands of the enemy; Henrietta Frances de Marboëuf, aged 55, widow of the *ci-devant* Marquis de Marboëuf, residing at No. 47, Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, convicted of having hoped for the arrival of the Austrians and Prussians, and of keeping provisions for them; Jacques de Beaume, a Dutch merchant, convicted of being the author and accomplice of a plot, which existed in the month of June 1790, tending to encourage our external and internal enemies, by negotiating, by way of loan, certain bonds of £100 each, bearing interest at 5 per cent., of George, Prince of Wales, Frederick, Duke of York, and William Henry, Duke of Clarence; James Duchesne, aged 60, formerly a servant, since a broker; John Sauvage, aged 34, gunsmith; Frances Loizelier, aged 47, milliner; Melanie Cunosse, aged 21, milliner; Mary Magdalen Virolle, aged

25, female hairdresser, convicted of having, in the city of Paris, where they resided, *uttered cries*; Genevieve Gouvon, *aged seventy-seven*, sempstress, convicted of having been the author or accomplice of several conspiracies formed since the beginning of the Revolution by the enemies of the people and of liberty, tending to create civil war, to paralyse the public, and to annihilate the existing government; Francis Bertrand, aged 37, tinman and publican at Leure, in the Department of the Cote d'Or, convicted of having furnished to the defenders of the country some wine injurious to the health of citizens; Mary Angelica Plaisant, sempstress, at Donai, convicted of having exclaimed that she was an aristocrat, and cried, "A fig for the nation." These are samples of the various offences that brought men and women to the guillotine in the Reign of Terror.

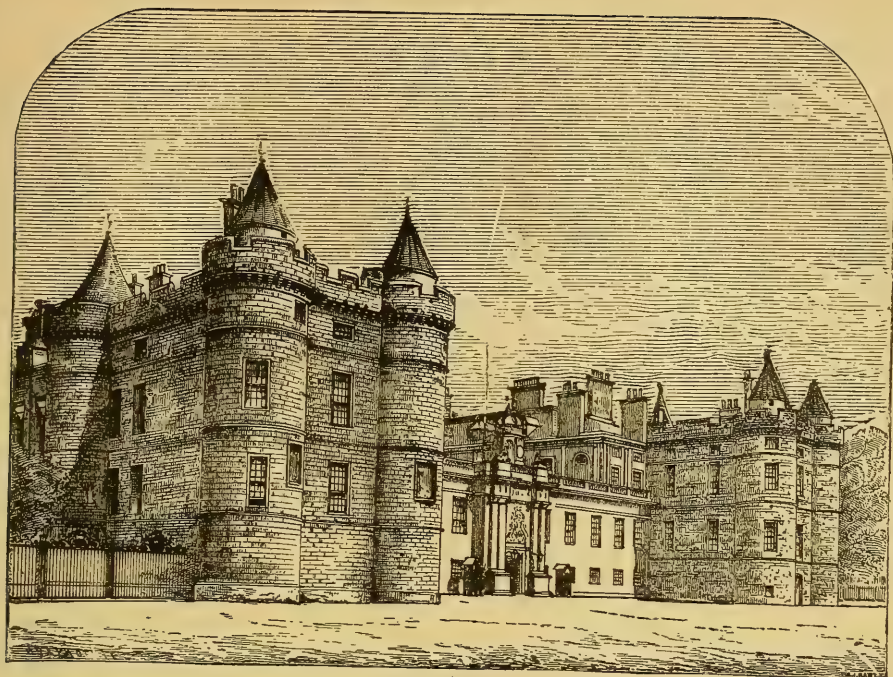
THE 9TH OF THERMIDOR; THE END OF THE TERROR AND OF THE TERRORISTS.

But Paris began to tire of all this bloodshed; and very significant tokens appeared of disgust and displeasure at the daily passage of the death-carts through the streets. The guillotine itself was removed from its original place in the Place du Carrousel, had thence been shifted to the Place Louis XV. at the time of the King's execution, where it had executed 1256 persons, and was now removed to the other end of Paris, near the ruins of the Bastille; for the householders in the streets through which the death-carts passed daily, complained that the ghastly spectacle drove people away; and showed their sense of the proceeding by shutting up their shops. For six weeks the guillotine was accordingly at work—in very full work—near the site of the Bastille, and during that time it disposed of no fewer than 1403 persons; for the Terror raged most furiously during the last days of its existence.

But at last the hour of deliverance was to come. Robespierre, who had made a bid for popularity by instituting a grand Revolutionary allegiance feast on the 8th of June, at which he, as a kind of high priest, publicly

put a torch to two figures of canvas and wood representing Atheism and Discord, and a figure was made to rise by machinery from beneath a platform, representing Wisdom. But people were beginning to laugh grimly at the farce, and Robespierre himself was secretly jeered at for having listened to, and it is said been influenced by, the ravings of Catherine Theot, a mad old woman of the Joanna Southcote type. Moreover, among the five thousand prisoners in the twelve houses of arrest in Paris, there was a certain female of great beauty, named Cabarus, well beloved of Deputy Tallier, who exhorted her friend to make an effort to save her life. More significant than all, accident brought to the knowledge of those whom it most concerned a list of many names of members of the Convention who were to follow Hébert and Danton on the dark journey. There was no time to be lost. A great conspiracy was organized in the Convention itself for putting down the tyrant and his party. Robespierre, indignant and astonished at the sudden accusation of tyranny brought against him, attempted in vain, on the 9th of Thermidor, to obtain a hearing. He was shouted down; and when at last his voice failed him, was told it was the blood of Danton that suffocated him. He was declared accused, but still hoped for rescue from the mob and from Henriot, the commandant of the municipal guards. But the drunken Henriot deceived him, and bungled the business of rescue. In the excitement of the scene he received a pistol shot in the face, or, as some accounts report, he shot himself. The wound, however, was not mortal; it broke his jaw, and in this state he was conveyed to the Convention. This was on 9th. Next day, the 10th of Thermidor, the 28th of July, Robespierre and his accomplices travelled in the fatal tumbril to the guillotine, which had in the previous night been brought back to its old position in the Place Louis XV.; and as the heads of the blood-thirsty chiefs fell beneath the fatal knife, men breathed more freely, and saw that the Reign of Terror had finished.





HOLYROOD PALACE.

RIZZIO AND DARNLEY: THE STORY OF A DARK REVENGE.

'I was the queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been ;
Fu' lightly rose I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there. . . .'
—BURNS.

Return of Queen Mary from France—Weakness of the Scottish Sovereigns—Her First Mass—Sketch of Darnley's Early Life and Character—He Kisses her Hand at Wemyss Castle—Unpopularity of the Marriage—Flight of Murray and Other Nobles—The Career and Character of Rizzio—The Parties engaged in Plotting—The Judas Kiss—Murder of Rizzio—After the Murder—Darnley's Betrayal of the Bond—A Strange Supper and Talk—Midnight Flight of the Royal Couple—Darnley's Brutality—Queen's Contempt for Him—Rise of Bothwell—Some of His Adventures—Mary's Visit to the Hermitage—Getting Rid of Darnley—The Croaking of the Raven—Darnley's Murder—The Queen's Complicity—Bothwell's Sham Acquittal and Marriage with the Queen—His Flight from Scotland and Death in Draxholm Castle.—His Fate.

QUEEN MARY'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

THE marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Dauphin—the Dolphin of old Scottish writings—was celebrated with great splendour in France in the spring of 1558 ; in the summer of the following year, her husband ascended the French throne; and in December 1560, at the age of eighteen, she became a widow, and was perhaps the most fascinating woman in Europe. The career before her, however, was of a very different nature from that in which she had hitherto moved. The fair claimant of three crowns—France, Scotland, and England—was now

reduced to the miserable heritage of her paternal ancestors among a poor and rude people, whose most potent leaders were heretics, and had fought boldly and successfully against her Catholic mother and the French soldiers. The schooling she had received at the French Court was the worst possible for the government of such a country. Patriotism she could not be expected to have ; indeed, at the time of her marriage she had signed away the thistle of Scotland to be a mere fief and appendage of the French lilies. She had learned from her mother's friends, the Guises, to look upon herself as a champion of the old

faith, while the country of her fathers was a hot-bed of heresy. Her relation to the chief men of Scotland may be understood from the fact that her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, had received the censure of herself and her husband in 1559 for his ingratitude, while her outspoken uncle, the Duke of Guise, had thought the best way to "amend the garboils" was to apprehend and put to death the Earl of Argyll and the "Bastard of Scotland." The spiritual governor of the country was John Knox, with a Genevan creed and a saturnine soul as hard as steel; and there was at least a score of warlike and high-mettled chiefs, each filled with an unscrupulous passion for his own aggrandisement. The sovereign was actually weaker than any one of them. There was no permanent royal guard, while each of these feudal lords had a little army of dependents at his own beck.

Such was the condition of the country, such were the fierce fires she was thrown into after her husband's death. The story of her voyage to Scotland, sorrowful like her coming destiny, has been gracefully expressed in a well-known poem by the late Mr. Glassford Bell.

"It was a barque that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of
evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful
eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and distant
rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on
earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it
not her birth:
It was her mother's land; the land of childhood and
of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs
amends;
The land where her dead husband slept; the land
where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours
of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept, it was the land of
France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far
behind her barque;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous
and dark!—
One gaze again—one long, last gaze; 'Adieu, fair
France, to thee!'
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the uncon-
scious sea!"

HER FIRST MASS IN SCOTLAND.

As our purpose is to confine ourselves, so far as is consistent with clearness of exposition, to the story of the Rizzio and Darnley tragedies, the early period of Mary's residence in Scotland must be passed over very briefly. The aspect of nature at the time of her arrival, with two galleys, in Leith harbour, on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th of August, 1561, seemed to forbode an evil destiny. "The very face

of heaven," said the great Scottish reformer, who was not altogether devoid of superstition, "the time of her arrival, did manifestly speak what comfort was brought unto this country with her; to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impiety; for in the memory of man, that day of the year, was never seen a more dolorous face of the heaven than was at her arrival, which two days after did so continue; for besides the surface wet and corruption of the air, the mist was so thick and so dark that scarce might any man espy another the length of two pair of butts." The religious trouble asserted itself very emphatically on the first Sunday after her arrival in the country. As a faithful Catholic, she had "that idol the Mass"—to use the words of Knox—celebrated in the royal chapel. Cries were raised by the stern Master of Lindsay and other gentlemen that "the idolater priest should die the death" according to God's law; a priest who carried in the candle was attacked, and only reached his chamber through the protection of the Earl of Moray and his brother. In the afternoon, immense crowds of furious citizens flocked towards the Abbey of Holyrood, the scene of the disturbance. On the following day, a proclamation was issued by the Privy Council, stating that Her Majesty would not interfere with the religion of the country as it had been established before her arrival, and commanding all the lieges that none of them, under pain of death, should molest or deride her domestics or the French strangers who had accompanied her. A singular scene took place when this sensible edict was proclaimed at the Edinburgh market-cross. In presence of the heralds and people, the Earl of Arran, the most powerful of the Scottish nobles, entered a protest against it, quoting the words of Scripture that "the idolater shall die the death." No wonder, as Knox puts it in his History, "this baldness did somewhat exasperate the Queen."

DARNLEY'S CHARACTER AND COURTSHIP.

Here we shall not go into details of the many proposals of marriage that were at various times on the carpet for the handsome, subtle, and brilliant young widow, Spain, France, Denmark each supplying one or more candidates. Of course the interest and policy of Queen Elizabeth were decidedly averse from any marital alliance of her sister of Scotland with any strong Catholic prince, as the existence of English Protestantism, as well as that of Scotland, would be seriously imperilled. The Queen of England, with an insolence at which Mary was startled into righteous womanly indignation, actually suggested her own favourite subject, the Earl of Leicester, as a husband for the dazzling widow of a French monarch; but the person whose hand Mary Stuart was ultimately des-

trained to accept was her own boyish relative, Henry Stuart, son of the Earl of Lennox, but better known to history by his courtesy title of Lord Darnley. He stood in a very close kinship to the wearers of both the crowns of England and Scotland. He first saw the light on the 7th of December, 1545, so that he was three years younger than Mary. His mother was Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of that Margaret Tudor who was the sister of King Henry VIII. and the wife and widow of King James IV. of Scotland. In very early years he had acquired some pleasant superficial accomplishments; he had learned to play upon the lute and dance, and, curious to say, his priestly tutor, like that of the Maiden Queen, had taught him the secret of fine penmanship. In childhood this English boy gave some signs of turning out "a witty, virtuous, and an active, well-learned gentleman;" he was precocious enough to have penned a treatise, under the name of *Utopia Nova*, in his ninth year, although it is to be feared that his production—gone, alas! into Time's big waste-basket—would never rival the work of the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; he has even been credited with poetical aspiration, and with having composed a ballad to his mistress's eye-brow.

It is a common error to suppose that Mary and he were totally unacquainted until within a few weeks before she married him. It was not quite a sudden love-match. When a beardless boy of fourteen, he appeared at the French Court shortly after the coronation of Francis II., Queen Mary's first husband. The young couple gave him a warm welcome at Chambord, where they kept their Christmas festival, and they sent him home with a goodly gift of a thousand crowns, not at all a bad present for the son of an earl in reduced circumstances. He carried letters of condolence from his mother to Queen Mary after the French King's death in December 1560. Even before the Queen's return to Scotland, the Countess of Lennox had mooted the subject of their marriage; and immediately after she reached the mist-veiled shores of Scotland, Darnley's tutor was despatched to her by the Countess with a direct proposal. Although the young widow of the King of France aimed at something infinitely higher than the hand of the boy she had patronised at Chambord as a poor relative, the probability of their marriage was a current rumour up till the time when, in the early days of 1565, he obtained license from Queen Elizabeth to join his father in Scotland. He was admitted to kiss the hand of Mary in the splendid, cliff-perched fortalice of Wemyss Castle on the north side of the Firth of Forth, on the 16th of February. The Queen's visit is still commemorated by a carved likeness of her head upon the ancient mansion. "Her

Majesty," says Sir James Melville, "took very well with him, and said that he was the properest and best-proportioned long man that ever she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight." The Queen, however, had bigger game in view, and refused the ring he offered. He had an active and useful friend in an Italian well-known to fame, whose terrible fate was to be closely linked by-and-by with the name of Darnley. This person was David Rizzio, familiarly styled Davie by his Scottish contemporaries. She "took ay the better liking to Darnley and at length determined to marry him." He was the very opposite in appearance to Bothwell, her third husband. The latter was ugly, it is said, with something of an ape's face. The beardless son of Lennox, on the other hand, had a lady's features. It was to no purpose that her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, warned her against the foolish alliance. It was to no purpose that Queen Elizabeth grumbled at the theft of a subject from England, and pretended to be extremely angry. Within a month from the time the young heir of the ancient and royal house of Lennox kissed her hand in Wemyss Castle, on the Fifeshire coast, Mary had informed Elizabeth of her intention. He was made a knight; lands and honours were showered on him. The title of Duke of Albany was the big plum reserved to grace the bridal ceremony. The young couple—he in his twentieth, she in her twenty-third, year—were married, according to the rites of the Romish Church, on the 29th of July, 1565, in Holyrood Chapel, with great pomp, and in the presence of many of the nobles. The Queen, says Knox's History, was all clothed in mourning, according to the French custom. "During the space of three or four days, there was nothing but balling and dancing and banqueting."

The marriage was unpopular in Scotland, for Darnley was a Catholic—though a very bad one, and even went to the Reformed service in St. Giles's Church, so as to gain the favour of the strong Protestant party, although the caustic words of Knox galled him severely when that preacher alluded contemptuously to "boys and women" being placed by God at the head of the State to plague and scourge the people for their offences and ingratitude. At the same time the rude insolence of the boy towards the nobles—shown, for instance, before marriage, when he struck at Ruthven with a dagger because that lord had brought him unpleasant news—acted against him. Moray (the Queen's half-brother) and some others rose in arms; but, to quote the language of the late Earl of Crawford, "after dodging up and down the country in such a manner that the insurrection

was ever afterwards called in derision the Runabout Raid, they were obliged to disband their forces and retreat into England." Darnley's head was simply turned by his elevation. The Queen had promised in a rash moment, before the discovery of his weakness, that he should have the crown-matrimonial; in other words, that, issue failing by the Queen, Darnley's children by any subsequent marriage should have a right to the throne. He kept up incessant jars with her about the non-fulfilment of this promise. It soon became known that he was vicious and a drunkard. The gentle expostulation of Mary at a burgess's house in Edinburgh, where he was imbibing freely, led to a scene, and the Queen left the place in tears. "It is greatly to be feared," wrote the English ambassador weeks before the marriage, "that he can have no long life amongst this people."

THE RISE OF DAVID RIZZIO.

When the Savoy ambassador came to Scotland in December 1651, to congratulate the charming young widow on her return to her native land, there was in his suite a young Piedmontese named David Rizzio, then about twenty-seven years of age. Doubtless the musician's son hoped to push his fortune in that far-off country. A picture of him in 1564 shows him playing on an instrument. He was dark of complexion and had a low forehead, was full-eyed, with just a trifle of mustachio and beard. The face is of a low-cast Semitic type. We have seen the identical fellow of him turning a hand-organ for coppers in the streets of London. That such a mere "minion of fortune" should be chosen by Mary to chase away the loneliness of her midnight hours over a pack of cards or with a harp, to conduct her foreign intrigues against the Protestants, almost goes to hint at a stratum of bad taste in her nature, or perhaps a blundering lack of perception. He had skill in music, and was acquainted with several European tongues, so that he at once found favour in the eyes of the handsome Queen. Immediately after his arrival at the Court he was appointed to be a "chalmere-keild," or valet-de-chambre, at a yearly salary of threescore fifteen pounds. When he landed, his pockets would seem to have been rather empty, as a sum of fifty pounds, or two-thirds of his first year's salary, was advanced to him at the beginning of January. A single box of modest dimensions was sufficient to contain his whole worldly goods. His salary rose to eighty pounds in 1564. In December of that year, when Raulet went abroad on an embassy, Rizzio stepped into that person's place as French Secretary. From that time royal gifts of dress, furniture, and funds were lavished by the Scottish Lamia on her favourite and confidant, and his power, pomp, and pride soon swelled into

full blossom. He helped on the marriage with Darnley—partly, perhaps, from a selfish eagerness to cater to Mary's silly taste for the handsome, overgrown boy; partly, perhaps, from the thought that her Catholic policy would be furthered by the selection of a facile, Popish husband. He and young Darnley were almost "chums," and he was entrusted by the royal couple with the entire management of their household. He began to treat the nobles scornfully, and it was feared by them that his influence with Mary was great enough to persuade her to proceed in the approaching parliament against Moray and the other exiled lords. His stud was the envy of the nobility. "Great men made in court unto him, and their suits were the better heard." His equipage and train surpassed the King's. He sat near the Queen at public banquets,— "sometimes more privately," it was hinted, "than became a man of his condition." The child yet unborn was already branded as the fruit of their intrigue; and it was from this suspicion that the taunt arose in later years that King James was called the Scottish Solomon because he was the son of David who played upon the harp. Mary found excuse in the ceaseless debaucheries of Darnley for having a duplicate of his seal made and placing it in Rizzio's hands. A friendly voice advised him to make his fortune and clear out of Scotland. He laughed with scorn at the suggestion, and remarked that the Scots were too timorous to touch him. It was even stated that he was to sit as Chancellor in the next parliament. All this, with the suspicion that he was the mainspring of a movement to restore Popery, won for him a wholesale hatred, and his ruin was talked of long before he perished by the hands of assassins. On the 18th of February, 1566, the English ambassador declared: "I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days." Eight days previously, Darnley had started a proposal to Ruthven on the matter; and it is just possible that the foolish boy had blabbed the secret as he went about whining like a school-boy over the Queen's unkindness, and her delay in giving him the crown-matrimonial. Meanwhile Rizzio was heard to boast that the bastard Moray should never live in Scotland in his time.

THE MURDER OF RIZZIO.

At last Darnley opened his heart to Ruthven, one of the most determined of the Protestant nobles, who had been lying ill for months in his house in the Bow, in Edinburgh. Young George Douglas passed like a shuttlecock day after day between the two parties. The faithless character of Darnley was only too well known, but he swore on the Book that he

could be trusted this time. Ruthven, Morton, Lindsay, and the other conspirators had quite another aim than the prince in agreeing to put Rizzio out of the way: they stipulated "that the lords banished for the Word of God might return to their country and estates," and that "they should have their religion freely established, conform to Christ's Book and to the articles subscribed by the King to the lords." Darnley bargained for the pleasure of having the Italian seized at the supper table, that the Queen and her alleged paramour might be taunted face to face with their guilt; the others were determined to strike him down as a "known minion of the Pope." The ruthless spirit of the plotters is shown by Ruthven's narrative, written shortly after the murder, and while the author was approaching death. It is a calm, cold-blooded story, without a single trace of penitence, without one sigh of gentle regret. It winds up with the pious wish for Mary: "The Eternal God, who hath the rule of all princes in His hand, send His Holy Spirit that she may rule and govern with clemency and mercy!"

The words of the old historian of Edinburgh, written a hundred years ago, are still applicable to the condition of Holyrood palace:—"In the second floor are Queen Mary's apartments, in one of which her own bed still remains. It is of crimson damask, bordered with green silk tassels and fringes, and is now almost in tatters. . . . Close to the floor of this room, a piece of wainscot, about a yard square, hangs upon hinges, and opens a passage to a trap-stair which connects with the apartment beneath." The boudoir or cabinet of the Queen, leading off from the bedchamber, was a very small place, being only some twelve feet square.

At seven o'clock on Saturday evening, the 9th of March, 1566, the Queen sat in this last-mentioned room on a low couch. The party around the little supper-table seems to have been a most informal one. There was the Countess of Argyll at the one end of the table, and at the other sat David Rizzio, with his cap on, and wearing a night-gown of damask, furred, a satin doublet, and hose of russet velvet. Arthur Erskine, Captain of the Queen's Guard, and others of the palace domestics were also present; Darnley, who had supped early, so as to have his hands clear for business, entered the group and placed himself amorously beside his beautiful spouse, giving her a "Judas-kiss" she never forgot

or forgave. At the same time, just before the closing of the gates, a body of one hundred and fifty men, comprising the Earl of Morton, Lord Lindsay, and Lord Ruthven, marched into the palace court and took the keys from the porter. Ruthven, a man of forty-six, with face looking pale and ghastly from "an inflammation of the liver and a consumption of the kidneys" that had kept him constantly in bed for three months, passed up from the King's chamber by the private staircase into the Queen's bedroom, and thence into the cabinet. There sat the boy-husband, chatting affectionately with the delicate Queen, and with his arm round her waist.

The grim guise in which Ruthven entered was more suggestive of a raid against the Highland savages, or against such notorious

Border thieves as the Armstrongs and Elliots, than of an evening visit to a delicate and courtly Queen. Something like a feeling of uncanniness must have run through the merry party as they caught the first glimpse of that haggard visage and helmet-covered head; and the first words he uttered with sepulchral voice were in keeping with the terrifying aspect: "Let it please Your Majesty that yonder man David come forth of your privy-chamber, where he hath been over long!" Rizzio saw his doom plainly written on the stern features of the Scottish baron. As in a nightmare, he heard his royal mistress launch out her cutting sarcasm in his defence, and order Ruthven to leave her presence on pain of treason; he listened tremulously to the accusation that he had taken

bribes; that he had committed foul dishonour against Darnley; that he had sought to prevent the Queen from carrying out her promise of the crown-matrimonial; that he brought about the banishment of the chief nobles so that he might himself get rank among the nobility. Darnley stood quite stunned, while Ruthven thus addressed him—"Take the Queen your wife and sovereign to you," and at the same time made an attempt to seize Rizzio. Queen Mary was standing in the recess of a window, and the terror-struck Italian, who had mocked at the bravery of Scotsmen shortly before, now cowered behind his royal mistress, holding by the folds of her gown, and clutching his drawn dagger in unconscious desperation.

Some of the domestics tried to seize Ruthven, but he shook them off and kept them at bay with his naked dagger. Some of the



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

conspirators, who had followed Ruthven into the bedchamber by the private staircase, rushed upon the scene, tilting over the table in the unseemly scuffle, and making sad havoc among the royal viands. One of the candles that threw a dim flicker of light over the boudoir was luckily captured by the Countess of Argyll. The King loosed Rizzio's hand from the Queen's dress, and the conspirators laid hold on him, while the fanatic earl gallantly seized the Queen and placed her in her husband's arms, assuring her of her own safety, as they were only acting under her husband's orders, and would sooner spend their own heart's blood than that she should suffer harm. Rizzio was dragged out of the cabinet, appealing to the Queen with piercing shrieks and cries for mercy: "Giustizia, Giustizia! Sauve ma vie; Madame, sauve ma vie!" Ruthven gave orders to his followers to take him down the private passage into the King's chamber, and then returned to the boudoir, possibly to keep guard on Darnley, lest he should babble to Delilah. It seems to have been intended by the determined leaders to try Rizzio that night in the palace, and hang him on the morrow: cords, indeed, had been brought as if for that purpose. But when the Italian was hurled out into the larger company of Morton, which had ascended to the ante-chamber, he was met by an explosion of fury. The "shameless butcher," George Douglas, a bastard son of the Earl of Angus, struck him in the side with the King's dagger, and the savage work of assassination was completed with over fifty blows from swords and hangers. A large, dark ineffaceable stain at the outer door of the ante-chamber is still believed in popular conviction to mark the spot where the furious assassins threw themselves upon their victim. A portrait of Darnley, removed from Hampton Court in 1864, now looks down upon the scene of the tragedy: it is the feeble face of an overgrown and overweening boy, who seems more suited for the cane of a severe grammar-master than for a crown-matrimonial or association with a band of Scottish ghouls. When the body had lain weltering in blood for some time, Darnley, after parting from his wife for the night, ordered it to be thrust out of the palace; and the mangled corpse was tossed down-stairs into the porter's lodge. There the assistant porter laid it out on a box, and proceeded to strip off the hacked and stained raiment, remarking, "Upon this chest was his bed when he entered into this place, and now here he lieth again,—a very ingrate and misknowing knave!" It is worth mentioning that Darnley's own dagger had been left sticking in the body of Rizzio after the murder was completed, as if to fix the main responsibility for the deed upon the young King, and

prevent his cowardly nature from retreat and betrayal of his associates.

AFTER THE MURDER.

There is no space to introduce discussion as to particular acts of cruelty, and so forth, but we must make a brief remark on the allegation by the Queen that "some held pistols to Her Majesty, some stroke whiniards so near her that she felt the coldness of the steel." Ruthven declares before God that this "was never meant nor done." Mary's charge, however, is corroborated by one of Darnley's attendants, Anthony Standen, who seems afterwards to have held a pension of five shillings a day from Queen Mary up to the time of her execution. This person, who in old age was imprisoned in the Tower as a plotting Papist, was one of the spectators of the murder, and declares in a petition he addressed to King James that in the "bloody tumult and press," one of Ruthven's followers offered to fix his poniard in the Queen's left side, but that he (Standen) turned aside the dagger and wrested it from the traitor; thus, he alleges, saving two lives together,—a service which their Majesties esteemed accordingly.

Another interesting question is the guilt of John Knox. The greatest Scottish teacher of his age justified political assassination, and he has left on record his approval of the deed. The murder of "that great abuser of this commonwealth, that poltroon and vile knave Davie," is lauded in the most unequivocal terms as a "just act, and most worthy of all praise."

During the enacting of the tragedy in the ante-chamber, Ruthven and Darnley were back in the Queen's cabinet, and a pretty little dialogue went on, full of mutual recrimination. Darnley's charges need not be quoted, as they will readily suggest themselves. Ruthven, sadly tired, called for a cup of wine. Mary railed at him fiercely after he had refreshed himself, and threatened him, should anything happen to her or her unborn infant, with the vengeance of the King of Spain, the Emperor, the King of France, her uncles, and the Pope. The earl replied with grim humour that these great folks would not trouble themselves to "meddle with such a poor man as he was." During this lively altercation some servants reported a disturbance below with Morton. Ruthven went down, supported under the arm; and after a convivial glass in Bothwell's lodgings, paid a visit to those of Athole, who was also resident in the palace at that time. He then returned to the Queen's cabinet with the news that they were all merry, and no harm done, and told her that Rizzio was in her husband's chamber. The provost of the city and a crowd appeared before the palace, but the Queen was prevented from speaking to them

from her window, and Ruthven declared that all was well. Bothwell and Huntly, in spite of the convivial meeting with Ruthven, thought it prudent to escape that night by a low window of the palace.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT OF MARY AND DARNLEY; A SUPPER OF ROPE.*

After Darnley and Ruthven had left the Queen, tired and indignant, to pace her chamber during the weary night hours, the former showed a disposition to back from the precipice. The cool and resolute Protestants told him it was too late; his part was in the forefront; and if he were so chicken-hearted as to refuse to carry out their project to its end, they would support each other to the utmost and spare no man. Alone in the group of murderers, the frightened lad sent for his father, who joined the conclave. It was decided that on the following day (Sunday) Darnley should issue a proclamation dissolving the parliament that was to meet on Monday. It was also proposed—was it?—that the Queen should be removed to the castle of Stirling, where, Lord Lindsay remarked, she would have no lack of amusement in rocking her baby and singing it asleep, shooting in the garden with her bow, and doing whatever she liked with herself. But some, it was hinted, might take to arms in opposition. His remedy was a simple one: "We will cut her into gobbets and throw her to them from the top of the terrace." Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who is charged in Nau's story with these unamiable suggestions, was perhaps capable of uttering them and even carrying them out; his character and appearance will be familiar to most readers from the description of him in Sir Walter Scott's admirable novel, "The Abbot." The blunt but honest peer is there depicted as being strong-limbed, with bushy, grizzled eyebrows, dark fiery eyes, scar-seamed face, and harsh, haughty tone. Men like the spectral Ruthven and the herculean Lindsay were not likely to flinch from any measure they took on hand, and there is no wonder that the hare-brained and hare-hearted son of Lennox shook in the presence of these dreadful Scotsmen. To this day the Lindsays have maintained the Titanic bodily vastness of the old stock; and the father of the present chief, who successfully claimed the old peerage five years ago,

Major-General Sir Henry Lindsay, has been described to us as "one of those nobles of nature, whom many will remember as being almost of gigantic size."

Darnley, now forced into the position of figure-head of a revolution, was frightened by the strange side-whisperings of the nobles, and was warned with open threats against talking with the Queen except in the presence of the lords. When he retired, a guard was placed outside of his chamber instead of his own attendants. The boy felt terribly alone during the night watches. In his feverish imbecility he crept up the private stair, like a child afraid of ghosts, and finding the door of his wife's bedchamber locked, he called on her to open it as he had something important for their mutual safety to communicate to her. His prayer was refused, and the Queen spent the whole night in lamentation with her domestics. "Ah, my Mary!" said Darnley on Sunday morning when he was admitted to a secret interview, and threw himself on his knees, "I must now confess, though too late, the wrong I have done you, for which I can make no amends but seek your forgiveness and plead my youth and lack of judgment." He beseeched the Queen to have pity on him, on their unborn child, and on herself. The silly traitor, now that his own immediate passion for vengeance was satisfied, actually handed to her the secret articles agreed on between him and the conspirators, remarking that he was a dead man if it were ever discovered that he had done so. "Since you have set us on this precipice," she said, "strive to get us off it." He assured her that he would be wise in future, and would never rest till he had avenged her on these *malheureux traîtres*—these wretched traitors—when once they had escaped from their hands. Flight was agreed on; but on her "conscience"—she could never tell a lie, she said—she objected to his offer of a compromise between her and the conspirators.

These men, however, kept a strict watch. On that Sunday she partook of no food till four in the afternoon, and even this was closely examined by the stubborn Lord Lindsay before it reached her.

Passing over the dissolution of parliament, and the appearance of Moray and the other banished lords at the Tolbooth on Monday to answer before the parliament which had been dissolved by the proclamation of the previous day,—a strange freak of diplomacy,—we shall allude to a curious story, scarcely credible on the face of it, but told with complete gravity in Nau's narrative. The old lady of the story—who does not even appear as a character in Swinburne's drama of *Bothwell*—was the Dowager-Countess of Huntly, wife of the "fat lurdane" who had been slain by the Queen's forces, and in her

* To a large extent this portion of the story is based on a French document in the British Museum, hitherto unpublished, to which attention was first properly called in the *Month* for 1879. This abstract we have used along with the original. This narrative by Mary's secretary, Nau, is fresh at least, although in parts incredible; it was possibly derived from Mary's own lips. It sets forth *ad nauseam* the brutalities of Darnley towards his wife which led to his detestation by the whole body of the nobles, and finally to his murder.

presence, on the field of Corrichie—a piece of wild and lonely moorland in Aberdeenshire we have visited years ago—and was also mother of Edom of Gordon, of that young candidate for Mary's hand who had been executed before the Queen's own eyes at the cross of Aberdeen, and of Bothwell's own wife, whose nuptials had been celebrated with great pomp only a few days before. Bothwell and Huntly, as we have seen, had made their escape on the night of the murder, and the mother of the latter of these two nobles, being permitted to wait upon the Queen, brought in a rope-ladder between two plates—a peculiar kind of supper, reminding us of the cask of butter sent into Edinburgh Castle eighty years later, by which James Grant (the bandit known as An Tuim) descended the precipitous wall and rock of that grim fortress.

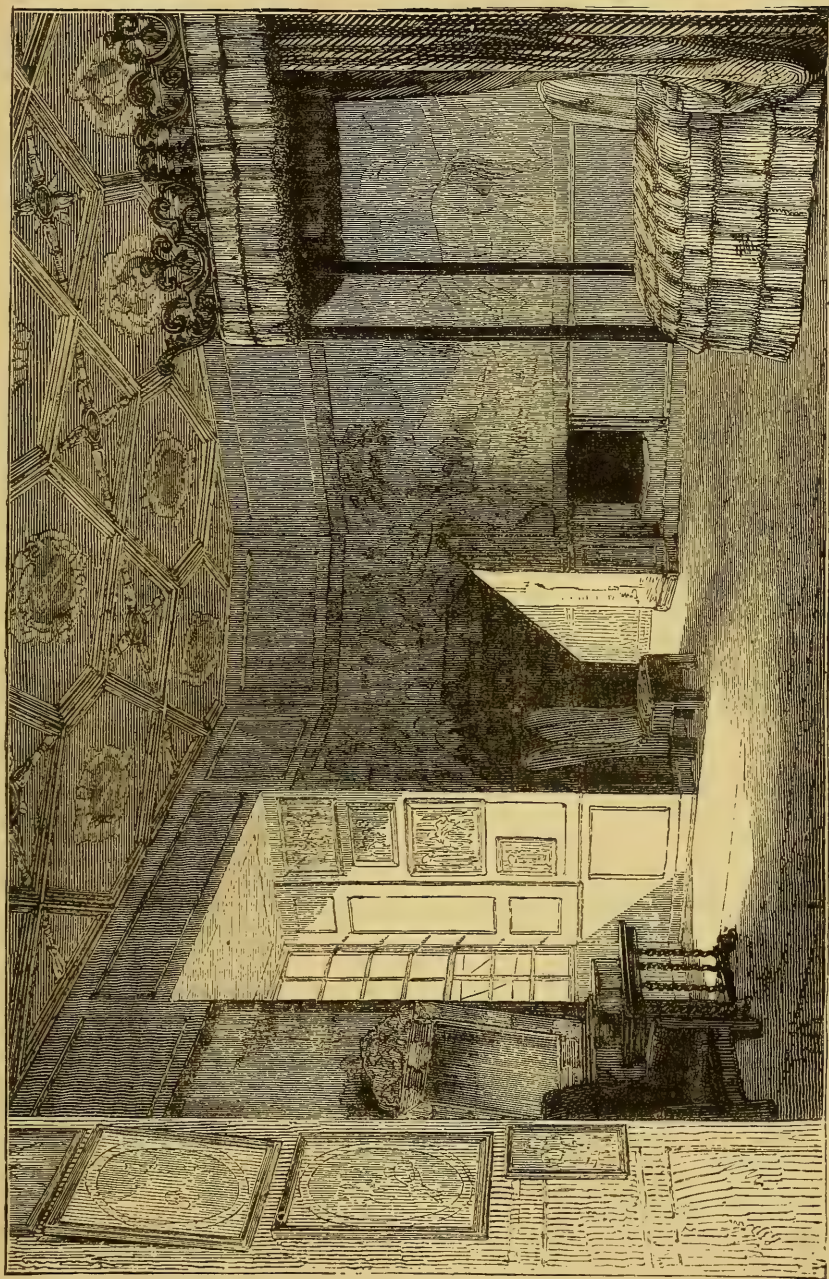
The old dame delivered a message from her son the Earl, Moray's mortal enemy, and the other nobles who had taken flight, stating that they would be ready to receive her if she could find means of descending by a window. This "confab"—for so we must term it—was carried on while the Queen sat on a *chaise percée*. Mary succeeded also in replying by letter that the plan of Bothwell and Huntly was impracticable owing to the close guard kept overhead and in front of the window, but requesting them to meet her the next night in a village near Seton, the palace of one of her most faithful adherents, on the route to the famous rock-perched castle of Dunbar, which was in future days to be even more closely and romantically associated with her name. Lindsay became suspicious of the colloquy, and entered the room, ordered Lady Huntly out, searched her, and sent her off for good. The old countess, however, had succeeded in concealing the Queen's letter next her body.

On the same day (Monday), the lords of the Lennox faction presented themselves in the ante-chamber, all on bended knees, the Earl of Morton, who was spokesman of the party, kneeling on the very spot that was still red with the blood of Davie. This interview was intended to win the Queen completely over into the hands of the Protestant lords. "True," said Morton, "they had violated their duty as subjects; but the like had happened pretty often before, and the loss of a single foreigner was not to be set against the ruin of many lords and gentlemen, her subjects, who might one day render good, great, and signal service." The Earl of Moray also begged his sister's pardon for returning without her leave from exile, swearing by his God that he knew nothing of the murder till after his return, and begged her clemency for those who were guilty. Mary had always an unlimited amount of the bitterest sarcasm at her tongue's end, and she did not spare her

petitioners on this occasion. The nobles and others had given her frequent opportunities for practising the virtue of mercy. "I owe justice," she said, "to every one, and I cannot deny it to those who shall ask it in the name of the man who has been murdered. Whatever his rank may have been, the honour to which he had attained as my servant should have protected him from any outrage, especially in my own presence." The assurance given by Mary of a full and ready pardon was not satisfactory; and as the nobles continued to press the necessity of her signing a bond of indemnity, she cried out as if smit with sudden pain. The delicate barricade behind which the Queen thus suddenly and adroitly sheltered herself was suspected by the lords. They quizzed the nurse (*la sage femme*), whom they had themselves appointed; but she assured them that the Queen was really in the perilous condition to which she had confessed. They were therefore forced to defer their conference with her till the morrow: and by that time the royal bird had flown, in company with her timorous and treacherous husband.

THE MIDNIGHT FLIGHT FROM HOLYROOD; RIZZIO'S GHOST; BRUTALITY OF DARNLEY.

The plan having been arranged by Mary, she and Darnley descended the wall of Holyrood, beside his bedroom, shortly after midnight on Tuesday, the 12th of March, and thence made their way to the office of the butlers and cupbearers, all or most of whom were French, and might be trusted. A low, narrow door, fortunately with a broken lock and open to any one, led from this into the chapel burying-ground. Near this door were stationed Sir John Stewart of Traquair, Captain of the Queen's Guard, William his brother, Arthur Erskine, the esquire of the Queen stables, along with Anthony Standen; Erskine stood ready with a strong, tall gelding, with a pillion for the Queen to ride behind him, and there were two or three other horses for the King and his attendants. On their way through the cemetery, Mary and Darnley passed close by the fresh-made grave of Rizzio, the exact locality of which Darnley knew, although the Queen did not. He sighed audibly, as if he had seen the ghost of the murdered Italian, and the Queen inquired the cause of his lamentation. "Madam," said her timid husband, "we have just passed the grave of poor David. I have lost in him a good and faithful servant, and I shall never look upon his like again. There will not be a day in my life when I shall not regret him." This indulgence in lamentation, however pleasing it might be to Mary's feelings, was rather inopportune,



QUEEN MARY'S BEDCHAMBER, THE SCENE OF RIZZIO'S MURDER.

as there was danger lest the enemy should be wakened up. This story, however like the character of Darnley, can scarcely be true, for the body of Rizzio does not appear to have been removed to the chapel ground for some time after the flight; and it is just probable that this romantic tale was invented by Mary during the long, weary, and miserable years of her imprisonment in England.

As soon as the little band had got clear of the town, Darnley put his horse into a gallop, and continued at that pace until they neared Seton, where a band of soldiers had been posted by the loyal nobles. Darnley was scared by the sight, which grew in the mirage of his timorous nature into a host of those horrible enemies with whom he had recently made an unfortunate alliance. He spurred his horse into a furious gallop, and flogged the Queen's also, exclaiming (the reader of Swinburne's *Bothwell* will not fail to observe Darnley's constant habit of swearing), "Get on! Get on! God's blood, they'll murder us, both you and me, if they catch us!" In her delicate condition the Queen asked him to have a little mercy, for she would rather run the greatest personal danger than risk the life of her unborn child. The brute turned on her in a passion, and bestowed on her one of his customary oaths and a sentence that can scarcely be termed decent.

The heartless fellow, when his suffering wife told him she could not gallop longer, and advised him to go ahead himself and look to his own safety, actually took her at her word, and pushed on towards the castle of Dunbar. She was joined on the way by Bothwell and other chiefs, and reached Dunbar in safety. They denounced Darnley as a fickle fool, and some of them even refused to speak to the man who was a brute towards his wife and a traitor alike to both political parties. They declared that he had no title to their obedience as king, and in future his orders and promises would be thrown away on them.

The story of the midnight ride has been told smartly and briefly enough by Hill Burton:—"The Queen seated on a crupper behind Erskine, they all rode straight to Seton House, where the Lord Seton gave them an escort on to Dunbar. The governor of that strong fortress was amazed, early on Tuesday morning, by the arrival of his King and Queen, hungry and clamorous for fresh eggs for breakfast." But as we have now followed it, as probably told by Mary in England, a ghastly light is thrown on Darnley's character, while an intense pathos gathers round the lovely Queen. We seem to look down into the heart of the domestic tragedy that was ripening rapidly towards Darnley's fearful doom.

DARNLEY UTTERLY DESERTED.

At Dunbar a proclamation was issued for the immediate gathering of an army; and those who were connected with the Rizzio plot fled with precipitation across the Border, or at least to a safe distance. Only a few of the lesser actors in the tragedy suffered the last penalty of the law. On the 19th of March, the Queen arrived once more in Edinburgh, in company with the Hamiltons, Huntly, and other nobles, Bothwell having behind his back a force of two thousand horsemen. On the next day a document of a shamelessly astounding nature was posted up in Edinburgh—nothing less than a denial by the King of any connection with the murder. The star of Darnley had fallen completely so far as the leaders were concerned; and the only way in which he could manifest his power was by trying to influence the Queen by tricks of sottish brutality.

He was eager for the dismissal of the astute Maitland of Lethington, and charged him with being a principal in the Rizzio conspiracy; but in the turmoil the Queen felt the need of the sagacity and experience of that mysterious and wily Protestant statesman; and in the whole group that surrounded her he seems to have been the only man whose real ability exerted something like a spell over her own intellect. Darnley was passionately indignant at her refusal to accept his nominee as Secretary of State, and sent a valet-de-chambre one evening to inform her that she would find his two pistols, loaded and primed, lying at the back of his bed. The Queen at once met his mad threat by paying him a long visit in his own room, and succeeded in carrying off the weapons. On the next day she exposed the matter before the Council. It was necessary, in the momentous peril of motherhood, that the enmity of the chief members of the two parties—such as Lethington and Bothwell, against the former of whom there were dark whispers of his having instigated a plot for the latter's assassination—should as far as possible be swept away, knowing the risk of her offspring becoming a bone of contention among the lords if she were carried off. She showed her final contempt for Darnley by attempting a reconciliation of the two parties in April, so as to ensure the safe guardianship of her offspring. While the Queen, a little later, was passing through a mother's period of excitement and agony in Edinburgh castle, the infant's father was leading a life of stollen dissipation, reeling from his cups and debaucheries to the castle gates at all hours of the night, talking wildly among his drunken associates of killing Moray, or of shipping himself off to France, and spending a jolly life on his wife's dowry. The threat of desertion, if carried out, would have provoked a

wide European scandal, especially as Darnley's tongue had a foolish habit of wagging on his woes in all sorts of company. The Queen called a meeting of the lords, and, in answer to her appeal, the churlish King allowed, somewhat sulkily, that she had given him no ground for such a step. He then walked out of the presence-chamber, bidding farewell to the matrimonial court, and remarking to the Queen herself, "Adieu, madam : you shall not see my face for a long space."

Another amiable scene may be mentioned. Towards the close of August, Mary went to the Borders, and while there, Darnley requested her to go out to a stag hunt. The Queen suggested in a whisper that galloping would be dangerous in her present condition; whereupon he answered indecently, in the hearing of the company, receiving in return a sharp reproof from the Laird of Traquair for using language that did not become a Christian.

The impotent and ambitious debauchee, thus scouted on every hand, was driven to desperation. Possessing some dangerous acquaintance with Mary's diplomatic relations to France and Rome, he endeavoured to stir up a spirit of opposition to her in those courts, alleging that she had abandoned the restoration of the Catholic faith. The result of this stupid and offensive dabbling may be given in the words of Knox's "History:"—

"The King being now condemned of all men because the Queen cared not for him, he went sometime to the Lennox to his father, and sometime to Stirling, whither the prince was carried a little before. Always he was destitute of such things as were necessary for him, having scarcely six horses in train. And being thus desolate and half desperate, he sought means to go out of the country : and about the same time, by the advice of foolish cagots, he wrote to the Pope, etc. (as above). By some knave, this poor prince was betrayed, and the Queen got a copy of these letters into her hands, and therefore threatened him sore ; and there was never after that any appearance of love betwixt them."

CHARACTER AND RISE OF BOTHWELL ; QUEEN MARY'S RIDE TO THE HERMITAGE.

The wretched, foolish Darnley having been cast aside as a child's toy when it is found to contain only sawdust, Mary drifted into the hands of Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, the most powerful noble in the south of Scotland after the Earl of Arran. Born in 1535, he was now turned thirty, and was the Queen's senior by seven years. His life had been one of adventure, gallantry, warfare, with a strong dash of unscrupulous scoundrelism. In his early years abroad, he

had espoused and cruelly deserted, in a strange land, a Norwegian lady named Anna Thröndson, the daughter of an admiral of Christian III. of Denmark. When he returned home, more than one fair dame had fallen a victim to the wiles of the dashing, ill-featured chevalier. Among these reputed frail ones was the heroine of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Dame Janet Betoun, a relative of the famous cardinal of that surname. Divorced from her second husband, she had taken to herself a third and last, that Sir Walter Scott who was murdered in Edinburgh streets in 1552. She was a perfect Amazon, and on one occasion led two hundred armed men of the Scott clan to a border conflict. She had the reputation of a witch, and was openly accused of having produced the peculiar attention of Queen Mary to Bothwell by the use of the black art. His name was a byword for low profligacy in the Scottish capital; but he had tried to convince Knox of his repentance, and had gone to sermon on Sunday, although in this case "God had another work to work than the eyes of man could spy." Accused of a plot to seize the Queen in 1562,—possibly his accuser was as insane as the great Reformer suggested,—he was imprisoned, but succeeded in making his escape to France, where he obtained the dignity of Captain of the Scots Guard. Finally, when his arch-enemy, the pious Moray, had fled into England after Darnley's marriage, he returned to his native country, and was received with honour.

Only a fortnight before Rizzio's murder, he married by dispensation Lady Jane Gordon, a member of the powerful Catholic house of Huntly, and a daughter of the old dame whose services were so strangely utilised two days after the murder. The alliance was accompanied with festivities and tournaments for five days ; and into these the Queen entered with special zest. At last he had come to the front as Mary's most prominent defender. One episode that took place towards the close of 1566, and has been exaggerated and distorted into a serious calumny, demands a little notice out of sheer justice to the Queen. As Warden of the Marches, Bothwell was hunting down some of the Border freebooters for trial at the circuit court at Jedburgh, where Mary arrived with her officers of state on the 9th of October. On the very day on which the Queen left Edinburgh, Little Jock Elliot, one of the most notorious thieves in Liddesdale, was seized by the earl ; the marauder, however, succeeded in slipping from horseback and made to run off. In the attempt to recapture his prey, Bothwell tumbled down a ditch, and received three serious wounds—one of them, it is worth bearing in mind, was in the hand—from the freebooter, after having shot him in the body

with a pistol. George Buchanan, in his eloquent and skilful indictment known as the "Detection," a work that spread all over Europe, and formed the popular hideous impression of Mary's wickedness, raised on this matter an unjust slander against her honour. "When," he says, "news hereof was brought to Borthwick to the Queen, she flingeth away in haste like a mad woman, by great journeys in post in the sharp time of winter, first to Melrose, and then to Jedworth.* There, though she heard sure news of his life, yet her affection, impatient of delay, could not temper itself, but needs she must bewray her outrageous lust, and, in an inconvenient time of the year, despising all discommodities of the way and weather and all danger of thieves, she betook herself headlong to her journey with such a company as no man of any honest degree would have adventured his life and his goods among them." The fact is, however, that Mary exhibited no such mad hurry. She actually remained at Jedburgh till the 16th of October, when the press of business was over, before she set off on her white palfrey for Hermitage Castle, where the warden lay sorely wounded. Going and coming, it was a ride of sixty miles across the moors; but Mary was an accomplished horse-woman, and her figure, dashing along mounted on her steed, was familiar in those days over the length and breadth of Scotland. The people of the district of that eventful and almost fatal ride still give the name of the Queen's Mire to a morass in which her palfrey was bogged. Far from giving way to "outrageous lust," she even transacted state business at the Hermitage. On her return to Jedburgh, she fell into a sickness of the most severe type, and for ten days the physicians regarded her case as hopeless. In a touching document brought to light in 1881, entitled "The Declaration of the Will," etc., she most unmistakably points to Darnley's cruelty as the cause of her sickness. Her careless and selfish and dissolute husband did not arrive from Glasgow until she had become convalescent. It is not impossible that not only her physical system, but her mind itself, became temporarily deranged. She was often heard to murmur, "I could wish to be dead." Just after this period of severe anguish, the following ominous words were penned by Mary's secretary, Lethington: "It is a heartbreak to her to think that he should be her husband, and how to be free of him she has no outgait [escape]."

The pitiable isolation into which Darnley had sunk, his lamentable estrangement from his wife and the nation's leaders, is most completely unveiled by the fact that he was not even present at the baptism of his own

child, Prince James, in December 1566. On the evening when that ceremony was performed in the Chapel Royal at Stirling with great pomp, and the little Solomon underwent the initial rite of the Christian Church by water from a rich gold font presented by the Maiden Queen, the father of the babe was actually residing in Stirling Castle. He was even not tempted by the gorgeous banquet that followed in the great hall, but remained sulking in his chamber, and, without saying good-night, he stole away from the aching scene of the festivities to his father's residence in Glasgow. The presiding genius at the Stirling ceremonies was the chivalrous, courtly, and ambitious Bothwell.

GETTING RID OF DARNLEY.

So the lords met and talked the matter over. There was but one thing that stood in the way of a divorce in the Queen's mind—how it would affect the legitimacy of her infant son. They assured her that parliament would make the matter right on this point. What regard Mary now had for Darnley was only due to the circumstance that he was the father of her child. Instead of a divorce so shocking to a mother's feelings, would not it be better that he should be got rid of in a way that would at least bury any doubt as to the legality of the marriage and the legitimacy of the little Prince James?

It almost seemed as if Providence itself were anxious to cut the Gordian knot. In the midst of all this plotting, the scapegrace was struck down with some foul disease, which has commonly been called small-pox, and was removed to his father's house in Glasgow, near the old cathedral. Several times during his illness he requested to see the Queen, and, according to the narrative of Nau, "although she was ill, having injured her bosom by a fall from her horse at Seton, she went, sat with him, and tended him on his return to Edinburgh. During the journey, a raven accompanied them from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where it remained. It perched on the King's lodging, and sometimes on the Castle. On the day before his death it sat and croaked for a very long time upon the house." Something else than the croak of a raven had to do with the removal of Darnley to Edinburgh and the hideous extinction of his life. In the interview with her husband, the Queen pressed on him to agree to his removal to Craigmillar Castle, close by Edinburgh, when he had made some progress towards recovery, and take the bath there. Darnley would seem to have had a strange premonition of his doom; still, he declared to a faithful attendant, "he would go with her, and put himself in her hands, though she should cut his throat."

The old castle of the Prestons was not,

* This is the old form of the name Jedburgh.

after all, the final destination of the fated man. He was escorted by Mary to the Kirk-of-Field, a place abutting on the city wall, situated on the spot where the University now stands. Nau insists that this was not the Queen's choice, but that she was in favour of his being taken to Craigmillar, and that he was not settled in Holyrood because of the danger of the young prince being infected. Buchanan, on the other hand, attempts to make out a horrid charge against Mary and the lodgings of Darnley:—"Is it among dead men's graves to seek the preserving of life? For hard by there were the ruins of two kirks; on the east side a monastery of Dominic friars; on the west, a kirk of Our Lady, which, for the desolateness of the place, is called the Kirk-in-the-Field; on the south side the town wall, and in the same, for commodious passage every way, is a postern door; on the north side are a few beggars' cottages, then ready to fall, which sometime served for stews for certain priests and monks, the name of which place does plainly disclose the form and nature thereof, for it is commonly called the Thief Row." Nothing can really be charged against Queen Mary, on any authority that is beyond question, of actual foreknowledge of the crime about to be perpetrated in this retired spot—for such it then was, although it now lies in the very heart of the city. We know that when he was in Glasgow, she sent her own physician to attend him, wrote many friendly letters to him there, and when he was removed to the squalid district in Edinburgh, she often sat with him in his room like an affectionate wife, walked in the neighbouring garden, or brought her choir to him to elevate his spirits. The lodgings provided for him were elegantly if hastily furnished. "In a chamber on the ground floor," says Joseph Robertson, "directly under the King's chamber, there was a little bed of yellow and green damask, with a furred coverlet, in which the Queen slept on the nights of Wednesday and Friday." There was therefore every appearance of becoming wifely attention and of returning love; and if we may take Nau's word for it, the Queen was frequently blamed by the leading nobles of the country for coming to an understanding with him. But, on the other hand, as we have seen, she was perfectly well aware that the national leaders were desirous of removing Darnley as a complete nuisance from the scene of political action. It is impossible to say who were all the persons involved in the plot against the life of the foolish young King, but it must be accepted as a fact that a bond was prepared by which the chief parties bound themselves to free the Queen from the bondage and misery to which she had been reduced by her husband's conduct; and it must also be

accepted as a fact that the most active person in carrying out the plot was Hepburn of Bothwell. We have not the slightest faith in the theory that, in associating with and marrying Bothwell, Mary was stricken blind by a woman's mad love, and believed in his innocence in the teeth of all public accusation.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT AT KIRK-OF-FIELD.

On Saturday the 8th of February, Darnley received warning of his danger from Lord Robert Stuart, a younger brother of the more famous Earl of Moray; and the patient sent information to the Queen, who in her turn wrote to Stuart, who was her half-brother, on the matter. The latter gentleman went to Darnley's residence in the Kirk-of-Field, and had an altercation with him, denying vehemently that he had ever given any such intimation to the King. That Mary should in any case have been content to leave her husband unprotected by a guard, or to have remained away from him after this terrible revelation, is an argument against her innocence which the keenest of her advocates and admirers will have considerable difficulty in dealing with.

It was clear now to the plotters that the bird must be disposed of at once, in case the roused suspicion should lead to his taking immediate flight beyond their power; and at a final consultation on Sunday in Bothwell's rooms, it was arranged that on that very night the powder which had been brought up from Dunbar Castle, of which arsenal he was governor, and stored in his rooms at Holyrood Palace, should be used to blow up the house in which the doomed man lay. There were two festivals on that Sunday evening,—one to be given on the departure of the Savoy ambassador, and another on the wedding of the Queen's French servant, Sebastian Pagez, to Christily Hogg. At the former the Queen and Bothwell were both present; and as it grew dark, the latter left the banquet to meet his assistants, who were four small Scottish lairds, his own three servants, and his own minion Nicholas Hubert, commonly called French Paris, whom he had brought from France and placed in Her Majesty's service.

At ten o'clock two horses, in two successive loads, carried the powder along the outside of the city wall to the gate at the Kirk-of-Field; it was then taken in bags into the Queen's chamber, which lay right under that of her husband. Before or while this tedious process was going on, evidently under Bothwell's own superintendence, the Queen arrived at the solitary house with several of the nobles, and, without visiting her own room, either in going up or down past it, went into Darnley's

apartment, where she seems to have remained for a considerable time. Darnley's guests were playing dice upstairs, and Bothwell, after having seen a large portion of the powder quietly deposited, went up to join the group, returning with the Queen to Holyrood about eleven o'clock. After leaving the feast at midnight, he repaired to his own rooms, doffed his court attire for a coarser doublet and a dark trooper's cloak, and then set forth with his three minions and French Paris towards the scene of the coming tragedy. As the Canongate Port was closed, they were challenged by the keeper, who admitted the party without scruple on receiving the reply that they were friends of the Earl of Bothwell. The thick match leading to the gunpowder was lighted by Hay of Talla, a wild district on the borders, and Bothwell's own relative, John Hepburn of Bolton. It burned so slowly that the earl grew impatient, and was thinking of approaching to see what was the matter, when a loud explosion shook the earth, and roused every citizen in Edinburgh from his peaceful slumber.

It was now between three and four o'clock on Monday morning. The murderers tried to escape over the city wall near Leith Wynd, at a considerable distance from the scene of the tragedy, but the injury "Little Jock Elliot" had done to his hand in the previous October was still sufficient to prevent Bothwell's escape in this manner, and he was forced to seek exit at the Port by which he had entered. Half-an-hour later he was roused from bed by a messenger. He called out treason, donned the silver-embroidered court dress he had laid aside at midnight, and, along with his brother-in-law Huntly, sought an audience of the Queen, so as to inform her of some accident that had just occurred at the Kirk-of-Field, and had caused a general consternation in the city. Between eight and nine in the morning he returned to her with the information that she was a widow; and as he left her presence, he told a courtier that the Queen was "sorrowful and quiet." Such had been the force of the explosion that the whole lodging was shattered down till not one stone remained above another, "but all either carried far away, or dung in dross to the very ground-stone." There were five servants in attendance at the time of the explosion, all of whom were hurt or killed, while the body of Darnley was found under a tree outside the garden wall. He wore his linen only, had neither scorch nor bruise, and his boots and clothes were by his side. A letter from Queen Mary to her ambassador at the French Court states that God, not chance, had that night saved her from sleeping at the Kirk-of-Field, and intimates that it must have been done by gunpowder, but "by whom, or in what manner, it appears not as yet."

Will the reader now compare the following statement from Nau's narrative, probably taken down from Mary's own lips?—On the night of the murder, as she was about to leave the King, she met Paris, Bothwell's valet-de-chambre, and noticing that his face was all black with gunpowder, she exclaimed, just as she was mounting her horse, "Jesu, Paris, how begrimed you are!"

The body of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was embalmed for £42 6s., and was buried in Holyrood Chapel by torchlight on the Saturday following the murder.

AFTER THE MURDER; BOTHWELL'S SHAM ACQUITTAL; HIS MARRIAGE AND FATE.

Queen Mary has been credited with becoming melancholy and fastings after the death of her worthless husband; but what is certain is that she did not spend the usual forty days in mourning according to the Scottish custom, by keeping her darkened rooms lit by candles in the day-time; that on the very next day after the somewhat secret interment of her murdered husband she withdrew from Edinburgh, under medical advice it was alleged, to Seton House, with Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, and Lethington, as the leading members of her Court. During the week of the assassination, although no one dared publicly to claim the reward of £2,000 offered to any who should discover the author of the murder, voices were heard at night openly proclaiming Bothwell as the guilty person, and placards were affixed to the door of the Tolbooth accusing him and certain others as the authors of the crime; and yet the widowed Queen, knowing of these tickets, could join with Bothwell in shooting with steady hand and excellent aim at the butts at Seton against two noble opponents, and then proceed to a dinner at the miserable village of Tranent; the expense of the public-house festivities being paid by the losers of the contest. Mary showed her indecent and insane contempt for public opinion and public justice by granting a pension at Seton, only ten days after the murder, to Signor Francis, one of those whom the placards accused of being guilty of the King's blood. True it is also that, after repeated applications by the father of her murdered husband, she complied with his request that the persons accused by him—the same as those mentioned on the Tolbooth placards—should have an immediate trial before the Lords; and the Privy Council fixed the 12th of April for the ceremony. But as the Earl of Bothwell had in his power the command of the castle, and had several thousand men behind him in the streets of the city, Lennox did not dare to make personal appearance at the trial, and Bothwell was in consequence acquitted of "art and

part of the said slaughter of the King" by the jury of fifteen nobles, over whose proceedings the Earl of Argyll, one of Bothwell's cronies, acted as president. Bothwell made a public challenge to engage in single-handed contest with any one who continued after this verdict to charge him with the murder.

It was patent to every one who moved about the Court that the relation between the Queen and Bothwell would end in marriage; and a letter written by Kirkcaldy of Grange, afterwards the most famous and chivalrous of her defenders, expresses her mad devotion to her husband's murderer by the remark that "she cared not to lose France, England, and her own country for him, and shall go with him to the world's end in a white petticoat before she will leave him." The hand of the fascinating royal widow was finally secured to Bothwell by the parliament which met at Edinburgh in the middle of April. Fresh possessions were added to his already immense power and wealth, and, as far as any ordinary human eye could perceive, he had attained a height and strength not likely to be toppled down by any possible combination of the other chiefs of the country. On the 19th of April, the parliament held its last sitting, and at a feast held in an Edinburgh tavern in the afternoon, the magnates of the country entered into a bond for the support of Bothwell, and recommended Mary to adopt him as a husband in the distressed state of the nation. The support of the nobles was hollow, and Bothwell was very far from being a favourite in Scotland. In the previous summer the English ambassador had reported his insolence, declaring that he was the most hated man among the noblemen; and that David (that is, Rizzio) was never more abhorred than the Earl. A device even then, it was said, "was working" for him, and he had woven around himself such intense hatred that he "could not long continue." After the farce of the proposed marriage was over, the nobles retired to their country seats to plot the ruin of Bothwell, and let the ugly events develop themselves.

Mary, it would appear from the narrative of Monsieur Nau, reminded Lethington and the others who presented themselves as delegates on the matter of the reports that had been current about Bothwell's connection with her husband's murder, and more than once refused to accept his hand. It is of course denied by Nau and all her defenders that it was by collusion with him that she went to visit her infant son at Stirling two days after the closing of the Parliament, and on the way back three days later, when within a few miles of Edinburgh, was seized by him at the head of fifteen hundred horsemen, and carried off to the castle of Dunbar.

Steps were immediately taken for the divorce of Bothwell and his wife,—a shameless mockery, for the dispensation we have already mentioned, discovered at Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherlandshire, some ten or eleven years ago, had been granted, annulling all possible obstacles to their marriage. Mary herself pardoned him, or pretended to do so, for the treasonable offence of carrying her off into captivity, on account of his good behaviour towards her and his thankful service done in time bygone; and so the wedding of the loving couple was celebrated on the 15th of May,—although an unlucky month, and Mary was not without her superstitions. It belongs to another chapter of the Queen's wretched life to tell how a single month later the confederate lords met the forces of Bothwell and Mary at Carberry Hill, near the fishing town of Musselburgh, and how on that bloodless field the husband and wife parted, never to meet again on earth. It has been asserted by Nau that just before escaping from the scene he handed to the Queen the bond he and others of the nobles had entered into for putting Darnley out of the way.

The story of Mary's life after her surrender at Carberry Hill to the rebel forces is full of pathos, sadness, and romance. Sorrow followed her without a moment's pause from the day when, passing over into the ranks of the confederate lords, she took the grim Lord Lindsay by the hand, exclaiming, "By the hand which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this!" Her imprisonment in the castle of Lochleven, her romantic escape,—although her half-brother, Moray, saw no romance in it but merely the result of his own folly in giving the "unmerciful Jezebel" too much liberty, instead of giving her "to the dogs to devour her flesh and bones," according to the teaching of God's Word,—her final stand at Langside, her flight over the borders into England, there to spend years in grief and plots, until her head fell at Fotheringhay Castle, form perhaps the best known narrative in the annals of our country.

If we refrain from telling the story of the "casket letters," on the basis of which she was accused in England of complicity with Bothwell in the murder, we must for this once plead want of space and the general belief that they were nothing better than forgeries; but the less known story of the latter days of the unscrupulous nobleman, which has been unearthed by careful investigation of Danish records during recent years, and has not yet become familiar to British readers, perhaps deserves to be set forth in some little detail as one of those tragedies that are stranger than fiction, in which poetic justice is dealt out to the guilty.

THE EXILE OF BOTHWELL ; HIS DEATH
IN DRAXHOLM CASTLE.

Partly through the Queen's entreaties and the advice of the astute Laird of Lethington, Bothwell leapt on horseback at Carberry Hill and rode away from the impending contest with his face set towards his strong castle of Dunbar, having, in his anxiety to "ease his conscience," left the bond of the conspirators in Mary's hands, implicating Morton, Lethington, and others.

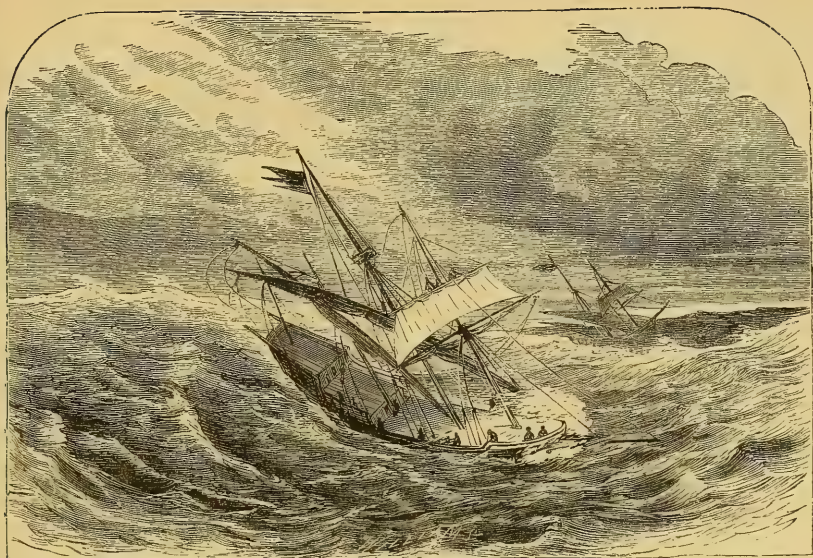
On the next day the lords bound themselves to have the shameless marriage dissolved, and not to rest until Bothwell was duly punished "as truly as we are noblemen and love the honour of our native country;" and a week later a proclamation at different market-crosses throughout Scotland set a reward of a thousand crowns upon his head, and forbade any person from providing the criminal with food or shelter. Bothwell seems to have made an effort to raise his partisans, but the sympathies of the country were dead against him. Twelve days after his flight from Carberry Hill, the former Admiral of Scotland set out from his castle of Dunbar towards the north with two vessels, and paid a visit to Strathbogie, the seat of Huntly, brother of his divorced wife, but without succeeding in the attempt to obtain the support of that nobleman. For a time he found a refuge at Spynie Castle with his aged uncle and namesake, the Bishop of Moray, under whose dissolute tutelage he had spent a portion of his early life; but even there he was not safe from the threats of an assassin. For two months he had held the dignity of Duke of Orkney, and he now sought a refuge in those distant isles from which his ducal title was derived. The governor of Kirkwall Castle, formerly one of his own minions at the time of the Darnley tragedy, had turned with the tide, and Bothwell sailed still further northward, towards the bleak isles of Shetland. There he purchased two ships from the ports of Bremen and Hamburg, which traded, we imagine, in corn, beer, whisky, cloth, fish, and the nimble little ponies known as shelties. A small Scottish fleet was despatched against him, and his vessels were compelled to sail from the coast of Shetland.

Shortly after this, the Earl found himself tossed by the storms of the North Sea on the rocky coast of Norway, and his two "pinkers" were captured as privateers by a war-ship of Frederick the Second. In vain did he expostulate against this seizure, declaring who he was, and that he had never taken a farthing's-worth without payment; for the Norwegian captain could not well be expected to recognise the husband of the famous Scottish Queen, for whom his own royal master had been a

suitor, in the ill-featured and shabby-looking man before him, who was attired in "old, torn, coarse boatswain's clothes." While he was at Bergen, an ugly memory of his earlier dissipated life turned up in the shape of his long-abandoned spouse, Anna Thröndson, who had returned to her native Norway, where she was known as "The Scottish Lady." She summoned him before a legal court on the ground of his desertion of her; but the wrath of the fair dame was appeased when her faithless lover handed over to her the smallest of his ships, and promised her an annuity from Scotland. He was carried over to Copenhagen, where he proceeded to lay his case before King Frederick, tempting that sovereign to assist him against the Scottish rebels by offering the old Norse possessions of Orkney and Shetland that had been pledged to Scotland several centuries before as the dowry of a Norwegian princess. In December of the same year (1567), a messenger arrived from Scotland, demanding the extradition of Bothwell as a murderer; but the Danish King did not accede to the request, and instead ordered his removal to Malmoe Castle, across the Sound. The Scottish parliament had already condemned him to the forfeiture of his rank, honours, life, and fortune. Although Frederick did not hand him over to the Scots, two of the other conspirators, Murray and Paris, who had accompanied Bothwell, were given over to justice in 1568; and the latter, after making a confession that implicated the Queen, was executed on the 16th of August in the following year.

Till 1573 the "Scottish Earl" enjoyed considerable liberty in Malmoe, enjoying the King's munificence, feasting and carousing with his friends, and dressing himself in silk and velvet. In this retreat he was even permitted to correspond with Mary after her escape from Lochleven and while she was a prisoner in England. But from the year mentioned till his death in April 1578, he was practically buried from the world in a solitary and loathsome cell in the castle of Dragsholm, or Dragon's Island. Two iron bars in the wall are still pointed out by tradition as those to which his fetters were attached; and in those terrible years of divine vengeance no one had access to him except the persons who brought to a little window such "scurvy meat and drink as was allowed." The wretched end of him is thus told by Professor Schiern: "The Earl's coffin was brought from Dragsholm to the nearest church at Faareveile. This church, which stands away from the village, on the west of Isefjord, in a lonely and quiet spot, the haunt of gulls and sea-fowl, is said to be the last resting-place of him who once was the husband of Scotland's Queen."

M. M.



MAGELLAN'S VESSELS IN A STORM.

MAGELLAN'S GREAT VOYAGE: THE FIRST JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

"Thus hast thou all the regions of the East,
Which by thee given unto the World is now;
Opening the way with an undaunted breast,
Through that vast sea which none before did plough."

The Sea of Pitchy Darkness—Former Discoveries—Fernando Magalhaens—His Services declined at Lisbon—Arrival at the Spanish Court—Agreement with the King—The Expedition Sets Sail—The Brazils—The Patagonians—Mutiny at San Julian—The Straits Discovered—The Pacific Entered—The Ladrone Islands—Disputes with the Islanders—Continuation of the Voyage—Manners and Customs of the Natives—Baptism and Conversion of the People—The Dispute at Malan—Death of Magellan—The Expedition Continued—Arrival and Reception at Borneo—The Voyage Home—Run into Danger at Cape Verde Islands—Escape and Arrival in Spain—Conclusion.

"THE SEA OF PITCHY DARKNESS."

TO Marco Polo is due the credit of removing the veil from the Asiatic shore of the South Seas, which had previously been regarded with such terror. The Arabic geographers portrayed the South Sea as a terrible waste of waters, which no voyager had been able to explore in consequence of its difficult navigation and great obscurity. The "Sea of Darkness" was supposed to be impenetrable, with its mountainous waves, "haughty winds," and "mighty fishes;" no mariner dared to enter its waters.

But when Marco Polo penetrated to China, and reached its eastern boundary, he carried back to Europe a very different picture of the Sea of Darkness. He certainly confirmed public opinion as to its extent and majesty; but he also removed the unfavour-

able impressions concerning it. "There were hundreds of islands," he said, "and all the trees were perfumed;" and he concluded by saying that "it was impossible to estimate the value of the gold or other articles found in the islands."

Christopher Columbus fancied that by sailing westward he would reach the Eastern continents, and arrive in Asia and Japan. The result of his voyages is known to every reader, and contemporary and later voyagers succeeded in rounding the Cape of Storms, and made many other important discoveries. But Nunez de Balboa and the Spaniards were the first people to reach the coveted Southern Ocean in 1513.

Nunez, following the directions given him by a chief in Darien, near Santa Maria, ascended to the summit of a mountain, and thence beheld the long-wished-for ocean.

He fell on his knees and thanked God. The Spaniards then descended to the shore, and named the bay San Miguel, for the ocean was reached (exactly to this day of writing 369 years ago) on the 29th of September, 1513.

Tidings of the discovery were at once sent to Spain. The ocean was called the South Sea. Yet Nunez got no reward. His recompense was the sword of the public executioner. But his successor could find no passage across the continent for vessels. The Isthmus of Darien was the easiest line of communication, and attempts were made to utilize it; but they failed, and the undertaking was abandoned.

Thus the "Sea of Pitchy Darkness" was brought to light; but prior to 1519, no adventurer had been sufficiently bold to explore it. Ships had indeed sailed upon it, coasting along the continent; but no one had launched out to explore it in its length, and find a strait from ocean to ocean. This success was reserved for FERNANDO MAGALHAENS, or MAGELLAN as the French called him.

FERNANDO MAGALHAENS.

The birthplace of the first circumnavigator of the world is doubtful. It may, however, be accepted that he was born at Villa de Sabroza, in the district of Villa Real, in Portugal.* He was of good family; and a man of considerable attainments, who had seen service in the East. Pope Alexander had assigned all the newly-discovered territories to the west of Ferro, in the Canaries, to the Spaniards; and all to the eastward to the Portuguese; and Spain continued to extend her conquests and cruelties; while Da Gama doubled the Cape, and the Portuguese sailed up the eastern coast, reaching Calicut and the Moluccas.

The Duke of Albuquerque was then Viceroy of the Indian possessions of the Portuguese; and in his suite was Magellan, who had studied geography and navigation. From the Indies he returned to Lisbon; and while endeavouring to obtain preferment he still studied geography and the maps of the world. He was permitted to see all the charts; and it is stated by Pigafetta, that while thus occupied he came across a chart made by Martin Boheim, a celebrated geographer, in which the strait which now bears the name of Magellan is marked. But this statement is unsupported by more recent investigations; and if he did see the strait indicated, he placed no reliance upon the fact, because at the time of Boheim the Pacific Ocean had not been discovered.

Magellan sought advancement at the hands of the King of Portugal; but he did not

"choose to hear him," nor would he countenance the projected plan of exploration of the geographer. The Court of Portugal thus declined to accept the offer of the services of Magellan; and lost the honour of the circumnavigation of the globe as they had lost the honour of the discoveries of Columbus.

Magellan therefore threw off his allegiance to the King of Portugal, and proceeded to Spain to offer his services to the Emperor Charles V. He was accompanied in his expedition by the astrologer Ruy Falero; and they sought the Emperor at Valladolid. Charles V. listened to the proposals Magellan and his friend submitted to him, and became convinced of his sincerity. Cardinal Ximenes, the Prime Minister, paid particular attention to Magellan when the latter demonstrated that the country he desired to explore was really within the line of demarcation permitted by the Pope.

But the agents of the King of Portugal did all they could to thwart the designs of Magellan. Discussions arose as to the legality of the Spanish attempts; nevertheless Charles V. was satisfied that he was within his rights, and he acquiesced in Magellan's proposals.

THE AGREEMENT WITH SPAIN.

Articles of agreement were accordingly drawn up with the Emperor, who was strongly supported by his nobles. These articles are dated 1518, quite a twelvemonth previous to the actual sailing of the expedition, which was probably delayed by Portuguese intrigues, that at one time threatened the life of Magellan himself.

It was agreed that the navigators (Magellan and Falero) should sail to the Moluccas westward, and enjoy a ten years' monopoly of the track they explored. They were to receive one-twentieth part of the revenue and profits arising from their discoveries after paying necessary expenses. Magellan was also to be deemed *Adelantado*, and he and his heirs were to retain the possessorship of any islands he discovered. Five vessels were arranged for—viz., two ships, or "caravels," of 130 tons, two of 90 tons, and one of 60. The vessels were to be victualled for two years, and to carry crews amounting to 234 men.

This agreement was concluded at Saragossa, and the final orders were given at Barcelona on the 19th of April, 1519. (The first document is dated Valladolid, 22nd March, 1518.) These five vessels were named the *Trinidad*, *San Antonio*, *Vittoria*, *Concepcion*, and *Santiago*. Magellan commanded the expedition in the *Trinidad*, Luis de Mendoza was captain of the *Vittoria*. The *San Antonio* was captained by Don Juan de Carthagená; the *Santiago* by Don

* So stated in his will executed at Lisbon in 1504.
—See "Hakluyt Society's Publications."

Serrano; and the *Concepcion* by Gaspar de Quixhada. The commander took several of his own countrymen in his vessel, for they were experienced navigators.

Even while the arrangements were being completed, the King of Portugal did all in his power to induce Magellan to return to him, and abandon the rival country, but in vain. After the treatment he had received, Fernando was not inclined to put himself into his sovereign's power, and he remained firm.

The course decided upon was laid down as follows:—"Straight from Cape Frio, Brazil remaining on their right hand until they reached the line of demarcation; from thence they are to navigate west and west-north-west, straight to Maluca. . . . From this Cape Frio until the islands of Maluca, there are no lands laid down in the maps they carry with them. Please God the Almighty that they may make such a voyage as did the Cortereals; and that Your Highness may be at rest and for ever be envied, as you are, by all princes."*

THE DEPARTURE OF THE EXPEDITION.

Magellan reached Seville upon the 20th of October, 1518; and on Wednesday, August 10th, 1519, he sailed thence upon his ever memorable voyage round the world. The ships remained outside, however, until the 21st of September, and then steering south, they reached the Cape de Verd Islands on the 3rd of October. They then fell into the "Doldrums," a zone of calms, and remained for a long time (two months) drifting upon the glassy sea, experiencing "dead calms with rain," says the narrator. Sharks came alongside, and many were captured in calm weather. During the squalls subsequently encountered, St. Elmo's Fire frequently appeared upon the ships, and this was welcomed as a prosperous omen.

The vessels crossed the line, and steering south-south-west, made for the coast of Brazil, and obtained abundant supplies from the natives of the neighbourhood. The value of the playing cards was immense; for a King of Spades the Spaniards obtained half-a-dozen fowls, and the native flattered himself he had gained the best of the bargain after all, by which a knave might have largely benefited.

Rio Janeiro was reached upon St. Lucy's Day, 13th of December, and the heat caused much inconvenience. Many amusing details are given of the costume and manners of the natives. After a stay of thirteen days, the Admiral coasted farther, and reached a "large river of fresh water," which is probably the Rio de la Plata.

The inhabitants of that district appeared to be cannibals, and one native is described

as of gigantic size, and bellowing like a bull. He came down to instil confidence into his friends, and to alarm the Spaniards. They landed, however, and endeavoured to capture this Goliath of Brazil; but the speed at which he and his friends ran away, rendered pursuit vain.

Magellan stopped at two islands, the Isle of Penguins and the Isle of Lions, where a number of black geese were captured, as well as some seals, which the navigators called "sea-wolves. They are minutely described, and are what we term sea-bears. On Easter Eve the fleet reached St. Julian; and as winter was approaching, Magellan determined to remain there. He accordingly cast anchor, and stayed five months in that port.

For two months the fleet remained at San Julian without any incident occurring at all worthy of mention. But one day a man of gigantic stature appeared. The heads of the explorers only reached to his waist. His clothing was made of the skin of the guanaco, which is described as having the "head and ears of a mule, the body of a camel, the legs of a stag, and the tail of a horse." The giant wore a kind of short shoe, and this gave his feet the appearance of the bear's paw. For this reason Magellan named the people "Patagonians," or clumsy-footed (Patagones).

Here the first convert was made, the individual also being of enormous stature. He was taught the Lord's Prayer, and subsequently was baptized by the name of John, but very little was afterwards seen of him. The medical practice of these natives was very simple, yet apparently effective. If they suffered from what we may now term a bilious attack, they simply thrust an arrow down the throat of the afflicted one, to serve as an emetic; or gashed their foreheads when they had an headache, which we hope was seldom. They cut themselves wherever they felt pain, and let blood. These and other interesting particulars are given in the chronicles of the voyage, but it is not necessary to reproduce them all here.

MUTINY AT SAN JULIAN.

A very untoward incident occurred during the stay of the vessels at this port. Three of the captains mutinied against Magellan. They were Spanish officers, and jealous of the authority invested in the Commander-in-Chief. A Portuguese, Luis de Mendoza, was the ringleader of this mutiny; the other three malcontents were Juan of Carthagena, Antonia Cocea, and Gaspar de Casada, or Quixhada. The ringleader was stabbed while he was reading a letter on his own quarter-deck. Magellan sent him this note, and, while reading the communication, the Admiral's orders were carried out, and Mendoza was assassinated, or executed.

* "First Voyage round the World," *Hakluyt Society*.

Juan is reported to have suffered terribly, being flayed alive ; and Gaspar, Pigafetta says, was put ashore destitute, and left to the mercy of the natives ;* but from other evidence it would appear that Gaspar, the Captain of the *Concepcion*, was decapitated and quartered. The prompt and severe measures taken by the Admiral had a good effect, and the mutiny was quelled.

Another misfortune, and one not so easily remedied, here befell the expedition. The *Santiago*, commanded by Juan Serrano, was sent upon a surveying cruise, and while engaged in their very necessary duty was cast upon the rocks. All the men, however, were saved, and two even travelled overland to acquaint the Captain-General with the disaster that had occurred.

A great deal of energy and determination were displayed by the men under the circumstances. The wreck occurred nearly a hundred miles from St. Julian ; and though the men and officers of the wrecked ship remained two months on the spot, collecting the timbers and merchandize that was continually being washed ashore, Magellan kept them supplied, at that distance from his base, by land along a very bad road, and one infested with thickets and briars, in a hostile country, with no other beverage for the bearer of the provisions but the ice he could break and melt. There was some solid stuff amongst these explorers.

Some attempts had been previously made by the Spaniards to capture two or three Patagonians in order to carry them to Spain ; but though treachery was employed, and craft opposed to native confidence, this attempt failed even on land, for the men and women ran away so speedily that they escaped even the bullets sent after them. But they were afterwards successful in keeping two natives. One of the Spaniards was hit by a poisoned arrow and died, on the first expedition.

On the 24th of August, the expedition sailed from San Julian ; and after sailing along the coast for some distance, a "river of fresh water" was found, which was called Santa Cruz. It was so named because it was entered upon the 14th of September, the day of the exaltation of the Cross. There, owing to a strong wind and rough water, the whole squadron very nearly came to grief. But "owing to God and to the Corpora Sancta, the fire which burned upon the mast," says the chronicler, they all arrived safely.

In this place they passed nearly two months, laying in wood and water and provisions ; and on the 21st of October, Magellan again sailed away, and discovered a strait

called the "Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins," which proved to be the great object of the expedition.

THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

The Cape of the Virgins had been first sighted, and just beyond it Magellan found the bay, as he termed it. The *Vittoria* was the first vessel to perceive it ; and sailing along the coast for a time, the Admiral determined to anchor within the entrance of the bay.

The crews were all firmly persuaded that the Strait had no western entrance, and there was little disposition amongst the majority to explore it. But Magellan and the bolder spirits were firm. Two ships were sent in to see whether any opening existed beyond ; the *Trinidad* and *Vittoria* remained at anchor at the mouth of the bay.

Pigafetta, in his narrative of the voyage,—he was on board the *Trinidad*,—mentions that Magellan was quite aware of the existence of the Channel from an inspection of Boheim's maps. He was determined to make the attempt, though the forbidding nature of the surroundings, the lofty mountains which enclose it being covered with snow, and the water very deep, with frequent storms, did not tend to raise the spirits of any of the crews. The Strait of Magellan quickly gave the explorers a test of its quality. Scarcely had the vessels proceeded upon their expedition when a tremendous hurricane arose, and compelled the *Trinidad* and *Vittoria* to run before it, "at the mercy of the winds and waves in the gulph." The hurricane continued for thirty-six hours, and although in imminent danger, no damage was caused to the vessels. Indeed the tempest in one sense was advantageous.

The storm which had forced Magellan to leave his anchorage had been equally unsparing with the vessels farther in. They had to run before the gale, and every moment the crews fancied they would be dashed against the rocks at the sides, or, at any rate, wrecked at the end, for they fancied the bay was a *cul de sac*. But as the hurricane drove them onward to the threatening coast ahead, the pilots began to discover that openings existed in these terrible precipices.

A small inlet into which they ran, carried them, with the roughly-following wind, into a second channel, and then into another bay, and by a channel to a third bay, larger than the preceding. Nearly two days had already passed, and the commanders of the surveying ships, finding the tempest was blowing itself out, determined to return and report progress to the Admiral at the entrance of the channel.

Meantime, Magellan had been somewhat anxious concerning the safety of his vessels. The shore was closely scanned, and the bay searched for traces of the missing ships, but

* Pigafetta says, that when Gomez, commander of the *San Antonio*, deserted Magellan in the Straits, he returned and picked up Gaspar and the priest his accomplice, and carried them home to Spain.

in vain. They were almost given up, when some smoke was observed, and the Admiral, believing it arose from a fire made by his distressed men, immediately advanced. While thus making for the smoke, to the great joy of all on board the Admiral's ships, the two missing vessels were seen approaching, with bunting displayed. So soon as they came near, guns were fired and replied to, with every demonstration of joy. The meeting was a very joyful one, and Magellan heard with much satisfaction, the report of his cruising captains. They named the smoking land *Tierra del Fuego*.

The ships thus united, made the best of their way into the channels already discovered. When the third bay, from which the two pioneer ships had turned back, had been reached and traversed, two more openings, or channels, were discovered,—one running south-east, the other south-west. Magellan then sent the *Antonio* and *Concepcion* forward again, to ascertain whether the channel penetrated to the ocean.

Estevan Gomez, or Emmanuel Gomez as Pigafetta calls him, was the pilot of the *San Antonio*, and cherished a deep hatred against Magellan.* When ordered to advance, he clapped on all sail and made off, intending to return to Spain. The captain, Alvaro de Mosquita, a relative of Magellan, who had been appointed to the command after the mutiny at San Julian, was seized and put in irons. Gomez incited the crew. One of the Patagonian giants already captured was on board, and no doubt Gomez anticipated a hearty welcome on his arrival to announce new discoveries.

THE PASSAGE COMPLETED.

The captain of the *Concepcion* could not conceive what had become of the *Antonio*, and he waited vainly for his consort. But not finding her, he returned to Magellan and reported progress. Then the Admiral set sail, and with three ships entered the south-westerly channel, and reached the Sardine River, which abounded with those fish.

In this (Sardine) river the vessels remained four days; and while thus awaiting the return of the *Antonio*, which had by this time reached the Atlantic again, Magellan despatched a boat to examine a cape, or headland, in front, where he fancied the strait ought to end.

The boat, fully equipped, left, and, after a rapid survey, returned with the intelligence that they had examined the cape, and there the channel ended, and beyond it the ocean. "We wept for joy," says the simple chronicler,

* Magellan's appearance at Seville with his plans had thwarted Gomez, who had also proposed to command an expedition. Hence his hatred of Magellan.

"and the cape was denominated Il Capo Disedado (Wished-for Cape), for in truth we had long wished to see it."

Magellan now made every possible effort to find the missing *Antonio*. He sent back the *Vittoria* to the entrance of the channel to erect a signal, and left letters in likely places for the lost ship. But no tidings came of it. Other posts and signals were hoisted in prominent places as the three vessels proceeded through the straits, and the islands were likewise visited, but all in vain. There was scarcely any darkness at this time, the nights only lasting three hours while the Spaniards were in the strait, which they called the Strait of the Patagonians.

The description of the channel, now so well-known as the Strait of Magellan, is given by the narrator:—"At every half league it contains a safe port, with excellent water, cedar wood, sardines, and a great abundance of shell-fish. . . . Indeed, I do not think the world contains a better strait than this."

Thirty-seven days had been expended in the passage, and Magellan estimated the length to be 110 leagues. The narrator of the voyage relates that during the passage he learned many words from the captive Patagonian on board, whose god was called Setebos, and mentioned by Shakespeare in the "Tempest," a revengeful deity apparently. The Patagonian was subsequently baptised by the name of Paul.

The diary of the voyage gives us the principal dates as follows:—

Sailed from Seville	August 10, 1519.
Arrived at Teneriffe	October 3, "
Arrived at Rio Janerio	Dec. 13, "
Sailed from Rio	Dec. 26, "
Sailed from Rio de la Plata	February 2, 1520
Arrived at San Julian	March 31, "
Sailed from Port San Julian	August 24, "
Sailed from Santa Cruz	October 18, "
Arrived at the entrance of the Patagonian Strait	October 21, "
San Antonio missing	November "
Arrival at the Cape of Desire	Nov. 28. "

We now enter upon another portion of this famous voyage, and one no less interesting than that already related.

DISCOVERIES IN THE PACIFIC.

On Wednesday, 28th of November, 1520, the squadron entered the calm waters of the great sea to the westward of the strait. This apparently boundless expanse of ocean the Spaniards named the Pacific, a name it has always since retained, notwithstanding that travellers will find it occasionally little deserving of the title.

As soon as the Straits had been cleared the admiral made sail in a northerly direction in order to reach a milder climate for the

approaching winter; and in the Pacific the expedition sailed for three months and twenty days without tasting any fresh provisions. The sufferings of the Spaniards at this time were very great. Worms had consumed nearly all the biscuit, nothing but dust remained. The water was "putrid and offensive," and so reduced were these brave navigators that to keep body and soul together they were obliged to gnaw the leather with which the mainyard was covered. This, after being soaked in water for days, was eaten with avidity, while meantime saw-dust, varied with a dinner of mice, was the only food the explorers could command. Mice were actually caught and put up to auction, and such was the demand for even this food that a mouse sold for half a ducat.

In addition to the pangs of hunger and thirst, the terrible scurvy made its appearance. The disease is minutely described by the chronicler; and he reports that nineteen of the *Trinidad's* men succumbed to it. The Patagonian also died from it, and nearly forty men beside were attacked, but recovered eventually. Pigafetta himself had not one day's illness.

Fortunately the weather continued fine, and the ocean deserved its baptismal name. During the period the ships sailed nearly four thousand leagues, passing from the Straits north westward, outside Queen Adelaide's archipelago, as now laid down on our maps. Thence towards Juan Fernandez, immortalized by Selkirk and De Foe, to the tropic of Cancer. Then the voyage was continued in a more westerly direction, until the 24th of January, 1521, when they saw distant land, which soon proved to be an island. Here they buried the Patagonian, and called the islet St. Pablo.

On the 4th of February the vessels sighted the Tibourones (or Shark) Islands, and called the "Unfortunate Isles" also. From calculations with the log, it was found that the ships ran about seventy leagues a day; and the writer says, "I do not think any one will in future venture upon a similar voyage.*" The Southern Cross was discovered on this expedition, and mentioned by the explorers.

THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

After crossing the line, Magellan steered west by north, and changed afterwards, still keeping westerly until, on the 6th of March, (Wednesday) three islands were discovered. The first seen was the "most lofty and the largest, as may be expected, considering it was perceived soonest.

Here the Captain-General wished to revictual, and endeavoured to obtain fresh provisions; but any long stay was impossible,

* Fifty years later Sir Francis Drake ventured. He was the first after Magellan to make the circuit.

because the natives came on board and stole everything they could carry away, including the "dingy," which was fastened astern. The natives came off in canoes, and are described as handsome and of olive-brown complexion. The Spaniards called the islands the Ladrões, or Thieves, out of compliment to the inherent propensities of the inhabitants.

But when the dingy or skiff disappeared, Magellan determined to take revenge. He landed with a force of ninety men, and burnt a number of the native huts, plundering them first. The natives were perfectly astonished at this cruel retaliation. They had no idea of fire, and fancied it was a strange animal which devoured the wood.* However, they suffered greatly; and when the Spaniards shot arrows at them, they excited pity even in the Spanish heart by their futile and painful attempts to draw the barbs from their bodies. But the unwounded men attacked the explorers with stones vigorously.

The natives are described as ignorant of any laws, and are all guided merely by their own inclinations. They had no king nor any chief, and worship no gods. They wore small hats but no other clothing; but the people "generally are of good size and well built." The women are described as pretty and less dark than the men. They wore clothing of a primitive kind, and their hair also afforded them a certain protection, for it is described as being very long and trailing on the ground. A lengthened description is given in the original narratives of the voyage of the inhabitants of these islands. Their curiosity was excessive, and their pilfering propensities have already been mentioned. The islanders were apparently under the impression up to the time of Magellan's arrival that there were no other people in the world besides themselves.

Sailing from the Ladrões, the ships came in sight of a "high island," some three hundred leagues distant from the "Thieves' Isles." This island they called Zamal; it is now included under the name of Samar amongst the Philippines. Next day they arrived at an uninhabited isle, which they called Humunu, where abundant supplies of water were found, and the sick were accommodated in tents, and fresh meat, probably brought from the Ladrões, was supplied to them.

THE SPANIARDS AND THE NATIVES.

While thus resting ashore, a native boat was one day observed approaching. It contained a crew of nine men, and very strict orders were given by Magellan respecting the conduct and movements of his men. The strangers seemed very pleased to see the new-comers, and friendly relations were immediately established between the natives

* Le Goben, "History of the Ladrões."

and Europeans. Magellan gave them many presents, and food and drink were also supplied. Such gifts as looking-glasses, bells, and small red caps, were highly appreciated by the natives.

The islanders on their side were not to be outdone in politeness. They presented the Spaniards with fish and other simple food, with a kind of wine made from the palm (cocoa-nut) called *Uraca*. There were also fruits in abundance, bananas and "cochos," or cocoa-nuts.

The cocoa-nut palm seemed sufficient for nearly all the requirements of the natives. It supplied them with bread, oil, wine, vinegar, and medicine. Two of these trees, says the narrator of the incident, can maintain a family of ten persons; but they do not draw wine always from one tree. They draw one for eight or ten days, and then go to another. By this treatment the palms "last one hundred years."

The natives of the neighbouring island who had come over got very friendly, and were so agreeable that the Captain-General took them on board his ships and showed them his stores and weapons of offence. He treated them to a salvo of artillery, and thereby scared them nearly into the sea. But all continued in harmony, and good-will was everywhere apparent. The natives who had gone away promising to return with supplies, now came back with boats laden with fruit, and the Spaniards purchased all they brought. The expedition remained at these islands eight days for the benefit of the sick.

It was here that the historian of the voyage, Pigafetta, fell overboard; and had he not fortunately seized the main-sheet he would have been drowned. "I was assisted," he writes, "not by my merits, but by the mercy and grace of the Fountain of Pity." The island was called the Watering-place of Good Signs, and the ships did not leave it until the 25th of March.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

On the following Thursday evening, the crews descried a fire upon an island; and next morning they came to an anchor near the land. No sooner had the ships brought up, than a native boat put out from shore and paddled towards the *Trinidad*; but when the crew of the canoe caught sight of the Spaniards they withdrew again, and were afraid to come on board. However, the Captain hung out a red cap, which had the contrary effect to that it has upon the bovine species. The natives came alongside again, and then went ashore to tell their prince what they had seen and received.

A few hours afterwards two large boats came out, each full of men. In one of these sat the King under an awning, and a conver-

sation was commenced with His Majesty through the interpretation of a Sumatran slave, who happened to be on board the Spanish flag-ship. The European commander made presents to all who came on board his vessel; but the King would not come. He wished Magellan to accept some handsome gifts, but the Admiral would not do so. Next day, however, an interchange of courtesies took place.

Magellan next morning (Good Friday) sent his Sumatran slave to the King as an interpreter, requesting provisions, for which he stated himself as ready and willing to pay, and expressing a wish to become his friend, for he had no hostile intentions. This message pleased the King very much, and he immediately ordered his boat and came out to the ships. Without showing any signs of fear he boarded the *Trinidad*, and embraced Magellan, giving him at the same time some fresh provisions and fish.

The Spanish Admiral then determined to show the native potentate what he could do, and by way of striking a wholesome terror into him, he caused a soldier to be clad in armour, and putting him on deck, told his comrades to strike at him with their swords and daggers. The effect on the King and his men was very great. When the big guns were fired also, the astonishment of the simple people knew no bounds.

The Spanish commander took care to inform the King that his own single soldier in armour was worth quite a hundred of the natives. To this assertion the King assented; and Magellan then showed him two hundred in each ship also clad in similar armour. The swords, helmets, and cuirasses were then exhibited; and a small "assault of arms" arranged for the royal visitor, who was greatly impressed with all he saw and heard.

It was then agreed that two of the Spaniards should accompany the King ashore; and Pigafetta, the historian, was one of the two selected. After signs of amity had passed between them by raising hands to the sky, the King took the Europeans by the hand, and led them into his boat, which was moored in a place "covered with canes." In this canoe, or "ballanghai," the strangers sat conversing by signs, and by means of the interpreter, until refreshments in the shape of "pig's flesh and wine" appeared. The fashion of eating is curious, and may be described.

When they drink, the people raise their hands to heaven, and take the drinking vessel in the right hand, and extend the left hand closed before the people. "This the King did," says Pigafetta, "and presented to me his fist, so that I thought he wanted to strike me."

But the savage inhabitants had no ill-intentions towards their white visitors. Magellan appears to have endeavoured to treat the people fairly, and by gentle means to have gained their confidence. The Spaniards appeared pleased with their reception, and they supped with the King. Afterwards they went to the palace, which is described as a hay-loft, covered with fig and plantain leaves, built high off the ground, so that "steps and ladders" were found convenient, and by means of these the party entered.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES.

It is worthy of remark that though these islanders had never heard of Christianity, they made the sign of the cross at their meals; and it is also curious that their god to whom they prayed should have been known as *Abba*, which is the term used for "Father" in our Bibles. Magellan endeavoured to develop their religious feelings, for he caused a cross to be erected, and made all his men bow down before it in the presence of the King. The monarch looked upon the banner of the cross as a charm against thunder and lightning, and willingly consented to have it erected at the top of a hill as a greater security.

The entertainment at the "palace" was of an extremely hospitable, but nevertheless limited, nature. Fish, with sauce and rice, appear to have been the chief constituents of the banquet; and when the King retired for the night, he left his son to entertain the visitors, who were next morning sent for by the Admiral. The King's brother, the ruler of another island close by, also came on board, and the Spaniards made him presents too, and had the honour of his company at dinner.

The simple-minded natives were very much impressed by seeing the Spaniards write; and still more when they perceived that they could read what they had written; but even in later times it is not given to everybody to read their own writing. This latter attribute of the strange beings who had reached the island seems to have puzzled the natives very much.

The King of the neighbouring island appears to have been of a very liberal turn of mind. He possessed much gold, some nuggets being as large as hens' eggs; and these munificent gifts he pressed upon the voyagers. He was a very good-looking man, of olive complexion, and perfumed with native oils and fat, which no doubt rendered him a most agreeable personage. He wore gold rings in his ears, and metal rings upon his fingers; a sword was girt about him; and so rich was he that "a crown of massy gold was offered in exchange for six strings

of glass beads;" but we are informed that Magellan would not permit such one-sided transactions.

These kings of the islands were lords of the district. One governed the island of Butuan, the other Calaghan or Caragua. The names of these kind-hearted natives were Raia Calambu and Raia Siani; the former was the perfumed monarch, the latter the first friend of the explorers. It was on Easter Day that the religious observances were practised; and after dinner on that anniversary the Admiral inquired of the kings concerning his future course and means of soon obtaining supplies.

He was informed that there were three places or ports where he could find supplies; and these were Ceylon (or Leyte), Zzubu (or Sebu), and Calaghan, which last sounds Hibernian. The King willingly lent the Spanish commander his pilots to see them safely on the way; and his brother monarch volunteered to accompany the expedition if the Admiral would wait until he had got in his rice crop. This Magellan consented to do.

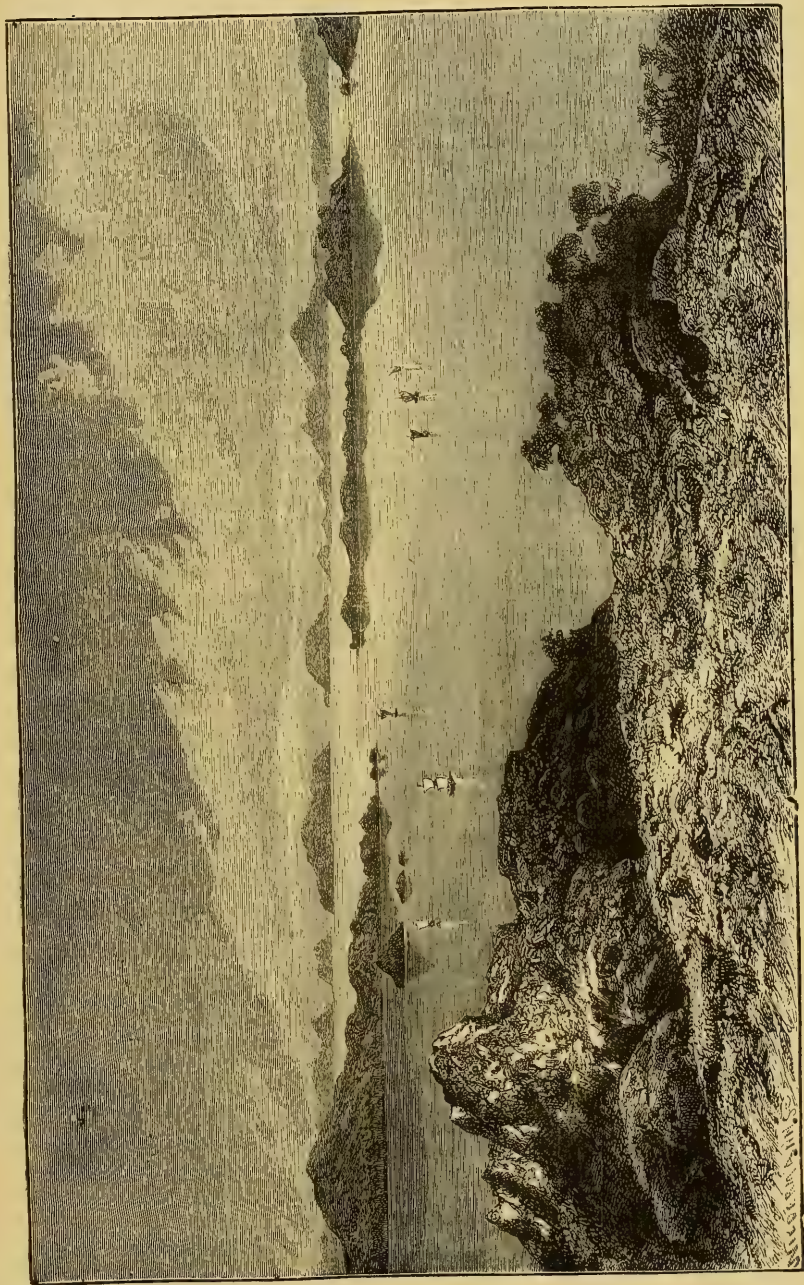
After the expiration of the time necessary to gather the rice, the vessels weighed anchor; and, conducted by the royal pilots, the Spaniards passed Ceylon, Calaghan, etc. in safety. In one place they found dogs, cats, hogs, and poultry, and many kinds of grain, with abundance of gold. Some unknown fowls were killed and eaten; and "there are certain large birds as large as a fowl with a long tail."

ARRIVAL AT ZEBU.

It was on Sunday, the 7th of April, that the vessels cast anchor off Zebu, where houses built upon trees seemed the commonest objects of the shore. The sails were dropped, and the loud-voiced artillery fired as a salute; but it had a great effect upon the barbarians, who were however assured that this custom was always observed by civilized nations as a token of friendship and respect. This explanation satisfied the King, who, with all his court, had been greatly frightened at the discharge of the guns.

A conversation then ensued, and the interpreter assured the monarch that the Spaniards only desired peace and trade. The King replied that they were very welcome, but at the same time gave the interpreter to understand that it was customary to pay tribute; and instanced a ship of Siam which had paid it, and left a merchant to trade. So he hoped the Spaniards would be equally complaisant.

Magellan, through his man, replied that it was quite impossible that he as the representative of the greatest king in the world should even think of paying any tribute. If the King of Zebu wanted peace he could have it.



THE LADRONE ISLANDS.

If war, they were equally at his disposal; but payment of tribute was entirely out of the question. The Siamese merchant hereupon warned the King to be careful; for, said he, "these people are one of those who have conquered Calicut, Malacca, and all Greater India; and if you entertain them well, and treat them well, you will find yourself the better for it; but if ill, it will be all the worse for you."

These considerations, added to the judicious advice of the interpreter, had a considerable effect upon the King. But his dignity would not permit him to give way all at once. He would consult with his council, he said, and upon their advice he would act in the morning. Meantime he sent some food and a considerable quantity of wine, which was accepted by the visitors.

Next morning the clerk went with the interpreter to hear the decision at which the monarch had arrived. In the open space or "square" the King appeared, and seemed anxious to know whether he should have to pay tribute. But the Spaniards re-assured him upon that point—that trade only was required by the visitors; whereat the King was content, and hinted that presents were customary both on his side and on that of strangers. Whereupon the clerk very judiciously replied that the King, knowing the customs, had better set the example in this matter, and no doubt the Admiral would immediately reciprocate.

PROGRESS OF THE NEGOTIATIONS.

Thus the *palavers* went on; and on the following day the King of Mazzagua and a Moor who had come to the King of Sebu, arrived on board, and announced the presents from the King. The gift would be accompanied by a number of the people, so the Admiral judged it advisable to make a little display of force, and armed a few of his men. Even the merchant—the Moor aforesaid—was astonished at the display; and when he was reassured, he returned to the King to tell him all the facts.

After dinner the prince,—nephew of the King,—the Moor, the governor, and "chief of the police," with several of the principal inhabitants, came out to the ship, where the Admiral was sitting in great state, surrounded by his officers, and altogether making an imposing appearance. The embassy came, and was much impressed. Magellan then spoke to them of peace, and the advantages that would accrue to them if it were continued. From the lesser questions he proceeded to the greater, and enlarged upon the Christian virtue of peace and the benefits of Christianity generally. The natives listened with much pleasure, and were almost induced to become converts to the Spanish tenets. Magellan, finding that his arguments influenced the people, continued his address; and so willingly

did the people accept his instruction, that they requested Magellan to leave some men behind him on the island to teach them his religion.

Now the Admiral was scarcely prepared to do this, though the people assured him the men would be well treated; but he offered to permit the priest to baptize them, and to send his teachers to instruct them while he remained at the island. The men only demanded permission to inform the king; and all those present shed tears to think of the great success which had attended the exhortations of the Admiral. He then continued to address them, showing them that they were not to become Christians through fear or favour, but because they were willing to embrace the laws of the Supreme Being whom the Spaniards worshipped. The gentle natives replied that they were the Admiral's servants, and he might do with them as he pleased.

A definite treaty of peace was then entered into. Magellan embraced the prince and the King, assuring them of his friendship and affection. He swore to them a perpetual peace, and then, this very satisfactory arrangement made, refreshments were served up, large presents were made by the prince and the King of Mazzara, who apologized for the insufficiency of the gifts. Magellan responded, and gave them fine cloth red caps, and a quantity of glass, which was very highly prized, with numbers of beads, and gilt glass cups.

The same kind of present was sent into the town to the King, who was seated in his palace in the costume of the country. The arrangements which had been made were then explained to him, and after a repast with the prince, the Spaniards who had come on shore took leave of the royal family and returned to the ship.

Thus trade was established, and merchandise was soon carried on shore. For many days the vessels remained at the island, and finding there was still a disposition on the part of the islanders to become Christians, Magellan determined to have a regular service and baptise those who would leave their idols and worship the religion of the Cross. The King had promised to become a Christian on Sunday, and the preparations were quickly made.

CONVERSION OF THE NATIVES.

On that Sunday morning, the 14th of April, the Admiral went ashore, accompanied by his guard, with colours flying, and saluted with salvos of artillery. The Commander and the King embraced, and then seated themselves on chairs under the canopy, while the principal personages squatted upon the ground or upon mats. Then Magellan

carefully explained the simplest rites of the Church, enjoining prayer, and showing the King how he was to pray and make the sign of the Cross. The King and his people soon learnt all the necessary forms, and then the ceremony of baptism was commenced. The Captain took the King by the hand, and named him Don Carlos; and equally noble names were given to the other royal and less noble people, including the Moorish merchant, who was called Christopher. All the people—quite fifty—were baptised in a very short time, each receiving the name he most fancied. The mass was celebrated; then the King returned to his palace, refusing Magellan's invitation to dinner.

Subsequently the Queen of the island and her ladies were also baptised. There were forty attendants. She was named Jehanne, after the Emperor's mother; the Prince's wife was called Catherine, and so on; the rest as they pleased were named in turn. In all that day were baptised eight hundred people; and the Queen begged an image of the Infant Jesus to put in the place of the idol she had. The town was afterwards called the "City of Jesus" from this figure.

Entire unanimity reigned amongst the people and their European visitors, and in the course of the eight days following, the natives of that island, and of that adjacent, were baptised Christians. It is stated that in one of the neighbouring islands Magellan burned a village because the inhabitants would not become Christians. This seems an unnecessary, cruel, and certainly an un-Christian-like measure for a man professing peace to adopt. But according to the narratives of the time, the village was certainly destroyed.

A MIRACLE PERFORMED.

Magellan had performed what is termed a "miracle;" and however the manner in which it is regarded, it certainly appears extraordinary, if the truth of the narrative be accepted. The Spaniards had enjoined the people to burn all their idols, and many did so, but still many others clung to them, and made offerings to them. A very influential man in the island being ill, Magellan said that if he would believe he would be cured; and so full of faith was the Spanish Commander, that he declared he would be content to stake his head upon the result; and the attempt was made.

The man was certainly very ill. He had not spoken for several days, and every one believed he was on the point of death. He consented to be baptised, with two of his wives and ten girls. The Commander then inquired how he felt, and, to the astonishment of all, he at once replied, "By the grace of our Lord he was well enough." This

utterance was regarded as a miracle; and when some medicines had been administered, he speedily recovered.

We give the narrative as it appears; but there is rather a suspicious flavour about it: Magellan may have used his influence to enact a "pious fraud" to bring the remainder of the inhabitants under the Christian dispensation. The very "pat" reply of the sick man may have been that of the interpreter; but the result of the "miracle" was immediate, and many natives more were baptised. The idols were thrown down and burned; the natives themselves joining in the demolition, shouting "Castile! Castile!"

The people of the island appear to have been honest in their dealings, using weights and measures. There are many curious customs related of them, and many superstitions, but these need not be here set down. The Spaniards made a "very good thing" of their trade here, exchanging iron for gold in considerable quantities, and obtaining abundance of provisions for mere trifles. But a sad ending of these happy arrangements was at hand.

THE DISPUTE AT MATAN.

The Rajahs, or rulers, had become quite pleasant, and even submissive. Mazzagua and Zebu were willing to pay tribute through their kings; and everything was made pleasant for the Spaniards, who were plentifully supplied with provisions, and treated with great hospitality when they first came on shore. News also came to Magellan that the Moluccas, which he had a great wish to find, and in which he really had come in search, were not very far to the south. So under all the circumstances his prospects were good, and a reward was opening to him in the future.

The island of Matan is close to Zebu, and its capital is the same name as the island. Close by was the village burnt by Magellan; and, tribute having been extorted, Zula, one of the chiefs, sent his son with some goats to the commander of the expedition, saying, that if there were any failure in the tribute from the island it was not his (Zula's) fault, but that of the other chief, who declined to acknowledge the authority of the King of Spain. He added that if Magellan would send him assistance to subdue his rival, the whole island would thenceforth be tributary to the Spaniards.

Under these circumstances Magellan determined to send three boats' crews to the rescue of the loyal chief; and, moreover, made up his mind to lead the expedition himself. His followers endeavoured to dissuade him; but he replied that a good pastor ought not to be away from his flock,

and the arrangements were proceeded with accordingly.

At midnight the boats quitted the ships with an armed crew of sixty men. The King of the island, with the Prince his nephew, several chiefs, and a number of warriors, accompanied the Europeans to the wished-for conquest of Matan. Three hours before daylight the boats reached the island; and then Magellan would not begin the engagement, but sent the Moorish merchant ashore with a message to inform the rebellious chief that if he would consent thenceforward to acknowledge the King of Spain, and obey the Christian King of Zebu, and pay tribute, all would be well. If not, he would be attacked, and experience the strength of the Spanish lances.

This message was delivered with all solemnity; but did not have the deterrent effect the Spanish Admiral anticipated. The defiant answer came back to the effect that the islanders had lances as well as the strangers. The natives with some craft added a request that the enemy would not attack them during the night as they expected reinforcements; and if the Spaniards would wait until daylight the engagement would take place upon a more equal footing.

This suggestion was thrown out to induce the Spanish commander to attack at once; for pits had been dug, and the islanders hoped that in the darkness the attacking force would be caught in these dykes and pitfalls. But the chivalrous Magellan accepted the message in good faith, and awaited daylight. The landing was then commenced; but the water being very shallow, the invaders had to leave their boats at some little distance from the shore, and wade to land.

THE ATTACK ON THE ISLAND.

Forty-nine Spaniards landed, the remainder staying with the boats, and found the islanders, fifteen hundred in number, drawn up in three lines or battalions to resist the landing. Immediately the Spaniards came within range, the natives set up a horrible shouting; and opening their ranks, two of the battalions attacked the small Spanish force in flank, and the third in front. Magellan divided his men into two platoons, and the engagement became general. All this time the Zebu islanders had not come up; and it seems that Magellan requested the King and his men to remain in their canoes in order to witness the engagement, and the anticipated triumph of the Spanish soldiers.

The European troops kept up a continuous fire for quite half an hour without making any impression upon the thick ranks of the natives. The bullets and arrows indeed

penetrated their wooden shields, but being fired from a distance, they did not do much harm. The natives quite expected to be killed outright by the strange weapons, and when they found that they were only slightly wounded, began to despise the great enemy, and became more and more determined and courageous.

Besides, the numbers were so immensely disproportionate that they believed they could easily overcome the small Spanish contingent, and so they continued to shower darts and spears at the soldiers to such an extent that the Spaniards with great difficulty protected themselves and were unable to continue the attack. The larger guns in the boats could not be brought to bear, and the result of the engagement began to look very doubtful.

Magellan, however, was quite cool; and in order to distract the attention of the islanders, he sent some of his men to burn the village, which was done. This act only served to increase the animosity of the savages, who detached a party to the village and succeeded in killing two of the Spaniards, while the main body pushed on with more vigour and determination than ever.

The fight now was going all against the Spaniards, and Magellan being wounded in the leg by a poisoned arrow, gave orders for a retreat to the boats. He retired slowly, with his men in hand for a time; but the savages, finding they could not penetrate the Spanish armour, discharged their lances and arrows incessantly at their enemy's legs. This attack proved successful, and the retreat was ordered.

DEATH OF MAGELLAN.

For more than an hour this unequal contest continued—the Spaniards fighting bravely in the water; and it seems curious that under the circumstances little or no assistance was rendered by the Zebu warriors. A tremendous rush was made at last, and the natives came on vigorously, picking up their lances as they kept advancing, and throwing them again with great force and accuracy. They knew Magellan, and aimed at him chiefly. Twice was his helmet knocked off, but still, with the small number of men who had not retreated, he remained bravely resisting the enemy.

At length a native succeeded in thrusting his cane lance through the visor of the Commander's helmet, and thus wounded him in the forehead. Magellan lost patience, and with a vigorous spear-thrust an his assailant through the body. This blow was fatal both to the islander and the Spanish Admiral, for the latter, weakened by wounds, was then unable to withdraw his weapon immediately; and the islanders, or "Indians" as they are termed in the narrative, at once perceiving

his helpless condition, came down upon him in a crowd.

A violent blow upon the leg caused the unfortunate admiral to fall prone upon his face, and that sealed his fate. The natives rushed in, and dealing him blow after blow, quickly despatched the brave Commander, who had been caring for the safety of his men to the last. Indeed, it was really owing to his fall that the few men remaining with him managed to escape, for they were all grievously wounded. The moment Magellan succumbed, the islanders all rushed to the spot, and left the coast clear for the retreat of the remainder of the Spaniards.

"Thus perished our guide, our light, and our support," writes the chronicler. The King of Zebu bewailed the fate of his friend bitterly, and no doubt would have rendered him assistance but for the positive orders of the unfortunate Magellan. "But his glory will survive him!"

"He died. He was adorned with every virtue, and in the midst of the greatest adversity he constantly possessed an immovable firmness. At sea he subjected himself to the same privations as his men. Better skilled than any one in the knowledge of nautical charts he was a perfect master of navigation, as he proved in making a tour of the world,—an attempt that none before had ventured."

This fatal engagement took place upon the 27th of April, 1521, a day particularly selected by the Admiral as a lucky one for himself. Eight Spaniards and four converted Indians are said to have perished; and by this it would seem that the Zebus did offer some assistance to their allies. Very few escaped without being wounded. The enemy lost only fifteen men.

AFTER THE BATTLE ; TREACHERY.

In the course of the day the King of Zebu sent to the rebellious chieftain a request that he would restore the body of the Spanish commander and soldiers. If so, the natives might have any merchandize they required. But the islanders would not consent to part with their trophies, and the bodies of the admiral and the two men killed in the village remained in the hands of the savages as a "monument of victory."

The Spaniards then decided to elect a commander in the place of the deceased Admiral, and two men were appointed, viz., Duarte Barbosa, a Portuguese, a relative of Magellan, and Juan Serrano, a Spaniard. The first-named had already voyaged in Indian seas, and was quite competent to command.

A difficulty arose almost immediately. The slave Henry, who acted as interpreter, had been slightly wounded in the battle, and was then "nursing himself," considering as he had belonged personally to Magellan, he need not

serve any longer, his master's death having freed him. But Barbosa, who commanded Magellan's ship, was of a different opinion, and reminded the man that he was still a slave, so if he refused to perform his duties for the advantage of the fleet he would have him well beaten, and would also carry him home and deliver him to Donna Beatrix (Magellan's widow).

Acting upon these gentle hints, the slave consented to go ashore; but without any apparent resentment he was nursing his vengeance carefully. He sought an audience with the King of Zebu, "the Christian king" as he is called, and proposed to him to revolt and make a bold stroke for all the Spanish merchandize, etc., which he might then seize. The King at once swallowed the glittering bait, a plot was formed, and then the slave returned on board.

On the 1st of May, in accordance with the agreement made with the slavish interpreter, the Christian King sent to the commanders of the Spanish ships a message saying that the jewels were ready as promised for tribute, and would they come and fetch them. The commanders with twenty-four men went, suspecting nothing; but Juan Carvalho turned back again, for something excited his suspicions. The prince who had been cured took the almoner or priest aside, and put him away in his house from the rest of the party. This incident confirmed or aroused the fears of Carvalho, and he went back at once.

But the others proceeded; and the men had hardly returned to the ships when cries and lamentations were heard. The vessels were warped in, and shots discharged at the houses. Then Juan Serrano was perceived being led wounded and bleeding to the beach, and tied hand and foot by the natives. He implored the Spaniards to cease firing or he would be murdered; and when questioned as to what had become of his companions he said that they had all been massacred, and the interpreter had sided with the enemy. He implored the commander to ransom him; but this Carvalho refused to do, and would not permit a boat to go ashore. The petition of the unhappy Serrano was disregarded, and the squadron immediately set sail without him, abandoning him cruelly to his fate. But what became of him or how he was treated the narratives of the voyage give no account.

CONTINUATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

After quitting Zebu, the Spaniards mustered their men, and found that they had sustained serious losses. In fact, there were not sufficient to navigate the three vessels, and so it was determined to burn the *Concepcion*, and to divide her crew amongst the other two ships, the *Trinidad* and *Vittoria*. This was accordingly done. All the merchandize and

stores were removed from the doomed ship, and then she was destroyed. The squadron proceeded S.S.W., and anchored in a port of Mindanao.

Here the Spaniards were well received by the King, and Pigafetta was permitted to see the Queen, who lived by herself in a house on the top of a hill. The palace was handsomely furnished "with vases of porcelain, which were suspended from the sides of the apartments." Abundance of gold was seen in the island, and valleys were indicated in which quantities of the precious metal existed, which could not be obtained for want of iron tools, the labour of mining being otherwise too severe.

From Mindanao the ships sailed for Borneo (Burné); and while pursuing the voyage, reached another island called Palaloan, where the crews were furnished with fresh victuals, and became intoxicated with arrack.

The people and their king were very friendly, and developed a wonderful taste for brass wire, with which they bind fish-hooks. They kept fighting-cocks, and betted freely upon the birds in their contests; but whether this custom can be said to be an attribute of savagery may now be regarded as an open question. Some Western nations have since imitated the savages in this respect.

Proceeding south west, Borneo was reached, and there an interview with the King was sought and granted. The narrator gives a long description of the reception. The monarch sent his "prahus" for the visitors, and was very friendly toward them. They took him presents of cloth and velvet, glass, and cups. The Queen also received handsome gifts as well as the chiefs.

The visitors had to wait some time until the arrival of the elephants which had been sent to convey them to the palace. The conductors of the elephants carried vases to hold the expected presents; and, preceded by twelve men, the Spaniards rode on the elephants to the house of the Prime Minister. Then they rested until the next day, and appear to have been made very comfortable and generally well treated.

THE RECEPTION AT BORNEO.

Next day the visit was paid to the King, but the visitors were not allowed to address themselves to His Majesty. The operation, as we may call it, of gaining the King's ear was very curious, and strongly suggestive of "red tape" and the Circumlocution Office.

For instance, the petitioner must not address the King directly, but he may inform a courtier of the substance of his petition in a general way. The courtier would then communicate with another of higher rank, who would repeat the petition to a brother of the Governor. A minister,

who was seated in a private apartment, having communicated with the King's officer by means of a sarbacane, in lieu of telephone, the officer in waiting would then inform the King.

The "reverence" was performed by making a certain number of inclinations and raising hands above the head, lifting first one leg and then the other. If the petitioner tumbled down we suppose he would be punished, but the Spaniards managed to perform these antics successfully, and were graciously received; and during their stay in Borneo they appear to have been royally entertained. The King was a Moor named Raja Surpada, and very corpulent. He never went out of doors except to hunt.

On Monday the 29th of July the Spaniards were rather alarmed at perceiving more than a hundred boats in battle array approaching them. Fearing treachery, orders were given to "up anchor;" and the ships set sail, leaving an anchor in their hurry. A number of war-junks also came out, and the Spaniards at once opened fire upon them, taking four and killing a number of men. The rest ran away: some got aground, and the victors found a prince amongst the captives, and much merchandize. The junks had been upon an expedition, and had conquered a place in Java, commanded by the King's Captain-General.

The monarch professed much regret that his vessels had menaced the Spanish ships, but assured the Commander that they had meant no harm. The pilot, Juan Carvalho, thereupon released the Captain-General without consulting his colleagues in consequence of receiving a heavy bribe. The pilot was however punished indirectly, for the King had retained his son as a hostage; and had he not accepted the bribe and permitted the Captain-General to go free he might have exchanged him for his own son and two other Spaniards.

So the pilot lost his son, but retained sixteen of the chief men, and three women, who had been sent on board for the Queen of Spain.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

When the ships quitted Borneo, the pilots retraced their course, looking for a convenient place to refit. The voyage was not without its dangers, for the vessels ran upon a sandbank, and with difficulty were got off. A sailor also in snuffing a candle accidentally threw the burning wick into a cask of gunpowder. But, we read, "he was so quick in putting it out, the powder did not catch fire."

At length a convenient port was discovered, and at it (Cimboubou) the ships anchored for forty-two days, every one working hard and according to his taste for the benefit of the community, and for the fitting of the

ships. The babyrussa was found here, and one specimen was killed. Crocodiles and turtles were also encountered. The "animated leaves" of certain trees very much surprised the voyagers, and they put some in a box to watch them walking round.* Insects were probably enclosed in those leaves, for the trees are described as a species of mulberry, and perhaps silk-worms and other insects had rolled themselves within.

A junk was captured when the voyage was resumed, and the Governor of Pulavan was found on board with his son and brother. He was commanded to pay tribute and ransom himself. He complied in a very generous way, and received presents in acknowledgment of his good faith. The captives and the captors parted excellent friends.

DISCOVERY OF THE MOLUCCAS.

It would be tiresome to recapitulate all the places visited by the ships in the search for the Moluccas. We will therefore pass by the numerous islands visited, and come direct to Tadore (or Tidore), where the expedition was welcomed by the ruler. This island, and those near it, the Spaniards to their great joy heard were the long sought Moluccas, and a demonstration was made. "Nor will it excite astonishment that we should be elated, when it is considered that we had been at sea now twenty-seven months all but two days, and had visited an infinity of islands in search of those we had now attained."

The King assured the Spaniards that he had been warned in a dream of their arrival, and he had then consulted the moon, which confirmed him in his belief. He also professed friendship for the King of Spain, and would be content to be his vassal. In proof of his honesty of purpose, he decided to change the name of the island from Tadore to Castille, out of compliment to the Spaniards. Numerous and handsome presents were exchanged, and peace reigned in the islands. Friendly relations were thus immediately set up, and the narrative of the voyage written by Pigafetta gives minute descriptions of the manners and customs of the natives, and of the Spice Islands, Tarnate, Tadore, Mutir, Marchian, and Bachian. The first-mentioned is the chief, he says, and generally governs the other four, excepting Tadore, which has its own king. The Europeans here heard of a Portuguese, who had been living in the island, and had married the daughter of the King of Tarnate. He had died only a few months previously, and his name was curiously enough Francisco Serrano.

Here the Spaniards received presents of

* The leaf insect—*mantis*.

some curious birds, now known as Birds of Paradise. The sailors were informed that these birds never fly, but were blown from place to place by the wind.

DEPARTURE OF THE SPANIARDS FOR HOME.

At length the time came when the ships had to leave, and orders were given for the passage home. But the *Trinidad* was found to be so leaky they were obliged to abandon her, and the *Vittoria* sailed alone to Spain with a crew of forty-seven Europeans, thirteen "Indians," and the pilots of the district. Various ships were attacked *en route*, and from the Portuguese traders the Spanish Commander took all that he required without asking leave. So the expedition proceeded by Java and Sumatra, and steered direct for the Cape.

But as Madagascar was reached, a serious mutiny broke out amongst the crew. The men wished to put in and refit, as the condition of the *Vittoria* after so long a voyage was not calculated to resist the weather anticipated in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Storms. But the Commander, hearing that the Portuguese were there, did not wish to run any risk with his old rivals, as awkward questions might be asked as to where they had been, and it would never do to permit the Portuguese to know that the once despised Magellan had found the strait by which the world might be sailed around.

The officers, therefore, determined to steer for the Cape of Good Hope; and they succeeded in passing it on the 6th of May, 1522. The men were all suffering terribly. Want of food, and scurvy, despair, and mutinous feelings were rampant in the single ship which carried the decimated survivors of the great expedition. The Cape de Verde Islands were at length reached. And here exhausted nature gave way. The Spaniards put into the Portuguese harbour, trusting to the generosity of their foes, and preferring to risk the sentence of death rather than die of hunger.

To what a pitch was the expedition reduced! Nearly all the Europeans had died. The gallant leaders had nearly all succumbed, and Sebastian del Cano was in command. The almanac being consulted, informed them that they had lost a day during the voyage round the world. They fancied the date was the 9th of July, when they put into Santiago harbour; it was really the 10th of the month. Sailing west with the sun they naturally lost. We remember in M. Jules Verne's tale, the trip "Around the World in Eighty Days," was made against the sun, and a day was gained.

Food was supplied to the starving crew; and no hint of the result of the voyage would

have transpired had not some of the men offered spices in exchange for food. Suspicion was immediately aroused. They must have visited the Spice Islands, the Moluccas, the great end and aim of navigators at home. The *Vittoria* must be detained. The Commander, however, suspected the Portuguese designs, and cut his cable. The ship cleared out in safety, and all sail was made northward.

THE RETURN TO SPAIN.

The remainder of the voyage lasted nearly two months; and Sebastian del Cano, the surviving chief of the expedition, brought the *Vittoria*, the type of Victory, into the harbour of St. Lucar, on the 6th of September, 1522. The voyage round the world had lasted nearly three years. During that period—a long time in any men's lives, but in those days when ships were "cockle-shells" compared with the magnificent vessels now afloat, astonishingly short—they had performed wonders. Considering the necessary delays, and the adverse winds on which the vessels were dependent, the voyage of fourteen thousand six hundred leagues of sea was astonishing.

Of the crew who had left the Moluccas, but eighteen remained to enter Spain. They landed amid the acclamations of the popu-

lace, and walked barefooted to church, bearing tapers in their hands, a thanksgiving procession for their safe return after so many dangers.

Sebastian del Cano was amply rewarded. Many equally brave Spanish servants had been treated with scorn and derision, remaining unrewarded after all. But he received a patent of nobility, with the globe for his crest; and round the globe was the proud motto—

PRIMUS ME CIRCUMDEDISTI.*

One word respecting the *Vittoria*, the surviving ship—a name almost sacred to Englishmen in connection with our own *Victory*, and her peerless Admiral. The *Vittoria*, which had been all round the world, and which had stood all the strains of climate and of sea, was lost on a subsequent voyage from St. Domingo in a very commonplace manner.

And this is the end of Magellan's voyage round the world. He lived not to see his hopes realized; but he pioneered the way to posterity, and has left behind him a deathless name as the first voyager who found the open sea-way round the globe.

H. F.

* You first encompassed me.





COWLING CASTLE, STORMED BY WYATT'S FOLLOWERS.

WYATT'S INSURRECTION.

THE STORY OF MARY TUDOR'S MARRIAGE.

The National Dislike to the Spanish Marriage—An Insurrection proposed—Arrival of the Spanish Embassy—The Insurrectionists' Final Meeting—The Leaders Depart to Arouse the Country—Courtenay Fails to Meet the Carews—Their Discomfiture—Wyatt Raises his Standard of Rebellion and seizes the Ships in the Medway—Suffolk seeks refuge in a Hollow Tree; is Finally Captured—Wyatt's Fatal Delay—Marches to Deptford—Mary Addresses the Citizens of London in the Guildhall—Wyatt finds the Gates of London Bridge closed against him—Four Days of Armed Suspense—Marches to Kingston—Enters London—Is Defeated and Imprisoned—Mary's Vengeance—Wyatt is Executed—Philip comes at last, and the Marriage is Solemnized.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE PEOPLE AROUSSED.

WHEN, in the autumn of 1553, it began to be noised abroad throughout the length and breadth of merrie England that the Queen—Mary Tudor, who had only recently succeeded to the throne—was bent on marriage with Philip of Spain, the discontent of the people began to be greatly stirred.

Persons of all parties were agreed that no

foreign prince should rule in England, and least of all a Spanish prince; for Spain at that time was the greatest aggressive power in the world, and seemed bent on subjecting every other state to its sway. That the England of the Plantagenets and Tudors should sink to the despicable position of a mere province of haughty Spain was not to be borne; and the sturdy English yeomen (whose plain common-sense and love of justice saw through

all the juggleries of Henry the Eighth's divorces, and were quite content that Mary, his elder daughter, should succeed to the throne at her brother's death) were yet determined that their Queen's husband ought not to hail from foreign parts, and that they would not submit to foreign rule. Still further, it was greatly feared that the Queen was bent on re-establishing the Papacy in England, and that Philip, her husband-elect, a Roman Catholic to the heart's core, would urge her on to this objectionable course. He would establish the iniquitous Inquisition, suppress the Parliament, bring over a large army of ruthless Spaniards to oppress the people and drain the resources of the country, while last, but not least, the land would be purged of Protestantism with fire and sword. To Protestants the expected marriage seemed a national calamity, and even those who were not Protestants were as bitterly opposed to the coming of the Spanish Prince, for they feared foreign entanglements.

Discontent grew to such a degree that a large and influential party, including even members of the Queen's Privy Council, seeing that Mary was so bent on having her own way in this matter, began to consider the advisability of an insurrection to depose the Queen, proclaim the complete independence of England from all foreign interference, and to raise her half-sister Elizabeth to the throne in her stead.

Pamphlets setting forth these and similar schemes, and pointing out the irremediable disasters that would undoubtedly spring from the Spanish marriage, were scattered broadcast throughout the land, some even finding their way to the palace itself.

But nothing could turn Mary from her design, and when, on the 8th of November, Renard, the Spanish ambassador, presented the formal proposal, and requested the favour of a distinct reply, she wrung a reluctant consent from her Council, and joyfully answered, "Yes."

A week later, however, on the 16th, the Speaker of the House of Commons presented a petition, in which Her Highness was entreated to marry an Englishman, as a foreign prince might lead the country into disastrous wars, and betray the true interests of the nation.

To this petition Mary returned a very haughty and indignant answer, in which she seems to have ignored the fact that her marriage was fraught with the most important political issues, and declared her determination to marry whom she pleased, no matter the effect on the country. The Speaker was commanded to leave her presence at once; and in this summary manner she rebuffed Parliament, and declared her still unaltered determination to marry the Prince of Spain.

Still further, it was rumoured abroad,—and rumour in this instance seems to have spoken truth,—that on the evening of this eventful day, the Queen entered her private oratory, accompanied by Lady Clarence and Renard, and the three, kneeling before the altar, with eyes fixed on the Host, chanted the "*Veni Creator*;" and then, as the solemn notes died away into silence, she rose from her knees like one inspired, and announced that she had implored the direction of the Almighty in the matter of her marriage, and that He had vouchsafed her an answer, that it was His will she should marry Philip. Thereupon she called Him to witness that she solemnly plighted her troth to that Prince.

It being now clear beyond all doubt that Mary was determined upon the Spanish marriage, several lords and influential gentlemen began to hold private meetings in London to discuss the details of a rebellion. Noailles, the French ambassador, took a large share in the plot, and promised the help of France, for it was clearly to the interests of that country to thwart the plans of the Spanish sovereign; there were also several noblemen, representing various parts of the country, who all promised their aid. The rebellion, therefore, appeared to have great chances of success.

The chief difficulty was with Elizabeth herself. She warily refused to give direct answers to any proposition made to her; while Lord Courtenay, the last representative of the White Rose, whose influence was great in Devonshire and Cornwall, and who was looked upon as the titular leader at least of the enterprise, was weak, incapable, and cowardly, and men were afraid to trust themselves too far with him. Much talking, therefore, took place, but little was done; and meantime the year drew nearer its close, and the preparations for the hated marriage were hastily forced forward.

ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH EMBASSY.

Early in December, the draft of the marriage treaty was sent over from Spain, and the very liberality of the articles were suspicious, inasmuch as men thought that the Emperor did not intend to fulfil them. Mary's Council sullenly accepted them; and there is little doubt but that many thousands of gold pieces crossed the seas with the treaty, and surreptitiously found their way into the pockets of various Lords and Commoners to expedite the passing of the treaty and to soften their hostility. Five new clauses, however, were added,—to the effect that, though Philip was to have the title King of England, the government should rest solely with the Queen, and that no foreigner should be admitted to any office in the Queen's household or in the state; that the Queen should not be taken abroad

against her will; that England should not be involved in the Spanish wars; that the Prince's connection with the realm should cease at the Queen's death if no children were born; and that all the Crown jewels and the Treasury should remain entirely under English control.

These provisions being agreed to, the treaty was approved, although it was abundantly clear that the Parliament and Council were as much opposed as ever to the match. Immediately after this was accomplished an embassy was sent over, consisting of Counts Egmont and Lalaing, and M.M. de Courières and De Nigry, with a numerous retinue, their duty being to publicly solicit Mary's hand in marriage for Philip, and settle the details of the marriage. The French threatened to oppose their passage over the Channel; but the ship conveying them slipped across in the darkness of the December night, and the ambassadors pressing on with all speed, arrived in London about Christmas time.

It was what is now called "old-fashioned Christmas weather." The snow lay deep on the ground, and the merry English boys pelted the shivering sons of the south with showers of snow-balls.

But when the ambassadors reached the court, Count Egmont was so courteous that he charmed all with whom he came into contact, and the Emperor's emissaries received no personal slight. Meantime messengers were sent to Rome to procure the consent and blessing of the Pope; and it was fully expected that Mary and Philip would be wed before the weeks of Lent arrived.

But though the opposition to the marriage was somewhat smoothed over among the Queen's courtiers and councillors, the discontent of the people grew every day. The Emperor Charles, Philip's father, had gained his object at last, they said. He had obtained a footing in England; and with his son as its king, and at the head of a large foreign army, he could easily disregard the terms of the marriage-treaty, and rule England with a rod of iron, even as he was ruling the Netherlands and Naples and other European states.

This was the opportunity of the insurrectionists. A final meeting of the conspirators was called in London, and certain gentlemen undertook to raise levies in different parts of the country, and march on the metropolis, which was then to rise for itself. Lord Courtenay, Sir Peter Carew and his brother Sir Thomas Carew, with Sir Nicholas Throgmorton and others to assist, were to arouse the men of Devonshire and Cornwall, where Courtenay's name was powerful; Sir James Crofts was to lead an expedition from the borders of the Severn; the Duke of Suffolk and his brothers, Lords Leonard, Thomas, and John Grey, were to marshal their tenantry in Leicester and

Warwickshire; while last but not least, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger son of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet who had been a great favourite of Henry VIII., was to raise the men of Kent; Noailles, on behalf of the French king, promised to put a fleet to sea, and hold some of the southern ports on behalf of the conspirators; and already, it was said, Plymouth had agreed to receive a French garrison until all fears of a Spanish marriage had passed away.

At this lapse of time it is impossible to estimate with accuracy the real motives of the revolutionary leaders, but it seems more than probable that Wyatt at least was actuated solely by what he believed to be patriotic impulses. Undoubtedly he was strongly of opinion that the Spanish marriage was likely to prove a grave national disaster. He appears to have been a Papist, but having been at the Spanish Court, he had obtained a strong idea of its aggressive character and of the cruelty and bigotry of the Spaniards; and he was determined that his beloved land should not become the scene of their exploits.

THE FIRST FATAL MISHAP.

In the second week in January, the various leaders all departed on their several ways. The Carews went off to the west; Wyatt betook himself to Kent; and Lord Suffolk to his house at Sheen, until he should hear from Wyatt; and his brothers to the Midland Counties. And now occurred the first fatal mishap of the rebellion, though it was so early that it had hardly begun: Courtenay proved false or cowardly, as had been feared. It had been arranged that he was to follow the Carews to Devonshire; but they waited for him in vain. After the others had gone, his natural timidity overcame him, and he delayed his departure. His vanity led him to believe that after all the Queen would marry him, as so many of the English people desired. He was young, handsome, and of as royal descent as herself—~~why~~ then should she not yield to their wishes? and if so, the rebellion would not only be useless but a fatal mistake. He decided for the present therefore not to throw in his lot with the rebels, but to wait; and meantime he hung about the palace hoping for a summons to appear before the Queen.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, one of Mary's principal advisers, saw him frequently at this time, and by degrees drew from him certain remarks which led the astute prelate to suspect the plot. His suspicions once roused, he was not long in discovering the little that Courtenay knew. The Carews were forthwith summoned to reappear at Court; but they, not knowing how much Gardiner had learned of their plans, excused themselves from obeying the order.

It forced their hand, however, and caused

them to manifest their designs, which was what Gardiner desired. They immediately raised the standard of revolt, whereas it had been arranged with Wyatt and Suffolk that each should wait until all preparations were complete, and the hated Philip had actually appeared in England, when the popular discontent would be at fever-heat; then all the leaders were to simultaneously proclaim the deposition of the Queen, and march to London. As it was, the Carews avowed their designs before their accomplices were ready, or they themselves had completed their preparations. Their endeavours to rouse the men of Devonshire met with but little success; and meantime an order was sent express from London to the sheriff of the county for their arrest. Being warned of their danger, however, they fled to Weymouth, and escaped to France. Thus one part of the plot was stifled in its birth, and the efforts of the other leaders greatly discouraged.

Nevertheless, in spite of Courtenay's vacillation and the Carews' failure, the others resolved to persevere. Chief among these was Sir Thomas Wyatt; and on the 22nd of January, he called a meeting of his friends and supporters at his castle of Allingham, on the Medway. The resolve come to at this meeting was that the gentlemen then present should at once prepare their tenantry for the rising, and three days later, they should lead them to the ancient city of Rochester, where Wyatt would unfurl the flag of revolt and at once commence his march on London.

This agreed upon, Wyatt at once sent messengers to the Duke of Suffolk, who departed instantly for Warwickshire; where he caused proclamations to be made, stating that Philip was close at hand, and urging upon all men to rise in defence of their liberties. It is said that on the very morning he left, Gardiner—who had been following up the traces of the conspiracy, and who hated Suffolk as a zealous Protestant—had caused the Queen to send for Suffolk to court, meaning to arrest him.

Suffolk grimly replied that he was on his way to the Queen, and would certainly see her ere long. And being booted and spurred, the messenger was satisfied, and departed; but Suffolk, meaning not to see the Queen till he could dictate terms to her, mounted his horse and rode as fast as he could towards his estates.

WYATT RAISES THE STANDARD OF REBELLION.

While these events were transpiring in London, Wyatt had raised his standard at Rochester, and had caused copies of a stirring proclamation to be widely disseminated,

declaring that Philip of Spain was about to land in England, accompanied by a band of aggressive foreigners, and that all true-hearted and loyal Englishmen should rise to resist them. His colleagues had not been idle; and it was not long before numbers of sturdy yeomen and lusty labourers, armed for battle, gathered round the revolutionary flag.

Wyatt's first enterprise was to seize the Queen's ships in the Medway nearest to Rochester, and appropriate their guns and ammunition. This he did without much difficulty; and being accomplished, he set himself to organize the force that the patriotic enthusiasm of the people had brought him.

From the first, however, he met with much disappointment, for certain gentlemen upon whose support he had relied, failed to help him at the critical moment. Such an one was Sir R. Southwell, the sheriff of the county, who had protested loudly against the marriage in the House of Commons, but at the last minute determined to restrict his opposition within the bounds of loyalty. Lord Cobham also, Wyatt's uncle, had been expected to arrive with supports, but he did not come; and a party of his servants who had been trusted by messengers from France, sent the despatches intended for Wyatt to Gardiner.

In the meantime the news of the rising had reached the startled Court, and Mary at once despatched a herald to Rochester, to proclaim pardon to the rebels, if they would immediately disperse. Then she applied to the corporation of the City of London for a company of men to send against the insurgents. Five hundred soldiers being forthcoming in answer to her appeal, she placed them under the command of the Duke of Norfolk, upon whose devotion to her cause she had good reason for believing that she could rely, and directed him to proceed against the rebels without further delay. Mary also wrote to Elizabeth, who was at Ashridge, suggesting that she should, because of the disturbance, take shelter with her in the royal palace. This suggestion seemed more of a command than a recommendation, and no doubt the shrewd Elizabeth regarded it as such, and kept out of the snare accordingly; for she would assuredly have been imprisoned, had she placed herself in the Queen's power. She replied that she was too ill to leave her house, and hoped the country would soon be quieted.

The herald Mary had sent rode as fast as he could through the snow-laden lanes of Kent, and arrived at Rochester early on Saturday morning, the 27th of January. But the insurgents, who now held the town, would not permit him to enter; and he therefore read the Queen's message aloud to them on the bridge. For answer, Wyatt's followers merrily shouted

that they had done no wrong, and therefore they needed no pardon.

There was no longer any doubt but that they meant to fight, and, having assured himself of this, the herald returned to his royal mistress. Thereupon the Duke of Norfolk, with the five hundred men belonging to the city train-bands, instantly set out to Rochester, hoping to crush the insurrection in the bud, and prevent the insurgents from reaching London. Reinforcements were also expected from Dover; Lords William Howard and Abergavenny had exerted themselves and collected troops, which, uniting together, would prove, it was hoped, a formidable force.

"WYATT FOR EVER! WE ARE ALL ENGLISHMEN!"

Through the bitter wind and snow of that terrible January weather, Norfolk marched his men towards Rochester; and as the short winter afternoon was waning into night, he drew them up before the bridge, and placed the cannon he had brought in readiness to attack the town. But just at the critical moment when he was about to give the order to fire, and the matches to discharge the guns were already glowing in the dull twilight, one of his captains galloped to him through the dusk, and exclaimed, in the greatest excitement, that the men refused to fight, in fact, they were changing their sides! In haste the Duke spurred his horse towards the troop,—for he had been superintending the placing of the guns, and could see the men but indistinctly in the gloom,—and, to his indignation and alarm, he saw the London train-band, headed by their captain, marching over the bridge, shouting, "Wyatt for ever! Wyatt for ever! We are all Englishmen!" In the first impulse of his wrath, Norfolk shouted to turn the guns upon these new insurgents; but on second thoughts, he decided that discretion in this case was certainly much the better part of valour, and he therefore turned his horse, and, followed by about a dozen of his more immediate attendants, galloped as hard as he could back to town.

Wyatt then came forward to meet his new supporters, and, addressing them, said: "All those who choose to tarry with us and oppose the coming of these cruel Spaniards shall be

welcome; but for those who do not care to cast in their lot with us, let them go." It is reported that very few acted upon this latter alternative, and that the great majority joined the revolutionary troops.

This success was of the greatest value to Wyatt. Many men who had hitherto wavered, now elected to join him, for the sympathy with his cause was genuine and widespread. Although Lord Cobham still held back, yet his sons joined on the same evening after the Duke of Norfolk's discomfiture; and several thousand more men came in on the following day, until Wyatt's total force reached nearly fifteen thousand men.

MARY SENDS MESSENGERS TO TREAT WITH WYATT.

Norfolk's appearance in London as a fugitive, and with the news of the defection of his troop, was the signal for widespread panic. It was quite clear that the city was greatly disaffected, and Mary knew not whom to trust. Her immediate councillors, and even the wily Renard, advised that the marriage should be relinquished, or, at all events, postponed; and the Spanish ambassador offered meantime to bring over an army from the Low Countries to put down the insurrection. But Gardiner wisely refused to countenance this pro-



ROCHESTER.

posal, for the appearance of foreign troops would only increase opposition; and it was finally decided to send two gentlemen to confer with Wyatt, and endeavour to come to terms. This plan, which was almost entirely Mary's own idea, was scarcely honest, for she knew full well that the chief reason of the people for rising was the Spanish marriage; and she was also determined to make no peace with the insurgents that would postpone or stop the marriage. This attempt to negotiate was simply a trick to gain time until more definite measures for resistance could be decided upon.

It had the desired effect; for Wyatt, flushed with his success, and thinking Mary was about to give way, named outrageous conditions, which enabled her to place herself in a better position with the citizens of London.

She had directed her messengers to tell Wyatt that she believed he thought himself acting for the best interests of the country, but nevertheless he was mistaken; that she would appoint suitable persons to confer with him

on the subject of the marriage ; and if it could be proved that the marriage was inimical to the good of the commonwealth, she would not allow it to proceed. In reply, Wyatt said that he would willingly talk over the subject of the marriage ; that he was convinced it would be harmful to the country ; but that—and here was his mistake in using words which could be so misconstrued against him—he must have hostages for the due fulfilment of the Queen's promise ; he must have custody of the Queen, the Tower of London, and four members of the Queen's Council.

But while he waited to hear what answer was returned to these demands, Mary, seeing her opportunity, prepared for her grand stroke of defence. She received his answer with flushed cheeks and frowning brow, and when Count Egmont, the chief of Philip's embassy, came to her and offered to defend her with his life, she bade him hastily begone, for she feared the presence of foreigners only served to irritate the people. That afternoon, therefore, when the dusk drew on, they quietly betook themselves below bridge, where, in the Pool, some merchant brigs from Antwerp were waiting to go out with the tide, and when the next morning dawned, behold the Spanish embassy was gone !

MARY ADDRESSES THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

A few hours after Mary's interview with Egmont, when the Antwerp ships were quickly slipping down the Thames, the Queen, composing her face to an aspect of great grief and deep dejection, ordered out the royal carriage ; and, attended by Bishop Gardiner and a troop of soldiers, drove rapidly through the streets to the Guildhall to speak to the citizens.

The hall of the city fathers was densely crowded ; many had come from motives of curiosity, and a few from feelings of pity. But boldly she entered the historic edifice, relying on her womanly weakness as her strength ; for she knew that none would then openly insult a woman or take advantage of her. Standing on the raised dais at the end of the hall, she spoke to them in her rough masculine voice that had in it a strange ring of her father's.

"Certain of our subjects have risen against us," said she, "and we are told that the cause thereof is our intended marriage with the Prince of Spain. We have now come to confer on the subject, and to hear the objections. But we cannot believe that these are the only reasons for the rising ; for the rebel leader, in answer to our message, has demanded the custody of our person, and of our Tower of London. We appeal to the loyalty of the citizens of our great city to preserve us from this insolent rebel who,

under pretence of opposing our marriage, means to subdue the laws to his will, and to give scope to rascals to make havoc and spoil of your great city. As for our marriage, we thought that so splendid an alliance could not fail to be agreeable to our loyal subjects. To us and to our Council it seemed to promise great advantage to the commonwealth. We only desire to marry for the good of the country, for marriage in itself is indifferent to us. We will call a parliament, and the subject shall be duly considered in all its aspects ; and if, after grave deliberation, it should appear that the Prince of Spain is not a fitting consort for us, we promise, on our royal word, that we will think of him no more."

This speech was clever, but cunning and dishonest. Mary intended to marry Philip of Spain at all hazards ; and shortly afterwards she told his ambassador that she would sacrifice even her life rather than give him up. Her sole object now was to gain time, and prevent the junction of the London citizens with Wyatt's forces. For this purpose she cleverly twisted Wyatt's words, and used them against him. News travelled but slowly in those days, and the vaguest accounts of Wyatt's movements had reached the citizens. If his only object was to oppose the Spanish marriage, well and good ; but if, indeed, he was bent on sacking the city, and letting loose a number of ruffians to plunder and pillage, under pretence of opposing the marriage, that was quite another thing, and it would be necessary to keep the rebels outside the city gates until such time as their exact object was rendered quite clear—especially as the Queen now promised not to marry except in accordance with her subjects' wishes and had sent the Spaniards away. Further, there was the spectacle of womanly distress which Mary cleverly exhibited, and which won the hearts of the sympathetic British householders even then as it has done many a time since in the jury-box ! And this settled the matter. The men shouted for the Queen ; and Mary left the city feeling more secure than she had done for many a day. On the morrow the Lord Mayor enrolled twenty-five thousand men for the express purpose of defending the Queen and capital ; and orders were given for the gate on London Bridge to be closed. Thus Wyatt's great opportunity was lost. Had he quickly followed up his first success, and arrived close on the heels of the flying Duke of Norfolk, he would have found the bridge-gate open and all the citizens ready to help him. But Mary had gained her first important point by winning London to her side ; and she accomplished this mainly by duplicity and lies.

Had she but acted honestly in this matter,

and refused the Spanish match; had she not misrepresented Wyatt's words; had she continued to consult the wishes of her subjects, and throw herself on their love; had she but proved herself more of a "good Englishwoman" and less of an intolerant bigot, her reign would have been peaceful and prosperous, if not brilliant; and her name, instead of being branded by the dreadful epithet by which she is always known, would have passed down to posterity as a cherished if not as a proud memory, like that of her half-sister, Elizabeth. But it was not so; and pity her as we may, there can be no excuse for her deliberate deceit and unpatriotic lying in this matter.

Doubtless many of her hearers thought so when, not so very long after they applauded her in the Guildhall, they saw the haughty Spaniards throng the streets, and marked the smoke of fearful martyr fires rise from Smithfield Green.

THE REBELS MARCH TO LONDON.

But meantime Wyatt, not finding an answer forthcoming to his demands, marched on London. On his way some of his men stormed Cowling Castle, the residence of Lord Cobham. This appears to have been an act of revenge; for Cobham seems to have played fast and loose with them, now promising to assist them, and anon turning back. About two thousand of the rebels blew up the castle gates, pillaged his house, and carried him off prisoner to Wyatt. This was on the last day of January; and next morning they marched on to Dartford. The next day they reached Greenwich, their march being entirely unopposed; and, indeed, the country people appear to have welcomed them everywhere, and bade them "God speed."

Rendered too confident by his success, Wyatt again waited at Greenwich, uncertain whether to cross the river in boats at this point and march to the metropolis by way of Aldgate and Whitechapel, or to abide by his former plan, and advance through Deptford. Finally he decided to adopt this course, and arrived at Southwark on Saturday afternoon, the 3rd of February, to find his farther progress across London Bridge barred by the closed gates. But more disheartening than this was the news which reached him of Suffolk's failure.

HOW WYATT'S COLLEAGUE, THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK, FARED.

As agreed upon with Wyatt, the Duke had proceeded to Leicester; and on the morning of Monday the 29th of January, he had read a duplicate of Wyatt's proclamation in the market-place of that town. He said that the leaders of this movement were ready to die in the defence of the Queen, and they

intended her no harm, but that they were determined England should not fall under foreign dominion.

The proclamation met with no success. The people heard it with complete indifference, and Suffolk was only able to collect a hundred of his own retainers.

Undeterred by this failure, however, he marshalled his men, and, clad in full armour, rode out of the town next morning at their head. His plan was to proceed first to Coventry, where he had friends. These gentlemen had undertaken to open the gates, and promote a rising; and on the previous day he had sent a servant to communicate with his supporters, and stir up the people. But this servant made a mistake as to the person whom he should first address, and consequently news of the intended insurrection soon spread, until it reached the ears of the Town Councillors. Their action was prompt and decisive. The city gates were quickly shut, and the city watch was placed in complete possession of the streets. When therefore Suffolk arrived without the walls in the dusk of the next afternoon, it was to find the gates fast closed against him, and all hope of help from the great Warwickshire city completely gone.

News also now reached him that an attempted rising of the garrison at Warwick Castle had also failed; his messengers said the whole of the Midlands seemed opposed to the insurrection. The popular feeling seemed to be that, although the Spanish marriage was a national disaster, yet rebellion was not the proper plan to pursue in order to oppose it. It was clear, therefore, that the rising in the Midlands had failed.

With a heavy heart, Suffolk, ill in body and anxious in mind, gave order to his men to wheel round, and retreated with his party to Astley Park, a small estate belonging to him, and distant only a few miles from Coventry. There he disbanded his men; and giving them such supplies of money and food as he was able, he bade each one shift for himself. One of his brothers rode at once to the west, meaning to join Sir James Crofts; while Suffolk betook himself first to the hovel of one of his retainers, where he hid for a while, and then, fancying that this was not sufficiently secure refuge, he sought shelter in the hollow of a decaying tree in the park. Here he remained for two terrible days and nights without food. Bitter indeed must have been his thoughts as the hours dragged slowly by. His schemes had all failed miserably. His daughter, Lady Jane Grey, was a close prisoner in the Tower, and he himself was compelled to hide like a common felon. Faint, famishing, and almost frozen with the severe cold, he watched the winter sun twice decline to the west, and

then, unable to bear his exposure longer, he crawled forth to warm his numbed limbs at the nearest cottage fire. Here he was discovered by a party of the royal troops, who had been despatched to scour the country in search of him, and it is generally believed that the man in whose cottage he first took shelter betrayed him, and put the troopers on his track.

He was at once conveyed to London; and thus it came about, that while Wyatt was waiting outside London Bridge, his colleague, upon whose efforts he had counted so much, was taken to the Tower. A very different journey thither from that he had intended to take. He had hoped to go there it is true, but as a conqueror, not as a prisoner.

And the hard features of Mary Tudor doubtless lost for a while their grave look of deep anxiety, as she learned that her enemies were thus one by one putting themselves into her power. But Wyatt yet remained unconquered, and the hopes of the anti-papal party were now centred in him.

WYATT'S ADVENTURE ON LONDON BRIDGE.

The news of Suffolk's failure seemed only to give Wyatt fresh courage, and nerve him to still greater efforts. His position was one of great peril, and the support he had counted upon receiving from the citizens of London seemed likely to fail him. Yet no thought of turning back appears to have entered his mind. Possibly he thought it was as dangerous to retreat as to go forward.

His difficulty was to cross the Thames. In those days, no other archways spanned the river between London Bridge and Kingston. And London Bridge was a narrow lane of houses, with a strong gate near the Southwark side, while in the centre was a drawbridge. Wyatt at once saw the difficulty of his situation. Having halted his men, he gave strict instructions that no plundering would be permitted, and then allowed them to disperse for a while among the inhabitants of the Borough, who received them with great cordiality.

Across the grey water of the river he could hear the hum of the excited populace on the other side; and as the dusk drew on, a boat stole across, and he learned that a price was set on his head. The Queen had proclaimed him a traitor, and offered a substantial reward for his capture. To show how much he despised this, he caused his name to be graven in large letters, and set them on his helmet. Then as dusk deepened into night, he crept out alone from his quarters and went down to the gate. Peeping in the lodge window he saw that the porter and his wife were cosy beside their winter fire. He then climbed

over the gate, and crept along till he came to the drawbridge. Below flowed the black water; across the narrow chasm, standing out clearly in the torchlight, he could see the muzzles of several cannon; and behind them crowds of armed men kept watch and ward.

It was quite clear that there was no chance of obtaining a passage over London Bridge, and Wyatt returned the way he came, undecided whether to march to Kingston, or return to Deptford and cross by boats.

The next day occurred the only case of pillage. Some of the men being near Winchester House, the residence of Bishop Gardiner, their dislike to him overcame their feelings of obedience, and, shouting aloud, they burst open the doors and overran the house like an overwhelming flood. They not only carried off his valuables, of which there was plenty, but with unpardonable vandalism they left not a book in his library untorn, so that, says Stow, "men might have gone up to their knees in leaves of books, cut out and thrown underfoot." But their leader was quickly on the spot, and with stern voice bade them desist. They were in arms against foreign oppression he said, and not against their brethren, no matter what might be their religious opinions. No harm was intended even to Mary herself. Let them take heed therefore to do no one injury.

These words produced their effect, and there were many citizens across the water who began to doubt Mary's plausible words at the Guildhall. They found that Wyatt's troops were not bent on pillage, as she had said they were; they were behaving themselves quietly, and their leader was not acting as the presumptuous rebel she had described him. The prisons were not tampered with, and no undue efforts to obtain soldiers were resorted to. Beyond fortifying his position by placing a battery of two guns at the Southwark end of the bridge, and digging a deep trench in front of the guns, and keeping his other cannon in readiness, Wyatt did nothing. His rebellion seemed indeed more like an armed protest against the Spanish marriage than an attempt to seize the crown and produce lawless anarchy. Therefore no attempts were made to engage Wyatt's troops, and thus the second night closed in.

The situation was now becoming most alarming; so much sympathy existed for the rebels, that none of Mary's generals could trust their troops. Moreover, the attack could only be made at considerable disadvantage, and they hesitated before precipitating the quarrel, and deluging the streets with their brothers' blood. Mary was alternately furious and fearful; but in the main her Tudor spirit kept her up, and her obstinate resolve to marry Philip never faltered. "Crown, country, even life itself,



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION, DECLARES THAT THE LADY ELIZABETH HAD NO PART NOR LOT IN HIS INSURRECTION.

shall go before I give up the Prince of Spain," she said.

AN OMINOUS PAUSE.

For four days did this anomalous state of things continue. The capital was in a situation of armed suspense. The Council were divided, the people were suspicious, and Wyatt's cause was slowly gaining ground. To this ominous state of things had Mary's perversity brought the country, which only six months before, had resounded with joy bells for her accession. At last, events decided themselves, and a slight incident altered the whole course of action. Late on Monday afternoon, the 5th of February, one of Wyatt's sentries seeing a boat belonging to the Tower pass up the river near the Southwark side, challenged it, and receiving no answer, he fired, and killed one of the watermen. Next morning Sir John Brydges, the governor of the Tower, gave notice, that in return he should open fire upon the rebels. In alarm the people of Southwark crowded round Wyatt, beseeching him either to protect them from the bombardment or to flee. Wyatt, half beside himself with agitation and indecision, resolved to march to Kingston Bridge, and endeavour to force his way across. Had he been able to have remained quietly at Southwark, most likely he would have been ultimately successful, for the popular feeling was steadily rising in his favour. But he was obliged to take decided action, and, unfortunately for himself, he took that which ended in his ruin.

His army seems to have sadly dwindled down, and chronicles of the period state that only fifteen hundred men followed him out of Southwark. His feelings of keen disappointment may well be imagined from a conversation he is reported to have held with one, Master Dorell, a merchant from London, whom he met on his way to the west. "Ah! good Master Dorell," said he, "I pray you commend me unto your citizens; and say unto them from me, that when liberty was offered them they would not receive it; neither would they admit me within their gates, who for their freedom and for rescuing them from the oppression of foreigners would frankly spend my blood in this cause and quarrel."

The rebels reached Kingston at dusk, and found half the bridge broken down, and a strong guard posted on the opposite side. Without any delay Wyatt loaded his cannon and sent shot after shot through the twilight among his opponents. These doughty warriors, not liking this state of things, speedily decamped, and Wyatt set to work to repair the broken bridge. This was quickly done by means of barges, and before midnight the little army had crossed and were marching back towards the town.

As they tramped along, we imagine that every one of those men must have, to an extent, regretted their adventure. The weather was very cold, the keen winter blast cut their faces like whip-cord, and the roads were ankle-deep in thick mud; weary and footsore, with sadly diminished numbers, their project of taking London with scarce more than a thousand men seemed the wildest scheme that ever entered the mind of man. Had it not been that they expected support from the citizens within the gates, they would surely never have marched on.

Through the thick night the rebels struggled slowly onwards to London. Most of the Kentish men had returned home, and those who now composed the troops were disaffected persons from various parts of the country, including the city-band who had gone over to Wyatt at Rochester. They had cannon with them; and the heavy pieces of ordnance proved a terrible hindrance to the celerity of their movements; once, near Brentford, one of the guns was fixed firmly in the mud, and much precious time—nearly two hours—was lost in extricating it.

PREPARATIONS TO RESIST THE REBELS.

The news of Wyatt's coming preceded him, and shortly after midnight the alarm was given at the Queen's Palace that Wyatt was near. Instantly drummers were sent down the dark and silent streets of the slumbering city, and by four o'clock in the morning the alarm had been beaten all round the town, the train-bands had been aroused, and Pembroke, with ten thousand men, was posted at Charing Cross; and near Hyde Park Corner, which had then recently become the property of the Crown, was placed a strong body of cavalry, upon whose loyalty Mary could rely.

These preparations being complete, the troops waited quietly through the stormy dawn for Wyatt's appearance. The morning gradually grew lighter, but still he did not come; when at last, towards ten o'clock, the weary watchers on the top of the hill above Knightsbridge saw the advance guard of the rebel forces straggling feebly along by the open fields. It was clear that they were greatly exhausted by their tiring night march, and faint for want of food. The royal troops waited until about half had passed, then dashing down the lane by Hyde Park, they cut the rebels completely in two, and those who were lagging behind were either scattered or slain. Wyatt, believing that his friends in the city would welcome him at Temple Bar, pressed forward along what is now Piccadilly. A small battery had been placed at the point which is now the top of St. James's Street; and as Wyatt appeared, the guns opened fire, and a few of his men fell; but undaunted, he

pressed forward, and swerving to the right so that the great mass of his opponents were on his left, he made a short cut toward Charing Cross.

Part of his band, led by Knyvett and the sons of Lord Cobham, struck across the Green Park, which had then been but recently enclosed, meaning to attack the Queen's palace from the west, while Wyatt engaged the guards on the opposite side.

Until the rebel leader drew near Charing Cross, not a blow was struck against him. The citizens marshalled along the way let him pass, and it was not until he reached what is now Trafalgar Square, when he met Sir John Gage and part of the Queen's Guard, that a sword was drawn to oppose his progress. But here the vain and weak-minded Courtenay,—who was a source of weakness on whichever side he elected to stand,—annoyed at being put under Pembroke, and perhaps ashamed to actually appear in arms against the very party he had possibly helped to raise, or perhaps acting from a definite plan of treachery, turned his horse and hastened to Whitehall, crying, "Lost! lost! all is over! Wyatt has conquered!"

Some of the soldiers followed him, believing what he said to be true; and others, not liking Wyatt's determined attitude, broke their ranks also. They hurried to the Palace, and meeting the men led by Knyvett and the Cobhams at the entrance, were some of them slain and others knocked over. Their leader himself was rolled in the mud, so great was the onslaught of the rebels. Others rushed through the palace galleries crying aloud that Pembroke and their other leaders had betrayed them.

Shouts of "Treason! Treason!" and "Lost! lost! all is lost!" rang alarmingly through the Palace. Mary, who had watched the whole proceedings from her palace windows, cried aloud, "I myself will fight and die with those who die for me!" It was the crucial moment of the insurrection, and she knew it. If the Londoners sympathised with the rebels, as they seemed inclined to do, Mary would indeed have lost both crown and husband. But at this moment a strong company of archers, who had been sent by Pembroke to protect the Palace, made their appearance, and their clouds of arrows did great damage in the rebel ranks. A sharp fight followed, in which Knyvett's party were dispersed, though he himself, with the sons of Lord Cobham, managed to cut their way through and joined Wyatt.

Meanwhile the rebel leader was riding along the Strand; he had heard the noise of the battle, and hurried on still faster to enter Ludgate before it should be closed, and join those within the city who had promised their help. The men still divided their ranks to

let him pass, and hope rose high in his heart as from along Fleet Street he could see the gate open on Ludgate Hill; his progress was still unopposed, and, spurring their tired horses, the rebels hastened forward. But when within a few yards of it, to their keen disappointment and indignation, they saw the gate shut in their faces! Lord Howard of Effingham and a party of men had just arrived, and, amid the murmurs of the bystanders, they just closed the gate in time, and, in spite of all opposition, they meant to keep it fast. Wyatt still rode on, and knocked for admittance; but Lord William's angry voice replied, "Begone traitor! thou shalt not enter here!"

Wyatt's reply was the sad and melancholy answer of a brave man who felt keenly the faithlessness of those upon whom he had relied,—“I have kept touch,” he said, which in the English of to-day we may suppose to mean, “I have done my part, and fulfilled my share of the bargain; I can do no more.” And then, wearied and exhausted, he sank on a seat near the Belle Sauvage Inn, and waited the course of events.

WYATT'S LAST FIGHT.

Along the Strand sounded the shouts of Pembroke's victorious troops. “Down with the draggle-tails!” they cried, alluding in derision to the clothes of Wyatt's wearied troopers, which had been soiled by the mud and dirt of their midnight tramp. The men who had followed him thus far, seeing now how hopeless the struggle had become, betook themselves to the narrow lanes and streets on either side, and in a few moments Wyatt's force had vanished like the morning mist before the sun, scarce a score or so remaining round their leader.

In a minute more, up came Knyvett with the poor remnant of his men, and, seeing that to remain outside Ludgate would be instant death, the little band resolved to turn back by the path they had come, hoping to cut their way through any opposition, and that the city train-bands would let them pass as before. They were successful until they reached the Temple, for the men were desperate, and they quickly disposed of such opposition as they met with. But Pembroke's cavalry, having dispersed the half of the rebels they had cut off at Hyde Park, were now riding up, and although Wyatt and his friends charged them with a dauntless courage which deserved success, they were soon overpowered.

Clarenceux, one of the Queen's heralds, rode up to Wyatt and persuaded him to yield, saying, “Sir, the day has gone against you; it were best to yield, and not surcharge yourself with the blood of your brave followers.

Sir Maurice Berkeley was near, and to him Wyatt surrendered his broken sword. Berkeley took him up on his own horse and galloped rapidly to Westminster. Knyvett, Brett, and the Cobhams, were also taken back to Westminster. At Whitehall stairs they were placed in a barge and conveyed to the Tower, Mary, still at her window in the palace, seeing them go.

Brave Wyatt! we pity him as we see him pass along the silent highway to his prison and his doom. He had "kept touch;" he had done what he could; he had done all a brave man dared do to preserve England

from that which he held to be a national disgrace and a national disaster, and this was the end! Perchance as he stepped into the boat, he caught a glimpse of Mary's exultant, spiteful, and hard-featured face as she saw her captives within her grip. For himself, he knew what he might expect—a short shift and the headsman's block; but for his loved England to be at the mercy of a bigoted Spaniard,—this was the bitter thought that burned within the patriot's

soul; for Wyatt was a patriot, though possibly a mistaken one. He acted as he thought for the best. His purpose was honest, and his designs were sincere. Had his confederates resembled him in his bravery and disinterested earnestness,—had they supported him as they led him to expect they would,—had he not hastened when he should have waited, and waited when he should have hastened,—had he even retrieved his errors by leaving his dismounted gun at Brentford, and thus arrived in town two hours earlier, before Pembroke had had time to make his preparations,—had he been even a few minutes before Ludgate was closed, though

his friends in the city should have seen that it was not closed, he might have been successful, and Philip of Spain would never have come to England, and possibly the Protestant martyrs would never have been burned.

But Wyatt's attempt had failed, and the Queen's party was triumphant all along the line. Shortly afterwards Sir James Crofts was captured in Wales, and thus all the insurgent leaders were either in prison or in exile.

QUEEN MARY'S BITTER REVENGE.

And now Mary, having obtained a signal victory, began to show her vengeance. Her

temper was aroused and she meant to make short work of her opponents.

The next day a proclamation was circulated throughout London, to the effect that all persons who sheltered any of the insurgents would at once be put to death. The rebels were given up in scores, and all the prisons and churches were speedily filled. Every one who had taken part in the rebellion against the Prince of Spain was to be hung; every one, indeed, who could by any chance be thought to op-

pose the Queen's wishes was to suffer. Courtenay, Elizabeth, and even the gentle Lady Jane Grey, who had taken no part whatever in this rebellion,—all were to die! Renard and his Spanish master had triumphed, England now would be under their thumb, and joyously the wily ambassador wrote home the news. All along he had been urging Mary to deeds of cruelty, and now she listened to him.

A few months previously, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, had been convicted of high treason, and although they had nothing whatever to do with this last trouble, yet she was a descendant of Henry VII., and her father, with others, had



MARY TUDOR (from a painting by Holbein).

called her queen for nine days, so the sooner she and her husband suffered death the better now. On the very day after her victory, Mary signed the warrant for their execution, and they were beheaded on the 12th of February.

The same gloomy day saw Courtenay conveyed to the Tower; and Commissioners having been appointed to try by martial law the wretched prisoners with which the jails were crowded, the terrible slaughter commenced. Gibbets were erected all over the city, and in nearly every street a ghastly corpse swayed horribly to and fro in the dull February twilight.

According to the old historian Stow, no less than eighty men were thus gibbeted on the first day, while twenty-two were sent into Kent to suffer. Others followed on succeeding days, so that between the 7th of February and the 12th of March four hundred "common men" were executed and many others afterwards. By these severe measures Mary hoped to strike terror into the hearts of her people.

The leaders were—most of them—presumably reserved for more important trials by jury, but in fact, to extort confessions from them which should incriminate Elizabeth. Renard—or the Emperor, Philip's father, through him—seemed bent on procuring her death, and also Courtenay's. Until they were decapitated, Mary could never rest secure on her throne, they urged. But the Lords forming the Queen's Council insisted most pertinaciously upon the due observance of all forms of law, and, indeed, were most bitterly opposed to even the imprisonment of Elizabeth in the Tower. She was the next heir to the throne, and was not to be thus lightly accused to gratify the present sovereign's ill-feeling. For a few months Elizabeth had

resided at her home at Ashridge in Buckinghamshire; and although it was surmised that suggestions had been made that she should allow the insurgents to act in her name, yet her acceptance of such suggestions could not be in the slightest degree proved.

Nevertheless, immediately upon the discomfiture of the insurrectionists, Mary sent a troop of horse to conduct her half-sister to London. The instructions were to bring her alive or dead. She was reported to be ill, and Mary sent the Court physicians to see if her illness were real or feigned; and if real to tend her, and cause her to be comfortably

moved when out of danger.

The soldiers reached Ashridge at night, after the Princess had retired to rest; and being denied an interview, they forced their way into her bed chamber. "Is the haste so great that you could not have waited until morning?" she said feebly, as they ranged themselves in her room.

She was unmistakably so ill that the rough troopers seemed ashamed of their orders, and answered that "they were sorry to see her in so bad a

case;" to which she replied with a quiet touch of humour, "And I am not glad to see you here at this time of night."

Elizabeth became worse, and she was unable to bear the journey until the 18th, when they set out in obedience to the Queen's commands, and proceeded by easy stages to London. The first day she travelled no farther than Redbourne; on the second night she rested at Sir Ralph Roulett's house at St. Albans; the third night she slept at the house of a Mr. Dodd at Mimms; and on the fourth she stayed at Highgate, proceeding to Westminster by way of Smithfield and Fleet Street. Meantime the trials and gibbetings



PHILIP OF SPAIN (from a painting by Titian).

had been continued, but of the more illustrious prisoners, only Suffolk had at present suffered. He was sentenced on the 17th of the month, and executed on the 23rd,—repentant, it is said, for his share in the insurrection, but as firm in his Protestant faith as his unfortunate daughter, Lady Jane Grey, had been before him.

ELIZABETH ENTERS LONDON.

It was on the day of Suffolk's death Elizabeth reached London. Well might she look around with horror and dismay. The streets were ghastly with gibbets, and every public building was covered with the heads of England's bravest sons. The people, subdued, sullen, and silent, moved about with stealthy tread and suspicious aspect, as if dreading what might next occur; and though crowds followed Elizabeth to the Palace at Westminster, few, if any, dared to cheer her.

To give the lie to all lying reports about her, the haughty Princess ordered her litter to be opened that all could see her as she passed.

She was dressed in white, and her pale, proud features, worn by sickness, bespoke the pity of the bystanders. When she arrived at Westminster, she desired to see the Queen; but Mary refused her request, and commanded her to be confined in a small suite of rooms in a remote corner of the Palace, where, strictly guarded, she remained until a confession—true or false it mattered little—implicating her could be wrung from Wyatt or his colleagues.

But the confession never came; for in all probability Elizabeth was far too shrewd to have done anything which could be proved against her. It is not too much to assume that a Princess, who in after years exhibited such powers of *finesse*, would, in the difficult position in which she was now placed, have managed to take care of herself.

Wyatt made a few vague admissions, which, however, could only be twisted into definite charges by the most bloodthirsty partisans. No doubt Mary would have sacrificed her on the slightest pretext, if for no other reason than that she was "Boleyn's daughter;" but the Lords of Mary's Council would have none of this. They insisted on the plainest proof, and would not allow her even to be committed to the Tower for "safety."

Affairs were in this critical condition when, the rebellion being over, the Emperor's ambassadors, Counts Egmont and Horn, arrived to hasten forward the marriage, and to press for the execution of Elizabeth. While her head remained on her shoulders, they said, Mary was never safe. They also brought over large supplies of Spanish gold, which were judiciously distributed among

influential gentlemen of the Court and Council, and all outward opposition to the Spanish marriage by the Council was withdrawn. On the 6th of March, Mary was formally betrothed, Egmont acting as Philip's representative. But the country was far from being satisfied, and every day fresh indications came that the people were still opposed to Philip as the Queen's husband; in London especially the insurrectionary spirit continued vigorous. The people, however, made no further attempt at organized insurrection, for the chief opponents of Philip sided too much with France, and they feared a French occupation even more than the Spanish marriage.

As the time drew near for Philip to land, it was said that French cruisers swept the seas wherever his vessels would be likely to sail; and many sympathisers with Wyatt having passed over to Paris, it was rumoured that another insurrection was hatching there: whether this was the case or not, it came to nothing, and Mary and her evil counsellors were left free to pursue their course.

Wyatt was pressed to confess that Elizabeth was deeply implicated in the rebellion, and flattered with hopes of pardon if he would make such a statement. Lady Wyatt was also urged to entreat her husband to make such confession, but all to no purpose. The brave man said nothing which could clear the way for the Court to proceed against the Princess. It appears that he did give evidence against Elizabeth to some extent, but not nearly sufficient for the Crown to demand her execution.

Wyatt proving obdurate, his trial was fixed for the 15th of March. It was brief, and to the point. The evidence against him was clear and decisive, and he pleaded guilty to the indictment. But he said that Courtenay had instigated the plot, and that Elizabeth had thanked him for his efforts. He was speedily condemned to death; and was privately given to understand, that he might still be pardoned, if he would incriminate Elizabeth.

On the day after his trial, the Princess was brought before the Council, and severely cross-questioned. The result was, that Bishop Gardiner demanded her imprisonment in the Tower. Several of the Lords demurred to this; whereupon the wily Bishop cunningly asked which of them would be responsible for her safe keeping and safe conduct. No one being prepared to accept so great a responsibility, a reluctant consent was at last wrung from them; and next morning—the 17th of March—Lord Sussex and the Marquis of Winchester waited upon her to take her to the Tower in a barge. They could not trust the people to convey her by land.

The summons came upon the Princess quite suddenly, and at the dreadful news, Elizabeth stood aghast, as if turned to stone. For the moment she lost her self-command. It was at the Tower that her mother had been beheaded, and that Lady Jane Grey had recently fallen. Those who entered its terrible walls rarely came out again, except to take that journey from whence no traveller returns; and to her the words sounded like a knell. At last that which she had feared so long had suddenly come. The inveterate hatred of her half-sister was to have its way at last.

Then the Princess begged for a little delay while she wrote to the Queen. Her imprisonment was Gardiner's and Renard's doing, it could not be Mary's alone. So she sat down and wrote her letter, pleading that she should not be condemned unheard and without clear proof, and stating and restating her complete innocence. As for the letter the "traitor Wyatt" was reported to have sent to her she denied receiving it, or having sent any letter to the French King.

The letter was taken to Mary, but had no effect upon her stony heart. It only irritated her the more; and Lord Sussex was sharply rated for presuming to allow Elizabeth to write it. "Boleyn's daughter" was therefore taken to the Tower; and at last Mary began to hope that her troubles were over. Philip would come soon now, and then a heaven upon earth would begin for her.

EXECUTION OF WYATT.

Every effort having failed to cause Wyatt to make a confession seriously implicating Elizabeth, it was determined to execute him. Day after day executions of prisoners connected with the rebellion had taken place, until the country was sickened with the slaughter, and even Mary's earnest supporters began to counsel moderation, and to urge that her policy of vengeance should be stopped. Parliament had met on the 2nd of April, and had passed the Marriage Bill. Philip was certainly coming, and the match was now as certain as anything mortal could be. Why then should the gibbeting of poor peasants continue, whose only crime had been that they had done as their lords required them? The representation of the Council had some effect; and it was decided to execute the leaders, and to leave the rest.

On the 11th of April, therefore, Wyatt was brought from his cell, and confronted with Courtenay; but the words which passed at the interview are so differently reported by conflicting accounts, that it is literally impossible to tell what really was said. But when he came upon the platform he addressed the people in loud tones, and said distinctly that the Lady Elizabeth had no part nor lot in his rebellion.

"I assure you, good people," said he, "that neither the Lady Elizabeth nor my Lord Courtenay were privy to my rising or commotion before I began." To which, one who was attending him on the scaffold replied in loud voice,—"Believe him not, good people, he has confessed otherwise before the Council!"

And Wyatt again cried,—“That which I say now is true.”

Then commending his spirit to Him who gave it, the brave man laid his head on the block, and in a few moments was no more. Whether his last words, completely exculpating Elizabeth and Courtenay were absolutely true or not, they had the desired effect; for no sooner was Wyatt beheaded than his confession was the talk of the town. The tribunals declared that there was absolutely no evidence against Elizabeth; and the feeling of the people was such that it was simply impossible for Mary to procure a death-sentence against her sister.

It is very likely that Wyatt's words were true in spirit if not in literal fact; for although Elizabeth would no doubt have been quite content to profit by the insurrection had it been successful, yet it is very probable she neither instigated nor aided it. As for Courtenay, he was but a weak fool, who was only told as much as was thought absolutely necessary, and very likely knew but little of the plot, otherwise the wily Gardiner would have drawn from him more than he did.

But it is of little moment now to discuss the actual guilt of these persons, except to point out the fact that by his confession Wyatt probably preserved to the nation the Princess, who afterwards became "Good Queen Bess." Perhaps as he mounted the scaffold, and the affairs of earth began to fade from his view, he had a glimpse of what might be the effect of his words; and rather than purchase life at the cost of implicating Elizabeth he would die at once, and preserve her to the nation. Even the sight of the dreadful block and the headsman's axe could not alter his resolve.

It being impossible to commit Elizabeth, she was removed from the Tower on the 19th of May, and conveyed to Woodstock, where she was kept in confinement for a long period. This was the utmost that the feeling of the people would permit. Courtenay was first sent to Fotheringhay Castle, and finally sent to Germany. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had been associated with the Carews, was tried on the 17th of April, and by reason of the boldness with which he defended himself, the jury found him "Not Guilty,"—for which they were imprisoned and heavily fined! The jury no doubt intended this verdict as a rebuke against the cruelty with which the insurrectionists were punished. As such Mary

felt it. She kept her room for three days, being ill with mortification or ill-temper,—perhaps both.

PHILIP COMES AT LAST !

All obstacles being now removed, the final arrangements were made for the reception of the royal bridegroom. He came reluctantly, for he was not in love either with the lady or the land over which she ruled. Nevertheless he came at the bidding of his father, and because he believed in the political advantages to be derived from the marriage. Early in July he set sail, accompanied by a fleet of a hundred and fifty vessels, which brought over a force of six thousand soldiers as escort. At Mary's own request, he also brought over his own cook, for fear of being poisoned—so great was the dislike even now entertained to the marriage ; and under his doublet he wore a shirt of mail. Truly these were merry arrangements for a joyful bridegroom to make ! The marriage must have been very delightful to him !

The voyage was long and bad, and the Prince suffered horribly from sea-sickness. But at length, on the 19th of July, he arrived at Southampton, and learned that the Queen was waiting for him at Winchester. As soon as the vessel dropped anchor within sight of the town, a royal barge, in which were many of the English nobility, approached ; and Philip was rowed to land. The weather was still bad, and, completely exhausted by the voyage, he waited for three days at Southampton before proceeding to Winchester. Each morning as his lattice was opened, his eyes met the cheerful view of the steady downpour with which we are still familiar on some of the days of our English July. This did not tend to raise his royal spirits ; and used as he was to sunny Spain, he must have thought he had indeed come to an unpleasant country. Nevertheless, he conducted himself with the most scrupulous politeness. The rain continued for some days ; and it was in the midst of a storm of wind and wet that, on the 23rd, he rode to Winchester. Arrived there, he proceeded at once to the cathedral, to pray at the altar and bow before the holy wafer, no doubt asking blessings upon his marriage. Then, when the watery twilight had sunk into the darkness of a wet summer night, he was conducted into the presence of his elderly

bride, who was staying close by at the Bishop's palace, and doubtless awaiting his coming with anxious delight. And so at length the so-called lovers met !

Two days afterwards, on the 25 h, the marriage was solemnized with great splendour in the cathedral, by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. And thus the Spanish marriage, upon which Mary had fixed her heart with such pertinacity, and for which she had poured out the blood of her subjects like water, became an accomplished fact.

Unhappy queen ! She soon found that this marriage, which she hoped would open to her the gates of an earthly paradise, only brought her more unhappiness, even as many of her warmest supporters had feared that it would. The people at Court seemed penetrated with a gloomy distrust, and the people in the country were sullen and suspicious. Philip's cold and reserved manners were repugnant to the English nobles, and their dislike to the marriage grew. Moreover it was soon shown that, notwithstanding his influence in the coming of Cardinal Po'e and the reconciliation of England with Rome, Philip was to have little or no real power in the government of the country. The Parliament, slavish though it was, would not consent to his being crowned King of England ; and though he scattered his gold with a lavish hand, he still remained obnoxious to the people. After a few short but eventful months, he returned to Spain, and but seldom visited England again.

So ends the story of Wyatt's insurrection and Mary Tudor's marriage, and it throws a strong light upon subsequent events in English history. Disappointed at her wedded unhappiness, Mary doubtless regarded her misery as a punishment of heaven for the heresy within her realm, and she burned all the more martyrs to appease the wrath of an offended God. But her first fault, and, perhaps, in some respects one of her greatest, was when she deliberately broke faith with her people in this matter of the Spanish marriage. She then commenced that course of alienation from her subjects which, in a few months, changed her from one of the most popular to one of the most execrated, if not the most execrated, of English sovereigns ; and her name now comes down to us cursed with a terrible epithet, which will cling to it for all time.

F. M. H.

THE END.

"Written on an original, but attractive plan . . . extracting and presenting to the reader in a condensed though telling form, the gems of history."—
CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

EPOCHS AND EPISODES OF HISTORY:

A BOOK OF

Memorable Days and Notable Events.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THIS Work will consist of a number of Narrative Sketches, *each complete in itself*, setting forth in a popular form those important events in the History of Nations by which the various periods are defined and characterized, or which are important links connecting one period with another. While Battles, Sieges, and warlike operations generally will be duly recorded, just prominence will be given to those peaceful triumphs of Invention and Discovery, of Statesmanship and organizing genius, that have contributed, equally with the noisier events of Military and Naval Warfare, to influence the destiny of nations and define the character of various periods. The range of subjects necessarily extends to all ages and countries. Each separate event will be treated completely in connection with its causes and consequences; the object being to present a number of pictures and striking scenes, which, interesting and instructive when viewed apart from each other, will, when grouped together, give a general idea of the nature and character of the different aspects exhibited by the nations at various periods, as the course of the world's history rolls onward "down the ringing grooves of change."



A FEW OF THE SUBJECTS TREATED WILL BE:

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION: The Story of the Anti-Corn Law League; UNIONISTS AND CONFEDERATES: The Story of the American Civil War; THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS: or, The Times of the Crusaders; INDIA'S AGONY: The Story of the Mutiny of 1857; THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND: The Story of English Protestantism; WILKES AND LIBERTY: The Story of a Popular Victory; THROUGH SLAUGHTER TO A THRONE: The Story of the *Coup d'Etat*; METHODISM: The Story of a Great Revival; FROM ALMA TO SEBASTOPOL: The Story of the Crimean War; THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE: The Story of a Speculative Mania; WHAT CAME OF A "NO POPEERY CRY": The Story of the Gordon Riots of 1780; THE ELIZABETHAN AGE: The Story of a Great Time; CÆSARISM IN ROME: The Story of the Fall of the Republic.

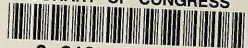
One large octavo volume, 780 pp., beautifully bound in cloth, - \$5 00
" " " " " " " library style, 6 00

Antony

9

2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 487 732 6

